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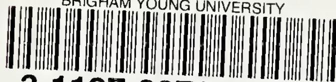

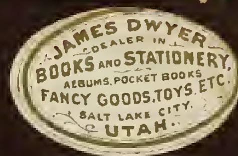

From

Emily A. Clawson

To

Emily D Young

S. L. City Christmas 1881

Magazine of Art, Vol. II.

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Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

Touched.

Mournfully twangs the youth the low-toned strings of the Zither:
Surely 'tis nought but Love can give such skill to his fingers.

FRANZ VON KOBELL.

THE

TREASURY

OF

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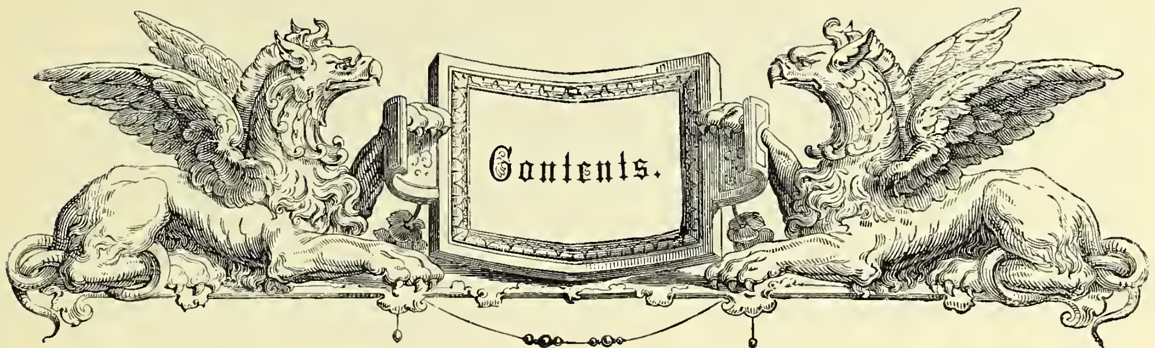

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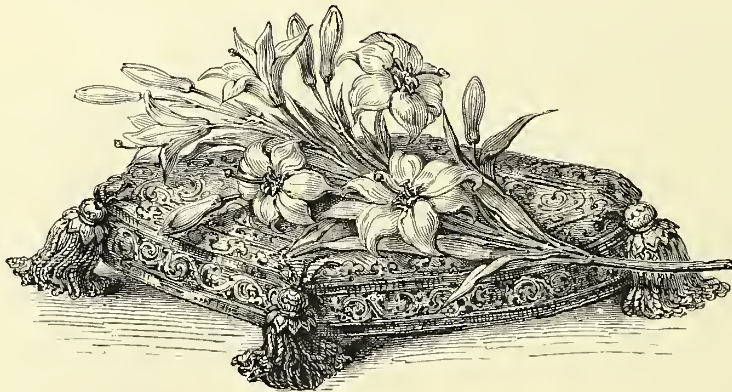

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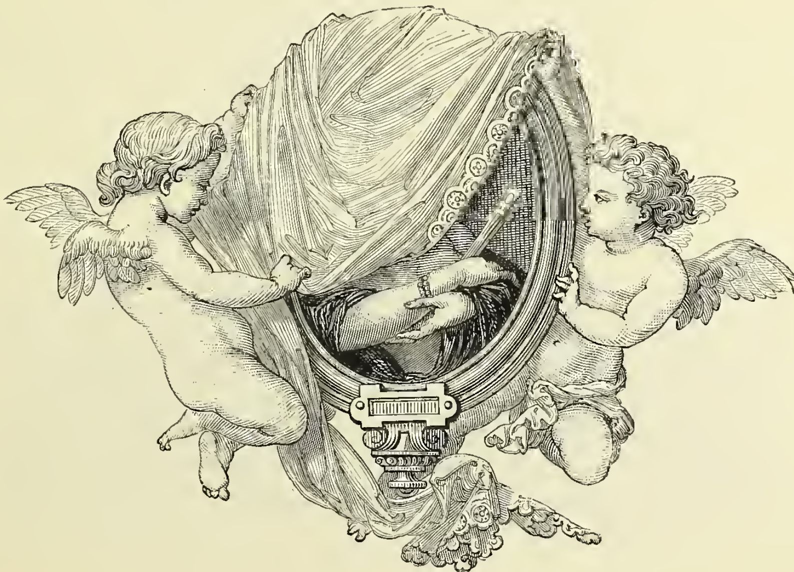

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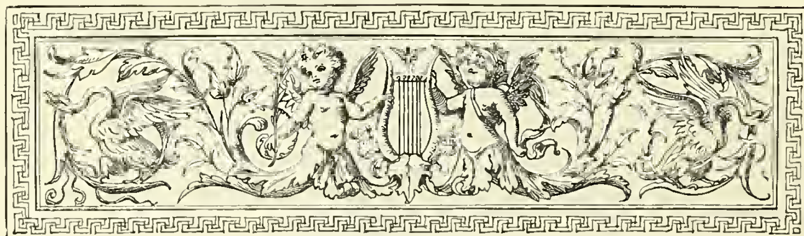

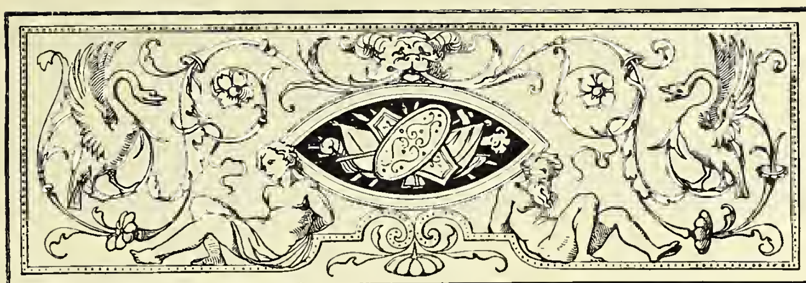

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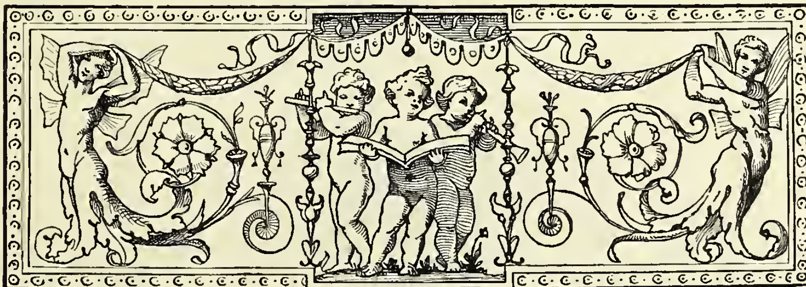

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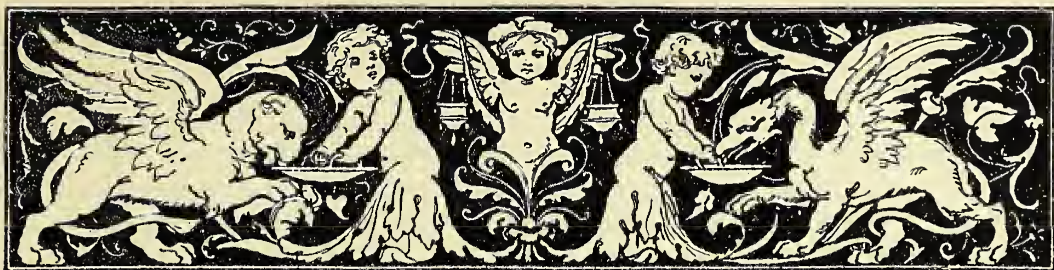
FACSIMILE REDUCTION OF A STUDY OF DRAPERY, BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A, FOR TWO OF THE FEMALE FIGURES IN HIS PAINTING OF THE "DAPHNEPHORIA" EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1876.

ALBERTOTYPE BY J. ALBERT, MUNICH.



THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IT is not often that the elections at the Royal Academy can be regarded with unmixed satisfaction by those who are interested in the welfare of the Institution, as the representative artistic society of Great Britain, and when the President's chair became vacant, much anxiety was felt as to who would succeed Sir Francis Grant.

In selecting Frederick Leighton for this important post, the Royal Academy has fulfilled the hopes of almost the entire artistic public. Never, perhaps, has public opinion been so unanimous as it has shown itself in this subject during the period of suspense which elapsed between the death of the late President and the election of his successor. Wherever the question was mooted, so far as our experience goes, but one answer was suggested. Other members of the Institution were named as having, some one qualification and some another, but Frederick Leighton was all that could be wished. Whether the elective body felt the influence of this exceptional pressure from without, or whether the Academic mind really saw what everybody else saw, it would be ill-natured to inquire. Rumours were at one time afloat which made one shudder (let us hope they were unfounded), but "All's well that ends well" is never so true as when the end is in reality a beginning. We may reasonably hope that this is signally so in the present instance. It is remarked that Sir Frederick is unusually young for a President of the Royal Academy; so much the better, he is more likely to have time for the maturing of such schemes as his single-minded devotion to his art may suggest.

If one thing has contributed more than another to the universal satisfaction with which this appointment has been hailed, it is perhaps the sincere devotion to his art which is unmistakably evident in the President's pictures. Opinions may differ about his merits as a painter, as they differ about those of every other distinguished artist living, but no one can look at the works of Sir Frederick Leighton without feeling that they are thorough, that they are elevated, and that their author reveres his art.

In addition to this, the new President is eminently qualified to fulfil the social duties which belong to his post, for reasons obvious to those who know anything of him personally, but which he would be the last to wish to see too obtrusively particularised in print.

We are glad to be able to offer to our readers a fac-simile of a drapery study for a group from the "Daphnephoria," one of this painter's finest works, as it is one of the most important in scale. Few things show so surely of what stuff an artist is made, as his draperies, and such an array of noble lines as are exhibited in those of the "Daphnephoria" can only come from a painter of rare power and almost rarer culture.

One thing Sir Frederick Leighton will find difficult, and that is to satisfy the expectations even of the more reasonable of his admirers. Those who imagine that he holds despotic sway over the Royal Academy, and can sweep away every abuse with a word, are doomed to certain and speedy disappointment, but others who know how limited the actual authority of the President

is, and what untold difficulties of prejudice and interest must be overcome in order to effect any reform whatever, know also that the new President of the Royal Academy possesses the will to do all, and the energy and ability to do much, perhaps more than any other member of the body over which he presides. Since the time of Reynolds the Royal Academy has not had such reason to be proud of its chief.

THREE ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS.—I.

GAINSBOROUGH.

EYNOLDS had a great contemporary, if not a rival, in Thomas Gainsborough. Both painters devoted themselves to the task of portraits. Between them they have left a life-like record of their generation—a worthy enterprise, if the painters could have understood the full value of the work they were about to leave behind them. Such a task, however, is often undertaken without consciousness of its importance. A portrait painter cannot choose his separate subjects, nor does he foresee how wide his popularity is likely to be. He lives his painter's career, as it were, from hand to mouth, without presuming beyond the present year or season. It is not till late in his career, when he can command the "fashion," that a portrait painter is likely to think of his work as something definite and complete in itself, and not the chance course of a profession exercised for his maintenance.

Thomas Gainsborough was four years younger than Reynolds. He was born at Sudbury, or Ipswich, in 1727. His father was a clothier. As he showed a desire to learn painting at an early age, and made landscape studies for himself, he was sent to London. There he was introduced to Gravelot the engraver, and acquired some practice in engraving. He then studied under Hayman, and became a student at an academy of painting then popular in St. Martin's Lane. There was little that could be called real training to be had at this school, though it seems to have been the resort of the great bulk of the profession. It incurred the contempt of Hogarth, who abused in round terms the whole establishment, teachers, pupils, and the notions and proprieties as to painting adopted within its walls. Gainsborough may be said to have been practically self-taught.

Young artists of that day had not before them anything resembling the National Gallery. Out of private collections, or the circuit of the walls of corporations and particular institutions, pictures of great painters were not to be seen. Gainsborough had never travelled. He made, however, some studies from Vandyck. Neither, again, had he the advantage of such an apprenticeship as that of Hogarth, nor would he take hold of the skirts of any great man who might have pushed him forward, and given him the benefit of the judgment of history by showing him the works which the past had agreed (and very justly) in calling masterpieces. Patronage may not sound very promising in our times, but it was something in those of Gainsborough. The noblemen who furnished so many palaces all over England with the works of Italian and Flemish painters, whose fathers had employed Vandyck, and who travelled with money in their pockets, and bought all good paintings that could be had as they went along, might be followed without meanness. Their manners might have been pompous, but they had not learnt the modern vulgarity of *patronising*, and could help a rising student without reducing him to tameness.

Gainsborough married a woman with an annuity of £200 a year, and thus, according to the cost of living in his time, had what was considered an independence. He lived for four-and-twenty years at Bath, from 1750 to 1774.

He came to London, and settled in part of Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, now occupied by the War Office. He had a great practice from this time. He was one of the foundation members of the Royal Academy, and this distinction had been given to him before he left Bath. But he does not seem to have had any high opinion of the institution, and did not trouble himself to teach, or to partake in the Academy dinners. He had a quarrel on the occasion of hanging one of his most beautiful paintings for the exhibition. It was a portrait group of three of the princesses, daughters of George III., and he insisted that it should not go above the eye-line. The council or committee would not yield this point, the picture was withdrawn, and he never sent another to the Academy. This picture survives, but has, unhappily, been cut into an "overdoor" panel. It represents the Princess Royal, Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth, daughters of George III.

Reynolds held Gainsborough in high esteem; toasted him at one Academy dinner as the best landscape painter of the day, a compliment ill seen by Wilson, who added, "and portrait painter too." Sir Joshua sat once to him for his portrait, but had to discontinue the sitting from illness, and Gainsborough never gave him another opportunity. He is said to have been fond of music, particularly of musical instruments, which he bought and sometimes painted. But he had not the application necessary for learning even his notes. He was generous to profusion, but his prices for portraits were very small during his life at Bath—four to eight guineas for a head. They were higher when he had removed to London. Sir Joshua gave him a hundred guineas for a landscape, for which the price asked had been eighty. He died, leaving but a modest fortune, in 1788.

The moral qualities of an artist are noticeable so far as they affect his art. Gainsborough had much of the sensitiveness to which artists are liable. One sees it in his quarrel with the Academy and the coldness he seems to have felt towards his generous contemporary, Reynolds. This fineness of nerve kept him alive to minute indications of character in his portraits and in his finer landscapes,—the expressive lines, *e.g.*, which he drew about the mouth and eyes in such heads as those of Mrs. Siddons (in the National Gallery), and Lord Grosvenor (Duke of Westminster's collection). So, too, in his landscapes, *e.g.*, No. 925, in the National Gallery, "A Wood Scene," the variety of ground, fulness of incident, and the freshness and tenderness of the foreground and distance, bear witness to a tender appreciation of nature rare in his day. He has been compared to Rubens as a landscape painter, but he is fresher and more alive to nature in the wood scene and in several of his other works. The little figures and animals are admirably drawn and painted. As for the animals he painted, they have not been surpassed by subsequent English painters,—he is not here compared with Landseer.

He drew with his brush, working up his picture in black or grey of thin consistence, with a long-handled brush, standing at a distance, and setting his canvas near the sitter, so that he could keep comparing them. The head-dresses of the day, and the general use of powder, led him to leave the hair often with little more than a few light touches added to this preparatory work. The flesh and dresses are massively treated; of bright silvery tone; and they remain uninjured, seemingly scarcely darkened by time. We may refer to the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, engraved on the following page, in illustration; a picture of which the power can be judged, if seen from the utmost distance to which the spectator can retire from the wall on which it is hung.

He painted with decision, often with astonishing rapidity. Four head-portraits of princesses, daughters of George III., were lent by the Queen to be exhibited in Burlington House in 1876. (We engrave on page 5 that of Princess Elizabeth.) They are life-like, and of astonishing brilliance in colouring, evidently executed quickly. Mr. Redgrave ("Century of Painters") speaks of seventeen of these portraits still at Windsor, all dated within a month, and executed during a stay he made at Windsor Castle for that purpose. Small figures, of miniature size, *e.g.*, "Rustic Children," in the National Gallery, are finished like miniatures. Perhaps one of the loveliest sketches that survives by any master of that period is a small full-length sketch

MRS. SIDDONS.

(By Gainsborough. In the National Gallery.)

portrait of Mrs. Robinson, done probably in an hour. It is at Windsor Castle, and was exhibited at Burlington House in 1876. His well-known "Blue Boy" may be called a study in the manner of Vandyck. The dress of the ladies was difficult to deal with in his day, but in the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the full-length of Queen Charlotte, and in a hundred others, this part of his work is treated with great power.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE III.
(By Gainsborough. In the Collection at Windsor Castle.)

He tried few experiments in colours or vehicles, and his paintings have not suffered like those of Sir Joshua. His landscapes were but little appreciated in his day. Sitters saw them in great numbers in his house, of which they lined the walls and passages, but he seems to have been thought of as a painter of portraits only. If we did not know in what esteem Dutch landscape painters were held in Gainsborough's time, we might suppose that landscape subjects were then but little thought of in this country. It was Sir Joshua who called public attention to his merit in this respect. Landscape and animal painting may seem to have no direct bearing on portraits, but the breadth and diversity of knowledge gained by the practice of varied accomplishments—not to speak of the sense of beauty of a thousand kinds lying beyond the walls of the studio or the limits of the gallery, acquired by the study of out-door nature—added to the power of every line that Gainsborough drew, and to the certainty, the fulness, and the grace of his productions.

J. H. P.

(To be continued.)

PONT-AVEN AND DOUARNENEZ.

SKETCHES IN LOWER BRITTANY.

PEASANTS OF FINISTÈRE.

IT would be very strange if a country so besprinkled with white caps, and set thickly in summer with some of the brightest blossoms of the fields, should not attract artists in search of picturesque costume and scenes of pastoral life. Rougher and wilder than Normandy, more thinly populated, and less accessible to the tourist, Brittany offers better opportunities for outdoor study, and more suggestive scenes for the painter. Nowhere in France, perhaps in Europe, are there finer peasantry; nowhere do we see more dignity of aspect in field labour; nowhere more picturesque ruins; nowhere such primitive habitations and such dirt.

Brittany is still behindhand in civilisation, the land is only half cultivated and divided into small holdings, and the fields are strewn with Druid stones. From the dark recesses of the *Montaignes Noires* the streams come down between deep ravines as wild and bare of cultivation as the moors of Scotland, and the hill sides are clothed thickly in summer with ferns, broom, and heather. Follow the streams southward in their windings towards the sea, where the troubled waters rest in the shade of overhanging trees, by pastures and cultivated lands, and we shall see the Breton peasants at their "gathering in," reaping and carrying their small harvest of corn and rye, oats and buckwheat; the women with white caps and wide collars, short dark skirts and heavy wooden sabots, the men in white woollen jackets, breeks (*bragou bras*), black gaiters, and broad-brimmed hats—leading oxen yoked to heavy carts painted blue. Here we are reminded at once of the French painters of pastoral life, of Jules Breton, Millet, Troyon, and Rosa Bonheur; and as we see the dark brown harvest fields, with the white clouds lying low on the horizon, and the strong, erect figures and grand faces of the peasants lighted by the evening sun, we understand why Brittany is a chosen land for the painter of *paysages*. Low in tone as the landscape is in Finistère, sombre as are the costumes of the people, cloudy and fitful in light and shade as is all this wind-blown land, there is yet a clearness in the atmosphere which brings out the features of the country with great distinctness, and impresses them upon the mind. The sides of the valleys are set with granite rocks, and the fields slope steeply down to the slate roofs of the cottages built by the streams, where women, young and old, beautiful and the reverse, may be seen washing amongst the stones.

Follow one of these streams still further southwards, until it enters the last deep valley a few miles from the sea, passing under the stone bridge of the little village of Pont-Aven,* making its winding way between granite boulders and water-wheels into the broader waters of an estuary where fishing-boats come up with the tide. Pont-Aven is an "artist's haunt" *par excellence* and a *terra incognita* to the majority of travellers in Brittany. Here the art student who has spent the winter in the Quartier Latin in Paris, comes when the leaves are green and settles down for the summer to study from Nature undisturbed. How far he succeeds depends upon himself; his surroundings are delightful, and everything he needs is to be obtained in an easy way that will sound romantic and impossible in 1879. Pont-Aven is in a valley between thickly wooded hills, opening out southwards to the sea; the climate

* Pont-Aven, Finistère, is twelve miles west of Quimperlé, a station on the railway between Nantes and Brest. It is easily reached from England *viâ* St. Malo and Rennes.

is generally temperate and favourable to outdoor work. In the centre of the village is a little triangular *place*, and at the broad end, facing the sun, is the principal inn, the "Hôtel des Voyageurs," which, at the time of writing, has an excellent hostess who takes *pensionnaires* for five francs a day, *tout compris*, and where the living is as good and as plentiful as can be desired. This popular hostelry is principally supported by American artists, some of whom have lived here all the year round, but many English and French painters know it well, and have left their contributions in the shape of oil paintings on the panels of the *salle* wide-spread magazine will not alter its character for years to come.

We have mentioned the "Hôtel des Voyageurs," but there are other inns; there is the "Hôtel du Lion d'Or," also on the *place*, frequented principally by French artists and travellers, and down by the bridge, a quaint little auberge (with a signboard painted by one of the inmates), the "Pension Gloanec." This is the true Bohemian home at Pont-Aven, where living is even more moderate than at the inns. Here the panels of the rooms are also decorated with works of art, and here, in the evening, and in the morning, seated round a table in the road,

HARVEST IN FINISTÈRE.

à manger. There are landscapes and figure subjects by well-known painters—French, American, and English, and the panels are added to every year, forming a collection that will one day be a sight to see. But happily for the peace of its present inmates, of which there are about twenty, including some lady *pensionnaires*, the Englishman's Guide to Brittany—"Murray's Handbook"—passes Pont-Aven by with the line, "a very primitive Breton village on the road to Concarneau;" and the Frenchman's Guide—"Joanne"—describes it thus:—"chef-lieu de canton, 1,131 habitants; pittoresquement situé sur la rivière dont il a pris le nom, au pied de deux collines qui portent d'énormes blocs arrondis de granit." Let us hope that the mention of this place in a dressed in the easy bourgeois fashion of the country, may be seen artists whose names we need not print, but many of whose works are known over the world. The resources of these establishments are elastic, accommodation being afforded, if necessary, for fifty or sixty *pensionnaires*, by providing beds a few yards off in the village. The cost of living, board, and lodging at the "Pension Gloanec," including two good meals a day with cider, is *sixty francs* a month! When we add that the bedrooms are clean and bright, especially those provided in the neighbouring cottages, we have said enough about creature comforts, which are popularly supposed to be unknown in Brittany. The materials for work, and opportunities for study, are similar to those in Wales, with fewer

distractions than at Bettwys-y-Coed. There are no high mountains, but the views in the neighbourhood are beautiful, and the cool avenues of beeches and chestnut trees—a distinctive feature of the country—extend for miles. From one of these avenues, on the high ground leading to an ancient chapel, there is a view over Pont-Aven where we can trace the windings of the river far away towards the sea a few miles off, and where the white sails of the fishing-boats seem to pass between the trees. Here we may wander away for the day, and work without fear of interruption.

ARTISTS' LEISURE HOUR, PONT-AVEN.

Pont-Aven has one advantage over other places in Brittany, its inhabitants in their picturesque costume (which remains unaltered) have learned that to sit as a "model" is a pleasant and lucrative profession, and they do this for a small fee without hesitation or *mauvaise honte.* This is a point of great importance to the artist, and one which some may be glad to learn through these pages. The peasants both men and women, are glad to sit for a franc for the greater part of a day; it is only at harvest time, when field labour is scarce, that the demand may be greater than the supply, and recruits have to be found in the neighbouring fishing villages. Once or twice a week in the summer, a beauty may be seen coming in from Concarneau in a cart, her face radiant in the sunshine, the white lappets of her cap flying in the wind. Add to the opportunities for the study of peasant life and costume, the variety of old buildings, and the brightness and warmth of colour infused into everything under a more southern sun than England, it will be seen that there are advantages here not to be overlooked by the painter.

We have mentioned Pont-Aven first because it is the artists' home; but if we wish to study life in the fishing villages of Brittany, we should make a tour of this rocky corner of Finistère, visiting, one by one, Concarneau, Fouesnant, Pont-l'Abbé, Pont Croix, Audierne, and Douarnenez. At the latter place we shall come upon another little colony of our artist

friends, and be able to study the phases of a very primitive sea-coast life. Concarneau and Douarnenez are the head-quarters of the sardine fisheries on this dangerous, rock-bound coast; the bays are dotted with a fleet of fishing-boats, the shores are covered with fish, and the flavour of sardines is everywhere. Concarneau, an ancient fortified town, almost surrounded by sea, is not very attractive excepting for costume, but Douarnenez, from its situation in a deep inlet of the bay, with high rocks and overhanging trees, has physical beauties and attractions above any place of the kind in Brittany.

There is no prettier sight than to watch the arrival of a fleet of several hundred fishing-boats rounding the last promontory, racing in between the islands whilst they are eagerly watched from the shore. At the point where the above sketch was taken, the little fleet divides to come to anchor at different inlets of the bay. Of the scene down at the port, the massing of the forest of masts against an evening sky, with rocks and houses high above as a background, space will not permit more than a mention in the present article.

WATCHING THE RETURN OF SARDINE BOATS AT DOUARNENEZ.

Here, as at Pont-Aven, living is cheap, but Douarnenez, it must be remembered, is not a quiet hamlet, but an important and bustling seaport with about 8,000 inhabitants, most of whom wear sabots which are rattled down the paved streets at all hours, according to the tide. At Douarnenez and at Pont-l'Abbé, the costume is different from Pont-Aven, and there is an infusion of colour and sometimes of gold in the embroidery of the head-dresses and bodices of the women; the fishermen also wear blue jackets of a scanty formal cut peculiar to this part of Finistère. There are two good inns at Douarnenez, and there is plenty of accommodation to be found in the town.

The central or radiating point, from which the places we have mentioned are most easily reached, is Quimper, the capital of the department of Finistère, a town containing about 14,000 inhabitants, and a pleasant resting-place for those who are not busily inclined.

A glance at the map of Brittany will show that we have spoken only of a small portion of Finistère, in which Pont-Aven and Douarnenez are the two places most frequented, and most worth frequenting, by artists. At the "Hôtel du Commerce" at Douarnenez, and at the "Hôtel des Voyageurs" at Pont-Aven, the traveller should not be surprised if the conversation at table is of the *Salon,* or to find bedrooms and lofts turned into studios, and a pervading smell of oil paint. It is said of Pont-Aven that it is "the only spot on earth where Americans are content to live all the year round;" but perhaps the kind face and almost motherly care of her *pensionnaires* by Mademoiselle Julia Guillou, may have something to do with their content.

The sketches—*dessins à la plume*—are by Mr. Randolph Caldecott, and reproduce with great fidelity the every-day aspect of Pont-Aven and Douarnenez; the group round the door of the "Pension Gloanec," sketched on page 8, may recall some pleasant memories of the summer of 1878.

Henry Blackburn.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

JAMES CLARKE HOOK, R.A.

RTIST, farmer, and fisherman—in these three words we have the subject of this sketch.

A public cultivated enough to recognise the honesty, intensity, and thoroughness of Mr. Hook's work with his brush will not need to be told that the same qualities are displayed by him in every pursuit, study, and occupation of his life. It will readily credit him with being able to guide a plough, wield flail, axe, sickle or scythe, haul on to a rope, shoot a net, take a turn at the tiller, or pull an oar, much as if his duties in life had led him to do these things and nothing else. That he is a good seaman there can be no doubt, and that he knows all about fish, whether from the fresh or salt water, and how to catch them. A man who paints fish, flesh, and fowl, earth, sea and sky, as he does, must be naturalist, botanist, geologist, sailor, and much besides. Touching farther upon the practical side of his character, one might guess that he would be a competent architect, engineer, shipwright, and carpenter, and that there is scarcely a tool belonging to any handicraft, of the trick of which he has not an inkling. There is evidence of all these facts in what he paints, and the way he paints. The poetic element of his nature is shown, too, by his intense appreciation of the open, and the humanity which he puts into his vivid presentments of the rough and honest folk who live and breathe upon his canvases. His poetry is essentially the poetry of the real, the true source of his ideal, the fountain-head, as it were, to which he goes for his inspirations. It has become proverbial to say, whilst standing in front of Mr. Hook's pictures, that one scents the salt spray; or the wild-thyme and clover-laden air, which seems to sweep through the bright intense daylight pervading most of the scenes he represents, whilst his fishermen and labourers and their wives and children, look as if they had simply stepped from the beach or the country-side, bodily into our presence. They are no mere studio models, they are the people themselves—life-like portraits.

Needless to say that a triumph of power like this has not been reached in a day, for it is as far back as the year 1839 that we first find Mr. Hook's name in the Academy catalogue. Unlike many lads with a natural bent towards art, he met with no opposition from his relatives in his choice of a career, although none of them in any way had shown a like predilection.

His mother was the second daughter of Dr. Adam Clarke, the great Biblical commentator, and his father—a member of a Northumbrian family—was one of the judges of the mixed Commission Court of Sierra Leone. He, being a man of very refined taste, encouraged his son to cultivate the marked love he had for drawing, and when young Hook left the North Islington Proprietary School he studied at the British Museum until he was admitted a student at the Royal Academy in 1836.

Then only seventeen (for he was born in London, November 21, 1819), he made such good use of his natural powers, and of the curriculum of the Academy, that he succeeded in carrying off most of its medals and prizes. After exhibiting his first picture, "The Hard Task," in 1839, he did not appear again in the catalogue until 1842, when, besides winning the first medals in the Life and Painting Schools, he exhibited a portrait. The series of Italian pictures by which he gained his early honours was commenced in 1844, with a subject from the "Decameron;" and in 1845 he won the gold medal of the Academy for the best original historical picture, the theme given being the "Finding of the Body of Harold." By his "Rizpah Watching the Bodies of the Sons of Saul" he secured the travelling studentship, and in 1846 he went to Italy.

Sunlight and colour, with their reflex, which he found upon the canvases of the mighty masters of the Venetian School, from Carpaccio to Titian, thenceforth gradually developed the fruit of the young painter's genius, and led

to that perfect ripening of it which we see at the present day. Venice became the background, and, as it might be said, the backbone of the work he now produced. We had in succession, from 1847 to 1853, amongst many others, "Bassanio Commenting on the Caskets," "The Chevalier Bayard Wounded at Brescia," "The Defeat of Shylock," &c.

As he was elected an Associate in 1850, no doubt could exist that the travelling studentship had been bestowed upon the right man, notwithstanding that his Italian pictures, admirable as they were, failed to establish him at his proper value in the eye of the general public. It was not until 1854 that Mr. Hook struck into the path which was to lead him to fame. That year saw the first of what may be called his English pastorals, and in "A Rest by the Wayside" all the world recognised the stamp of original genius. It was a new phase in landscape painting, the combination of important figures with it not a little adding to its claim to originality; and the application of what he had learnt in Italy—especially in the way of colour—to homely scenes of every-day life in our own land at the present time, still farther aided the establishment of his reputation. Not quite abandoning yet, however, the sort of theme which he had hitherto treated, the artist gave us, in 1855, in conjunction with the "Birthplace of the Streamlet," &c., a picture entitled "The Gratitude of the Mother of Moses," the last, probably, he painted with his old feeling. Such titles as "The Bramble in the Way," "A Passing Cloud," "Welcome, Bonny Boat!" are sufficient to record how, in 1856, he devoted all his energies to his newly-found line.

How much more fully this was developed the following year, any one will recognise who can remember that most pathetic work, "A Widow's Son Going to Sea," and the graphic representation of a group of Clovelly fisher-folk, men, women, and children, looking out to sea, and called "A Signal on the Horizon." These two coast subjects found their proper context in the inland scene of the "Ship-boy's Letter," where John Dibble listens as he is hedging and ditching, to his wife's reading of the missive she has just received from the walking postman.

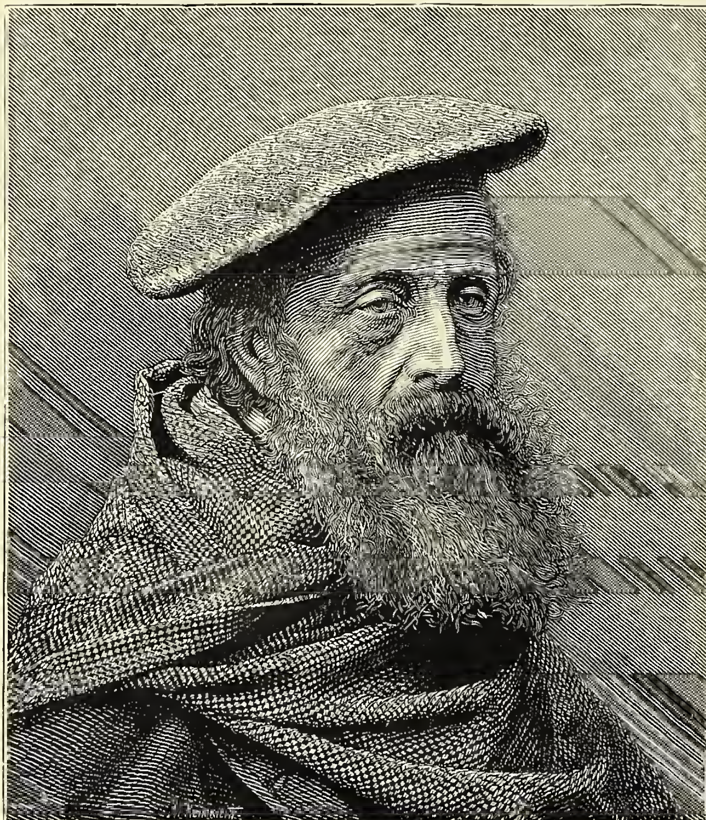
"The Coast Boy Gathering Eggs" was the next great hit of our painter; and it is doubtful if, in many respects, he has ever surpassed this triumph of 1858. Few who have regard to these matters can forget the lad suspended by a rope over the face of one of the most precipitous of the Lundy Island cliffs. They will recall how, hanging in mid-air, in a fashion that makes one's blood creep, his naked feet seeming to be feeling for a foothold, he gathers his spoil into a net, which he holds at the end of a pole. The scared and angry gulls, that "wing the mid-way air," swoop with wide-spread pinions around him, whilst at a giddy depth below lies the sea, with its fringe of foam sluicing against the cliff's base. The truthful intensity of the rendering of its varied and glorious hues, the sunlight, the effect of height, and the beautiful harmony as well as strength of the colour of the whole, live in the memory to this day when one looks at the powerful etching made of this work by Mr. Hook himself. Then came, in 1859, "Luff, Boy!" the picture which evoked from Mr. Ruskin, in the "Academy Notes," which he then published annually, the words, "Thank you, heartily, Mr. Hook!" "The River," one of his most suggestive and beautiful inland subjects, with "The Skipper Ashore," and "A Cornish Gift," were also of that same season.

The following year the full honours of the Academy were conferred on our painter, he more than justifying his election by "Whose Bread is on the Waters," "Oh, well for the Sailor Lad!" and "Stand Clear." This last once more showed him at his best, and represented an incoming fishing lugger, rising on the crest of the last wave which is to lift her on to the beach, her crew preparing to land, with the youngster in the bows just about to fling the coiled rope straight over the heads, as it were, of the spectators, who for the nonce play the part of their mates waiting to receive them.

Impossible is it in this limited space to comment on a tenth part of the prolific productions of Mr. Hook's brush. To name them, even, would occupy columns, but it may be said that in all and every one he advanced on the road he had chosen. A few milestones,

however, must be noted in his wanderings through Devon and Cornwall to Scilly, such as "Compassed by the Inviolate Sea," "The Trawlers," and "From Under the Sea" (an especially splendid work).

Brittany for the next two years became the tion. "The Lobster Catcher," "The Morning After a Gale," and a host of other sea and landscape subjects, including "A Cowherd's Mischief," and "Cottagers making Cider," impossible to catalogue here, bring us to 1870, when Holland opened up fresh ground, or



Yrs. Faithfully
Jas. C. Hook

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.)

land of his love, and his increasing power was shown in "Breton Fishermen's Wives," "The Mackerel Take," "The Sardine Fleet," &c. Harking north after this, "The Herring Fishery," on the coast of Banff, and the incidents belonging thereto, such as "Fishers Clearing their Nets," "Mother Carey's Chickens," &c., occupied our painter's atten- rather water, for our indefatigable artist. "Fish from the Doggerbank," and "Brimming Holland," are among the most noteworthy canvases of this period. Then a trip to Norway resulted in many new, vigorous, and characteristic pictures, shown in 1871; 1872 brought us back to our own land, with, amongst others, "Gold from the Sea," and one of the

"CRABBERS."

(From the Painting by J. C. Hook, R.A.)

subjects engraved for this article, "Jolly as a Sand-boy" (given on this page). Once more to the north, and this time as far as the wild and craggy coast of Shetland did Mr. Hook journey for his inspiration, finding amongst the habits of the natives several novel subjects.

From 1875 to 1877, his early loves, Devon and Cornwall, supplied him with material out of which he wrought fine stuff, as usual, including the first subject engraved for this article, "Crabbers" (page 13), until, by one of his last exhibited pictures ("The Coral Fisher, Amalfi"), we see that Italy has been revisited.

"JOLLY AS A SAND-BOY."
(*From the Painting by J. C. Hook, R.A.*)

But little space is left to add that for those privileged to get a glimpse of Mr. Hook in the retirement of his own country home, there is ample confirmation of all that has been here suggested of him. Seven miles from a railway station, in a wild, heather-clad, fir-bedecked part of the country, on the confines of Hampshire, he built his own house, himself making the design and the working drawings down to the smallest detail, and personally superintending and assisting in its erection. The very utmost has been done with the little estate, until it has become, so to speak, almost as self-contained as if it were in the backwoods. The streamlet, even, flowing through a bosky dell, or hanger, has been coaxed and made so much of that it turns a water-mill, which the owner built, and thus he not only grows his own corn, but grinds it.

A trifle above the middle height, his spare and wiry figure clad in workmanlike homespun, he looks, every inch of him, the thoroughly capable man that he is, and were it permissible to dwell upon what could be found still deeper down, many a page might be filled with the record of the pathetic, tender, and affectionate traits in his character. He has not lived amongst the honest coast and country folk as he has done without becoming a sympathiser in the sorrowful and tragic side of their lives. What Charles Kingsley knew, felt, and wrote about the fishers and their fates, James Clarke Hook knows, feels, and paints, whilst the quiet humour which he mingles from time to time with the pathos, is probably an instinct inherited from his ancestral relative, Theodore of that ilk.

W. W. Fenn.

FRENCH FINE ART AT THE LATE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

UNE EXÉCUTION SANS JUGEMENT.
(*By A. Régnault.*)

THE display of French pictures at the Exhibition of last year was probably the most perfect we are ever again likely to witness. Wonderful efforts were made to secure the due representation of every artist of eminence, and no cliquecism, or professional jealousy, led, as in our own case, to the exclusion of some of the most honoured names. All the great collections, and even the public galleries of Paris, were called upon to furnish their quota of treasures, and the authorities of the city of Paris, in the handsome pavilion they erected in the central garden, brought together during the period of the Exhibition many of the masterpieces which had previously been placed in their churches and municipal buildings. Among the works in the central pavilion, few attracted greater notice than the "Christ on the Cross," by Bonnat. A terribly realistic painting of our Saviour's last agony — the artist has aimed rather at painting the anguished and thorn-pierced brow and the throbbing vein, true to every minute detail, than to invest his subject with any dignity and grandeur, or to show us glimpses of the divine nature of Christ. He has, in fact, painted the limbs of a common labourer, the brawny sinews, and the boot-deformed feet; wonderful, no doubt, in their intense accuracy and truth to nature, but deficient in the high qualities the artist should have impressed upon such a subject. Such, however, is Bonnat's art; his portraits are admirable, and his mastery of his materials most complete, but he fails in the creative part of his art. Our thumb-nail sketch on page 17 will recall the picture we have been describing.

The practice of devoting annually large sums of Government money to be expended upon the fine arts, of placing important historical pictures in public buildings at the cost of the city of Paris, or of the State, and of rewarding by prizes and medals any art works of special importance, has undoubtedly been highly beneficial to French art. Our illustration of one of Régnault's best works, "Une Exécution sans jugement," which was exhibited in London at one of the International Exhibitions, gives us a case in point. This has been purchased for the Luxembourg. The picture is thoroughly characteristic of M. Régnault's too bold and vigorous execution, and, apart from the horror of the subject, it is in every sense a grand work. A Moor, standing on a flight of steps with a headless trunk at his feet, wipes his scimitar

BAIN TURC.
(*By J. L. Gérôme.*)

in his cloak. The head has rolled to the bottom of the steps, and the blood from the severed neck trickles down them. The colour is brilliant and forcible, and the attitude

of the figure extremely grand, but the subject is so repulsive as to cause us to wonder what could have led to its selection. Régnault's early death on the battle-field was a great loss to French art, and since the last great Exhibition many illustrious artists have passed away. At the opening of the 1867 Exhibition, France mourned the recent loss of Delacroix and Ingres, two of her greatest artists, and in the decade which has elapsed between the two Exhibitions, during which her territory has been ravaged by a cruel war, she has lost among other illustrious painters, Théodore Rousseau, Corot, Millet,

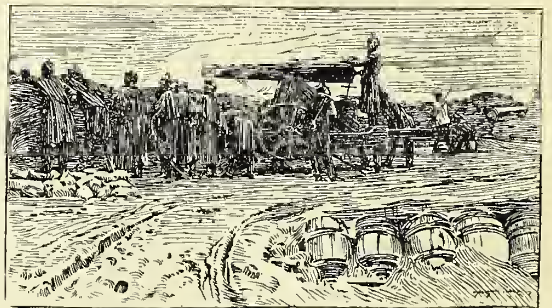
FLORE ET ZÉPHIRE.
(*By W. Bouguereau.*)

Boulanger, Ricard, and Pils, and, last of all, Daubigny.

Corot, one of the ablest of French landscape painters, was represented by ten works in the Exhibition: his art was truthful to nature; his country scenes are full of beautiful atmospheric effects, and he realised more, we think, than any other artist of the modern French school, the poetical beauty of natural scenery.

Another artist, who feels intensely the poetry of country life, is J. Breton. He paints peasant girls and fisherwomen, but they have no awkwardness or uncouthness in their attitudes; his "Gleaner" was a true country maiden, but she was perfect in the ease and grace of her pose. We have engraved one of his works, "La Fontaine," charming alike in the richness and beauty of its colouring, and in the simplicity and refinement of the actions both of the girl who carries the water-jar on her shoulder, and of her companion who leans forward to fill her pitcher at the spring. Refinement of quite another sort, and arising from an entirely different mode of approaching nature, exists in the work of Bouguereau, who had no less than twelve pictures in the Exhibition. He is one of the most classical of French artists, and there is a delicacy and finish in his work wholly wanting in the art of Breton. His work charms us from possessing many of the same qualities we admire in Breton's work, the same grace and poetry, and the same ease and simplicity in pose, but with the superadded merit of almost faultless execution. If we may use such a comparison, Breton reminds us of Hook, Bouguereau of Leighton. We have engraved a slight sketch of the "Flore et Zéphire" of the latter artist, which is often looked upon as his best work.

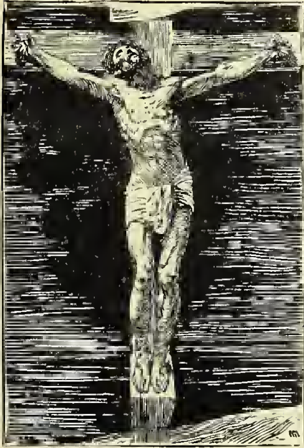
EN 1795.
(*By J. Goupil.*)



UN COUP DE CANON.
(*By E. Berne-Bellecour.*)

Another great master among the modern

figure painters is Gérôme, the best pupil of Paul Delaroche, who possesses in a most marked degree the power of telling his story vividly and impressively in his pictures. He is essentially a fine colourist, but in some of his works he is open to the reproof of bordering upon the sensuous in his art. We like him best when he is giving us the results of his Eastern travels. He is unrivalled in such works as "Santon à la porte d'une Mosquée," and the "Retour de la Chasse." In his flesh painting, his modelling is most beautiful in the voluptuous rounding of the form, but his flesh-tints remind us more often of ivory than of the female figure. One of his best studies of the nude is the one we here engrave (page 15), the "Bain turc;" the contrast between the flesh of the negress and that of the lady who is about to bathe is admirably rendered.



LE CHRIST.
(*By L. Bonnat.*)

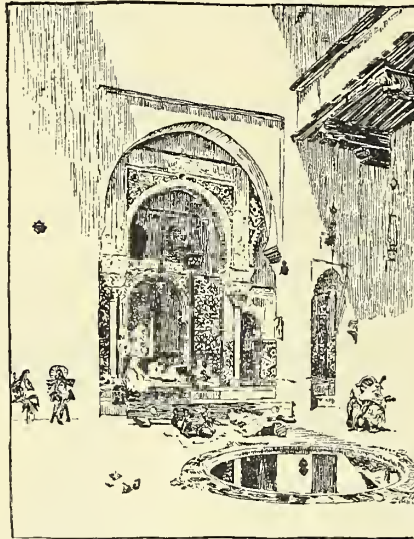
Among the younger artists of the French school few have achieved a greater reputation than J. P. Laurens, a most forcible painter, whose choice of subject, moreover, accords with French taste, and who has shown great skill in dealing with the technical difficulties of his art. Laurens delights in horrors, and his picture of "L'Interdit," showing us the blocked-up entrance to a church, with the unburied corpses around in all stages of rottenness, was very terrible. The fault of this work was, perhaps, the large stretch of canvas to let. Another horrible subject was furnished by "Francis of Borgia before the coffin of Queen Isabella of Portugal." It is stated that after the funeral ceremonies at Granada, Francis caused the coffin to be opened to gaze upon the decayed features of his mistress. Another most able artist who deals in a similar way with subjects of horror is Becker. His largest picture shows us Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, protecting the bodies of the sons of Saul from the birds and beasts of prey. The figures hang naked side by side, mouldering on a gibbet, and Rizpah is depicted beneath them in the act of driving off a vulture with the bough of a tree.

The Paris collection was strong in the works of Meissonier, who has achieved a European celebrity. Most of his pictures are very minute, and they were seen at Paris spread somewhat widely apart, and having the wall behind them gilt. Meissonier excels in delicate and accurate finish, his detail is excessive, and but for his exquisite and skilful manipulation, his work would appear harsh and crude, as we almost invariably find the art of his imitators to be. We liked best his largest work, "Cuirassiers—1805." The painting both of horses and riders is most masterly; the long, even line is regular, without being monotonous, and the mastery over detail is most complete. It is undoubtedly this power of minute painting which had led him to work upon the almost microscopic scale he has made his own, and which, when imitated by less gifted artists, invariably results in failure.

In a brief glance such as this is, at the Paris pictures, we must necessarily omit all reference to many important men. A very striking work, most dramatic in its conception and also admirable in its execution, was the "St. Sebastian" of Boulanger, another pupil of Delaroche. In this picture we see the martyr hardly recovered from the wounds received in his first conflict, appearing before the Emperor Maximian. His thin, pale face and scanty clothing, and the wounds still visible, render him more like a visitor from another world than a living being, and he is thus said to have suddenly presented

LA FONTAINE.
(*By J. Breton.*)

himself before the emperor, and to have informed him that he had issued from the tomb to announce to him that the day of divine vengeance was at hand. A small work by Berne-Bellecour, which we have illustrated (page 16), pleased us much. It shows us the discharge of a monster cannon, with the soldiers looking over the ramparts to see the effect it may produce. The picture is admirable in composition and colouring. Goupil's works are more attractive from the quaint costumes he chooses for his sitters, than from their art power. The picture of a lady in one of those outrageously large hats worn at the end of the last century, which he calls "En 1795," was very favourably noticed at the Salon in 1875, and we have engraved it (page 16) as characteristic of the work of a school of rising young painters. Though our space warns us to be short, we must not forget Robert-Fleury, one of the most important historical painters of the day, and also an extremely clever portrait painter. His grand picture of "Le dernier jour de Corinthe," from the Luxembourg, as also his fine work, showing us Pinel in the Salpêtrière, were both in the Exhibition. Courbet, the mad Republican who destroyed the Vendôme Column, was represented by a single picture, "La Vague," which well represents the limits and scope of his art.



MOORISH INTERIOR.
(By Fortuny.)

Cabanel's monster work, setting before us some of the chief events in the life of Saint Louis, King of France, which is destined for the church of St. Geneviève, filled the whole side of one of the galleries. His portraits please us more than his subject pictures, and to our English eyes his painting appears thin and tame. Whether it was the mode of lighting the galleries, or whether it is due to some quality in French art itself, we cannot say, but a stroll through the French galleries, after passing through our own picture gallery, and that of Italy, produced upon us a certain feeling of sadness and depression, and led us to form a sweeping conclusion that modern French art is sombre, gloomy, and black in its shadows.

The works of the talented Spanish artist, Fortuny, were shown in a gallery by themselves, and attracted great attention at Paris. To recall some of the features of his style, we have engraved his "Moorish Interior." His art will not, however, bear translation into black and white; he was gifted with a sense of colour such as has been vouchsafed to no other modern painter, and, together with a rapid and vigorous execution, he possessed the rare power of representing, with the smallest possible amount of detail, any object he desired.

G. R. R.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY, 1878.

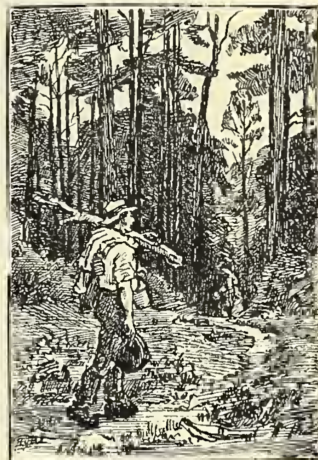
THE gradual change which is working in English art—a reform in favour of quiet tones and mild mannerisms in landscape-painting—is far more observable in the Dudley Gallery than at the Royal Academy or at the water-colour exhibitions, and it is more striking at the Dudley this year than ever before. A general glance round the walls, before the eye attends to detail—and every critic ought to acquire the habit of making this survey, if he wishes to take note of the tendencies of the time in the two particulars of colour and manner—gives us almost, if not quite, the impression of gentleness, of softened outlines, and of repose, which we receive in a *good* French collection. In one respect, our young

artists show an inclination to go beyond their models, inasmuch as there is more absence of colour in the works, for instance, of Mr. Waterlow, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Marks (in landscape), than in the French work they are emulating. The latter is seldom colourless; it has, on the contrary, depths within depths of latent or reserved colour. In the case of Mr. Boughton, we cannot but regret the rigidity of rules which, when they are relaxed (as in his "Rivals" at last year's Grosvenor Gallery), show us of what refined and brilliant harmonies he is capable. We would not discourage the movement, as we lose far more pain than pleasure by it, but we would remind these artists that there are other phases of nature besides the grey and gloomy phases which they paint so unanimously, and that nature is *always* "artistic."

"HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE KING!"
(*By G. C. Hindley.*)

The first picture we have marked is Mr. R. C. Woodville's "Turkish Reconnoitring Party in the Balkans," a cleverly sketched effect with truthful and characteristic figures; the horses are also well-studied, and all the accessories are intelligent. Mr. Hamilton Macallum's work is always of a high order of merit; his limited choice of subject is not unnatural in an artist who has made one combination of light and water peculiarly his own by excellent treatment; his single canvas at the Dudley, "Meadow Hay," is an admirable specimen of his skill. Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., sends two works utterly unlike each other in method and treatment. The interior, "Peace with Honour," is painted with the *net* and even hard precision to which we are accustomed in his figure subjects. The other picture, "An August Morning," is, on the contrary, pleasingly vague; the tone is remarkably sweet, and there is a charming suggestion, but only a suggestion, of colour. Miss Beatrice Meyer, whose remarkably intelligent work at the British Artists' Gallery we have noted in other years, is not quite worthily represented by a little classical composition, called "A Message;" the draperies are good in painting and in colour, but we wish the drawing of the hands showed more care. M. Léon Lhermitte is, perhaps, the freshest of out-of-door painters, and the truest in the matter of lighting and open-air tone. His little French street scenes have a *cachet* of truth, which no exercise of science and memory in the studio, but only quick work on the spot, can accomplish; he sends "Marchande à Morlaix" and "La Rue de St. Malo." Without richness of colour, his pearly lights have great charm. Mr. Val. Prinsep's "Bianca" is very perfectly drawn, but painted in an unsympathetic manner.

Among the beautiful pieces of colour in the exhibition must be noted "In Flanders," by Mr. G. A. Scappa, and Mr. Albert Ludovici's "Walton-on-the-Naze" is broadly and effectively sketched. Mr. James S. Hill has a method of his own, by which the immediate foreground is treated with the vaguest unfinish, and the middle distance brought out with force of tone and effect; the artist chooses only to accentuate that part of the landscape which attracts the attention, he ignores what is of little interest or too near the eye to form an important part of the composition. His "Study on a Tidal River" and "Rye, Sussex," are both clever and full of force. Mrs. Jopling shows versatility in her two contributions, a "Portrait," and a sunny little bit of landscape, "From the St. Aubin's Road, Jersey." Miss Clara Montalba's "Canal of San Giorgio, Venice," is a most lovely specimen of those qualities of colour, manipulation, and composition in which she is so rich. Her work shows more



HOME THROUGH THE WOODS.
(*By F. Morgan.*)

decorative beauty of colour than is consistent with perfect truth, but even this little blemish adds to the distinctness of her personality, and therefore to the interest of her work. The green of her skies, for instance, is a most truly exquisite colour, and fulfils the harmonies of her chord, yet her invariable use of it does some little violence to nature. Miss Montalba's execution is peculiarly full of mastery and charm. Her sister, Miss Hilda Montalba, in "A Quiet Morning," carries decorative beauty of colour still further; the tints of a tree in full blossom, by the side of dark cypresses, are perfectly lovely, but the hues of the sky are chosen arbitrarily. Both ladies are incapable of *bad* colour, even if they are capable now and then of *untrue* colour. Mr. Napier Hemy has achieved a notable success by his "Fishing for

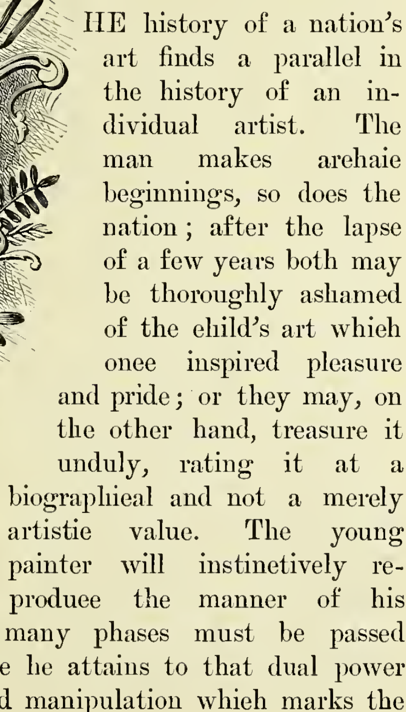
A LADY OF CAIRO VISITING.

(By F. A. Bridgman.)

Smelts." His work is so true a transcript of nature, that its unobtrusive science may chance to be overlooked. Mr. Fred. Morgan sends one of the more important works of the exhibition, "Home through the Woods," a charming sylvan subject, of which we give a sketch (by the artist)—as also of Mr. Hindley's spirited "Here's a Health to the King!" "A Covert Side," by Mr. Val. Davis, is an exquisitely painted bit of landscape under a cloudless blue sky, which is finely gradated and full of atmosphere; whether the artist has solved the difficult problem of the combination of intense colour with light, is open to question; nature's dark blue sky is full of blinding light, but the artist is obliged to sacrifice either colour or light; and, to our mind, Mr. Davis has in a measure sacrificed the latter. Mr. F. A. Bridgman is one of the many American artists of merit who exhibit among us, and of his two very clever canvases at this exhibition, "First Steps," and "A Lady of Cairo Visiting," we have selected the latter for a sketch. Mr. F. Barnard, whose thoroughly original and strikingly powerful drawings are familiar to us in the *Graphic*, and whose "Saturday Night" at the Academy a few years ago was the most remarkable picture of its class which we remember in England, exhibits "Lord Hategood," a subject from the "Pilgrim's Progress," as excellent in colour and execution as his work always is in character and energy. Mr. Phil. Morris has two most dissimilar works. "Changing Pasture" is as excellent as "A Storm in Harvest" is the reverse. "In Search of Sea-drift" is an admirable study of sea and shore, by Mr. Colin Hunter, freshly and powerfully painted. Sweetly toned and artistically executed especially in the tree-painting, is the little landscape, called "Homewards," by Mr. Adrian Stokes; there are touches of remarkably fine colour in the sky of Mr. R. Gay Somerset's "Lane Scene," and one of the best sea-pieces in the Gallery is Mr. Pownall Williams' "A Canal in Venice."

AMERICAN ARTISTS AND AMERICAN ART.

A HISTORY OF BEGINNINGS.



HE history of a nation's art finds a parallel in the history of an individual artist. The man makes archaic beginnings, so does the nation; after the lapse of a few years both may be thoroughly ashamed of the child's art which once inspired pleasure and pride; or they may, on the other hand, treasure it unduly, rating it at a biographical and not a merely artistic value. The young painter will instinctively reproduce the manner of his master, and many phases must be passed through before he attains to that dual power of creation and manipulation which marks the culmination of genius; so, also, the art of a young nation is almost necessarily a reproduction of the art that is elsewhere already old, and what are decades in the life of a man are centuries in the life of a nation when we estimate its movement towards the maturity of a national school. Moreover, just as the artist must have a heart at rest, and long leisure, to pursue his craft, so a nation makes progress in the fine arts in proportion as she has peace from foes outside her border, and has settled government within. The analogy in its present application amounts to this: that the art of the New World was imported by Watson, Symbert, and the rest from the Old World, and that it had all the Old World's vices to get rid of as time went on; that the Americans have since produced painters whose works must needs throw them out of love with the canvases their fathers worshipped, though for them those untaught canvases have still an historical—almost an

autobiographical — value which time, notwithstanding its progress and its disclosure of infinite possibilities, will enhance rather than destroy; that young America, when she had her land to plant, her laws to make, and her cities to build, perforce put the fine arts to one side until a more convenient season; and that when that season came (just as the Wars of the Roses among ourselves made a blank page of the fair-promising history of our own art), the War of Independence impeded America's progress towards that artistic greatness which she undoubtedly is destined to attain, and to which all that she has already done is only what the first dim streak of dawn is to the mid-day sunshine. That America is not ready to admit that in painting as in poetry her greatness is not in the Past, nor in the Present, but in her inevitable Future, is no more surprising than is the impatience with which the young artist, full of genius but failing in execution, listens to the prosy suggestions of commonplace proficiency. The young nation is in a hurry to be great; it hails its versifiers as very Shakespeares, and even its beginners in art as matches for the immortal masters. But while we point to America's future, we do not imply that her past progress has been slow. How can we, if we measure it by our own, and count the centuries of toil that culminated in the "Canterbury Tales," and, later still, in the canvases of Gainsborough and of Reynolds? Nor must it be forgotten that our fathers, too, made idols which we have dethroned, and that we are now making others which will suffer at the hands of our posterity the same fate. Nay more, England and America have shared with each other the self-same illusions—have suffered the same disillusions; for was not their Benjamin West the President of our own Academy, the successor of Sir Joshua and a forerunner of Sir Frederick? and if the America of to-day regards him as a less illustrious painter than did the America of a century gone, England, too, must make the retractation, and does make it, in the most practical manner possible, as was shown some years ago by the sale, for £42, of an "Annunciation," for which West himself received £800. However, the opinion that America has not yet fulfilled the mission to which she is destined in the art annals of the world—that she has as yet barely laid the foundations of the school which must, in the process of evolution, one day exist as an outcome of the distinctive characteristics of her scenery and her people, does not lessen the interest which attaches to the history of her art in its beginnings.

"The arts," wrote Franklin, in 1771, "have always travelled westward, and there is no doubt of their flourishing hereafter on our side of the Atlantic, as the number of wealthy inhabitants shall increase, since from several instances it appears that our people are not deficient in genius." At that date, therefore, we may infer the fine arts were not flourishing in America; yet they had long been in the field fighting against a combination of foes. So early as 1715, a Scotchman named John Watson arrived in the colonies, and established himself as a portrait painter at Perth Amboy, where he opened the first picture gallery of America. Watson found portraiture pay so badly that he combined with the practice of his art the profession of a money-lender; and when he died, at the age of eighty-three, he left his pictures to a nephew, who was obliged, by the fortune of war, to fly the country in 1776, when they were all distributed or destroyed. Another Scotchman, John Symbert, was a pioneer of painting in America. He began life as a house-painter, came to London as a coach-painter, obtained admittance to the Academy, subsequently went to Italy, where he spent three years in copying the works of the masters, and then, in 1728, went to the New World to be, in some senses, the father of its art. His picture of the Berkeley household has the reputation of being the first that was there produced containing more than one figure! It was Symbert's copy of a Vandyck that gave some of his immediate followers the Correggio-like intuition that they too were painters; and his name, as that of a legitimate forerunner, may head the roll of honour on which is emblazoned a whole string of eminent names, from Copley to William Hunt. Gradually a desire for the possession of pictures took hold of the young community; and the fact that Trumbull told a student that

"he had better learn to make shoes, or dig potatoes, than become a painter," instead of proving, as some suppose, that the cultivation of art was still at its lowest ebb, probably only indicates that the painter was convinced the boy had none of the genius that is a *sine quâ non* of the true artistic vocation, and that he gave him accordingly the counsel which Mr. Millais, for instance, must often have reiterated here at a time when art patronage is universal.

In 1839, American painting received an impetus by the establishment of the American Art Union, which distributed annually, for upwards of ten years, several hundred works of art. The institution, notwithstanding that it palmed off upon an ignorant public wretched copies of the old masters manufactured in Belgium and Italy by the dozen; and although it undoubtedly belonged to a system which Professor Ruskin would consider more "corrupting" and degrading than even the educational organisation of South Kensington—did, nevertheless, some practical service to the cause of American art in its crude beginnings, until, at the end of ten years, it came into conflict with the State legislation about lotteries, and was broken up.

In 1801, an association of artists was formed under the name of the New York Academy of Fine Arts. Seven years later its scope had so far extended that it took the name, not of a city merely, but of the nation; and as the American Academy of Fine Arts, it had Chancellor Livingston for its President, and Colonel John Trumbull, De Witt Clinton, David Hosack, John R. Murray, William Cutting, and Charles Wilkes among its prominent members. Its struggling existence was aided by a gift from Napoleon of statues and prints, by the temporary accession of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne," and by the exhibition of pictures by West in 1816. A school of instruction was organised in connection with it, but failed for want of funds, and in 1828 a fire destroyed a great part of what models and drawings there were, and the American Academy of Fine Arts came to an end. But it had not existed in vain. Upon its grave, as on a foundation, was built up a structure of greater strength, the National Academy of Design—an institution that almost tallies with our own Royal Academy, and that had for its first President, Professor Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph. After a nomadic existence, the new society found a permanent habitation at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York, in a marble building in the rather barbaric style of the Ducal Palace at Venice. The citizens of New York, at any rate on this occasion, splendidly fulfilled Benjamin Franklin's prediction of the patronage which America, when it acquired wealth, would bestow on the interests of art, by their munificent contributions towards the Academy building fund; and the first exhibition was held in its six galleries in the spring of 1865.

Like their brothers at Burlington House, the American Academicians are criticised in certain circles for their conservatism—a charge not easily escaped by those on whom devolves the unpleasant task of every year rejecting a large number of works destined by their senders for a place in the exhibition; and, just as we in London have now our Grosvenor Gallery, so over there a body of seceders from the Academy has established a new society, which contains much young talent, and ought to thrive without injury to the other.

Long before the New York Academy established itself in its permanent home, Philadelphia had formed a similar academy, of which Benjamin West, though then settled in England, was elected an honorary member, and which held its first exhibition in 1806. It would be interesting to read contemporary criticisms of those early exhibitions. But the race of critics had then hardly sprung into being, and probably no record of their opinions of those first-fruits of American art is in existence, at any rate none is referred to by Mr. S. S. Conant in an excellent article on the progress of the fine arts, which appeared a few years ago in an American magazine. We may fairly conclude, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that the works which graced the walls of the American galleries at the beginning of this century were not of a startling order of merit; that they were,

in fact, as great bogies as at that period were the majority of our own.

Before and immediately after the Revolution, portraiture was the branch of art which was carried on in America more successfully than any other. John Singleton Copley is considered the greatest painter produced by America prior to the Declaration of Independence, and he is principally known by his portraits, the possession of any of which is considered the best title of an American family's nobility. Other portrait-painters of the era were Wollaston, Charles Wilson Peale, Chester Harding Newton, and Gilbert Charles Stuart. The end of the last and the beginning of this century, introduce to us, among American portraitists, John Vanderlyn, William Page, celebrated for his colour, Henry Inman (who has also the reputation of being the first of his countrymen who was successful at *genre* painting), Charles Goring Elliot, Huntingdon, Le Clear, and Oliver Stone. Colonel Trumbull was an historical painter, whose style was formed in London under Benjamin West; he painted a great many scenes in the War of Independence, and the patriotism of their motive probably permits American eyes to pass over their artistic defects. An Englishman, however, will feel in looking at them something of what has been recently felt by Frenchmen in looking at the masterly canvas, "Le Bourget," in which De Neuville morally defeats the Germans, while representing them in a moment of material victory.

Nature and its operations are on so sublime a scale in America, that we naturally look to landscape for art which shall be distinctively American—an art inspired and informed by the nature which it studies. Landscape-painting of the scenic or panoramic order is to be expected from artists who have Niagara, the Mississippi, the Yosemite Valleys, for their subjects; and it may be remarked that this line of art would lead its students to revolt against the methods and manners of schools: in Europe, landscape-painting tends more and more to a reliance on the human interest of artistic and scientific work, and to a carelessness of subject, in a word, "bits" are taking the place of "views." Very probably the one school will hold the other in check, and indeed, in the New World, two distinct camps seem to be formed. Church and Beirstadt may be taken as representatives of the purely American art, while a younger school have assimilated the diametrically opposite principles taught in the French studios.

But the subject of American art is almost as large and panoramic as her scenery, and we shall try to atone for the incompleteness of this introductory view of it, by recurring in future papers to some of the pictures and painters that have made American art memorable in the past, as well as by noticing her contemporary artists and their works in oil, in water-colour, and in marble.

(*To be continued.*)

"JOSEPH MAKING HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS BRETHREN."

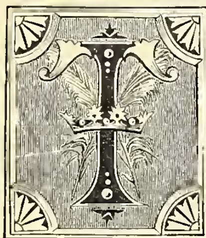
By D. W. Wynfield.

THE historical treatment of Biblical subjects, in which modern learning has carried accuracy of detail so far, would have greatly surprised the painters of earlier times: they had not the knowledge, and probably would in no case have had the inclination, to represent realistically what were to them more or less abstract devotional scenes. Mr. Wynfield's Arabs, on the next page, are severely true to fact; and it requires some courage to combine figures which seem modern to our eyes, with scriptural tradition and ancient architecture; this he has done successfully. The monotony of the group, both in type and in costume, has also been very well mastered in this simple and skilful composition.

JOSEPH MAKING HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS BRETHREN.

(From a Picture by D. W. Wynfield, in the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1878.)

WOOD ENGRAVING.—I.



HE history of wood engraving is a singular one. The art has waxed and waned with no little fitfulness since its first invention, and it is difficult to say whether, even now, it has taken its proper place.

Looking at the vast number of woodcuts produced every year in this country alone, at the excellence of the designs made for many of them, and at the skill shown by the engravers, it would seem that wood engraving must have reached its zenith, and that only the irreconcilables in art could expect more than is actually found in the best woodcuts of the present day.

Ought we to expect more, and if so, in what direction? The present essay is an attempt to answer these questions.

With this object in view, I propose to sketch briefly the past history of the art in so far as it bears on the subject, in the belief that this history teaches a distinct lesson, in the belief also, that the lesson has not been learnt, at any rate has not been inwardly digested by the present generation of artists and engravers; that the high class of many modern cuts is due to the ability of the artists, and the care and skill of the engravers, but that a yet higher standard is attainable, and may, I trust, before long, be attained.

Before entering on the proposed retrospect, it will be advisable to say a few words about the process of engraving on wood, and to show how it differs from engraving on copper, that what follows may be intelligible to such readers as are not already familiar with the subject.

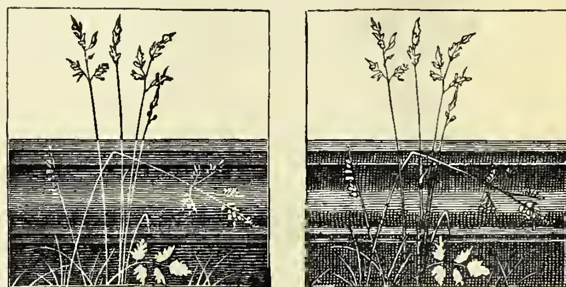
In working on metal, the lines that are intended to appear black are incised, and the plate thus cut is covered with ink, which is then cleaned off, so that the paper when pressed firmly on to the plate, only receives impressions from the engraved lines, the ink having remained in these, while it disappeared from the smooth portions.

With wood the process is reversed, the lines that are to print black are *left*, the white spaces only are cut away, leaving the lines prominent, which, when inked with a roller, are transferred under the press to the paper. We have here two absolutely opposed methods. The copper-plate before the engraver has begun his work, would print white if treated by the printer in the regular way. The wood-block before the engraver has begun his work would print black.

The copper-plate engraver, starting from pure white, proceeds to darken this white by drawing black lines upon it, or by cutting lines which print black.

The wood engraver starting from pure black, proceeds to lighten this, by taking out lights, or by cutting away spaces which print white.

Thus details of execution which are easy to the one are difficult to the other, and *vice versâ*. Black lines, however fine, are readily produced on copper, whereas on the wood-block they can only be obtained by cutting away



A. Fig. 1. B.

the wood on each side, and leaving the line. White lines, on the other hand, and white details generally on a dark ground are cut with ease on wood, but on copper the dark spaces must be filled in with lines, the lights being carefully left. Fig. 1 is an attempt to show this diagrammatically, though necessarily executed entirely on wood: A represents the

woodcut, in which the leaves on the dark ground are cut direct with pure lines; B is the engraving on copper, in which the lines against the sky are more delicate, but those against the stone being expressed by the indirect process of filling the intervening spaces with shading, are less clear.

Such difficulties are overcome by practice, and are thought little about by engravers on either material, but the difference in the quality of the work always remains visible to the eye of an artist. A line, whether black or white, will always be a better line if drawn or cut direct, than when obtained by the comparatively artificial process of cutting away,

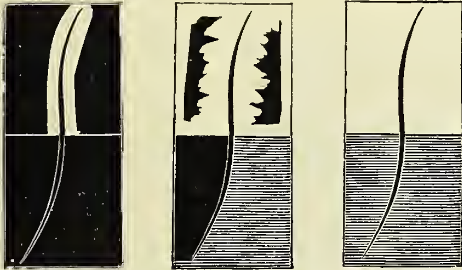


Fig. 2.

or filling up the surrounding space so as to leave the line.

From this point of view the wood-block has rather the advantage. The engraver cuts a trench on each side of his outline, and in gouging away the adjoining wood, works only up to these trenches. Fig. 2 shows a line in three stages, the upper part of the line on a white ground, the lower on a tint. In this lower part, the "trench" is reduced to an almost invisible incision. The line is thus obtained by a nearly direct method. In the first incision, the engraver is free to make as good a line as the etcher's needle, and though the quality of this line is slightly endangered by the necessity of making another incision in close proximity, in skilful hands this risk is inappreciable, and the consequence is, that most wood engravings are full of black lines, executed with vigour and decision.

I have before me the extremely beautiful engravings of the vases from the collection of Sir Henry Englefield, executed on copper, by Mr. Henry Moses, (published by H. G. Bohn, 1848,) in which nearly all the figures are white on a black ground. The plates show plainly that an engraver on copper aiming at

Fig. 3.

this effect, works at a greater disadvantage than that under which the wood engraver labours in producing black lines.

The cut, Fig. 3, will-show that the engraver has had to obtain his contour by stopping every line of the cross-bar shading, exactly at the right point, a highly artificial process, and the outline thus produced is often imperfect, although where the background is dark, he has been able to assist himself by cutting a strong line round the figure. In Fig. 4, where the light lines lie across a tint, the difficulty has been greater, as the outlines on each side of the lights have the effect of making them appear *darker* than the surrounding tint. On wood no outline would be needed, and the cutting of the figures or of fine lines on a black or grey ground would be perfectly simple. Fig. 4 is like Fig. 3, an accurate fac-simile

Fig. 4.

of the original copper-plate. Fig. 5 is the same, in which the engraver has availed himself of the facilities offered by the wood-block. The cutting in the little mirror and similar parts is much simpler, and the white lines on the grey drapery across the knees of the figure are obtained with perfect facility. They are not good lines in themselves, but are copied exactly from the original. It will appear from this, that on copper, the difficulty is not confined to the execution of fine white lines, but occurs whenever white meets black, however broad the white space may be, while on wood the very slight difficulty above described, applies only to fine outlines, and disappears in the cutting of black objects of any sensible breadth on a white ground, as, for instance, branches and leaves against a bright sky.

Fig. 5.

In representing a grey tint by means of parallel lines, the two materials meet on equal terms, and it matters little whether the engraver cuts the white lines or the black, so long as they lie close together, the difference being merely this, that on copper the artist presses lightly for a pale tint, and harder for a dark one, in other words the more he presses, the thicker are his black lines, while on wood by increasing the pressure, the white lines are made wider, and the tint paler.

It appears then, in the cutting of lines and tints, first that copper has a slight advantage over wood in the execution of the fine black lines, second that there is little to choose between the two materials in the cutting of tints, and third that in cutting of white lines or spaces and in all cases where white meets either black or a tint, wood has greatly the advantage over copper. Keeping this in mind, let us consider how these condition will affect an artist in imitating the effects of nature.

The comparative inferiority of quality in the black lines of wood engravings is often urged by etchers as a sufficient reason for placing wood engraving below etching as an art. I contend that this conclusion, based as it is upon a false assumption, falls to the ground on examination, and here we come to the heart of our subject.

If we are to assume that the only duty of the wood engraver is to execute fac-similes of drawings made with the pen or pencil, then the art (if it could under such circumstances be called an art) would certainly be inferior to etching.

Wood engravers can, no doubt, do wonders in this way, and it would be easy to call to mind works of the kind which would make one unwilling to see the practice wholly abandoned.

If any one will examine some twenty of Mr. Charles Keene's drawings for *Punch* (especially those with landscape backgrounds), I think he will be convinced of two things—first, that the artist has an extraordinary power of rendering his effects with a very few lines; and, second, that the engraver has cut the drawings with great skill, preserving much, if not all the vigour of the originals. But there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that fac-similes of pencil drawings are specimens of what can be done in wood engraving as an art proper. In this case the engraver is merely performing the modest but in some cases useful service of imitating the works of another art, and in so doing, is foregoing all the advantages peculiar to his own materials.

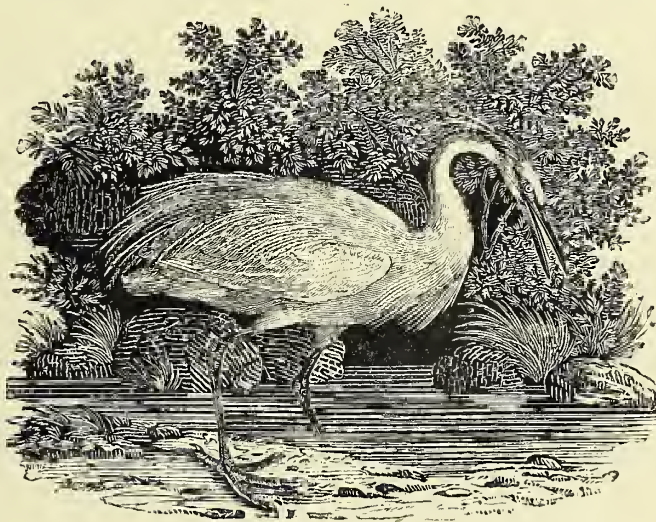
Here nature is interpreted by two processes each antagonistic to the other. The artist employs a method consisting wholly of drawing black lines on a white ground, and the engraver copies it by a method consisting wholly of taking whites out of a black ground. That this should be possible proves that wood is a very elastic material, but it is no example of what may be done, and by one man has been done, in wood engraving.

Invert the process, and beginning with a woodcut by one who understood the material, let an etcher try to copy it. What would he make of the egret in Bewick's inimitable

"British Birds," giving it line for line as a wood engraver is expected to do when executing a pen-and-ink drawing. With six times the labour he might produce a respectable copy, though I suppose it would be impossible to render some parts literally.

Instead of imposing this ungrateful task on the etcher, let us take our wood-block direct to nature as the etcher does his copper, without allowing any antagonistic interpreter to come between, and examining the capacities of the two materials in this, the only fair way, let us see what will become of the charge, that wood engraving must take the lower place, on the ground that its fine black lines are inferior to those of the etcher, remembering that its white ones are superior.

Where do we find black lines in nature, and why must an art stand or fall by its ability to render such lines? Leaving colour out of the question, we find in nature surfaces and tones but no outlines. What lines do we find in a painting, whether in colour or monochrome, or what artist uses lines where his material does not render it necessary? An outline is, in fact, a purely conventional way of indicating the form of an object, and in all finished work where the artist approaches as near to nature as possible, it is carefully excluded, the objects appearing light on dark or dark on light, as the case may be, so that their forms are shown by the limits of the surfaces, not by any black lines circumscribing them. In etching, or in drawing with pencil or pen and ink, the artist first indicates his forms by means of outlines, and the extent to which he depends on these outlines is determined entirely by the degree of finish he intends to bestow on his work. If it is to be a slight sketch, the outlines are put in vigorously, and remain with perhaps only a few indications of shadow to assist them. But if the work is to be highly finished the outlines are kept faint, and finally lost in the tints or rather tones of which they only represented the limits.



BEWICK'S EGRET.

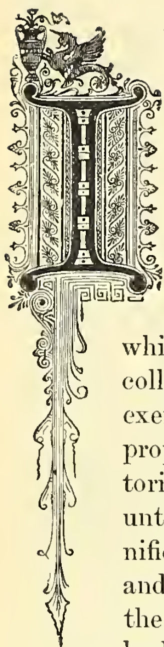
In wood engraving, outlines are only needed in this latter sense, as a guide, and are not wanted as a method of work any more than in a sepia drawing, and we may look in vain through Bewick's "Birds" for an outline, except in the rare case of a white object being seen against a light ground, as, for instance, a bird's white neck against the sky. But if all the outlines in the book were set together end to end, I doubt if their united length would amount to three inches.

In this respect, wood engraving, dealing as it does with tints, not lines, approaches more nearly to nature than an art in which lines are the essential principle. It will, of course, be understood that by lines, I mean single detached lines, as distinct from a close series such as are employed to give the effect of a tint.

In a later chapter, I propose to examine in detail the technical capabilities of wood, and to inquire into the best means of exploring and developing them. For the present, and until I have offered the reader a sketch of the history of the art, I will content myself with the above brief account of the process, though it may be convenient to call attention to a certain general advantage, which will be possessed by an art in which lights are taken out of a dark ground, when compared with one which proceeds by the opposite method of drawing black upon white.

(*To be continued.*)

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.



IT is impossible to bring the charge of exclusiveness this year against an exhibition which comprises specimens of the works of all the early schools, and a most eclectic gathering of modern English water-colours, in the selection of which no individual taste, nor even the collective taste of any school has been exercised, but which shows only the proprietor's intention to make an historical survey of the art. We defer until next month any notice of the magnificent drawings of the Old Masters, and confine our attention at present to the brilliant exhibition of water-colours by living English artists, which occupies the great Western Gallery.

Last year the public was delighted at the opportunity of observing a phase of the national art of water-colour drawing which has entirely passed away. The first aquarellists, whose simple and suggestive work was then exhibited, seemed scarcely to have practised the same art as the painters of our time. In the infancy of water-colour, slight pencil sketches, washed freely with transparent colour, which was not even intended to conceal the pencil marks, gave little more than hints or impressions of natural effects; by degrees the work became a little less naïf and inartificial, and the perfection of suggestive beauty was attained; then followed the somewhat heavy though splendidly powerful manner of David Cox, in which a nearer approach to *painting* was made; and finally, in our day, the original genius and intention of water-colours have been forgotten, and a beautiful, minute, imitative art has been evolved, which contests the distinctive merits of oil-painting. It has, indeed, been rather revolution than evolution, and the whole change may be ascribed to the use of opaque white—"body-colour"—the intrusion of which in a system of transparent tinting leads inevitably to solid and realistic painting. We consider it very probable that the study of the exquisite pure drawings on view at the Grosvenor Gallery last year may induce a return to what must certainly—in spite of the fascination of stippled work—be held as the more legitimate method. The public showed a striking interest and pleasure in the early water-colours, and it has now an opportunity of comparing the impression they made with that produced by the very different contents of the same gallery this year.

Sir Coutts Lindsay has, as we have said, opened his rooms to all notable artists. Among those most largely represented is Mr. Poynter, R.A., who sends twelve drawings of figure and landscape, excellent in draughtsmanship and quietly powerful in treatment; his manner is entirely his own, and is well marked in two Venetian scenes, "Venice—Moonlight," and "The Dogana." Mr. Millais (hardly known in water-colour) exhibits one slight drawing of a girl leaning from her window, entitled, "A Dream at Dawn." One subject alone represents Mr. Alma-Tadema also; he gives us, as usual, an antique composition, in "An Interesting Scroll," a single figure with an architectural background; the tones here are pleasant, the quiet effect of light and shadow being scientifically studied, while the colour is exceedingly beautiful in its combination of refined and harmonious tints. Mr. Boyce, recognisable among a thousand by his peculiar soft dappled greys and greens, contributes seven beautiful pieces, and the other familiar names of the old Water-Colour Society are represented in considerable force—the Brothers Fripp, Mr. Birket Foster, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. E. K. Johnson, and Mr. Naftel, among the number.

Mrs. Allingham, whose style is a happy combination of some of the characteristics of the late Mr. Frederick Walker, and of Mr. Boyce, and who has carried finish to a remarkable degree of minuteness without loss of breadth or of aërial effect, has three works, "The Brown Girl," "Near Titsey, Surrey," and "Dangerous

Ground." Mr. Donaldson's drawings combine a somewhat perilous eccentricity with a remarkable effectiveness and force; they are among the most striking works in the collection, and will probably command the more interest as the artist is, if we mistake not, hardly known outside the gallery of the British Artists in Conduit Street, where his peculiarities are the more salient from the somewhat conventional tone of the surroundings.

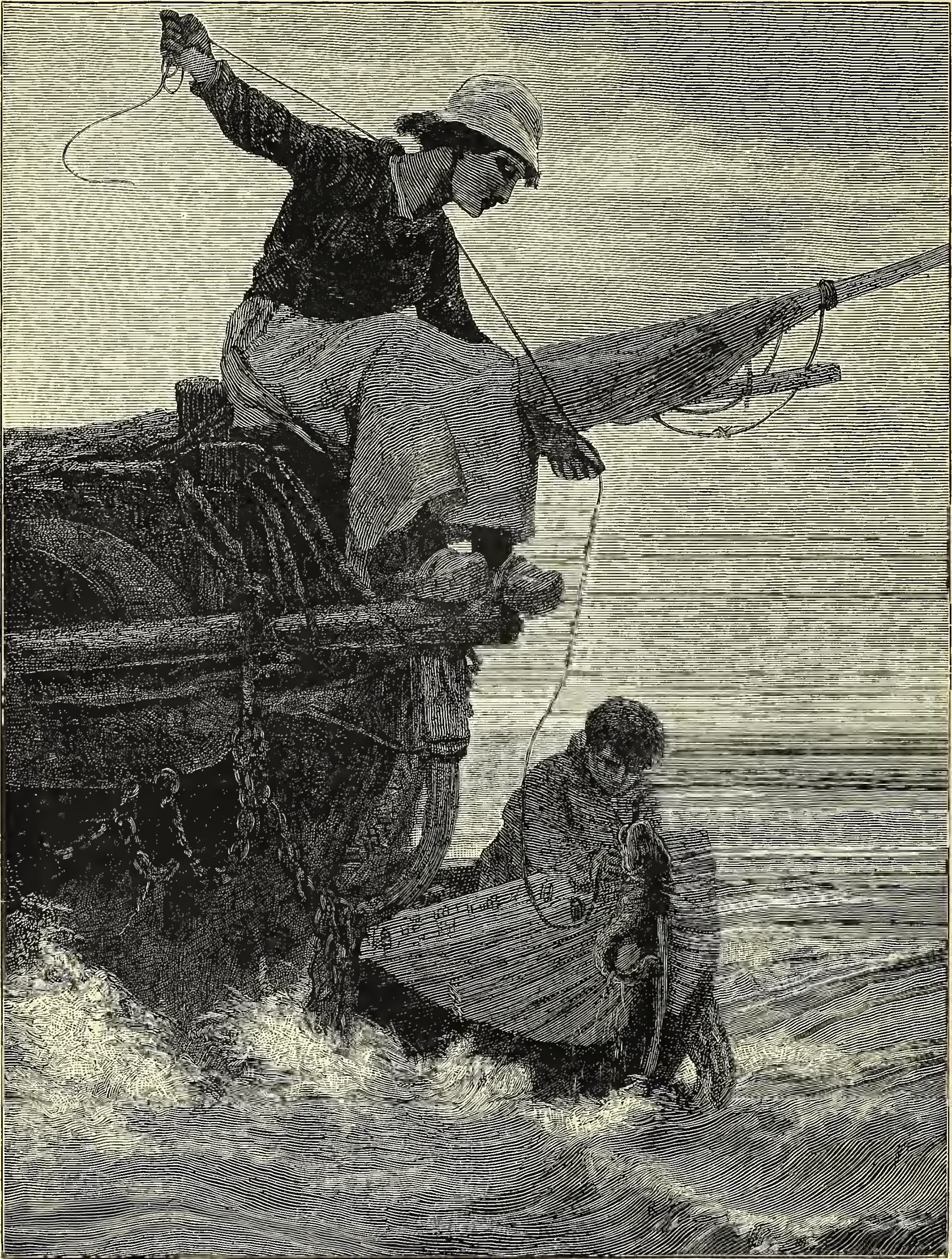
Mr. Arthur Severn exhibits "Waves by Moonlight," "Florence from the Albergo d'Arno," and "A Ray of Hope," in all of which he works with great conscientiousness and science, if also with a certain hardness and lack of charm. Mr. J. Skill is, as usual, full of tender refinement. Mr. J. W. North has been too generally absent from the London exhibitions of late—owing, we believe, to indifferent health, and to his prolonged residence at Algiers—not to be welcomed, more especially in such masterly examples of his skill as are the five drawings in the present collection. Mr. North has a manner of generalising landscape and foliage which gives the greater prominence to passages of peculiar attractiveness in the scene before him; these he accentuates with a touch full of charm. His way of insisting upon the beauty of certain chance wild flowers, while the grass and brambles are vaguely intimated, is entirely his own. Mr. Albert Goodwin, on the other hand, is so singularly versatile that his work never bears his sign-manual in its execution; his four drawings exhibited here show different phases of his skill. Mr. A. W. Hunt is represented by no less than seventeen pieces, some of them drawings of great beauty. Sir Coutts-Lindsay himself contributes one drawing, "Mount Athos," and Lady Lindsay five, showing her varied power of portrait and flower painting; her "Orchids" are remarkably good for their force and colour. Among Mr. Jopling's three works, we have noted for special praise his "Young Widow," a portrait study full of charm.

Miss Clara Montalba is inimitable for a certain beauty of colour, and her science and mastery are worthy of this great gift; most remarkable, also, are the infallible artistic instinct which guides her compositions, and the exquisite elegance of hand with which she draws every form and line. Her study of nature is close, humble, and unremitting, while her artistic manner is decided. Mr. Buckman continues his decorative treatment of subjects from modern life—an experiment more or less successful; his colour is often fine, in the purely ornamental manner, but he lacks energy in action—a quality which he, perhaps, does not think necessary in decorative art; this want is specially felt in his "North Country Wrestling." In spite of contributions from Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Walter Crane, and one or two others, the eccentric element finds little representation in the gallery.

We may be excused for having passed over in silence this winter's exhibitions of the two Water-Colour Societies, as this single room of the Grosvenor Gallery contains so many drawings from the members of each, with much besides, and thus comprises the principal achievements of the time in the aquarellist's art.

"LA PÈCHE." By M. Butin.

In giving another illustration of contemporary French art, we have only to go back to the *Salon* of 1877 for the original of the striking picture by M. Butin reproduced on the next page. Everyone familiar with the almost endless galleries of the great annual Parisian Exhibition, probably remembers turning with a sense of relief from the crude academic studies of the nude, which do duty for Cupids and Venuses at every corner, to look at the more healthy, out-of-door representations of sea and land, which are never treated with more mastery, than by the French school of painters, whose work is worthily represented by the broad and beautiful picture of "La Pèche."



LA PÈCHE. *(By Butin.)*

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS was born in 1829, in Portland Plaee, Southampton. It is to ehanee only that Southampton owes the

(*From the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.*)

honour of being the birth-plaee of this great painter. The Millais are an old Jersey family, and John Everett was born during a merely temporary sojourn of his parents in the great Hampshire port. His aneestors had for generations their seat at Tapon, in Jersey. The painter's grandfather was an *avocat ;* his father, who is still alive, and of whom his son speaks with warm admiration and affection, was an officer in the Jersey militia. Jersey men hold that the militia of the Channel Islands is a

peculiar body, which approaches more nearly to the character of the "regular" than to militia of the ordinary type. The boy, John Everett, evinced a singular childish aptitude for drawing, and was an infant artist at the early age of five. His earliest clear memories are of Dinan in Brittany, where his family were residing when the boy was about six years of age. He still speaks with keen delight of the picturesque old tower on the *fosse*, in which the family was living; and Millais is a pregnant instance of the influence upon the imagination of a gifted child of romantic mediæval architecture. Mozart composed at six; Millais painted at the same age; and the singular precocity of these great masters did *not* indicate a power forward, but not lasting. Dinan was, of course, full of soldiers, but Millais has evidently been most strongly impressed by the artillery. His early tentatives in art were, naturally, pictures of soldiers; and he tells, still with a certain sense of triumph, a little anecdote connected with his childish drawings of the showy heroes in their splendid uniforms.

The boy's military drawings, which were, as I am told, and as I believe, altogether surprising performances for a child of six, fell into the hands of an artillery officer, who, in his delight at the powers of the precocious artist, showed them about to his brother officers. These latter wholly refused to believe that such work was the production of the bright little stranger in Dinan; and their incredulity led to a memorable wager. This wager was one of a dinner. The friendly officer produced his evidence, and won his bet. Some thirty were present at the lost wager dinner; and one of those present—the infant artist—remembers vividly the pride and pleasure which thrilled his childish bosom at this early recognition of his power in art. I add one other anecdote.

We now shift our scene from quaint and charming old Dinan to the studio of a then President of the Royal Academy—Sir Martin Archer Shee. Art has progressed in the meantime with the juvenile but ardent student, who has reached the ripe age of eight or nine, and his mother is bringing him to the President to ask advice about the lad's future studies and career. The awe-inspiring President, speaking (but without looking at the boy's drawings) from his sumptuous altitude of position, says, coldly, "Better make the boy a chimney-sweeper than an artist!" Fancy the little, widely-opened ears that heard this crushing statement. However, the great President unbends, relaxes, becomes human, and actually consents to inspect the drawings. A sight of these wholly changed his tone, and he passed into warm admiration, and bestowed kindly advice. The President expressed his opinion that it was the duty of the friends of such a boy to give him every opportunity of studying and pursuing art; and this needful opportunity was sought in the art school of a certain Mr. Sass. At the age of eleven, Millais studied in the Academy; but he never had any Continental training—a matter, perhaps, of little moment to a man of such originality and power. At the age even of ten, young Millais had already won a prize—the first medal of the Society of Arts; but those noble upward struggles, which, though they seem so hard to bear at the time, yet make a strong man stronger, began early for the ardent and determined youth. He had a long and fierce fight with fortune. Success did not come to Millais until he had overtaken it and subdued it to his will.

There were years during which he did paintings—mostly portraits—for £3, or, sometimes, £5; and made drawings of actors for 10s. each. He was trained, also, in the noble school of book illustration. The hill was high and hard to climb, but the born painter worked ever steadily onward and upward, until, at twenty-two, he was elected A.R.A. His first election had, however, to be cancelled, because Millais was too young, according to the regulations then in force, to be properly elected; but his case led to the limit of age for election being altered. Notwithstanding his early election, he met with opposition and with oppression in the Academy. For a long time he remained an Associate; and inferior men who were elected Associates after him were made R.A.'s before him. The fact was, that the great young painter excited jealousy, unworthy but not quite unnatural, among the "old fogies" of the Academy. Millais still retains a strong sense of the enmity which embittered his working at that time. Men who become the victors

and the lords of fortune retain a keen memory of the spurns which, in their struggling youth, their patient merit of the unworthy took. At last, however, the highest step in the painter's career of worldly advancement was achieved, and, at the age of twenty-nine, Millais became a full Royal Academician. He tells me—and this fact should encourage young painters of a certain order of merit—that there were years during which he was contented with earning by his brush an income of £120 or £130 a year. Considering his rare ability—partly, perhaps, as a consequence of it—Millais had a hard upward fight during his strenuous and straining youth. His memorable early work, "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru," which was recently exhumed and re-exhibited, appeared at the Royal Academy in 1846.

It is a fact noteworthy in any biography of Millais, that for the immortal "Huguenot" he only received £150, and that this small sum was paid in instalments, which spread over a long period. When the fortunate possessor had gained thousands by the work, he paid to the painter an additional £50. In Millais' early manhood, while his native art ardour outstripped his knowledge of the aims for which he should specially strive, he joined the pre-Raphaelite School—that school of which Ruskin says that it "has but one principle, that of uncompromising truth in all that it does." It endeavours "to conceive a fact as it really was likely to have happened, rather than as it prettily might have happened." Any school that Millais might join, he would head, as he did that of the pre-Raphaelites; which was, in essence, a protest of burning honesty against conventionalism and unveracities. The tendency was based upon a love of truth so passionate in its reactionary excess that it excluded the love of beauty; and therefore the school could not live. Nevertheless it had a beneficial influence upon art, and it afforded to Millais a training of special value. It was one of those insurrections which in art, as in politics, must from time to time break out. As well try to plane the waves in order to make the ocean smooth as seek to repress the forces which rise up in revolt against the false in art, as in other forms of life. The short-lived *Germ*, which appeared in 1850, was the voice with which the school sought to speak through literature. It was a movement which passed, and which deserved to pass away; but its aims were genuine, and its results have been lasting.

There is in Millais such decisive strength, such passionate ardour, and such vital force, that to name a work of his raises up a full image of the picture. It will be enough if we recall here a few only of his leading works. Painting is a language for the expression of thought; a great work of art must be the product of a great mind. Millais' work is instinct with passion and with romance. It's human interest is always deep and moving. As I cite a few of his paintings, the works themselves rise vividly before the mind's eye, and I see them once again. In 1852, appeared the "Huguenot" and "Ophelia;" in 1853, the "Order of Release" and the "Proscribed Royalist;" in 1856, "Autumn Leaves;" in 1860, the "Vale of Rest;" in 1861, the "Black Brunswicker;" in 1864, "Charlie is my Darling;" in 1865, the "Romans Leaving Britain;" in 1868, his diploma picture which —not without meaning—was a "Souvenir of Velasquez;" 1869 saw the "Gambler's Wife" (shown in Paris); 1870 gave us the "Boyhood of Raleigh;" 1871 the "Chill October" and "Yes or No;" 1874 the "Scotch Firs," "Winter Fuel," and the "North-West Passage." Later works are perhaps too recent, and too fresh in public memory, to need mention here.

We have to acknowledge the kindness of Messrs. Graves and Co., for permitting us to engrave "Awake," and likewise beg to thank Mr. Carl F. H. Bolckow, of Marton Hall, for leave to produce the well-known "North-West Passage."

Ruskin, the greatest of our art critics, the only one who has seen and taught the spiritual significance of art, tells us that "mere cleverness or special gift never made an artist. It is only perfectness of mind, unity, depth, decision, the highest qualities, in fine, of the intellect which will form the imagination." In Millais we have thankfully to recognise our greatest painter. He works with as much power as reticence of power. His works have firm hold

of all that can feel nobly or deeply. Hamlet can be played by strollers to boors in a barn, and its humanities will yet appeal to the heart of man, while the same play exercises the highest critical intellect of a Goethe. And so with Millais; he delights a people and rejoices criticism. His works are praised by

> "A people's voice,
> The proof and echo of all human fame."

The certainty and directness of the means that he employs imply absolute grasp of the whole subject that he paints; and great subjects admit of the greatest painting.

Millais has more of the virile force of Velasquez than of the chivalrous grace of Van Dyck. He has intense insight, clearness, vision. That which Carlyle says of Burns is true of Millais, "how he fixes, as it were, the full image of the matter in his eye, full and clear in every lineament, and catches the real type and essence of it. . . . . The describer [painter] saw this thing; the essential feature and true likeness of every circumstance in it; saw, and not with the eye only." He has also passion, pathos, poetry. The technical part of a picture is only a means to an art end; technical criticism, therefore, should exist chiefly for artists, and not for a public. "By far the greater number of living artists are men who have mistaken their vocation;" but in Millais we have a man supremely gifted for the art that he pursues.

Note, too, that he is the first great painter who has greatly painted *love*—deep, earnest, tender, loyal love; the love of man and woman when they love their closest and their best. He is the poet-painter of the noble love-duet. He can depict soul looking into soul through tender human eyes. The painters of old, even Titian, saw in love mainly sensuality, and depicted amatory sprawling—god and goddess fashion—on clouds or otherwise, rather than sentiment. Millais' women are always ideal. His philosophy of art makes the men always their inferiors—a sort of peg on which to hang the rich mantle of a noble woman's love. What a happily-chosen subject is that of the "Huguenot!" Every one can feel its story. The white scarf of the *Ligue* is the only problem in it. How is such pathetic yearning expressed in the pale, sad, upturned face of the fair girl? There are no lines in it. All is done by the droop about the tender mouth; by the light in the wistful earnest eyes. All that can feel or imagine nobly can love this work. A photograph of it has hung for years in my room—is before me now—but no acquaintance with the picture produces weariness. Again, in "Yes," look long at the woman's face, which in its modest earnestness, in its superiority to all bashful cunning, wears a flush but not a blush. She is giving her whole heart, and can look fixedly into the eyes of the man to whom she gives the gift. "Autumn Leaves," with its smoke trailing across the sky of evening, with its figures in the sadness, not the gloom, of shadow, was the inspiration of many pictures, and its influence may be traced in Frederick Walker's "Gipsies." As a drama, the "Order of Release" is a great success. The "Vale of Rest" has a deep, sad poetry in its essence. Beneath the pale, "daffodil sky" of a serene evening, there, among the long lush grass, in the deep shadow of the convent, women—women who have foregone womanhood—dig joylessly their loveless graves. Millais' mere painting is marvellous. Go close to one of his later pictures and his work is inexplicable; give the work its distance and the result is magical. He always paints ideas. Millais is his own severest critic. Great artists always see an ideal above them which transcends their power of realisation. Shakespeare, after writing "To be, or not to be," may have laid down the pen in despair from this very cause.

The children of Edward IV.—the picture is sometimes called the "Tower Hamlets"—is not one of Millais' great successes. The drawing is subtle and admirable; but the dramatic moment is ill-chosen. Lucy Ashton is delightful. All the permanent characteristics are shown through the temporary emotion. Her firmness can only act when she is driven to madness; but her stupor of clinging faintness is exquisitely rendered. Edgar pleases me less. Millais has missed something of the dark, doomed beauty of the fated last heir of Ravenswood. His Edgar is something too fierce and

haggard; looks too much like a Covenanter, or man made stern by devotion to an oppressed cause. Hunger, raggedness, squalor, should never, I think, enter into any imaginative conception of Edgar Ravenswood. Millais can figure; he neglects that expression in the face of which Millais is so great a master.

His "Effie Deans" ranks, in my mind, with the "Huguenot;" and I may, I trust, be pardoned if I venture to reproduce here some-

"AWAKE."

(From the Painting by J. E. Millais, R.A. By kind permission of Henry Graves & Co., Pall Mall.)

depend upon a sufficient knowledge of Walter Scott on the part of every spectator for whom a painter paints; hence the subjects of this and of the "Effie Deans" picture are well chosen. Sir. F. Leighton paints always with the Greek, or pre-Christian feeling of aiming at the beauty shown through the physiognomy of the whole

thing that I said about it at the time of its production:—

"Before this picture, whole galleries, all mere faculty and skill, shrink into plausible mediocrity. A glance of a moment satisfies us that we are in the presence of a supreme achievement. We are hushed and awed, even before we are delighted, by

a sense of the glamour of genius. Here, realised for us for ever by deeply imaginative art, and by the very mastery of art power, are the ideal creatures whom we have known so long and loved so well in Scott's peerless tale; and the magic of the painter is felt to be equal to the magic of the poet novelist. We stand before one of the highest, purest, noblest productions of modern art. The technical mastery of the painter is so great and thorough that his excellence of execution is subdued to the design, is half hidden by the poetry of the painting; it never obtrudes itself, but has to be looked for after we have been affected by the essence and poetical power of the picture. This is a note of great art.

"The picture would be painful in its pathos, as would be the tragedies of Lear or Othello, were not pain arrested by true art at the point of pathetic beauty and delight. Geordie Robertson and Effie Deans—hapless lovers, whose sin is partly atoned for by the Nemesis of such suffering—who can imagine them better, or other, than the creations that Millais has depicted for us? Sympathetic insight and creative power have enabled one great genius thus worthily to incorporate, through pictorial art, the ideal conceptions of another great genius working through another art. Geordie Robertson (as Scott tells us) seemed to Reuben Butler to be about five-and-twenty years old. His dress was 'such as young gentlemen sometimes wore while on active exercise in the morning. . . . . His carriage was bold and somewhat supercilious, his step free and easy, his manner daring and unconstrained . . . . . His features were uncommonly handsome, and all about him would have been interesting and prepossessing but for that indescribable expression which habitual dissipation gives to the countenance, joined with a certain audacity in look and manner.' Has not Millais seized the 'indescribable expression?'—indescribable in words, but capable of depicture in painting—has he not realised the essence of Scott's character?

"And then the Lily of St Leonards, the partner in that dangerous tryst, at which the erring lovers meet beneath the shadow of the danger of violent death—has poet painter ever more exquisitely realised the conception of poet writer? Face and figure, and the conflict of emotions which they express, are of ineffable loveliness, and of a sadness as deep as the beauty is great. Her crown, her honour, are removed and lost, and in one hand droops the maiden snood. An actress of the finest instinct—say Miss Ellen Terry—could scarcely have hit upon a *pose* of figure more dramatically conveying the terrible emotions of that sad, dark hour. The magical human eye itself has not more depth of feeling, more intensity of meaning, more fulness of expression, than Millais can convey through it by his painting. The eye, dry and tearless from very agony, and the unspeakable pathos of the pale, numb, weary, hopeless face—a face too young to look worn even by poor Effie's fears and sorrows;—these subtle things are so painted by Millais as to form a triumph of imaginative and emotional art, such as may well move a strong man to tears.

"It is indeed a delight to turn from the affectations of ineptitude, from the unvirile sciolism of a sickly school of the hour, to the permanent truth and beauty, to the passion, pathos, poetry, of the sane and manly art of Millais as shown in his noble 'Effie Deans.'"

The chief fault that can be attributed to Millais is, that he has sometimes painted what he ought not to have painted, and has sometimes left unpainted that which he ought to have painted. His great facility of brush power may have led him to paint too much and too fast. It is difficult to conceive that the subjects of some of his later Academy portraits can have had any inspiration for Millais; and yet the temptation to do such work, and the pressure put upon such an artist to do such work, are great. When will painters learn the lesson taught by the old Greek myth of dart-bearing Atalanta—the lesson, viz., that a race may be lost by stooping to pick up golden apples? Want of space only restrains me from speaking of Millais as a landscape painter. It must be sufficient just to mention his "Chill October," lately in Paris—where, by the way, Millais was scarcely adequately represented.

His portraits rank with his poetical-subject pictures in excellence. They are distinguished by insight into character and by magnificent painting. When the great painter of any day paints the great men of his day he is painting history; and Millais is, I am delighted to hear, now painting Carlyle—that is, our greatest thinker is being painted by our greatest painter. It takes, however, two to make a good portrait—sitter as well as artist; and the grand old writer is, I am assured, not a little troublesome as a sitter.

And here I must, unwillingly, conclude this too brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of a painter whose importance merits larger treatment. A glory to art and to England, a living bulwark against that "windy gospel" of art, so-called, which is addressed very blatantly to "our poor century;" a noble protest against all the sickly shams of the fleetly passing hour are the permanent and perennial truth and beauty of the art of John Everett Millais.

H. Schütz Wilson.

LAMBETH FAIENCE.

SINCE the middle of the seventeenth century potteries have been continuously carried on in Lambeth. In the reign of Charles II., some Dutch potters who had settled here, applied for and received letters patent for the manufacture of earthenware or faience by methods not before employed in this country, and for many years they, their successors, and their rivals, continued to produce various kinds of pottery both for ornament and use. Tiles with landscapes and figures in blue on a white ground are now the best known productions of this earlier period. At a later time more than twenty potteries were at work, and artists of considerable ability found employment here. In 1755, the celebrated sculptor, John Bacon, afterwards a Royal Academician, was articled to Mr. Crispe, the owner of a pottery in Lambeth, and for several years he continued to furnish designs for earthenware painting, and to model in soft or artificial porcelain, and other materials, figures of shepherds and shepherdesses, to meet the taste of the time for these and other fanciful representations of country life.

Towards the end of last century the production of decorated earthenware gradually declined in Lambeth, owing, probably, to the competition of the Staffordshire and Worcestershire manufacturers, and also, perhaps, to the preference generally shown for various kinds of porcelain, and especially after Cookworthy's discovery in Cornwall of china clay or kaolin, and china-stone—which are the indispensable constituents of true or hard porcelain—had been turned to account at Bristol, Worcester, and elsewhere. Whatever the cause may have been, it is certain that for many years nothing was manufactured by the Lambeth potters but acid vats, drain-pipes, ink-bottles, and other stoneware articles of mere utility. Now, however, artistic work has been revived, the revival being due, in the first place, to the establishment of the Lambeth School of Art, where all the artists at present employed at Messrs. Doulton's have been educated, and where the truth has been known and acted on, that only in the high art school of the painter and sculptor can a designer of ornament be formed; in the next, to the good fortune by which the co-operation of a great local manufacturer, possessing energy, culture, and love of art, was secured.

The first step taken was to introduce and develop a method of ornamenting ordinary stoneware which had been employed by the potters of the Rhineland in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, for the decoration of the ware called *grès de Flandres.* It was the success of this attempt at applying art to common material that determined Messrs. Doulton in 1872 to manufacture a finer kind of ware, suitable for under-glaze painting, to which the name of Lambeth faience has now been given from its partial resemblance to the older faience of France and Italy.

The exact composition of the body of this faience cannot be stated, but it seems to consist

Figs. 1 & 2.—CYLINDERS.
(With Japanese Design of grasses and purple flowers on a ground the natural colour of the ware. Height 14 inches.)

of plastic Dorset clay mixed in varying proportions with kaolin, china stone, and ground flints. The colour of the body after firing is warmer in tone than that of the Staffordshire and other earthenwares of the same class, and this warmth of colour, augmented by the glaze, is one of the

pleasantest characteristics of the finished ware. Of this material, vases, cups, pilgrim bottles, covered tazzas, and many other objects, are

Fig. 3.—PLAQUE.
(About 18 inches in diameter, with painting of Mountain Scenery of a deep purple tone.)

being produced in countless variety. With the obvious exception of the flat, square tiles used for large paintings, which are made by pressing dry powdered clay in a steel die and firing at once, all the forms are hand-work, being "thrown on the wheel," not moulded, some being afterwards "shaved," as it is technically termed, in a lathe, when a particularly true or polished surface is required. As soon as they

Fig. 4.—VASE.
(Ten inches high, with Persian Design, blue-green leaves and purple flowers on light yellow ground.)

are properly dried, the forms are fired for the first time without any glaze or added colour. Upon the smooth and slightly porous surface of the ware, now called "biscuit," the design is painted with vitrifiable colours, fusible at a rather lower temperature than the glaze, which in its turn must, of course, melt with a less degree of heat than the body. For these colours, besides other substances, almost all metallic oxides can be taken, those being excepted which would decompose by contact with the lead in the glaze. In applying the colours, either oil or water mediums may be used, but the former is generally preferred. On the painting being completed, the vase or other

Fig. 5.—VASE.
(Height about 18 inches. Persian Design, with traces of the influence of Indian ornament; leaves and stems light blue and brown on a ground the natural colour of the ware.)

object is dipped into the fluid mixture which forms the glaze, and is then fired a second time in a "muffle," that is, a kiln, in which the ware is protected against the direct action of the fire, so as to prevent the sulphur and other products of the combustion of the coal from destroying or changing the colours. Great care has to be taken that the colours and glaze employed expand and contract equally at different temperatures, both with one another and with the body on which they are placed. If they do not, ridges or crackle lines are formed on the surface when the body contracts more than the glaze or colour, open cracks being left in the glaze, when this shrinks more than the body.

These are not the only difficulties to be overcome, and the artist has some to struggle with

Fig. 6.—VASE.

(With Indian Design in reddish-brown and purple on a ground the natural colour of the ware. Height about 14 inches.)

as well as the potter. Several colours undergo a considerable change in the firing, and as the ultimate effect of these cannot be seen, but has to be realised mentally while the picture or design is being painted, the artist must be gifted with more imagination, and have gained more technical experience, than is required by the ordinary painter on canvas or paper, who can judge of the effect of his work as he goes on.

The methods of ornamenting the faience are extremely varied. There is in no case any mechanical reproduction, and but few duplicates are made, vases in pairs constituting almost the sole exception to the rule. The artists, who are nearly all ladies, have been allowed, and indeed, to a certain extent encouraged, to develop in their own way whatever gifts for colour or design they may possess. The different wares of Persia, India, and Japan, the Italian majolica, and other productions of ceramic art have been closely studied, and there is a constant striving to rival the excellence of this older work, not by making mere copies of the specimens which have come down to us, but by comprehending and applying the principles that guided the creators of it. We have accordingly, together with large compositions on tiles, paintings of heads, landscapes and figures, representations of birds, insects, flowers, and foliage, both natural and conventional, what may be called revivals in the spirit of old Persian, Indian, and Italian work.

The under-glaze paintings on tiles placed side by side—"Spring-time," and "The Pilgrim Fathers," by Mrs. Sparkes, "Philosophy," by Mr. Bone, and other figure subjects by different artists—must be considered as the highest developments of faience. In some the figures are nearly life-size, the drawing being excellent and the composition good. Since they are not affected by damp, and are almost imperishable, these tile-paintings form admirable wall decorations, particularly for churches and public buildings. In the paintings of heads and figures on plaques, vases, and other forms, broad and simple effects are obtained, harmony of colour being generally more noticeable than accuracy of drawing. Some of these heads, painted in monochrome, or rather in different shades and tones of the same primary colour, almost repel at first sight by their strangeness,

Fig. 7.—PILGRIM BOTTLE.

(Fourteen inches high, with painting of bird and flowers on each side, Japanese in character.)

but soon win upon one by a softness and quiet beauty which could scarcely be produced except on pottery, and often there, perhaps, by chance. In the landscapes, there is usually a pleasant

sunny effect over the whole picture, and a certain lightness also about the trees and hedge-rows. Here, again, the colour is in advance of the drawing, which is, perhaps, to be expected, seeing that the same remark would apply with even more force to nearly all other English pottery painting of the present day. The most successful of these landscapes and figures, and those which reveal the greatest sense of beauty, are by Miss L. Watt, although there is considerable merit and much promise in several by other artists. But taking the whole range of the faience, with the exception of the tile pictures, the most beautiful and most satisfactory work is to be seen in some paintings of mountain scenery, by Miss Esther Lewis. All technical difficulties appear to have been overcome, and the exact effects of colour, light and shade, sought by the artist, successfully obtained. The solemn grandeur and repose of the mountains seem to be intensely felt, and adequately rendered, while the contrast with them of the bridges or other buildings usually introduced in the foreground, gives just that touch of human interest without which no landscape, however beautiful, ever deeply affects us. A woodcut, taken from one of these works—a plaque about eighteen inches in diameter—is given among the accompanying illustrations (Fig. 3).

Some trace of the influence of Japanese art may be discovered in several plaques and vases decorated with representations of birds, grasses, and flowers (Figs. 1, 2 and 7). Much greater progress in this direction, however, has yet to be made before there can be said to be an approach to the perfect beauty, simplicity, and refinement of Japanese pottery painting. A large plaque, about three feet six inches in diameter, with a brilliant painting of a wild drake, about to drop among some rushes and other water-side plants, the work of Miss F. Lewis, was one of the most admired productions of its class in the display of pottery prepared by Messrs. Doulton for the Paris Exhibition. In the same collection, a pair of large vases were charmingly decorated by delicate paintings of leaves, blossoms, and fruits, in very pale yellow, with a greenish tinge over it, shading into grey, the ground being of an intensely dark blue. The rich and harmonious colouring of these vases, their great size and perfect form, ought certainly to raise the reputation of our English potters. A pilgrim bottle (Fig. 7), about fourteen inches high, ornamented on each side with a bird and flowers on a bright yellow ground, the bird's plumage being of a reddish-brown and black, is one of the most showy specimens of the ware. Somewhat more sober in tone, but with effective contrasts in colour, is a vase with white flowers on a mottled brown ground. In some cases the colouring is natural and the arrangement conventional, in others both are conventional. A plaque, about sixteen inches in diameter, has flowers and grasses arranged naturally in the centre, a border about three inches deep being formed by the same plants arranged symmetrically.

Of all the methods of conventional floral decoration, however, the revival of old Persian is as yet the most successful (Figs. 4 and 5). The secret of the beauty and grace of this style has been found out by Miss Crawley, who has made it her special study, and who covers the surface of her plaques and vases with the thread-like stems and small leaves and flowers of twining plants of the most delicate form and colour imaginable. All the colours are good, the light blues and greens being particularly harmonious and beautiful.

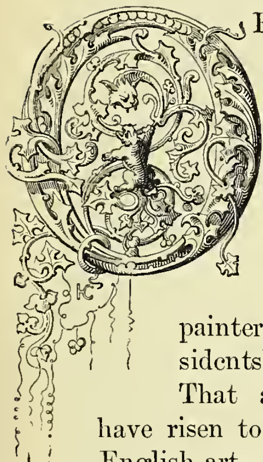
Another revived method, but not yet developed to the same extent, is that of Indian ornament (Fig. 6). This, though it produces a rich and striking effect, and exhibits a deeper tone of colour, has not quite the freedom and grace of the Persian. The design is arranged evenly over the surface, covering it more completely than is usual in other styles of pottery decoration, and resembling in this respect the ornamentation seen in textile fabrics.

Many other modes of decoration have been studied and developed, and unceasing efforts are being made to increase the artistic value and beauty of the ware in every way. Judging by the progress made during the comparatively short time that this art work has been carried on here, we may confidently expect that these efforts will not be unsuccessful, and that the Lambeth faience is destined to hold a high place among the art productions of England.

W. H. Edwards.

AMERICAN ARTISTS AND AMERICAN ART.—II.

BENJAMIN WEST, SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



OF all the American names famous in art that of Benjamin West stands out pre-eminently in this particular—that he alone, among painters of the New World, held the highest position possible among the painters of the Old—the Presidentship of the Royal Academy. That an American should ever have risen to the throne, as it were, of English art—and a throne, too, that has only had eight occupants in all—is a sufficient testimony to the estimation in which his works were held by his contemporaries in England, and is a tribute to American painting which constitutes the strongest link in that chain of Anglo-American limners pleasantly uniting the art of the two peoples. If his works are no longer regarded on either side of the Atlantic with the enthusiasm they once evoked, his reputation is only paying the penalty consequent on its having been obtained at a time when the general artistic taste was progressive rather than perfect.

West was descended from the Lord Delaware who distinguished himself in the battle of Crecy, under the command of the Black Prince. His more immediate ancestor, Colonel James West, the companion in arms of John Hampden, embraced the tenets of Quakerism, and a few years later, in the days of the painter's grandfather, the family emigrated to America. About the birth and early life of Benjamin West there are, of course, the customary legends, with which we are familiar in the biographies of almost all our celebrities. At the time of his birth, in 1738, his mother had been greatly exercised by a stirring Quaker preacher, who, when the event was announced, prophesied that "the child would prove no ordinary man;" and there is a story about his making a portrait of a little niece when he was only six years old, and about the satisfaction of his mother on the discovery of the juvenile delineation. As time went on, the boy's drawings attracted the attention of his neighbours, and he committed depredations on the hair of the family cat to provide himself with his first brushes. The arrival of a box containing paints, pencils, and canvases—a present from a relative—marked an era in the boyhood of West, the more so because, among the implements of the art, there were also some examples of it, in the shape of six engravings by Grevling; and these were the very first pictures, save his own, the young aspirant had ever seen. How he was enamoured of the gift, how he rose at dawn to make use of it, how his ordinary lessons were neglected, and how the vexation of his mother was turned into surprised delight when she saw his handiwork, it would take too long to relate. Nor can we linger at length over the story of the Quaker opposition raised against the boy's purpose of devoting himself to the fine arts, and how it was changed into approval; nor dwell upon those early studies at Philadelphia and at New York, where a Murillo and a Flemish picture were an education and a revelation to him. We hasten on to a date memorable in the life of West—July 10th, 1760, the day of his arrival in Rome, where he excited an amusing degree of curiosity. The ecclesiastics of the Pontifical court seem to have had vague notions as to America and the Americans. Even the cultivated and art-loving Cardinal Albani, to whom the young Quaker was presented, asked, being blind, whether West were white or black; and on being told that he was very fair, exclaimed, "What! as fair as I am?" to the mirth of the bystanders, who contrasted the swarthy face of his Eminence with a countenance as blonde as those of the little Britons who were the first of their race in Rome.

His *début* in the Eternal City abounds in anecdotes as piquant as the above. For instance, the principal Roman nobles and many of the strangers of distinction formed an escort to the young artist on his first visit to the galleries, promising themselves an instructive study of the effects of the "great antique" upon a young savage from the wilds. What follows gives brilliant proof of the discerning faculty, which, though untaught in the academies of Art, had been trained to good purpose in the academy of Nature. The first work exhibited to his eyes was the "Apollo Belvedere." Expecting some mysterious art in which he would feel himself uninitiated, and finding naturalistic truth, he exclaimed, startled, "My God, how like a young Mohawk!" Mystified at first, the Italians soon learnt from West what were the natural beauty, the fine bodily elasticity, the free and graceful movements of the Mohawks, and the apparently barbarous criticism was appreciated at its full value. "I have often seen the Indians," said West, "standing in that very attitude, and pursuing with an intense eye the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow." The point of the story, by the way, is somewhat blunted by the probability—discovered by modern criticism—that the Apollo is *not* in the act of shooting with the bow; nor, indeed, does the serene and radiant look of the face suggest to our mind anything akin to the "intense eye" of the savage; and it is now generally acknowledged that the statue does not belong to the noblest time of antique art.

Benj.n West

West's initiation into the treasures of Rome left him in the free exercise of his own judgment as to the merits of the old masters. He is said to have been, like other great critics easy to name, heterodox on the subject of Raphael, but only for a time. His small estimation of Michael Angelo, however, continued. It is characteristic of a man brought up in the then universal prosperity of Pennsylvania that

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

(From the Painting by Benjamin West, P.R.A.)

the works of the great painters did not move him so much as his first glimpse of the poverty and beggary of the Old World. He tells us that they "smote upon his heart," and that he was scarcely able to stand. Mengs, then the leading painter of the city, took a special interest in West, and gave him advice which was followed with conscientious care. Mr. Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham, was his friend and companion, and his sponsor in Roman society while he needed one, but an excitement of the nerves, not difficult to realise, cut short his residence. He travelled, but was crippled and weakened by illness, and it was then that Philadelphia, hearing of the artistic talents and progress of her distant son, sent him the generous monetary aid, for the want of which genius has so often languished. After his Roman studies, the great school of Florence came under his notice, then that of Bologna, and, later on, the secrets of Venetian colour were the object of his researches, as they have been of those of generation after generation of artists.

West returned to Rome and painted a "Cimon and Iphigenia," and an "Angelica and Modero," after which he travelled slowly to England, in 1763, pausing particularly in Paris, where French art failed to impress him greatly. In England thenceforward he lived, and in England he died. His life was a brilliant one. The court and society welcomed him no less warmly than did the art-loving world of Rome. Artistically speaking, he came among great contemporaries. Reynolds became his friend. Garrick and Goldsmith, Johnson and Burke were known to him. A curious incident is related of his first introduction to the great orator. West's observant artist's eye was surprised by the striking resemblance between Burke and a far-off face which lived in his memory—that of the chief of the Benedictine monks at Parma. And, in fact, the monk and the orator were brothers.

In 1765 Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, gave West a commission for the "Parting of Hector and Andromache;" also for a portrait. The Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Johnson, engaged him to paint the "Return of the Prodigal," and Lord Rockingham offered to retain the artist, at a salary of £700 per annum, for the execution of historical pictures. West, however, preferred seeking freely the suffrages of the public to working for a single patron, and declined the proposal. In the same year his father escorted to England the old love who had been left behind in Pennsylvania, and the young couple were married.

Archbishop Drummond proved a generous and judicious friend to the painter; not only did he engage him to execute a picture "Agrippina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus," but he did all in his power, though unsuccessfully, to rescue West from the "drudgery of portrait-painting," and to enable him to devote himself to history.

In 1766, the plan in which West and Reynolds joined, of decorating gratuitously with their pictures the interior of St. Paul's, was perforce abandoned, owing to the peculiar views of Dr. Terrick, the Bishop. Henceforth, however, West's works, sacred and secular, became too numerous to be mentioned here. It was Archbishop Drummond who procured for the artist an introduction to George III., and a most friendly reception, upon which ensued the first of an immense number of royal commissions, comprising orders for the decoration by painting of the Chapel at Windsor, of the state rooms in the Castle, and of the Queen's Lodge, and for twenty-one easel pictures. The institution of the Royal Academy is said to have been first planned in West's conversations with the king. At the first exhibition of this historical society was shown West's "Regulus," and at about the same time the artist's principal *chef-d'œuvre*—the "Death of Wolfe"—was painted. This picture, which we engrave, was the first which gave realistic costume, instead of the conventional antique garments, to modern personages; and the innovation caused much controversy.

On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1791, West was elected the second President of the Royal Academy. At the Peace of Amiens, he, like all the world, visited Paris, then enriched with the artistic spoils of subjugated nations. His friendly relations with the French statesmen are said to have given offence at the English court; however this may be, he was on his return to England deposed from the

presidential chair, to which Wyatt, the royal architect and an obscure artist, was temporarily elevated. West's favour with the king decreased, and the pictures in progress at Windsor were suspended, probably without the knowledge of George III., whose mind was then affected.

In 1802, "Christ Healing the Sick" was painted. As it had been originally destined for a hospital in Philadelphia, West only consented to receive three thousand pounds for it from the British Institution on condition that he might make a replica for America; and the gift founded the fortunes of a magnificent hospital. In the year 1803, West was re-appointed President; in 1817, he lost his wife—a blow from which he never recovered; and in 1820, he closed a long career of honourable labour.

"TUSSORE."

THE WILD SILKS AND NATIVE DYES OF INDIA.

A VERY unpretending, at the same time very practical, exhibit in the Indian section of the Paris International Exhibition, 1878, is deserving of special notice in the interests of the future of certain phases of decorative and industrial art. Within the last few years attention has been directed to the special character of the silk produced by the tasar, tusser, or tussore worm, and its application to the manufacture of a certain class of fabrics for the European market, or rather its adaptation to European processes of silk manufacture.

This "tussore" silk is a wild silk, the food of the worms being of a very varied kind, and instead of being entirely dependent upon the mulberry tree, the leaves of a considerable variety of plants are available. The silk, according to a statement made by Mr. Thomas Wardle, F.C.S., a member of the jury, class 34 (silk and silk fabrics), in a monograph recently printed on the "Wild Silk Industry of India," &c., "is found from the north-west range of the Himalaya, south as far as Midnapore, in Bengal, and through the north-east range to Assam, and southward to Chittagong, and probably further. It is found also in the presidencies of Bombay and Madras. It is also abundant in Bhagulpore, in Bengal. It abounds chiefly in the eastern districts of Chattisgarb, namely, Raipur, Bilaspur, and Sambulpur, in the Chanda district of the Nagpore provinces, and the Leone district."

This evidences a very extensive field of supply, the practical value of the material being proved, as it certainly is, in a remarkable degree in the illustrations we propose to call attention to, in their application to decorative manufactures in silk.

The most important lesson in decorative art, given in 1851 to the designers and manufacturers of Europe, came from India. The fabrics of silk and gold tissues exhibited on that occasion were a revelation to Western minds, and have influenced every sphere of textile design during the last quarter of a century, yet in spite of the lesson and the facts realised in the fabrics of India, the weavers of the West have never done more than make a mechanical approach to the wonderful treasury of colour, and, so to speak, the repose of tint invariably found in the native products of Cashmere and other famous localities. Endless experiments in dyeing have been made, and the combinations of colour carefully studied, and followed almost thread by thread, yet the subtle harmony of the native designer and weaver has never been attained. All seemed simple enough, and yet the secret, which, after all, was on the face of the result, could not be penetrated.

Now the advent of this "tussore" silk, and in conjunction with it the native dye-stuffs of India, appear to reveal the whole matter, and the various illustrations exhibited in the collection under consideration, all go to prove that it is in the use of native silk in combination with the native dyes, with, of course, an artistic, almost an instinctive, perception of the true harmony of colour, and the relation of one tint to another, that has made the

coloured fabrics of India at once the wonder and envy of Western weavers.

Small as the collection really is, it covers practically all the ground needful to a full exposition of the importance of the silk as a filament, and the dye-stuffs as a means of imparting colour. The exhibit has been arranged by Mr. Thomas Wardle (from whose monograph on the subject we have already quoted), of the firm of Messrs. Wardle and Sons, of Leek, Staffordshire, to whom the commissioners for India entrusted the experiments in the dyeing, &c., and they appear to have gone into the question *con amore*, judging by the results and the practical information conveyed in the monographs on the silks, dye-stuffs, and tannin matters of India, by Mr. T. Wardle.

The dyed skeins of silk show a remarkable beauty of tint, soft and subdued, as compared with the vivid colours of the ordinary mulberry silks. When brought together, even in contrast, the colours seem to glide into each other and blend together, yet there is no lack of true brilliancy: it is simply glare and violence of tone which is absent.

In the printed and dyed examples of fabrics, the same quality is seen. In short, to use a painter's phrase, everything is the result of a well-ordered palette, with which the artist goes on with his work by a species of intuition. Thus violent contrasts, and sudden fantasies of colour are avoided, in fact, become almost impossible; unless the designer, or weaver, goes out of his way to produce them.

It must be at once evident that with artistic materials like these, alike for printing fabrics and dyeing thread, or yarn, for weaving, the future of the decorations of our silk fabrics will be very different from the past, and that with an abundance of comparatively cheap material, like this "tussore," and other wild silks of the East, a material which can be unwound from the cocoon, woven and spun, when the worms receive proper culture and attention, or which can be spun like cotton when the cocoons have been rendered unwindable by neglect and other causes incidental to to the growth of wild silk, a very wide field of art industry will be opened.

We have said nothing about the quality of this "tussore" silk, because this is a technical rather than an artistic matter. It is stated, however, that its wearing qualities are very great, and that plain fabric woven from the yarn spun by the hand, like cotton, and woven into a garment, will last an ordinary life-time. This would go to prove of what value such a fabric must be for decorative hangings of all kinds.

One quality, however, of this silk must not be overlooked, because it probably has much to do with the remarkable homogeneous character of the tints, however varied, when the thread is dyed. The natural colour of the silk when wound off the cocoon is greyish drab, or a cool fawn tint, very pleasing in itself, and no doubt the undyed fabrics when made up have a very satisfactory appearance. The natural tint must no doubt influence that which results from the dyeing, and subdues the colour without interfering with its purity and true brightness.

It is satisfactory to know that the interesting series of illustrations, as exhibited at Paris, will be permanently placed in the Bethnal Green Branch Museum with the collection of silks, &c., as the commissioners for India have presented the whole to the South Kensington Museum.

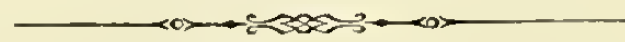
GEORGE WALLIS.

"AN IDYLL."

THE idyllic is as much in fashion with us in this generation as it was with our great grandfathers in the early part of the last century; with them the taste was a more or less graceful conventionality, with us there is more of sincere search after nature and happiness. Especially in painting does the fashion prevail; and the "Pastoral" has become a commonplace in the catalogues of our galleries, as the "Idyll" has done in those of the French

AN IDYLL. (*By Oscar Mathieu.*)

exhibitions. Oscar M. Mathieu, who has painted the charming picture which we engrave, has certainly chosen as sweet a scene of shepherd life as heart could wish. The period is probably the Golden Age, the scene some Arcadia of the fancy; while the sheep are browsing in the sun, a shepherd boy and his little sister have found a thick shade of trees, carpeted with cool leaves, with a brook running by. He plays to her on his pastoral pipe; she lies with an absent, happy expression in her childish eyes, toying with the fleur-de-lys. The study of infantine forms in the nude is much practised by French artists; nothing is more difficult than to preserve power of drawing and modelling among all those rounded *contours*. The faces are very successful in their joyousness of expression and beauty of type; the elder child, especially, has the large eyes set far apart, which give the distinctive character to the faces of the peasantry among the villages on the Riviera. The accessories—trees, foliage, and flowers—are painted with a broad, yet careful touch. The picture was exhibited in the *Salon*, where it pleased very greatly, both by its execution and its sentiment.



NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE DEVONSHIRE COAST.

DARTMOUTH AND THE DART.

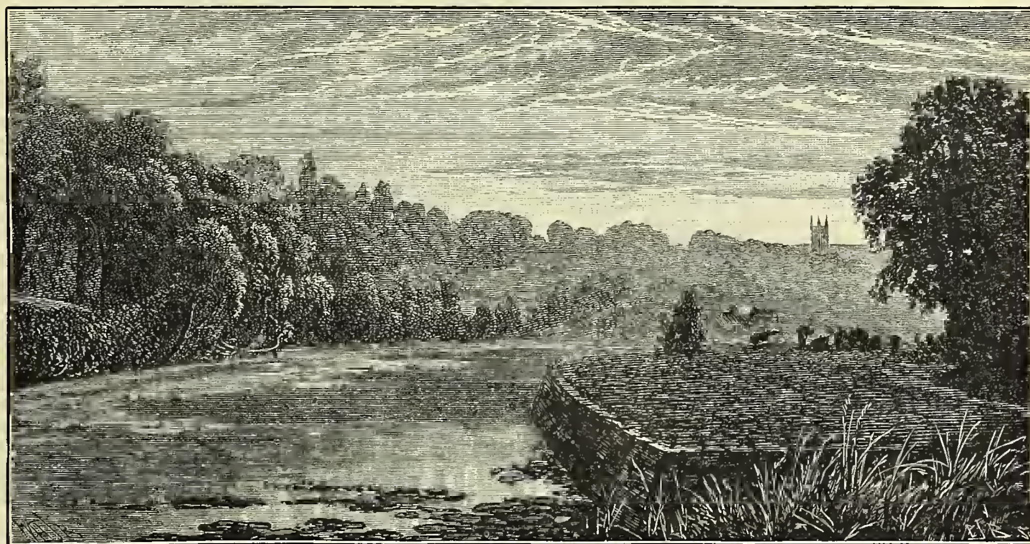
WE had run down from Portland during the night with a light leading wind, and at sunrise found ourselves about two miles off the beautiful harbour of Dartmouth.

I had never seen this gem of the coast of Devon under an aspect more peculiarly calculated to awaken the enthusiasm of the artist. The breeze had dropped almost entirely. With the exception of a light puff—a mere cat's-paw—which now and then lifted noiselessly the yacht's sails, we were at the mercy of the tide, which, however, was setting in the right direction. The rugged Tors of Dartmoor—the first objects seen on approaching this coast—had sunk behind the precipitous cliffs which flanked the harbour's mouth, now right before us. Dimly shrouded by a low line of gauze-like mist which hung across the river's mouth, the town lay sleeping at the foot of the steep slope of Crowder's Hill. The surface of the sea was just stirred by some long low undulations, which could hardly be termed a ground swell, otherwise it was what Tennyson calls "oily calm," and reflected in lustrous hues the sunlight which was now breaking in bars of crimson through the low clouds away to the eastward. Where the regular undulations of the surface sloped at an angle away from the sun, the rich tints were replaced by that cool, delicious grey which seems to come only at early morning, and has in it something which not only charms the eye, but in some indefinite way refreshes the inner spirit as well with its promise of re-awakening life and beauty.

The flowing tide brought a light breeze with it as we entered the narrows near the harbour, and before long we were between the castle of Kingsweare on the one hand and Dartmouth Castle with the old church of St. Petrox (forming one block of buildings), on the other. That peculiar feature of the South Devon coast—the verdure-clad cliffs—was here seen in all its beauty. Green slopes mingled with rocks and luxuriant growths of wild flowers, ran down even to the pebbly beach, while on the right the wooded slopes of Brook Hill—whilom the residence of the Holdsworths—dipped their foliage into the flood itself.

Interesting associations are connected with Brook Hill. From a rock at the bottom of the grounds, the chain which in olden days guarded the mouth of the harbour, was stretched across to the old castle opposite. In these days of horrible torpedoes and iron rams, one almost longs for the time to come back when so innocent an expedient was considered a sufficient protection for this renowned little harbour, whence a gallant fleet sailed away to join

Drake and Hawkins against the great Armada. Arthur Holdsworth, sometime governor of Dartmouth Castle, was the last member of the family who dwelt at Brook Hill. He was a friend of Brockedon, who has left us a record of his artistic skill in the altar-piece in Dartmouth Church, and of his literary ability, combined with a knowledge of landscape art, in his elaborate volumes on Alpine scenery. Governor Holdsworth was an active member of Parliament, representing Dartmouth for many years. He was also an archæologist, and had gathered around him at Brook Hill many curious relics of antiquity, the most interesting of which, perhaps, was the carved mantel-piece, taken from the old house at Ridgeway, beside which, it is said, Sir Walter Raleigh smoked the first pipe of tobacco in England—Ridgeway being then the residence of his connections the Gilberts.



ON THE DART—EVENING.

Dartmouth is a rare place for the archæologist as well as the artist. Perhaps I should rather say *was;* for, with the exception of the old Butter Walk, there are but few of the picturesque gabled houses now left. Some years since the Town Council thought fit to pull down whole rows of them, before they were in a position to rebuild, so that the centre of the town is now a howling wilderness. There is still much to interest, however. There are the remains of an old rood-loft in the church of St. Saviour's, and the screen in the same church is renowned throughout the country. The former vicar, the Rev. John Tracey, once told me that when he first came to the parish the screen was whitewashed, and its hidden beauties entirely unsuspected. Rubbing off a portion of the whitewash one day with his finger, he came upon a bit of gilding; whereupon he instituted a general scrubbing, and eventually brought out the entire screen in all its pristine splendour of crimson and green and gold. Another relic of the remote past is the curfew which "tolls the knell of parting day" from the tower of St. Saviour's every evening at eight o'clock.

Of late years the *Britannia* training ship has been stationed at Dartmouth, having its moorings just above the town, beyond what is called the "Floating Bridge," a ferry worked by chains, which crosses the river on the route to Torquay. Above the *Britannia,* again, on the right, is the steep slope of Long Wood, running up at an abrupt angle to the height of three or four hundred feet. Here I was once witness of a most singular effect; so singular, indeed, that I have never even heard of a similar phenomenon. I had been cruising about the Dart in a small open boat with a lug-sail. The wind had, however, died entirely away, and without

troubling myself to take down the sail, I was lolling idly in the stern of the boat, allowing myself to drift on with the flowing tide. The sun was high up in the heavens on my left, the steep slope of Long Wood, with its even surface of summer foliage, was on my right; the water was perfectly calm, and the sun was consequently reflected with an almost unbroken image. Suddenly I became conscious of the shadow of *two* boats, one upright, the other inverted—or, in other words, keel to keel—gliding along the bank at an elevation of about twenty feet above the water. Boat, sail, and my own shadow in the stern-sheets, were distinctly visible, and the shadow moved as I moved. It was, to say the least, startling. I, however, immediately saw that the reflected sun in the water was sufficiently powerful to cast a shadow of the boat up on to the bank; but how was the inverted shadow caused? This puzzled me exceedingly. Some sages to whom I have described the phenomenon have immediately exclaimed, "Ah, the shadow of the reflection!" as if a reflection could cast a shadow. Being at the moment quite at a loss to account for it, I reduced my experience to the test of experiment the same evening, and, happily, with signal success. I procured a small looking-glass to represent the glassy surface of the river, and upon this I placed a small paper boat with a sail. I then placed the glass horizontally against the plain wall of a room, and held a

BERRY POMEROY CASTLE.

lighted candle opposite the wall at an angle of about 45° above the glass, the candle representing the sun, and the wall the slope of Long Wood. Instantly I got my effect of the double boat on the wall, and even more distinctly than I had seen it by day. I now discovered that the second, or inverted shadow, was caused in the following way. The sail of the real boat of course cast a shadow on to the surface of the water, or, to speak more correctly, it prevented the direct rays of the sun from reaching the surface in that particular spot. From this portion of the water, therefore, no rays were reflected up on to the bank, while all the rest of the bank was illuminated by the *double* sunlight; hence the second shadow. Anyone can reproduce the effect in the manner I have described, and by simply placing the finger on different parts of the glass, to intercept the rays from the candle, can at once confirm my solution.

About a mile above the spot where I

witnessed this peculiar effect, lies the village of Dittisham, renowned for its cockles and its plums. If the lover of the picturesque can manage to visit this spot when the multitudinous plum-trees are in blossom, he will be enchanted with the aspect they present, rising, as they do, on the steep slope of the hills at the back of the village like a faintly tinted snow scene. Those who have time to loiter about this locality should ascend to the high plateau called Fire Beacon, which lies above Lord's Wood, to the south of Dittisham. From this point the view is magnificent. Immediately below is the village with its plum orchards and white cottages, close upon the border of the river, which here opens out into a broad reach like an inland lake, stretching across as far as the rocks and woods of Watton Court and the village of Galmpton. Far beyond this, however, the eye roams over the neck of land which lies between the Dart and Torbay. Beyond the bay, again, the white houses of Torquay itself are seen, and still further away another stretch of sea, until the view is bounded by Exmouth, the estuary of the Exe, and the coast-line trending away towards Portland, which is sometimes visible. There is no point of view in all the district finer than this for panoramic effect, for the river can also be traced away to the north-west for many a mile, until it seems to melt into the grey slopes of the Dartmoor range, where the cloud shadows may be seen flitting over the granite-crowned heights of Haytor and Rippon Tor.

As the object I have in view is to present the Dart more in its artistic than its topographical aspect, we may take a leap of some three miles from Fire Beacon, and alight at the exquisite woods of Sharpham, higher up the river, where it narrows again to a width of some fifty yards. These woods of Sharpham present an exquisite amphitheatre of over-arching trees, which rise in masses of foliage from the bosom of the water to the height of several hundred feet. At high tide the graceful boughs lave in the water itself, and the tide-marks may be seen on the stems of the trees—so closely do they border the flood. There is an abrupt and awkward bend in the river here, far more appreciated by the artist than by those who navigate the small steamer that plies between Totnes and Dartmouth, for at certain times of the tide careful steering is imperative. There is ample employment for the pencil at every bend of the river between Sharpham and Totnes, and the first view of Totnes itself—especially if seen at evening—is very striking. At that time the tower of the church comes up in clear relief against the evening sky, and its shadow shimmers down into the depths of the river below. To the left some portions of the Sharpham Woods still form a framework for the distance, while to the right are flat green pastures, where the red cattle browse, and send out their fragrant breath on the still evening air.

A LANE BELOW BERRY POMEROY CASTLE.

It seems to be wandering far from one's subject to describe Totnes in connection with "Nooks and Corners of the Devonshire coast," but as the tide flows up to this old town, we may in this manner consider it in connection with the coast. There is not much to interest one in the town itself. There are some fine old ruins of a castle, supposed to have been built by Judhael de Totnes, about 1085, and there is the race-course bordering the river, where the most popular steeplechase of this district is held in the autumn.

Beyond all dispute, however, the most interesting spot in the vicinity of Totnes is Berry Pomeroy Castle, distant about two miles. For splendour of autumn tints, the sloping woods that surround this most picturesque ruin are quite unrivalled. I have never seen anything to equal them except the woods which border the Meuse, between Namur and Dinant. The ruin itself rises from an abrupt rocky bluff in the midst of these magnificent beech woods. There is an old tradition that Henri de Pomeroy, who had espoused the cause of the usurper John, when summoned to surrender, rather than do so, rode his horse over the precipice, upon the summit of which the castle stands, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The ruins are clothed in a rich mantle of ivy, and form a most picturesque object from a point in the valley below, where the little stream flows by a stile, and breaks away from the wood into the open meadows.

The Dart is only navigable to Totnes. Above this it becomes a rocky stream, a favourite haunt of the fisherman, and still further towards its source, where it flows through the renowned Holne Chase, it presents a succession of scenes of beauty, which an artist might well travel far to see. Beyond Holne Chase its course, ever varied and beautiful, lies amid the rocks and morasses of Dartmoor, until, in the far off desolate pool of Cranmere, it finds its source.

The Dart has over and over again been compared to the Rhine—indeed, in its own district it is called the "English Rhine." There is no possible ground of comparison. The Dart has a soft peculiar beauty of its own. It has no precipitous rocky bluffs, no vine-clad slopes, and above all, except at the entrance, it has no castles. The comparison reminds me of a story I once heard of the late Bishop of Exeter. The view from his beautiful residence, Bishopstowe, overlooked the romantic inlet of Anstey's Cove. A lady was one day looking at the view from the windows at Bishopstowe. "Dear me!" she said, "how very lovely. It is like Switzerland."

TOTNES, FROM THE RIVER.

"Yes," responded the bishop with his accustomed courtesy; "only this has no mountains, and Switzerland has no sea."

SYDNEY HODGES.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE: "IT MIGHT BE DONE, AND ENGLAND OUGHT TO DO IT."

(From the Painting by J. E. Millais, R.A. By kind permission of Mr. Carl F. H. Bolckow of Marton Hall.)

(*See pages* 35 & 55)

"THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE: 'IT MIGHT BE DONE, AND ENGLAND OUGHT TO DO IT.'"

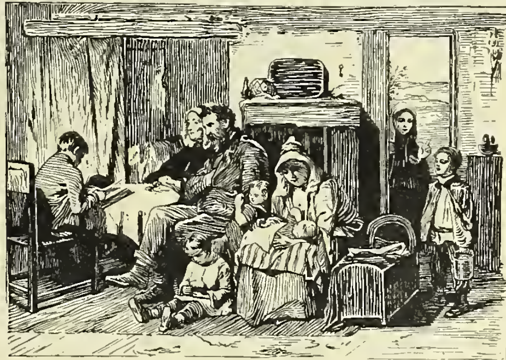
THIS is one of the largest and noblest portrait-compositions executed by Mr. Millais, and in the opinion of many judges the finest work he has painted for some time. The subject treated is the quiet old age of a weather-beaten sailor who has come to anchorage in some little English sea-port. Memories of the sea surround him—an old engraving of Nelson hangs close to his easy chair, the flag droops at the corner, and his window looks out on a free expanse of sea. Youth and the spring are present with him also; daffodils are on the table among his sailor's gear—the map, the telescope, the brandy and water (a marvellous piece of painting, by the way)—placed there by the hands of a young girl who sits at his feet and reads to him the records of Franklin or Ross, or some other explorer who went in search of the North-West Passage—the way supposed to be practicable between the two worlds through the Arctic floes. The narrative of enterprise and valour stirs the sailor's heart, and he utters the memorable words, "It might be done, and England ought to do it."

PICTURES AT THE MIDLAND COUNTIES FINE ART EXHIBITION, NOTTINGHAM.

AS a collection of the art treasures of this kingdom, there has, probably, been nothing of equal importance to this Exhibition since that at Manchester in 1857.

The well-known and oft-exhibited works of Rembrandt, Rubens, and Guido, Canaletto, Claude, Murillo, Teniers, Cuyp, Titian, Lely, Vandyck, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, which occupy one of the staircases and part of the principal gallery, we must pass thus briefly, for a closer inspection of modern art.

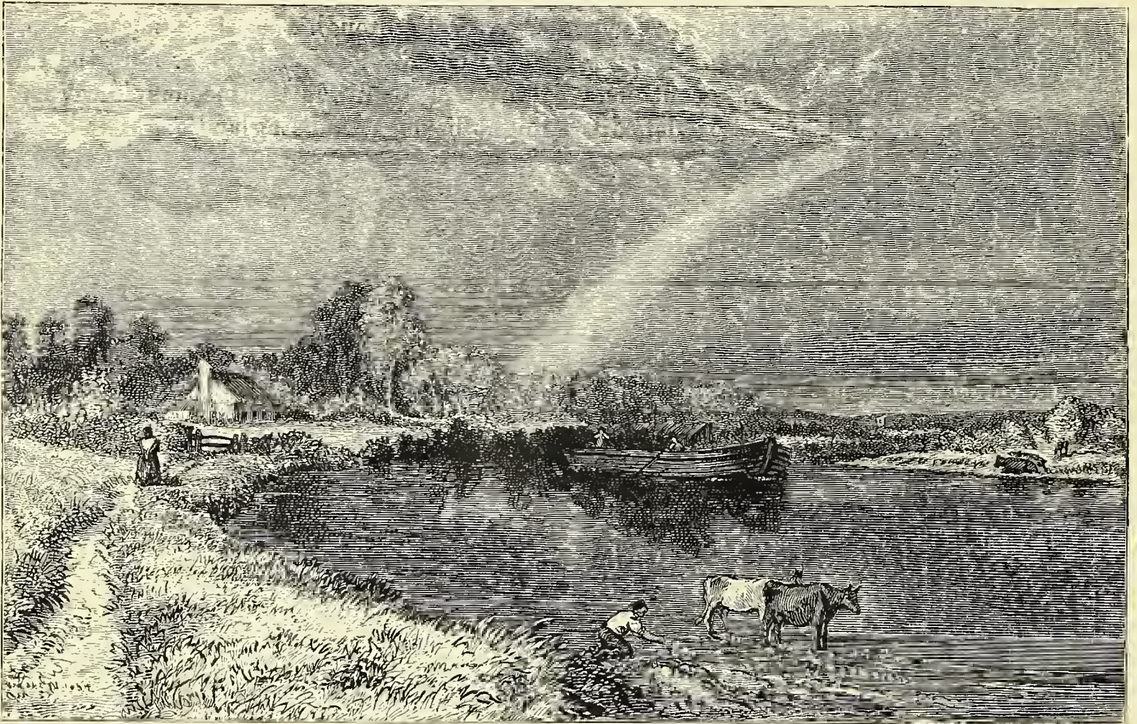
One living and two deceased painters — H. Clarence Whaite, E. J. Niemann, and H. Dawson—have each a room allotted to their works. And high honour though this may at first appear, it is one which to many a well-known name would be anything but an unmixed good, and would in some cases be perfectly disastrous. There is, perhaps, no more crucial test of power than the placing of a large number of one man's works in competition with each other; it is a trial which to the trickster, the unfortunate colourist, the mannerist, and the tautologist in art would be fatal. Only few men, of rare force and creative power, may essay this pathway to an extended fame. Such men are the trio whom this exhibition delights to honour.



READING THE BIBLE.
(From the Painting by T. Faed, R.A.)

We come first of all to the works of Henry Dawson. The largest painting here is, "The Houses of Parliament." It is of fine quality. In the foreground runs the Thames, with its crowds of busy craft, taking in or discharging cargo; in the distance loom the towers of the seat of British legislation; and hard by, suffused with almost blinding sunlight, is that great mausoleum of valour and intellect, Westminster Abbey. "The Rainbow" (see page 56) is a very bright and sparkling picture. A river view, with sombre, showery-looking sky, across which is stretched a rainbow; some cattle stand in

the water in the foreground. This charming work is the property of Mr. Horace Woodward. "A Landscape in the Dukeries" is remarkable for its breadth, masterly handling, forcible yet harmonious colour, and true poetic feeling; it is one of Mr. Dawson's finest works. The scene is a pastoral one: to the right hand are several colossal Sherwood trees, touched with great spirit; in the foreground, a herd of cattle, put in with a masterly hand. On the left, a spire rises from a cluster of distant trees. This vigorous picture was painted in 1850. "An Old Cromwellian," a picture of a man in the dress of that period, is really the likeness of an old personal friend; it is a rare gem, and from the energy it contains it might be mistaken for a Rembrandt. Great was our dismay on finding it utterly skied. "The Keeper's Pool," is a lurid effect of sunset in a piece of water, the foliage being charmingly reflected in the pool: a very daring and successful essay in colour. "British Bulwarks" is large and fine. In a river lie several men-of-war, from the nearest of which a score of Jack Tars are coming ashore. Very brilliant sunset effect through the masts and rigging. "Durham," "St. Paul's," "The Custom House," and many other canvases upon which we could dwell, go to make up a collection of Mr. Dawson's works which cannot but extend his already wide reputation.



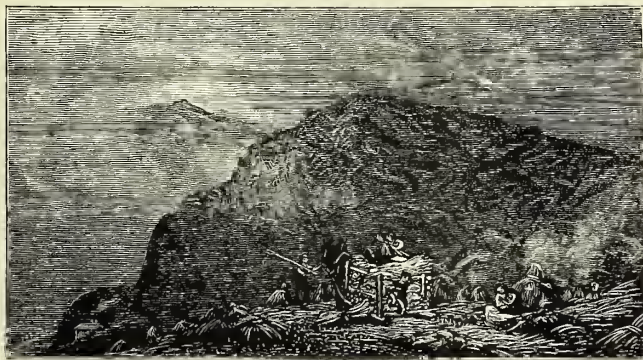
THE RAINBOW.

(From the Painting by the late Henry Dawson.)

Coming to the Niemann Room, and looking around us upon other canvases which glow with "the touch of a vanished hand," we are impressed with the versatile genius of the man. Here are rare combinations of skill, variety without discord, harmony without dulness, and strength without violence. "Deer Stalking in the Highlands" is of colossal size. Two sportsmen are cautiously preparing to take aim at a herd of half-suspecting deer, which stand amid huge rocks, shut in by cloud-draped mountains. This work is sufficient in itself to form the basis of a reputation. "Trampers Crossing a Moss:" the moor lying in an almost straight line across the canvas in the subdued light of an autumn evening, is in admirable perspective. The lowly forms of the

trampers, as they trudge over the broken ground, are very picturesque, and in colour most effective. "The Wreck:" noticeable, not so much for the foundering ship in mid-distance, as for the terrific aspect of sea and sky, which have wrought this mad ruin. The elements are surcharged with an angry violence. The giant wave which rolls towards the spectator, in the foreground, is very powerfully rendered. "A Westerly Gale off Dover"—a perfect gem of purity—glitters like a pearl amid its more sober surroundings. Shakespeare Cliff, sun-bathed, gleams in the mid-distance. A heavy wind and rain storm is clearing off, and the fitful sunshine is coquetting with the watery atmosphere. A craft in the far distance running with the breeze, a huge fragment of wreckage tossed by the waves, a train fighting its way along the marine railway, through a perfect storm of spray, and a few gulls, on the wing, impart a thrilling sense of movement to the scene. In "Scarborough: The Evening Hour" the feeling of a marine sunset is well conveyed. Over the Castle rock and the quay is flung a sense of dreamy quiet, which is not unpleasantly broken by a group of fishermen who drag their nets to a boat in preparation for an evening's toil. "Richmond Force: Twilight"—a rather dark painting, and probably somewhat difficult to hang so as to bring out its fine qualities to the hasty observer—is yet teeming with true art-feeling. Nothing in the gallery is wealthier in this respect. A lingering sunset-gleam flings itself over the hill brow, lighting up the foam of the river as it runs brawling over the breakwater.

One of the brightest spots in the exhibition is the room devoted to Mr. Clarence Whaite's pictures. The twenty works which it contains are ample evidence of Mr. Whaite's keen appreciation and mastery of colour. And though most of these canvases are transcripts of actual scenes, no natural insipidity, nor man-made ugliness is allowed to blot the fair and beauteous landscapes here depicted. Some will say of one or two of these paintings, "I never saw colour like that in nature." Quite true. Many of these works are not servile nature-copies, they are inspirations, under which the canvas glows, with "the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream." Mr. Whaite shows clearly here that he has the power to elevate the subjects of his pencil, and to imbue the commonest objects with so much loveliness that they are transfigured; making the artist a poet, and his picture a psalm of life, touched with infinite sweetness. "Christian's Dream," and "Ancient Britons Surprised by Roman Soldiers," manifest great power. "He watereth the Hills from Above," and "Wheat Harvest in the Mountains"—which latter we engrave—are splendid works, showing, in one case, exceptional power of colour. Our engraving is from the picture which was the property of the late Mayor, Mr. W. G. Ward.



WHEAT HARVEST IN THE MOUNTAINS.

(From the Painting by H. Clarence Whaite.)

"The Rainbow" is a grand mountain view, intersected by a stream, which for miles runs glittering over its rocky bed; in the foreground are three beautiful peasant children, with a pet lamb, and a dog. The rainbow, which stretches its luminous arch across the scene, may well give the picture its title, so ably and faithfully has the artist rendered that phenomenon. "The Coming Storm:" trees borne down by wind, gulls swinging to and fro, the fast-travelling clouds, and the shepherd holding on his cap as he drives the half-scared flock, all fulfil the title of this powerful picture. "A Leaf from Nature's Book" is a rare combination of breadth and microscopic finish: fine in colour. "The Young

Shepherd" is in many respects the finest work in the gallery. It would be difficult, however ample the material or romantic the spot, to produce in landscape art a fairer scene than Mr. Whaite has placed before us in this charming glade.

"Enid and Geraint at the Castle of Limours" is as chaste and beautiful as the poem from which the scene is derived. In the left-hand portion of the picture, within an avenue, halts the small mounted party—the grouping of which is excellent, and with a fine classic feeling, which well becomes the theme.

"Reading the Bible"—of which we give a small engraving (page 55)—one of the finest works in the building, is by Mr. Thomas Faed. It represents a working man's home at the devotional hour: the biggest boy of the house is reading from the family Bible, and, judging by the satisfied, complacent faces of the father and grandmother, he is doing it well. The whole scene has imparted to it an air of solemn quiet. This picture belongs to Mr. G. B. Davy.

Mr. Laslett J. Pott is here in considerable strength, being represented by six pictures, which impress us greatly, as the works of a man who has probably before him a great future. "His Highness in Disgrace" has no equal in the gallery for brilliant colour. "Charles I. leaving Westminster Hall"—which we engrave—is a picture with a great and subtle mastery of motives. The pale, dejected face, the sad, half-crushed dignity with which the king comes forth, followed by the Cromwellian guard; the motley group which crowds around him as he walks, the mock homage, the loudly-spoken sneer; even a common soldier shakes his fist at his fallen lord, and a ragged costermonger puts his hand aside his mouth and howls coarse ribaldry into his ears. One or two refined figures, with tearful, unspoken sympathy, relieve the monotony of vulgar scorn. All this, and much more, is here told, with that marvellous power by which, sometimes, the eloquence of the painter is greater than that of the historian. This powerful work is the property of Mr. C. J. Lambert. "The Coming Shower," by J. W. Oakes, is a most artistic canvas. Across the moor a shepherd drives his flock, the fitful character of the weather, and the rapidly approaching storm, being very powerfully

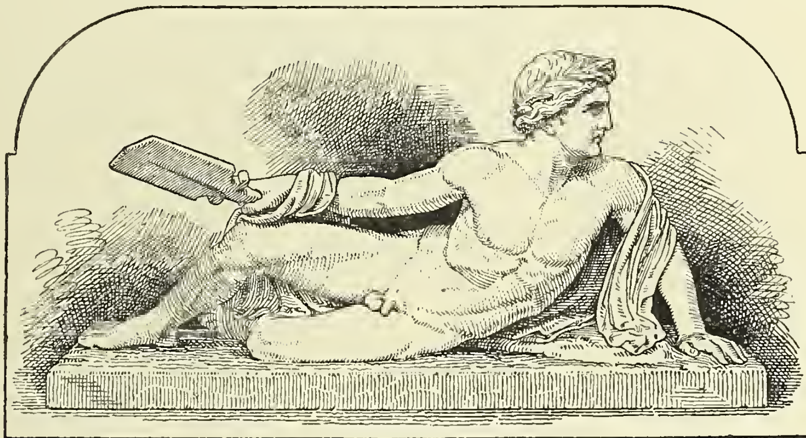
CHARLES I. LEAVING WESTMINSTER HALL.

(From the Painting by Laslett J. Pott.)

depicted. In "From Darkness into Light," Josef Israels describes the simple burial of a peasant, who is being carried in a rude coffin, amid great grief, to his last resting-place. In point of pathos, this is the greatest work here. WILLIAM G. BEARDMORE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

IN these days everybody draws. The amusement of the nursery becomes the accomplishment of the school-room, and, in thousands of cases, the professional occupation of later life. In thousands of other cases, where the natural talent turns unmistakably towards art, it is never cultivated, because practical difficulties lie in the way, and there is ignorance as to the means by which these difficulties are to be overcome. For the benefit, therefore, both of those who mean to make art their profession, and of those who would like to do so if they knew how to set about it, we give a short account of the Royal Academy Schools.



ILYSSUS.
(By A. G. Atkinson.)

Entrance to these schools is an easy matter; no qualifications of wealth, social position, or general learning are called for, and there are none of the provoking limitations of age which hedge in the examinations preliminarily necessary to so many of the professions. The applicant—who writes to Burlington House for information as to how he must proceed in order to obtain admission to the Schools, and who is told, in reply, to send in a drawing of given dimensions, say two feet high, from an antique statue, may be either eight or eighty. Whatever his age, he states it when forwarding this specimen drawing, which is also accompanied by a testimony to its genuineness from "a person of known respectability." If it come up to the qualifying standard, and the number of students be not complete, the candidate is admitted to the Schools as a probationer for three months, during which period he must make a drawing of a statue, and anatomical studies of the same figure, showing the position of the bones and muscles; and if these prove satisfactory, the probationer becomes a student, entitled to make use of the Schools for seven years. He goes into the antique room first of all, and stays there until he can draw figures and limbs well enough and rapidly enough to pass into the preliminary painting room, there to work at drapery and still life, to paint a bust in monochrome, to copy a picture, and, most important of all, to make drawings of the nude from the life. Simultaneously with the study in the preliminary school he attends the famous night school, and draws from the nude. These five studies are sent up, and if they pass, the student devotes his day to the life-school, where

male and female students draw together from the draped figure, and separately from the nude. Whether the entire separation of the sexes would not be conducive to the best interests of those who really desire to work, and not merely to amuse themselves, is a question which, sooner or later, is likely to be raised. Gold medals and a travelling studentship for historical painting and sculpture are only awarded biennially; but a stimulus to exertion is every year held out to the students in the shape of prizes, for which there is open competition in the respective Schools; and it may not be inopportune to refer in detail to the occasion of the last awards, made early in December. A tumult of applause welcomed the President's entrance to the lecture room. The first burst over, "Three cheers for Sir Frederick, and long life to him!"—called for by a well-known student and exhibitor—were responded to so enthusiastically, as to leave no doubt about the popularity of the new President amongst those studying at Burlington House. In a few well-chosen words, Sir Frederick told his audience of the great pleasure, yet great responsibility, he shared with the other members of the Academy, in directing aright the instruction of so many. Then touching with the hand of a master a sad chord, in recalling the memory of his predecessor, he passed, "as he of whom he spoke would have wished him to pass," to the business of the evening.

THE ARMITAGE COMPETITION.
(H. A. Bone.)

Of the successful works—though a high standard of excellence was maintained throughout—we can notice only the most prominent. A silver medal was awarded to A. G. Atkinson for a restoration of the "Ilyssus," a piece of sculpture of which we give a copy (page 59), and which deserved the praise of the President, who said that "the majority of votes was greatly in its favour." The Armitage competition for excellence in composition, a handsome prize given by the Academician whose name it bears, was taken by H. A. Bone, and the illustration we give of the design speaks for itself. A careful cartoon, in charcoal, life size, of "St. Paul before Agrippa," gained a silver medal for A. Hacker. The best among a good set of drawings from the head was made by W. Wontner. E. Blair Leighton was successful with a very carefully finished study from the life, and Miss E. Drew carried off two prizes for drawings from the antique.

Returning to the general history of the Schools, it must not be forgotten that in addition to the regular masters employed to give instruction, a certain number—selected every year—of the Academicians themselves come into the classes, and by their personal interest in the work of the students, as much as by their practical advice, materially aid in the education of the embryo masters and mediocrities of English art. That this education is, from first to last, given freely to all applicants who comply with the simple conditions already stated, is a fact that must surely be overlooked by those who chatter idle charges of do-nothingness and obstruction against the great limning corporation of Burlington House.

"BRITOMART AND HER NURSE."

Those who think that the "Faërie Queen," with its seventy-nine cantos, is written for a race of longer life than ours, may need to be reminded that Britomart, in Spenser's great poem, is the warlike heroine who was nourished by her nurse, Glauce, with chivalric tales. Her father possessed a magical mirror, the work of Merlin, into which the maiden looked, and saw the knight who became the hero of her love-sick dreams. In Mr. Watts's noble composition, Britomart's face is almost severe in its regularity of feature; her large powerful hand expresses

BRITOMART AND HER NURSE.

(From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.)

her valour and strength; her draperies are heavy and massive. In her eyes there is more of the Amazon's courage, mixed with a certain mystical seriousness according well with the poet's solemn intention, than of the tenderness of a girl. The action of the nurse is eloquent with that love which makes this episode one of the most humanly beautiful in the poem. Close beside blooms the lily, which is so fit an emblem of her, of Una, and of the other exquisite heroines of the "Faërie Queen." In the original, the artist has by no means aimed at pleasing the eye by a combination of agreeable tints; but there is a severer excellence of colour which he has kept in mind. The genius of Mr. Watts has a peculiar affinity with the grave spirit of Spenser, who had weighty moral meanings in all he wrote. It has been smartly and characteristically said by a French thinker that taste is literary conscience, and taste is generally accepted as artistic conscience by the merely executive artists of the day. Spenser had a different code of ethics, and Mr. Watts, though never obviously didactic, vivifies his work, nevertheless, with that lofty and noble thought which is perhaps the rarest of all qualities that can be sought for in modern art. He has also the uncommon power of filling, with meaning and with interest, a composition almost monumental in its form, and quasi decorative. There is just as much impulse and emotion about the secondary figure as will not mar the sculpturesque repose of the whole. The love of allegory is another bond between artist and author. The ingenuities and the strongly realised images of this form of literary and artistic expression, are not more apparent in the "Faëry Queen" than in such magnificent conceptions as Mr. Watts's "Love and Death," and "Time, Death, and Judgment."

BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

By Wyke Bayliss.

AN amusing incident, well worth recording, has just occurred in a village on the outskirts of London. The parish is a large one, and very populous, so that it is customary in our church, when the minister says, "Here endeth the second lesson," for the congregation to arrange themselves still a little more comfortably in their seats, in anticipation of hearing a long list of candidates for the "holy estate of matrimony." On this occasion, however, our little world was startled from its usual placidity. The curate read indeed the banns, *but for one couple only*, and then after duly closing with the exhortation, he passed to the order of the day. What could this mean? Had every Phillis turned refractory, or every Corydon proved faithless? Not so; the explanation was much more simple than that. The curate had read the banns for himself and his beloved, and then, absorbed in the contemplation of his own happiness, or being a little absent-minded, he honestly forgot the rest. Now I do not say that some ecclesiastical Robin Goodfellow had anything to do with this little episode—my subject is Art—I simply record the story as something which may explain what often seems inexplicable to many artists, in some of the sharpest, as well as commonest disappointments of their lives. *They* have their little love affairs—with the public—and they desire above all things that no impediment shall stand in their way. They entrust their pictures to the tender mercies of a Hanging Committee, as the simple villagers render their names to the parson. And then—but suppose the parson himself has a little business on his own account, is it not possible that theirs may take a second place in his mind? Suppose that every member of the Hanging Committee is himself striving—striving nobly—for fame. Absorbed in the pursuit of his own visions of what is beautiful in Nature and Art, he also has his life to live and his race to run; if he is ahead of others in the race, that means only that with him

the running is more swift. It needs no harsh construction to account for many an apparent injustice or oversight. I, perhaps, have been spending a year of my life in working out what seems to me a noble thought. He, who will have to judge my work, has been spending his life—a better life than mine—in working just the other way. Is it wrong of him that he does not, the moment my picture comes before him, possess himself of my spirit, and see with my eyes? The error he makes, if it is an error, is an error inherent in the finite. There is nothing in it for me to resent, nothing even for me to blame.

And yet while this is true, we do well to remember that these disappointments are not only very keen, and very common, but very serious also. The curate, so soon as his own honeymoon is over, may find leisure to think once more of Corydon and Phillis, and they may be happy too. As a matter of fact he did not wait so long, the banns omitted in the reading-desk were proclaimed a few minutes later in the chancel. And at the worst such a mishap could only be occasional, since the curate does not publish his own banns annually. But the Academicians have every year the same difficulty recurring: of being judges in a contest in which they are themselves competitors. Everything, therefore, that gives them a better chance of judging righteously must be worth consideration. Probably no exhibition has ever yet been hung, without the unfortunate exclusion of some true work of art. Certainly the one hundred and ten seasons of the Royal Academy have been one hundred and ten chapters of a story of suffering, not yet completed, that would startle many of us if we could only read them. So long as ruined hopes, and wasted lives mark the path of our great Juggernaut of Art, it is the duty of everyone, whether painter or writer, within the Academy or without, to strive to do something to lessen the evil. Let one, therefore, who has himself no grievance or discourtesy to complain of, and who is yet intimately acquainted with the elements of the question, venture to make one or two practical suggestions.

The evils, and the remedies suggested may be briefly stated.

1st. The enormous number of works from which selection has to be made. Last season there were said to be 8,000 paintings sent in. Until the selection is made, the hanging cannot so much as begin. Suppose that the committee sat for a whole week, eight hours each day. The result would have been that each work must have been placed before them, examined, voted upon, and its fate sealed, in the average time of twenty seconds. The tendency of this high pressure, is not only to produce individual cases of injustice, but also distinctly to lower the standard of English Art. It is a well-known fact, that the very greatest works of art do not, as a rule, make their full impression upon the mind at a first glance. A picture of the highest order therefore—one, that is, in which the gradations of tone are almost infinitely subtle, is robbed of its best qualities by being rapidly passed before the eyes, in an oblique position, scarcely held stationary for a moment by the carpenters who carry it, and pitched forward or backward, perhaps, in a false or harsh light. If a thousand hobgoblins danced before the eyes of the Council, they could scarcely make the task of judgment more difficult or uncertain.

Now although it is well-known that there is a limit to the number of works that may be exhibited by any one artist, there is no limit to the number he may submit for exhibition; and it is customary for men to send a large number, in the hope that one may be hung if another is rejected. *A stop should be put to this at once. Why should the Academicians sit in council to consider which of half-a-dozen works by a painter would represent him best?* Let the painter do that for himself in his own studio, and send the *two* works upon which he would build his reputation. Let instructions be given that under no circumstances shall more than two works be received from any one artist not being an Academician. This alone would sift the 8,000 to less than half that number, and the difficulty of selection would be lessened in proportion. But it would do more

than that; it would remove one of the most serious evils incident to the present system, namely:—

2nd. The great inequality in the justice distributed to artists. It is not at all uncommon at present, to find that one painter has five or six canvases hung, while another who is known throughout the profession to be at least his equal, has only a letter to say that "the Council regret that want of space prevents his picture obtaining a place." If the rule I suggest had been in force last year, there would have been room for 180 more pictures by artists whose works were rejected solely on the ground of insufficient space.

3rd. The great uncertainty of reward with which an artist works. For ten or twenty years his pictures may have been favourably received, until he has begun to feel that he has fairly earned a recognised position in the Art-world. Then suddenly, with no reason assigned, with no explanation offered, they are cast out altogether, and he receives a blow which few men are able to bear without staggering under it. At the same time another painter, sending perhaps almost for the first time, is astonished to find everything hung that he has sent. Elated with his unlooked-for success, he also feels that his position is made. Friends crowd round him, generously eager to see what their young genius is doing. It seems a long time to wait—till next year—but the time does come at last; and then—why then, and for many a year afterwards his pictures are found to be uniformly rejected, and as much attention is drawn to his failure as was at first directed to his success—a success which will have left an injury behind, from which recovery is slow and difficult.

I would very earnestly suggest that a list should be prepared annually of those artists who, for a certain number of years (say five or seven years) have sent works worthy of being placed; and that all the works contributed by those artists should be examined by the Council *apart from the rest, with the knowledge of the claim they have to consideration, and with the understanding that they should not be rejected except after grave and special deliberation, and by a vote nearly approaching to unanimity.*

I do not claim for this suggestion the magic of a panacea; I put it forward only as one thing among many that would mitigate a great evil. There is no parallel in any other profession to this terrible uncertainty to which artists are subjected. The barrister may have to wait long for his brief—the physician for his practice—the soldier for his promotion—the curate for his preferment—*but they are not brought up annually for examination with the chance of forfeiting the honours they have already won, and being proclaimed dunces because the examiners were pressed for time.* Some of our young painters, buoyant with hope and of good courage, may not know how great the strain will become; some of our veterans may have schooled themselves into indifference; nevertheless the system is eating the strength out of the work done year by year in England. Originality of style or independence of thought are scarcely possible to those whose success depends on the suffrages of an average committee. To be in advance of the age as was David Cox, or to dare to think for oneself as does Rossetti, is of necessity to be driven out or to be classed as eccentric. The true remedy would be for every artist, besides sending to the Royal Academy, to become a working member of some lesser society—not antagonistic but supplementary to the Academy—a society where he should have the right to exhibit, even though he ventured to do something that his fellows might not at first quite understand; where he could appeal to the Art-world and to the public without considering whether his works would attract the instant attention and win the immediate approbation of a hanging committee; and where (if by mischance he were unfavourably treated in another place) his pictures, well placed upon the line, would be witnesses, at least to all who can discern, on his behalf.

But this opens out another and a wider question. In the meantime I am quite sure that if the simple suggestions I have made were carried out, they would bring happiness to the minds and courage to the hearts and firmness to the hands of many of our artists—who now work with anxiety and hesitation—and that in doing this they would go far to strengthen and raise our English school.

ON SOME PICTORIAL ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH SECULAR ARCHITECTURE.—II.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing which so broadly distinguishes the Norman castle from the fortified manor-house which succeeded it as its situation.

The castle is almost always a prominent feature in the landscape. Its site was determined upon Imperial considerations,—to guard an important point upon the coast, or to deny to an enemy a main line of entrance, by road or river, to the interior of the kingdom. It was essentially a fortress, and every line in its composition proclaimed it the stronghold of doughty warriors "trained to strike the foe, to sleep on the bare ground, to bear hunger and cold, and to fear nothing but (what they understood by) ill-fame." The structure "looked its part," and bore upon its front the assurance that it was placed there for defiance as well as for defence. The name given in sport by the Lion-hearted Richard to his "child of one year," "The *Saucy* Castle," might fitly be applied to the Norman castles as a class, of which Rochester and Richmond are famed examples.

ROCHESTER CASTLE.

The site of the manor-house was selected upon quite opposite principles, and in compliance with merely local requirements. It usually occupied the most central or most

convenient spot within the chase or manor whose lord it was built to lodge and protect. As, however, precipitous rocks are not found in the centre of every manor, a change in the plan of the house as a defensible residence became necessary. In place of the steep escarpment, natural or artificial, a wet ditch or moat was opposed to the assailants. Every one will at once call to mind Shakespeare's lines describing the silver sea as serving the kingdom "in the office of a wall, *or* as a *moat* defensive to a *house*."

For a moat a level site is necessary, and a level site suggests a building of regular, or, at least, not necessarily irregular, figure. Thus the pictorial character of the whole was changed at a stroke. The long lines of embattled walls crowning the steep, following with quaint regularity the changeful contour of the rocky base, and broken here and there by watch-towers of varying form and height, disappeared as no longer the natural outcome of a compliance with the conditions imposed by the site.

The mighty keep—the distinctive feature of the age—to which in their last extremity the beleaguered garrison sullenly retired, was no longer reared. The whole plan had undergone a radical change, and in place of a grand irregular mass standing high above the horizon, broad and solid against a luminous sky, we get a square, compact structure, of regular figure, low down in the picture, and backed by the sombre tints of forest-trees.

In many instances the new residence was built within the castle enclosure or bailey, and new and old buildings existed side by side—the new for occupation, the old for defence—until, from the altered circumstances of the time, the old, as we learn from ancient records, were allowed gradually to fall into decay.

Many of the later castles partook of the characters of both classes of building above adverted to—the Norman fortress and the moated grange or manor-house—and between the two types various compromises were effected, dictated mainly by the conditions of site. In the Border counties and Welsh marches, however, other considerations prevailed, and the older type long held its ground in consequence of the unsettled state of those districts.

When the activity of the castle-building era had spent itself, the rectangular house, enclosed by embattled walls or a lofty palisading, surrounded by a moat, and entered over a drawbridge, and through a gateway closed by a portcullis and defended by flanking turrets, became the accepted design. In one angle of the structure a tower, the mark of a noble, rose above the parapets and broke the sky-line.

Such an arrangement is well, and no doubt quite truthfully, shown by the initial to the first paper of this series (Vol. I., page 158), which was reproduced from a MS. in the British Museum. The mediæval artist has contrived to show, in a small compass, all the principal characteristics of a house of the noble of his time. The moat or wet ditch, unmistakably indicated by the fish swimming therein; the palisading on its inner side; the gateway with embattled summit; the loopholes flanking the approach, and, in the palisading, commanding the crest of the counterscarp; the holes through which the chains were attached to the movable portion of the bridge, are all most faithfully rendered. The knight, returning from the wars or tourney, is crossing the outer courtyard, to be welcomed by his "ladye" at the entrance gateway, in which the raised portcullis is clearly seen, and behind which the hall and tower appear in due order. It is altogether a most beautiful and exact little drawing, and enables us to realise fully the pictorial aspect of a manor-house of the fourteenth century.

To build or fortify such a house the royal licence was required, and the records of such licences, kept in the Close Rolls, give particulars of the manor-houses built in each reign, from Henry II. to Henry VII.

The rapacity of the first Tudor monarch imposed a check upon domestic architecture just when its revival, on the conclusion of the Wars of the Roses, might have been hoped for, and when the energies of the nation should have been devoted to the arts of peace. The Statute of Liveries, the compulsory dismemberment of the military households, and the system of forced loans or "benevolences," as they were called, were effectual checks to the progress of the art. When those who "lived handsomely" were heavily fined, on the score of their "evident

wealth," handsome living and handsome houses were not likely to be very popular.

In the following reign many causes concurred to give an impulse to the building of stately houses, and to this period must be ascribed the last and finest examples of the fortified house, amplified to meet the requirements of a higher civilisation, and new ideas of domestic life.

The growth of the English manor-house, from the semi-fortress of Henry II. to the merchant's hall of Henry VIII., was, however, a very gradual process. The habits of the nobles for four hundred years after the Conquest appear to have been almost as fixed as they were primitive, and furnished but few opportunities for the display of architectural skill—

> " *Their* sober wishes never learnt to stray."

Nesham notes it as a piece of effeminacy that the nobles of his day would plaster the walls of their houses or line them with smooth mortar; and Piers Plowman regards it as an innovation that the lord and lady of the period dined in an apartment separate from the hall occupied by their riotous retainers, where " the lord ne the ladye lyketh not to sytte,"

> "Now hath eche ryche [man] a rule to eaten by himselfe
> In a privee parlour, and leave the chief hal."

The establishment of a nobleman of that time was indeed a simple affair, and comprised only a hall, a parlour, perhaps a chapel or oratory, a kitchen, a cellar, a buttery, and one or two bedrooms. The floors of the rooms were not boarded, but were formed of mud, and an open channel of filthy water ran down the middle of the hall. At night the inmates slept all together in the hall, upon boards laid on trestles. So late as the time of Henry VIII., in some of the chief halls in England, "the bones from many a dinner lay rotting in the dirty straw which strewed the floor, the smoke curled about the rafters, and the wind whistled through the unglazed windows."

I have said in a previous paper that the social condition of a people is expressed by their domestic buildings. It was scarcely to be expected that, under the circumstances of life above adverted to, any great attention should have been paid to niceties of the outward appearance of buildings the interiors of which were so destitute of grace or comfort.

To this, however, there is one notable exception, and one characteristic of the age was stamped upon the domestic buildings in a remarkable manner. I refer to that passionate love of *colour* which seems to have been universal in the Middle Ages. The great Puritan movement of the seventeenth century took all the colour out of English life,

> " And the world has grown grey at its touch ; "

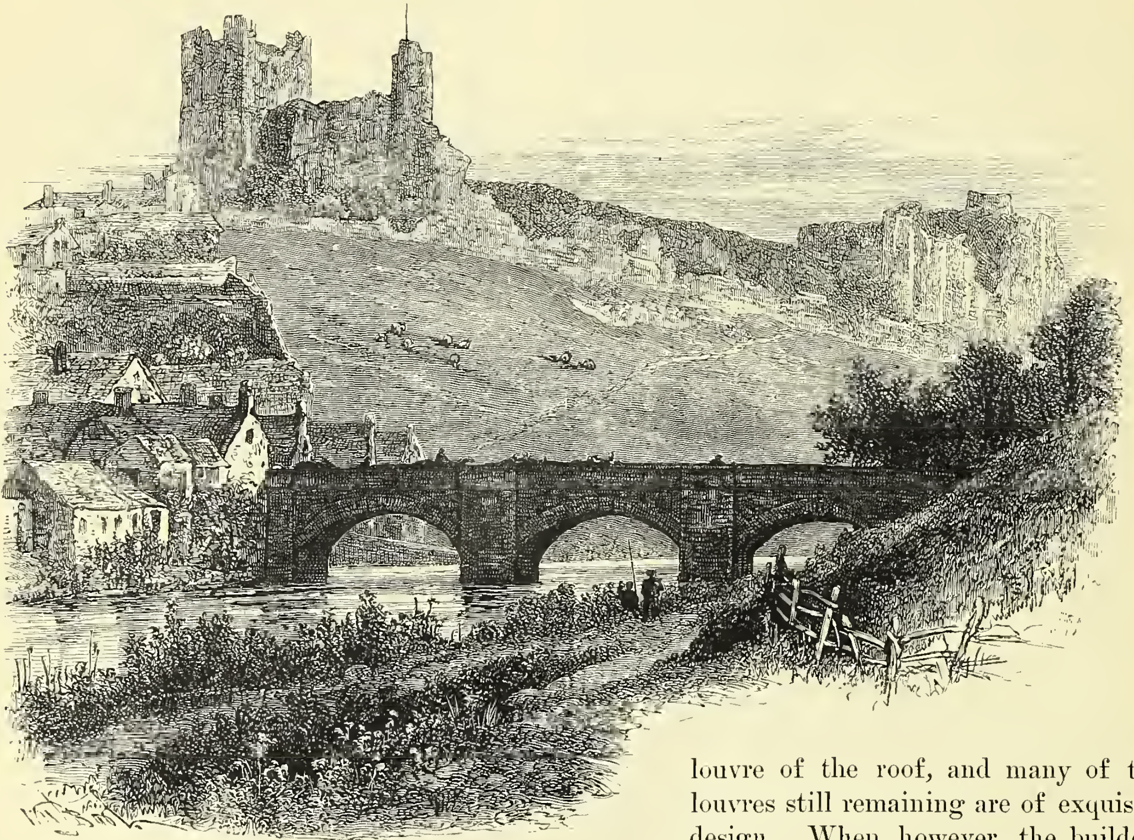
but in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries an intense love of colour was one expression of the gaiety of the time, and was exhibited in the lavish decoration of their buildings both inside and out. Paint, the horror of the modern purist, was the delight of our ancestors, who painted everything pertaining to their buildings that they could afford to paint, and what they could not paint they whitewashed.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that a delight in colour was the prerogative of Eastern or Southern nations. Early records show that with the English of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was an absorbing passion. Many of their buildings were resplendent with gold and colour, indications of which still remain.

The Round Tower at Windsor, " La Rose," was painted externally, in imitation of the flower whose name it bore, by one William Burdon, at an immense expenditure of " white lead, red lead, verdigris, paint, oil, and 1,400 leaves of gold." Moreover, a singular love of whiteness seems to have possessed the minds of the good people of those days. Where painting was an unattainable luxury, periodical whitewashing was resorted to in its stead. Our own White Tower is an instance of, and took its name from, the practice. In the " Romance of the San Graal," one of the beauties of the castle is the " chalky whiteness of its walls." The citizens of London objected to the introduction of sea-coal mainly on the ground that the whiteness of their houses would be impaired by its smoke. Rubble-stone buildings were plastered over outside, and—shade of Pugin !—coursed and jointed in imitation of ashlar, and—white-washed !

The large wall spaces of domestic buildings afforded ample scope for this form of "surface decoration," and, while it satisfied the taste of their builders, no attempts at breaking up the surfaces of the buildings by the arcading, panelling, and other permanent architectural embellishments were likely to be made.

The only deliberate efforts at architectural art in the fabric itself were imported direct



RICHMOND CASTLE.

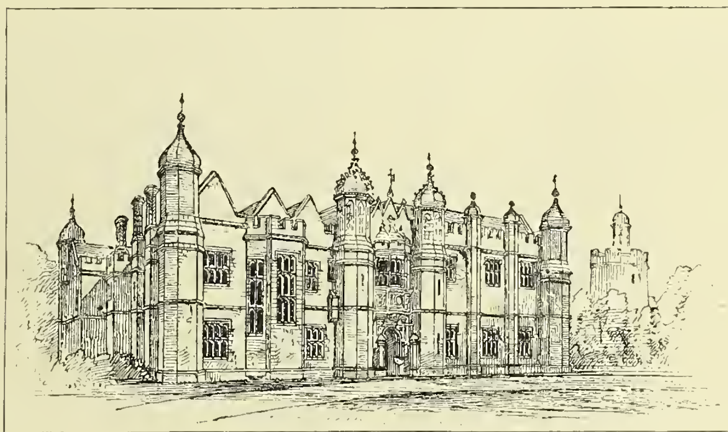
from the ecclesiastical structures which were rising around them. The designs, details, and ornamentation of doorways, traceried windows, open-timbered roofs, and other essentials of the church were repeated in the houses, and the "drain" in the hall was a counterpart of the "piscina" in the sanctuary.

When, however, any special requirements gave them an opportunity, the architects turned it to splendid account, as witness their treatment of distinctly secular features, such as the great bay window of the hall and, especially, the chimney-shaft. This feature finds no counterpart in ecclesiastical art proper, but comes to us through the semi-ecclesiastical priories, abbot's lodgings, &c. The chimney-flue terminating in an isolated shaft, though found in early Norman work, was not generally adopted until the fifteenth century. Until then it was thought sufficient if the smoke from the great wood fire in the centre of the hall found its tardy exit through the louvre of the roof, and many of the louvres still remaining are of exquisite design. When, however, the builders took up in earnest the treatment of the chimney-shaft, it became in their hands one of the most artistic and telling features in the whole range of secular architecture. Their admirable grouping, the exquisite grace and delicacy of their design, especially in those districts where brick was the common building material, and the charm they gave to the sky-line of the houses they adorned have compelled universal admiration, and still remain unequalled.

And let us note, to the further credit of their designers, that the artistic treatment of this homely feature was in their hands quite compatible with the complete fulfilment of its

proper function as a chimney-flue. It is true, the shafts were not always built at first sufficiently high, for we learn from the Liberate Rolls that many directions for raising them were given; but no mediæval smoke-doctor was called in to coax the sluggish current along its destined course.

That the loosely-fitting joinery, and unglazed windows, may have assisted the action of the flue is most probable—our ancestors were not very careful about draughts—but still, those who remember the day, not so long past, when the houses of the wealthy were built in the "Greek taste," and can call to mind the devices to which *their* architects resorted to hide the unwelcome chimney-stack—only to be dragged into frightful prominence by the inevitable "cowl"—will fully appreciate the constructive skill and true artistic instinct of the earlier builders which, boldly grappling with a new condition, made of it "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."


HENGRAVE HALL.

I can only barely allude, in passing, to those beautiful examples of the use of brick in domestic architecture which the eastern counties of England afford, the scarcity of stone presenting new problems to the builders, which they surmounted with their accustomed skill.

Of the half-timbered houses of the period we are dealing with, many, happily, remain, and their picturesque qualities are patent to all—their projecting upper storeys carried on boldly curving brackets; the quaint disposition of ties and struts; and their carved and traceried barge-boards, protecting the ends of the plates and purlins while they adorn the gable, are all constructive requirements turned to pictorial account by those incomparable artists.

Before taking leave of this part of my subject, I will refer to one or two typical examples of the fully developed English house before the fortified dwelling gave way to the mansion of the Elizabethan era.

Many of the houses of that period have, alas! disappeared; of many but mere fragments remain. Some are falling fast into irretrievable ruin, and others have been so modified to meet the needs of later times that but few traces of their original character are discernible.

Of the ruined houses of that time, the magnificent example at Cowdray, in Sussex, has—for me at least—an irresistible charm. Built in the reign of Henry VIII., by William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, it was one of the most splendid and sumptuous houses of its kind. The outer gateway is still standing, and enough of the structure to enable one to admire its vast extent, its noble proportions, and the beauty of its every detail, the magnificent "Buck Hall," and the chapel, still bearing traces of the painted decorations of a later date.

Of the houses of the same date which are still intact, I may mention Hengrave, in Suffolk, as a brave specimen. Built in 1525–38, by Sir Thomas Kytson, a London merchant, it is one of the most complete examples of the residence of a prosperous trader of the time. "A stately pleasant house, among its shady lawns and expanses." The elaborate gateway, the magnificent hall, and suites of stately rooms enclosing the courtyard are not excelled by any civic structure of the reign. The sketch will, I fear, give but a poor notion of the grandeur of this noble pile.

There are many others, scattered over the length and breadth of the land, having equal claims on our attention—grey with weather stains, rising from level stretches of velvet

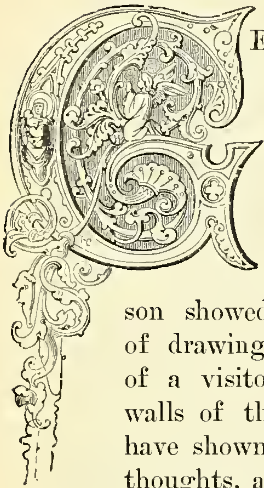
turf (never trampled now by hostile hoof), and sheltered by "immemorial elms," tenanted by the garrulous rook. Close to some of these halls of our forefathers, and within the park enclosures, stand the churches they built and endowed, wherein masses for their souls were to have been sung *for ever*, and in the now silent chantries of which, the great canopied tombs, in solitary state, guard the dust of the founders, and keep their memories green.

With the reign of Henry VIII. was closed a long chapter in the history of domestic architecture, and the fortified and gloomy manor-house gave place to the lightsome and courtly mansion. With the reign of Elizabeth a new departure was taken, and the architectural traditions of five hundred years were finally abandoned. In a subsequent paper I purpose offering some remarks upon the distinguishing characteristics of the edifices of that remarkable epoch in English history and English art.

E. Ingress Bell.

THREE ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS.—II.

ROMNEY.



GEORGE ROMNEY, the last of the fashionable portrait painters of the eighteenth century, was born at Dalton-le-Furness in 1734, and lived till 1802. His father was a cabinet-maker, but the son showed some leaning to the art of drawing in childhood. A sketch of a visitor to those parts, on the walls of the parish church, seems to have shown the general current of his thoughts, and he is said to have had some early instruction under a certain Williamson, the general sage and universal referee of the village. A painter of the name of Steel, a Cumberland man, took him as an apprentice, and whatever he learned from a teacher must have been from Steel's instruction. Of him we cannot say anything. Romney distinguished himself in his master's service, in a way less unusual a century ago, perhaps, than it would be now. Steel made a run-away marriage, as Hogarth had done a generation earlier. In offering his friendly help for this proceeding, Romney caught a severe cold, and was laid up with a long fever. A young country girl nursed him through his illness, and shortly after his recovery Romney made her his wife. As soon as Steel and his wife had settled at Kendal, he followed them, and went on with his apprenticeship. His master released him from further service in 1756, and he returned to his wife. A child was born of the marriage. Romney afterwards started on a long ramble over the neighbouring counties, painting heads at two guineas, and small full-length portraits at six, till he had saved a hundred pounds. He then returned home, gave his wife seventy pounds, and started for London with the rest, leaving the young creature and his child in Lancashire; he reached London in 1762. He took part in a competition, for which prizes were offered by the Society of Arts, and painted the "Death of General Wolfe." He was at first awarded the second prize, but this judgment was disallowed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and twenty-five pounds were awarded to him for his merits. This decision of Reynolds rankled in his heart, and was, perhaps, not forgotten when his popularity rivalled, though scarcely with justice, that of the older master.

Romney must have started with some reputation, and earned money by his portraits, for in 1764 he was able to make a journey to Paris. Whether he studied in Paris is not certain. He returned in the year following, and again obtained a prize from the Society of Arts—this time fifty guineas. He now settled in Newport Street, Long Acre, with an established reputation, and began a large practice, making, it is said, already as much as twelve hundred a year—a large income for a painter a century ago.

Romney was at this time by no means

satisfied to confine himself to portraits, as we see by the competitions in which he was engaged. It was, however, by his portraits that he was building up his reputation. There was neither power, imagination, nor elevation of thought enough to give life to his historic compositions. But he painted the learned and the lovely of his day. He seems to have rarely visited during these years the young wife whom he left, faithful and devoted to him, in Lancashire. This went on till 1773, when he made a journey to Italy with Ozias Humphrey. During the journey he was the prey of continual fear of robbers and assassins, and when they reached Rome kept apart even from his friend. It is probable that he gave some time to study during his stay in Rome, and that he saw all he could of such sculpture and paintings as were then to be visited in the churches, museums, and palaces of the Eternal City. But his biographers speak of this visit as one during which he was weighed down with morbid fear of personal violence. Reynolds returned from Italy certainly very much changed and influenced, and all his thoughts and desires stimulated (not always with good results). And it would not be reasonable to doubt that Romney also made some growth during his second, as he had probably during his first, foreign journey. A certain excitement and activity will be imparted to the imagination of every artist by the mere comparison of himself with strangers, and the works of strangers with his own. This is especially the case with the study of galleries and works of extraordinary merit, in which the painter measures all he has proposed to himself, and the modesty of his achievements, with what has been done by the masters of his art. Romney could hardly have seen any large number of first-rate paintings in England. He would have had better chances of doing so, when his reputation was really wide and undisputed, and access to great houses was easy to him.

He returned to England without meeting any sort of misfortune, and took a house in Cavendish Square in the year 1775. From this time his reputation as one of the fashionable portrait painters of the day could not be disputed. He must have painted with great rapidity. He was much employed by the lawyers of fortune of that day, and by persons of distinction of every class. He was considered, and certainly seems to have considered himself, a rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom he outlived as a painter. This practice lasted for three-and-twenty years.

Romney continued, as at the beginning of his career, to paint historical subjects, but without the courage and determination needed to carry well-considered compositions to completion. Few of his pictures of this description are worth studying now. The number projected was, however, very large, and many sketches for them are now preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge, and in the Royal Institution of Liverpool. He was not "man enough" to paint such works from beginning to end, but he had a lively fancy, and sketched out fresh subjects with amazing rapidity. Probably his Italian travels quickened this faculty. A favourite model, whom he has painted often, was a woman whose history was remarkable—Emma Lyon, or Harte. She takes so prominent a part in the annals of the painting of Romney, that a word or two may be given to her history. She was a girl of extraordinary beauty, had been in service in various parts of England, and was for some time a barmaid; then she became popular as a painter's model, and was exhibited (dressed in transparent gauze) as "Hygeia." Romney drew and painted her in all sorts of mythological parts, as a muse—a Bacchante, of which there is a beautiful head, No. 312, in the National Gallery, a copy of which we engrave. A beautiful full-length portrait of her in white, spinning at a wheel, was exhibited at Burlington House in 1876. It belongs to Lord Normanton. She was taken to Naples by a Mr. Hamilton, where she became the wife of Sir William Hamilton, then ambassador at that court. It was then that her beauty, her voice, and her accomplishments captivated the King of Naples, and that she persuaded him to do good service to the British fleet. She took possession of the heart of Nelson, who spoke of her as "his saint." "If there were more Emmas, there would be more heroes." She died in poverty and neglect

in Calais in 1815 or 1816. She had no small influence over Romney, both in her younger days and when she returned to England as Lady Hamilton.

During the years of his success and prosperity, Romney only twice found time to visit the faithful wife and children whom he had left in the north, nor were they ever called to share his glory in London. A certain vacillation and morbid timidity seem to have smitten with weakness an artist who, with much promise, never grew to the proportions of his contemporaries—Reynolds and Gainsborough. He seems to have had some jealousy of the former, and he never would exhibit at the Royal Academy: for which soreness with the president might not improbably have been one of his reasons. He was, however, so well known, so entirely the fashion during the last years of his career, that he would have gained little by showing his pictures at Somerset House. In 1793 his heads cost thirty-five guineas, and larger pictures more in proportion. His annual income is said to have been nearly—if not quite—four thousand pounds.

EMMA HARTE (LADY HAMILTON) AS A BACCHANTE.

(From the Picture by Romney in the Vernon Collection at the National Gallery.)

He seems about 1790 to have become a prey

LADY WARWICK AND HER CHILDREN.

(By Romney. From the Picture in the Collection of the Earl of Warwick.)

to continual melancholy. He took a house at Hampstead, coming daily into his studio in Cavendish Square to paint. At last, in 1798, he determined to visit his family. He returned, and found additions, a gallery to his house, and a studio in Cavendish Square—ordered when he went away—finished. But the meeting with his family seems to have determined him to retire from the profession. He sold his house in Cavendish Square to Shee (afterwards president of the academy), and retired. He died in 1802.

Romney had a *vates sacer*—a poet, Hayley, who wrote his life. Perhaps a less flattering friend might have done more for him and for his art. He had not the power of Reynolds, nor the higher gifts of Gainsborough. His works will not bear a comparison with either. Yet he painted many beautiful portraits, and those of children have a real charm about them. Several have been exhibited during the last five or six years, notably a group of five children of the first Marquis of Stafford, belonging to the Duke of Sutherland, lent to Burlington House in 1876. His portraits of ladies are full of grace; but there is neither the solidity nor the rich Rembrandt light of Reynolds, nor the tenderness and sensitive handling of Gainsborough about any of them. They have a coldness and a flatness of surface which seem to show a want of grasp of shape and colour. They are, however, solidly painted, cold as they are. There is, too, a certain smiling serenity which marks the beauties of the day, treated by Romney with some remnant of the old manner; with a remnant only, for Romney pretty well exhausted it. Down to the end of the century the beauties of the age "reigned." They were in a certain sense "enshrined" in the enthusiasm of their generation. The beauty of a county was the "toast," when gentlemen filled (and emptied) their glasses. Great divinities—as, *e.g.*, the Miss Gunnings — were mobbed when they went out, and had escorts of soldiers when they walked in the park. Dukes and earls defied the proprieties of an age still rigid in questions of prerogative, to make love-matches, even run-away marriages, with the reigning beauties. The world pardoned these wild acts; the extravagances of dukes are perhaps more condonable than those of lower persons. But the enthusiasm for beauty was universal, and this admiration was shared by all ranks of the people. The lovely creatures posed, and painters painted them not uninspired by this generous sentiment. As much as this can hardly be said of us now, notwithstanding the photographs of modern beauty in albums and shop-windows. It is not the same kind of enthusiasm, though we have as much personal beauty amongst us as ever.

Besides this general sentiment, or perception, or enthusiasm, or whatever we like to call it, the dress of the last century lent itself to portraits. The powdered hair; the fantastic compositions of the head-dresses; the dainty hats, frills, furbelows, bodices, hoops, skirts, &c., set off the faces of women with an indescribable splendour. As to the velvet coats, large sleeves, and stately wigs or wig-like hair of the men, whether natural or not, there cannot be a doubt that they were becoming. Romney then and his contemporaries had certain broad lines ready drawn for them, and portraiture that would not always have counted for much, had it belonged to the nineteenth century, was at a real advantage in the eighteenth. Neither of the portrait painters we have discussed *aimed at* originality in his work, that is, such originality as seems to be aimed at now. Such a quality is, in fact, always put in action unconsciously, and it may be said that Reynolds and Gainsborough were both original, though the former studied diligently the methods and the manner of older masters. As much cannot, perhaps, be claimed for Romney as for the other two. He has, however, left a large number of pictures. Cart-loads of vast sketches of historical subjects were removed after his death from the house at Hampstead. It is not of these but of his portraits that one must say, he has left us many pictures that are treasures; faithful likenesses of the men and women, and real transcripts of the dress and manners of his day. With him we take leave of an old society about to suffer shipwreck on the Continent, and, all over Europe, to undergo a vast and most momentous change.

J. H. P.

OLD KEYS.—I.

MONG the varied implements of daily use which have lived and flourished in the world, it would seem that few can lay claim to greater antiquity than that important and trust-bearing object—the key. Few things, also, furnish so striking an example of the changes and caprices of men's tastes, from the great diversity of form exhibited in their descent through different ages and in different countries. In these utilitarian times, who would think of expending time, thought, or money on the ornamentation of such objects of use, and only use? The mind of the locksmith is directed solely against thief and burglar, and little he cares for the beauty of his workmanship, be it only proof against insidious attacks. But it has not always been so.

The history of keys abounds with interesting matter, and takes us back almost to the beginning of civilisation. The exact place and date of their first use has not yet been determined, but their origin has been variously attributed to Egypt, Phœnicia, and Greece. We find in Homer's "Odyssey" a simple appliance in the shape of a leathern thong, inserted through a hole in the door, which, with the help of a ring or hook attached to it, would fasten or unfasten from the outside a bolt within. This was probably the precursor of the key. Those who have examined Dr. Schliemann's famous collection will not have failed to notice a very ancient fragment of bronze, somewhat in the form of a key, which is supposed to have secured nothing less than the Trojan treasure itself. But when we come down to Roman times, we arrive at a period in which locks and keys were established in constant use. It was a general custom for a Roman bride, on first entering her husband's house, to be presented with the keys of the household, except that of the cellar, which, prudently or imprudently, was always left in the custody of the husband. The museums of Europe possess manifold specimens of this epoch, which all bear a strong ancient character, though differing in many varieties of pattern. They are generally made of bronze, but sometimes occur also in iron—or rather, perhaps, the former metal has lasted the longest. Unfortunately, the locks to which they belonged, having been made chiefly of iron, have not withstood decay, and so do not enable us to judge of their mechanism. But the bronze keys are not unfrequently found in a very perfect condition, and the evidence of their construction is sufficient to show that the handiwork of the Roman locksmith was not unworthy of comparison with that of our own time. Many have been discovered in London itself, some of which may be seen at the Guildhall Museum, and specimens have not been wanting among the *scavi* at Pompeii and Herculaneum.

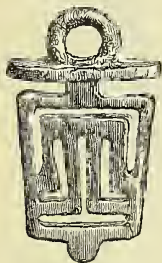


Fig. 1.—ROMAN BRONZE LATCH-KEY.

Fig. 2.—ROMAN BRONZE KEY RING.

It may not be generally known that the modern latch-key traces its ancestry directly to a Roman origin (Fig. 1), and its descent is steadily kept up through the Middle Ages, as the specimens found at Salisbury and other old English towns abundantly testify.

It must be borne in mind that the key consists of three distinct parts—the handle, or "bow;" the "pipe," or "stem;" and last, but not least, the "wards." The Roman key has most commonly a handle in the form of a ring, sometimes of a loop, and its general construction is remarkable for

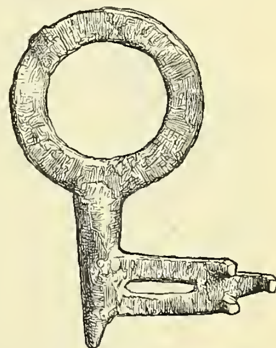


Fig. 3.—ROMAN BRONZE KEY.

plainness and solidity. Sometimes, also, the stem is so short that the key could be worn as a ring on the finger, and was, in fact, designed for that purpose (Fig. 2). Specimens also occur in which the bow is fashioned in the form of a hand, or some such artistic device, just as figures of animals were used by the Romans to ornament the handles of their knives. There is another curious type of Roman key in which the wards are made like a claw or rake, and these were probably used to perform some such simple purpose as the latch-key (Fig. 3). The comparative rudeness of their workmanship points to an early date in the progress of the art, and they make a fair starting-point for the study of the gradual development of their more scientific and ornamental successors.

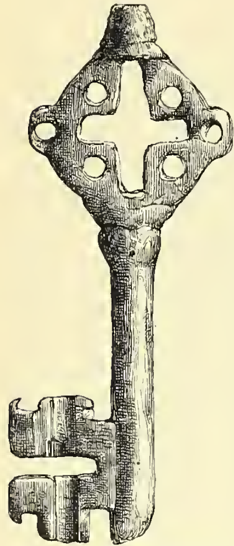


Fig. 4.—MEDIÆVAL BRONZE KEY.
(*From Mettingham Castle, Suffolk.*)

Having, then, traced the pedigree of the key to its earlier origin, we will now pass on to consider its further progress through the Middle Ages, till it arrives at its culminating point of beauty in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

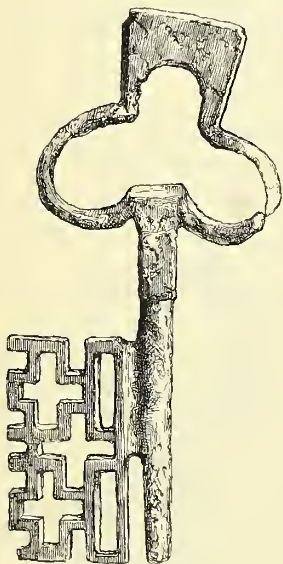


Fig. 5.—IRON KEY.
(*Fourteenth Century. From Netley Abbey.*)

The mediæval key (Figs. 4, 5, and 6) forms the connecting link between the ancient Roman and the perfectly artistic work of the Renaissance. In the remarkable Retrospective Museum, at the Palace of the Trocadéro, a most interesting collection of some forty keys of this obscure period was exhibited, in the " Salle du Moyenâge." They were one and all of bronze, for this material seems not to have been generally superseded by wrought or hammered iron in the manufacture of household utensils till the fourteenth century. They seemed invariably to arrest the attention of the visitors, and the exclamation most commonly to be heard among their French admirers was, " Voilà les clefs de Paradis !" This exactly suggests their general character. No earthly gates, one would think, could need to be opened by such poetical and fantastic passports. They have lost the solid Pagan look of their Roman prototypes, and have assumed an ecclesiastical, pious, and Christian, though still primitive, appearance. A cross, a trefoil, or some such religious device has been woven into the bow, and now complicated wards or their ornamentation recalls the graceful outlines of a portion of Gothic architecture. It is well known, indeed, that in such early times it was part of the architect's study to design even the metal-work of his buildings, and so small an object as a lock and key did not escape his all-pervading craft. Thus it happened that the art of the locksmith went hand-in-hand with that of the builder, and the date of either can often be determined with equal certainty. Such keys seem to be truly the proper belongings of friar or abbess, if not of knight or crusader. One sees them depicted in missal and tapestry, or carved, as heraldic emblems, on the tomb of bishop and cardinal. The very rust and decay of their material add greatly to their picturesque quaintness, and the charm of their unmistakable antiquity carries them at once from the

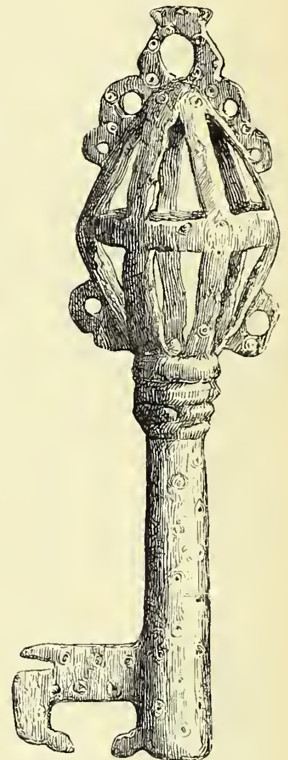
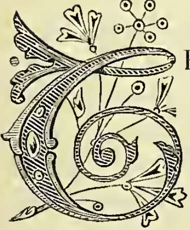


Fig. 6.—MEDIÆVAL BRONZE KEY.

sphere of the modern world to the distant shadows of a remote past. They suggest the idea of simple, pure, spiritual, and refined beauty, without any admixture of the pomp of worldly and luxurious adornment. They exhibit every variety of design, and every token of originality, bespeaking the workmanship of honest and careful hands. It is true that in the earlier centuries of the Middle Ages they do not acquire a really artistic character in point of elaborate finish, but they unfailingly illustrate the progress and development of their stern originals towards the attainment of perfect beauty. The work of the cinque-centists in this branch of art must be reserved for a further paper.

T. W. Greene.

DUALISM IN ART.—I.



THE way into the Higher Life lies through the Truth. But Art to be true must be true to something. And that something is Nature. This seems so very simple that I hesitate even to write it down. And yet it is only by perpetual recurrence to such first principles as these that we gain strength for real work. They are to the poet or the painter what his mother Earth was to Antæus. Standing upon this ground he is a giant; lift him from it but for an instant and it will not need a Hercules to slay him; the conditions will be changed; it will be no more giant against giant; the queen's dwarf will be quite strong enough to take him by the middle and drop him into the nearest silver bowl of cream. Happy will it be for him if some kind Glumdalitch be at hand, to run to his relief, and to put him to bed with no further damage than is recorded of the adventurous Gulliver.

And I have put the proposition in these words because they contain three terms, a perfect understanding of which is essential to our subject. These three terms are Nature, Art, and Truth. Let us consider them for a moment separately.

And first, as to Art. We have seen that Art is of the nature of a translation. Of all the little lying Hobgoblins which infest the Higher Life there is none more dangerous than that which is perpetually whispering to the artist that his power is creative. There is no such thing as creative power in Art. The poet and the painter can no more create a subject than they can create the colours with which they paint it, or the ink with which they write about it. The beautiful hues of Nature are the painter's, from which to select and arrange, but he cannot go beyond them. The universe is the poet's, but he cannot go outside it, any more than he can add to it a single atom. And yet the lie meets us everywhere; and in the Higher Life we cannot take a step without giving it trial of battle.

I do not wish to play upon words. If the term "creative" be limited in use to its secondary sense—the shaping, or arranging, or combining, or investing these combinations with new forms—the word may stand as well as any other to distinguish the works of an original thinker from those of a transcriber or copyist. But when we are speaking about Art, and striving to understand something of the Higher Life, it is essential that we should be clear in our use of terms. Let it be understood, then, that Art is not creative in the sense of adding anything to Nature; that it is a shadow which cannot exist without a substance, and that its substance is Nature; that it is an evolution of which the primary is Nature; that if it is self-evolved, if it seeks to be a primary itself, it ceases to be Art, and becomes only a phenomenon.

And now as to the meaning of the word Nature. It includes more than the visible fabric of creation; it includes the inner life of which the things we see are but the manifestation. It includes all that emanates from the Creator: in a word, it includes body and soul. There is this Dualism in Nature, and we must take account of it here, for it is the foundation of the Higher Life in

Art. But it is not to be confounded with what in Art is called the Real and the Ideal. It is rather the differentiation of the objective and the subjective. Both are real. The eyes that flash intelligence or love are not more real than is the intelligence or love which they express. Courage, is it not a reality? But so also is Achilles on the field of battle. Fear, will it not blanch the cheek? But the cheek which is blanched is real, too, and has its own beauty. Sorrow, will it not whiten tresses, black it may be now as the raven's wing. But a mother's hair may be white, yet not through sorrow, and its silver threads may be as soft to the touch as when her child, tired with play, first laid his face against them.

The silver whiteness is the objective—that which it expresses, whether it be age or sorrow, is the subjective beauty; but both are real, and both are Nature. And though in Nature we see sometimes these two knit together in indissoluble unity, yet they are not always so united. Of this we shall see more as we advance: it is sufficient now to make clear the comprehensive meaning of this second term of our proposition.

For out of these two terms will grow the third. Truth in Art is the perfect correlation of Art with Nature. We have seen that Art is a language. Whatever language we speak we must speak the truth in it. If Nature gives to every kind of tree a different foliage, and to every cloud a different shape, shall we belie all this, and make studies of clouds from cotton-wool? or float pink rose-leaves on a basin of water tinged with Prussian blue, and call the painting that we make of it an Italian lake? Truth in Art begins with reverence—reverence for all that is beautiful in Nature, or that bears any impress of the Divine hand; reverence also for the genius of other men, regarding it as an emanation from the Giver of all good. Art without truth is only fit to ornament a tea-tray. Art without reverence is too contemptible even for that. And reverence leads to sacrifice. For truth in Art has two sides—the one will not permit any deviation, however slight, from the message to be delivered; the other will not suffer the messenger to be honoured before the message. Sacrifice is the subordinating of everything, even though beautiful in itself, that would interfere with the chief interest of the theme. Let the subject be sunrise. Every instant a new object of loveliness becomes visible in the landscape; the trees take on their colour like garments of russet or green; the mists clear from the valley; the corn-field changes from tender grey to the deepest gold; the poppies and corn-flowers at our feet, alike in colour an instant ago, are now crimson and blue: what shall the painter do without the truth which comes of sacrifice? The colour must go from his landscape or it will be daylight, not sunrise. He must choose between the distant village and the rising mist; between the wild flowers blue and red, and the grey twilight of early morning. Then there is the sacrifice of self-assertion. It is no business of the painter to exhibit his own dexterity, any more than it is that of the poet to talk about himself. Some, indeed, of the old painters used, instead of signing their names, to paint their own portraits in miniature, with their children kneeling beside them, in the corner of their pictures; but that was an act of reverence, as we may see by the meek hands folded in prayer. But never should the artist thrust either himself or his workmanship between us and his theme. Let his subject be the Madonna. If to show his dexterity he paints every thread of her garment, it will add nothing to the glory of his work. When we look into the face of the Virgin Mother, we do not care to see how the painter can imitate silk or linen, we look for a higher beauty—the tender eyes that bent over the cradle at Bethlehem, the neck round which the Holy Child once clasped His arms.

It comes then to this, not only that there are two kinds of beauty, the objective and the subjective, but that of these two the subjective is the higher, and that its realisation should be the aim of Art. If the painter cannot paint love, he has no right to paint a woman with a baby at her breast. And the same thing is true of Art in all its forms. It is the realisation of this subjective beauty that has made great landscapists. See how Turner and Cox invariably sacrificed the lesser to the greater. The work of one was a mighty protest against the

materialism of topographical draughtsmanship —it was not Ehrenbreitstein that he saw, but the flash of sunlight that fell upon it fresh from the hand of God. The work of the other was a mighty protest against the traditional notion that fine scenery makes fine pictures—Lancaster sands were good enough for him if God passed over them in a storm. And this sacrifice of the lesser for the greater is apparent not only in their choice of subject, but in their method of painting. There is a beauty in smooth surface and fine texture and delicate handling, but if these were only to be attained at the cost of any higher beauty—that of light, or movement, for instance—these men would discard them in a moment. This is the secret of their rough handling and coarse texture. Their theme was the subjective beauty of a landscape, the blaze of sunshine flashing down on a city of palaces, or the drifting of rain-clouds across a hay-field. And what had smooth paper or varnished paint to do with these things, except to be themselves forgotten in the glory that should come upon them? But see what followed. A herd of imitators, quick to observe how Cox and Turner splashed their colours on the canvas, in their turn splashed accordingly. But out of their splashes came splashes only. That which to the masters had been the end, they lost sight of altogether, and that which to the masters had been the means had become their end.

For there is no more inherent beauty or merit in painting with great dabs of colour *à la* David Cox, than in tickling a picture to death with small touches *à la* Birket Foster. It is not because of their peculiarities, but in spite of them that men are great. The characteristic of Turner was not that he painted roughly, but that he painted light and colour. The characteristic of Cox was not that he blotted in his forms, but that the forms he blotted in represent Nature—Nature alive and awake, and with a temper. The characteristic of Birket Foster is not that he paints minutely, but that his skies are colossal in splendour, and that in the narrow space of a hand's breadth he puts more subjective beauty than we find upon the yards of canvas of other men. It is all very well for the painter to study every touch and process by which such men produce such results, just as the scholar should study the language of a great author. But to know such men by their processes is the same as to know Goethe only as a writer of German, and Dante only as an Italian.

It is the custom of painters to live much together, and to see much of each other's work. No doubt they gain by such intercourse, at least in the mastery of the material elements of their craft. But how much better it would be if painters and poets could thus be associated—if every Giotto could have his Dante, and every Dante his Giotto—that they might together work out their "Paradise," each in his own way, but each strengthened by what his friend could teach him. The dangers that beset the painter and the poet are very different in kind. The one begins with the objective beauty of some material form, into which he has to breathe a living soul. The other begins with the subjective beauty of life or passion, for the incarnation of which he must find a material form. It is the glory of the painter to be a poet; it is the glory of the poet to be a painter. But the difficulty of the painter is to tell us what he thinks; the difficulty of the poet is to show us what he sees. When Cowper wrote—

> "The bud may have a bitter taste,
> But sweet will be the flower,"

he may have had the most distinct perception of the subjective beauty of his theme—the unfolding of the purposes of God through the mysteries of creation—but of the objective process of the growth of a bud into a flower and its results he appears to have lost sight altogether. When painters club together to buy a costume or a suit of armour, and set it up in their midst, and paint it, with *something* inside it, they may have a keen appreciation of the effect of light on polished steel, or the blending and contrast of colour; but of the hearts that should beat within that armour or that costume they are content to tell us—nothing.

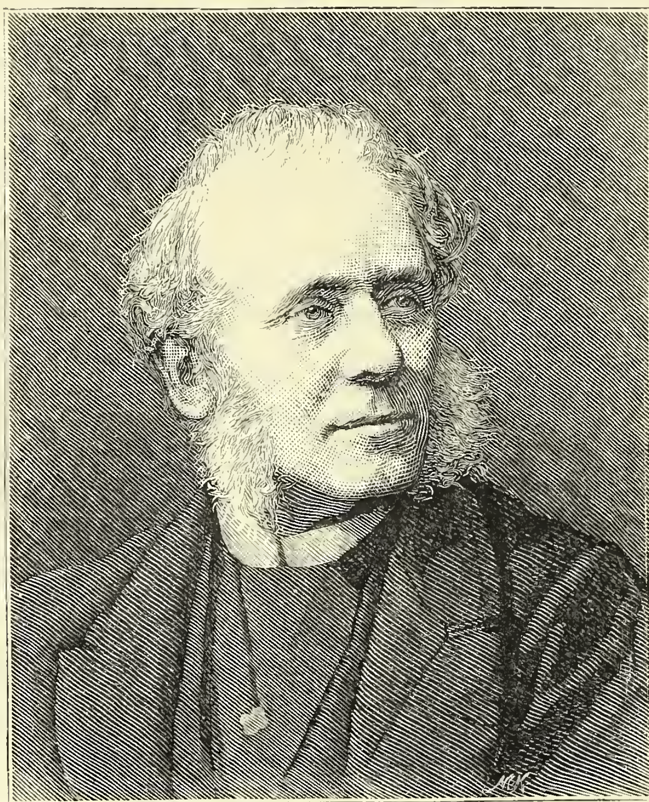
Thus we have pictures without souls, and poems without bodies; as though it were impossible in Art for the material and the spiritual to exist together. In Art, however, it is possible to "serve two masters." And Dualism in Art is, as we shall see, the serving of them both faithfully.

WYKE BAYLISS.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, R.A.

TO tell the tale shortly of a long life-journey, early stages cannot be dwelt on when, as in this case, midway and onward the road is crowded with points of interest, constituting the landmarks of the professional career. Hence, having said that Mr. Frith was born at Studley Royal in 1819, that he received his earliest art education at the establishment (immortalised by Thackeray) of Mr. Sass, of Bloomsbury, entered as a student at the Royal Academy in 1837, and exhibited his first picture there in 1840 ("Malvolio before Olivia")—hung, by the way, at the very top of the architectural room—we must push on to the first notable milestone. This was reached in 1845 by the young painter in a succession of ever-increasing strides, through the domains of Shakespeare, Sterne, Scott, the "Spectator," Molière, and Goldsmith; his illustration of "The Village Pastor," from the latter's "Deserted Village," securing him his associateship in the November of that year. Halting,



Faithfully yours
W. P. Frith.

(*From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*)

and looking back for a moment hereabouts, an incident occurring in 1842 deserves record, as indicating the progress of the times. Charles Dickens commissioned the artist to paint him pictures of "Dolly Varden" and "Kate Nickleby," at the price of £20 apiece; and when, after the great author's death, his relics were scattered by Christie's hammer, "Dolly Varden" was sold for over £1,000. This "Dolly," however, is not the "Dolly Varden" of the Forster collection, now at South Kensington; that was bought by Mr. Frank Stone, R.A., of his rising young brother of the brush for £15, and presented to the eminent biographer, who treasured it highly.

GROUP IN THE "SALON D'OR."

(From the Painting by W. P. Frith, R.A. By kind permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.)

An augury of the Academic honours awaiting him was received by Mr. Frith in the May of 1845, whilst "The Village Pastor" was exhibiting, by the picture gaining for him the Liverpool £50 prize, a prize unfortunately since discontinued. The following year he still further justified his election by "An English Merry-making a Hundred Years Ago." This and its companion, "Coming of Age in the Olden Time" (exhibited in 1849), show, from the wide popularity they have received through the engravings, how firmly established our painter's reputation was at this period. Mention, too, must not be omitted of the intermediate picture in 1848, for it is seldom that such an admirably dramatic subject from the byways of history offers itself to a painter of Mr. Frith's peculiar powers. Its exact title escapes us, but the scene represents a country court of justice in the time of James I. An old woman is accused of witchcraft by the mother of the girl said to be bewitched, who cowers before the gaze that is turned upon her, whilst in the background stands the young swain, the real agent in the bewitchment. Full of character, and

with all details and accessories wrought out with the utmost care and perfection, it can be easily understood that this was a very remarkable work. "A Scene from 'Don Quixote,'" and another from "The Good-natured Man," now in the Sheepshanks collection, bear the date of 1850; "Hogarth Arrested as a Spy at Calais," that of 1851; and "Pope Making Love to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," and "Bed Time," that of 1852.

Again looking back at the amount and quality of the work turned off from Mr. Frith's easel since 1845, it is not wonderful to find the full honours of the Academy bestowed upon him in 1853, notwithstanding the absence of his name from the catalogue of that season. That he was not then an exhibitor is due to the fact that he was solely engaged upon the picture which was to carry his name and fame to the farthest corners of the civilised world. "Ramsgate Sands" burst upon the public in 1854, and immediately found a purchaser in the Queen; it did not, however, pass into Royal hands direct from the Academy walls. Through some unaccountable blindness on the part of several gentlemen anxious about this time to possess a work by Mr. Frith, and to whom he gave the refusal of this one, they did refuse it, and he sold it finally to Mr. James Lloyd, the dealer from whom Her Majesty obtained it; yes, and obtained it for the price paid to Mr. Frith, with the understanding that it should not be delivered for three years, in order that it might be engraved, Mr. Lloyd making his profit out of the copyright. This he sold to the Council of the Art Union of London, who placed the picture in the hands of Mr. Sharpe, the engraver, whose splendid reproduction of it must be well known to all.

Naturally, after this effort, the painter's contributions for a year or two were comparatively unimportant. Resting upon what he had done, and girding himself up for another great stride, he was hardly prominent again until 1858. But here he reached a milestone on his journey not readily to be forgotten. To mention "The Derby Day" is to mention at once, perhaps, one of the most universally popular pictures ever painted; so universally known is it, that any additional comment here, where space is limited, would be superfluous.

A pause once more was to be expected after this triumph, but a portrait of Charles Dickens in his study, taken whilst he was writing the "Tale of Two Cities"—now in the Forster Gallery, South Kensington—was the small but highly interesting contribution of 1859, whilst "Claude Duval" (an engraving from which is given) the following year showed that our artist did not mean to abandon his old love for a period of costume more picturesque than our own. The reputation, however, which the "Derby Day" had won for him was too potent, and he was immediately called upon to give us another microcosm of contemporaneous life, which he did in the "Railway Station," exhibited by itself in the Haymarket in 1863, and afterwards engraved. Renown bringing with it, like riches and nobility, its own obligations, Mr. Frith was after this commanded by Her Majesty to paint the "Marriage of the Prince of Wales," and on this large and important work he was occupied till 1865.

Feeling galled, perhaps, by the trammels which modern garments and accessories had imposed on him in these last two works, he was impelled to throw them off, and plunging into a more picturesque period, immediately set about the painting which perhaps more than any other embodied all his characteristics in the most favourable light. "Charles the Second's Last Sunday," exhibited in 1867, may be said to show Mr. Frith at his very best. Passing on now to other works of a like calibre, we can only glance at such intermediate canvases as appear to demand especial attention. One of these was "Dinner at Boswell's Lodgings," containing portraits of Johnson, Garrick, Reynolds, Goldsmith, &c., exhibited in 1868, and which, when it came to the hammer at the sale of the Mendel collection, was knocked down for the extraordinary price of £4,567, one of the largest sums ever paid for a work by a living artist, and being an advance upon what the painter originally received for it of £3,067. In 1871 there was a return to modern-life, in the "Salon d'Or" at Homburg, a group from which forms the subject of the engraving on page 81. A summer

CLAUDE DUVAL.

(From the Painting by W. P. Frith, R.A. By kind permission of the Art Union of London.)

sojourn at Boulogne resulted, in addition to some small local subjects, in another important graphic presentment of national life and manners. "Blessing Little Children, a Procession in honour of Our Lady of Boulogne," which takes place annually at the French sea-port, offered in 1874 a theme in which the artist found himself thoroughly at home, and in which he fully maintained his pre-eminence. Again, amongst smaller canvases exhibited between this period and 1878, two are especially deserving of mention, inasmuch as they display Mr. Frith evidently revelling with matured powers in a return to the class of subject in which he won his earliest honours. They were respectively a scene from "The Vicar of Wakefield," and one from Molière's "L'Amour Médecin," his contributions in 1876.

Whatever merits may exist in the various modern schools of art which are daily putting forth claims upon public attention, and however greatly they may differ from that in which Mr. Frith was educated and has worked, it will be many a long year, we take it, ere it will be necessary at a public exhibition to protect from admiring and interested crowds by a railing any specimen of the new æsthetic principles. Yet we know that this has been necessary with almost every one of our painter's important pictures, from the "Derby Day" down to the "Road to Ruin" of last year. It has been maintained, and with some truth, that it is the finest music which is always the most popular. Upon what showing is this argument not to be applied to the sister art? Especially when we remember that, however critics may differ as to the class of subjects and phases of life sometimes selected by Mr. Frith, there can be no question that in themes where these objections do not obtain, his merits as a painter are beyond dispute. In conscientious and elaborate completeness in the smallest details, in a masterly command of dramatic arrangement, and an almost unequalled knowledge of light and shade, and of the way of bringing a picture with countless figures and incidents together in one harmonious, comprehensive, and complete whole, he is perhaps unsurpassed; whilst the quality and method of his painting, from the point of view of his school, are as near perfection as can be. Full recognition, we are happy to know, of these facts is not confined to his own country and to the crowds that have, season after season, made it a difficulty even to get up to the rail in front of his notable pictures. Wherever these have been exhibited —in Paris, in Vienna, in Brussels, in Philadelphia—they have procured for him but one result, and were it the fashion for Englishmen to display their decorations, his broad chest would be all too narrow to afford space for the crosses, medals, and ribbons which have been bestowed upon him in recognition of the peaceful victories he has won; to say nothing of his having been created a member of four or five foreign Academies.

With such results before us we will conclude this sketch with an anecdote which Mr. Frith tells of himself, with all the quiet, sarcastic, but good-natured humour which distinguishes him; begging leave at the same time to demur entirely from his own final comment. Here it is:—

"When my father brought me to London, a boy of sixteen, he brought also a folio of chalk and pencil drawings, copies of engravings, and showed them to Chalon, R.A., who thereupon advised that I should be an artist (if his opinion had been adverse I was to be an auctioneer); and I was accordingly made one. Many years afterwards, when I was myself R.A., I tried to recall this incident to Chalon, but he had totally forgotten it. I then showed him the drawings, and he exclaimed, 'You don't mean to say that I advised you should be made an artist after seeing those things only!' 'You most certainly did,' said I. 'Then I was very wrong,' said he, 'for they contain nothing that would warrant my doing so;' and he was right."

We say we demur to this, for those drawings of a certainty must have contained visible germs of the latent power which, through steady perseverance, determination, and untiring energy, has led to a success, the popularity of which is remarkable even in the history of British art.

W. W. FENN.

BUST OF AN ITALIAN PEASANT.

(*In Terra-cotta. By Belliazzi.*)

AN ITALIAN PEASANT.

THE passion for extreme realism which the modern Italians have carried so far, and which is accompanied in their works by so much extraordinary cleverness, finds peculiarly ready and fitting expression through the medium of terra-cotta; this material is almost seductive in the facility with which it lends itself to the imitation of flesh; and the executive skill acquired in its manipulation needs rather to be kept within limits than increased. The bust which we engrave is by Signor Belliazzi, one of the leaders of the school of literal and naturalistic sculptors. It represents a type familiar to all who know the Italian peasantry; the ruggedness and irregularity of this individual face have been insisted on with an almost fanatical love of truth. Among the most striking features of the late International Exhibition at Paris were the remarkable works of that Italian School to which this bust belongs.

WOOD ENGRAVING.—II.

LITTLE reflection, or, what is better, a little observation, will show us that nature, as a rule, exhibits objects light on a dark ground. Abundant exceptions will be found, but they are exceptions. The cause of this is sufficiently obvious. Those objects which project most, naturally receive most light, while those which lie deep, will as a rule be in shadow.

I must note here the case of objects seen against the sky, as a very important exception, but nevertheless one which only in rare instances qualifies the general advantage above named. If we look round us at any ordinary scene, we find the foremost trees in a glade standing light against the deeper ones, the most projecting branches of a tree standing light against the inner ones, the most prominent leaves being the brightest of all. In grass, the bright projecting tips of the blades, in architecture, the tracery of shafts of windows seen against the gloom of the interior, present examples of the same general law of light on dark. In painting it is equally easy to paint light on dark, or dark on light; but in engraving, where we must choose one or the other, but cannot have both, it will be evident that that process will oftenest have the advantage in which lights are taken out with the greatest ease, *in which the objects are drawn with light instead of being drawn with darkness.*

I hope it has been rendered clear, that the process of wood engraving, from the first touch to the last, is absolutely opposed to etching, or drawing on paper with pen or pencil, and that it will not be necessary to go back to first principles to convince the reader that any school of wood engraving *must* be wrong which does not recognise this fundamental difference, and which accepts as its legitimate field of labour the fac-simile imitation of drawings produced by the other and antagonistic method.

In the ensuing chapter we shall have an opportunity of inquiring to what extent in the past history of the art this all-important principle has been recognised, and it will, I think, be found to have been fully and consistently recognised by one man, and that man was THOMAS BEWICK; which brings us back to the opening statement of this chapter, that the history of wood engraving is a singular one.

Since writing the above, I have read with much pleasure and interest Mr. P. G. Hamerton's comparison between etching and other arts in his "Etching and Etchers," and find that his views correspond precisely with my own. They are forcibly expressed in the following passage:—"So the wood engravers have all along been laboriously cutting out bits of white to make us feel as if they

had engraved the black lines, and every hasty scrawl of the draughtsman has had to be cut round by them. Hence wood engraving has not been a genuine art except in a few instances, nor have its natural powers been duly cultivated. It has occupied the position of some man of great natural ability, who has had the misfortune to be bred to a profession for which his faculties were always unsuited, who, by dint of long study and patience, has taught himself to do what was required of him, but who has left his true self uncultivated and unexpressed." From some expressions previously used, it may be thought that I rate wood engraving above etching. To prevent misapprehension, I must remind my readers that I have barely space to exhibit the capacities of the wood-block. Those of copper are well known, and by none more appreciated than by myself. Let those who wish to see them eloquently enlarged on read Mr. Hamerton's work.

There is a disagreeable sameness about the opening sentences of all histories of art. Who could not foresee that the first words of this historical sketch would be "The origin of wood engraving is enveloped in hopeless obscurity," or "lost in the mists of antiquity," or words to this effect? Let not the reader, however, despair; there are gifted writers who can penetrate these mists. Mr. Joseph Strutt, for instance, published in 1785 "A Biographical Dictionary containing an account of all the engravers from the *earliest period* of the art of engraving to the present time," and, being a conscientious writer who felt bound to fulfil in his book the promise of his title, he begins thus:—"There is no art, that of music excepted, which can positively claim a priority to that of wood engraving, and though its inventor cannot be discovered, there is little doubt of its existence long before the flood. . . . . The immediate descendants of Tubal Cain may lay a claim to the invention of the art of engraving, which appears to me to be well founded and certainly prior to any exhibited in profane history, unless the Grecian Vulcan really was, as some have thought, no other than Tubal Cain, distinguished by another name. To what length the exercise of this art was carried by our antediluvian progenitors is totally unknown." This is unfortunate, but so scrupulous a writer is Mr. Strutt, that he proceeds to "pass over the old Greek and Roman writers concerning the history of these early periods," *i.e.*, when Vulcan was following the profession of engraver, on the ground that "the facts as related by them are not only exceedingly doubtful in themselves, but convey no certain intelligence." Fortunately we have a less fastidious author to whom in this difficulty we may turn. A work entitled "Traité historique et pratique de la Gravure en Bois, par M. J. M. Papillon, graveur en bois, et ancien associé de la Société académique des Arts," opens as follows:—"Chapter I.—On the Origin of Wood Engraving.—Although it seems impossible to say anything very positive concerning the origin of wood engraving, yet we may rest assured that it was the first art which appeared in the world" [he does not except music]; "for if it is true that the children of Seth engraved on stone and on brick, it may be inferred that before this they had engraved upon wood, since this material is softer than the others, and consequently more likely to have facilitated the invention of engraving."

Since, then, lithography, &c., were practised by the children of Seth, and wood engraving must have preceded these more difficult arts, it becomes logically certain that Seth himself must have been a wood engraver. M. Papillon is doubtful whether Moses and Mercury are identical or two distinct persons, but arguing first on one hypothesis, and then on the other, leads the reader in each case to the same satisfactory conclusion. "These passages of history establish the high and remote antiquity of wood engraving and its use from the earliest ages of the world."

The art, however, would appear to have fallen into disuse for about forty-five centuries, as we meet with no authentic evidence of its existence between the period of these well-founded claims, and the year 1423, the earliest date on any known wood-cut. But here again, if we are to trust M. Papillon, we must believe that engravings on wood were executed more

than a century earlier. This writer gives an account, very singular, but very circumstantial, of some wood-cuts he had seen, and which were completed in 1284 or 1285. Unfortunately, the cuts are not forthcoming. M. Papillon is the only authority for their existence, and the story is accepted by some writers, and discredited by others. Here it is put as briefly as possible.

Papillon states that when young he saw, at the house of a Swiss captain in the village of Bagneux, a book consisting of a title-page and eight subjects, with explanatory verses at the foot of each, in Latin, all printed from wood-blocks. The title-page, "in bad Latin or ancient Gothic Italian," runs as follows:—"The chivalrous deeds, in figures, of the great and magnanimous Macedonian king, the courageous and valiant Alexander, dedicated, presented, and humbly offered to the most holy father, Pope Honorius IV., the glory and stay of the Church, and to our illustrious and generous father and mother, by us Alexander Alberic Cunio, knight, and Isabella Cunio, twin brother and sister; first reduced, imagined, and attempted to be executed in relief with a little knife, on blocks of wood, joined and smoothed, by this learned and beloved sister, continued and finished together at Ravenna, after eight pictures of our designing, painted six times the size here represented; cut, explained in verse, and thus marked on paper to multiply the number, and to enable us to present them as a token of friendship and affection to our relations and friends. This was done and finished, the age of each being only sixteen years complete." The subjects are—(1) Alexander on Bucephalus; (2) Passage of the Granicus; (3) Alexander cutting the Gordian knot; (4) Alexander in the tent of Darius; (5) Alexander presenting his mistress, Campaspe, to Apelles, who was painting her; (6) The battle of Arbela; (7) Porus vanquished is brought before Alexander; (8) Alexander's triumphal entry into Babylon.

To each subject Papillon gives some critical remarks of his own, as to the relative excellence of the designs, and he mentions that in some of the white parts the block had not been cut away deep enough, so that it had received some of the ink and left marks on the paper, in consequence of which one of the youthful engravers had written a note in the margin, that the wood must be cut deeper in these parts. Then follows a long history of the Cunio twins, highly romantic and improbable, contained in a manuscript professing to be written by one Turine, not many generations after the events, and to whose grandfather the copy in question had been given by a Count Cunio.

The history relates, among other things, how the gallant young Alberic at the age of fourteen had led a body of twenty-five horse, with which he had routed a body of two hundred, and was knighted for the exploit, and how the twins and Isabella's lover all died young, as was the duty of such prodigies; but I refrain from giving even a summary of the story, because the authenticity of the book seems to be entirely unaffected by that of the romance attached to it.

Those readers who wish to learn more particulars will find the original story in French in the above-named "Traité historique," &c., by Papillon, or literally translated into English at full length in Ottley's voluminous "Inquiry into the Origin and Early History of Engraving on Copper and Wood" (London, 1816, two vols., 4to); or, in Italian, in Pietro Zani's "Materiali per servire alla storia dell' origine, e de' progressi dell' incisione in rame e in legno" (Parma, 1802, 8vo).

This story, as I have said, is variously regarded by different writers. Zani, for instance, accepts it, candidly admitting that as Italy gains credit by it, he may not be an impartial inquirer, and he cannot conceal his satisfaction, when with his mind's ear he hears the howl of outraged German critics at the audacity of an Italian in daring to doubt that Germans were the first wood engravers. The reader will appreciate Zani's candour, and will probably agree with him that Papillon could not have "dreamt" the ancient book of wood-cuts "non potendosi credere che quel Professore siasi sognata una tal cosa," but may perhaps demur to his somewhat startling conclusion, that to doubt Papillon's story is to "deny the existence of light on a fine sunshiny day."

Zani, however, took some trouble to sift the matter, and found in the indicated neighbourhood historical evidence of a noble family of the name of Cunio that was in existence in the thirteenth century, and that Alberic was a name which occurred more than once in its annals.

Mr. Strutt rejects the tale, but states as his reason that "Papillon gives the story upon the sole évidence of the Swiss officer, *and had never seen any part of the engravings.*" He must have read the passage very carelessly; it runs thus:—"One afternoon he found me occupied in reading a book, which induced him to show me several very ancient ones which had been lent to him by a Swiss officer, a friend of his, to examine at leisure, and we discussed together the illustrations they contained and the antiquity of wood engraving. The following is the description of these ancient books, just as I wrote it before him." He may have been deceived by a later paragraph—"The death of M. de Greder, which occurred many years ago, prevents my ascertaining now where this book might be seen, so as to render its authenticity evident to the public, and to confirm what I have just written."

Baron Heineken is quite incredulous, but having examined Papillon personally, declares himself convinced of his veracity, and that the book must have been a forgery, or of later date than supposed. It must be remembered that Heineken was a German.

Ottley accepts the story, and attaches much importance to the local confirmatory facts brought to light by Zani.

The most formidable opponent of the account is Mr. Chatto,* who treats it with ridicule, but on examination his grounds for doing so do not amount to much. He makes the mistake of confounding the book and the history, as if the fabulous nature of the one affected the genuineness of the other—in my opinion, a perfectly baseless assumption; and he considers the use of the words "pinxit" and "scalpsit" as almost a proof that the book was a forgery, because the custom of so distinguishing the painter and engraver of a design did not obtain earlier than 1590.(?) But it must be remembered that the twins have wished to show in each print what share they had had in the production, the brother having painted and then engraved some himself, while the sister engraved others from the brother's painting, and as they described all their work in Latin, there seems nothing strange in their having used the most natural words to express their meaning, even though they may not have been habitually so used till a later date.† If the work was a forgery, with what object was so much ingenuity expended, as it was never brought before the public, and merely by chance fell into the hands of a boy?

The date 1284 or 1285 is shown by the dedication to Pope Honorius IV., who reigned those two years only. Of course every fifth-form boy knows that there was no later Pope of the name, but if the reader, like the writer, has long past that brief period of omniscience, he can, by referring to a list of Popes, satisfy himself that the difficulty is not to be explained away by assuming that IV. should be V., and that the book is of later date. On the whole, the evidence, limited though it be, seems sufficient to justify further search on the part of those who may have leisure for such inquiries. Readers are referred to the above-quoted authorities for further details, and I must proceed to better established facts, my reason for giving so much space to this story being that upon it depends the answer to these two questions: 1, Was wood engraving invented in Italy or in Germany? 2, Was it invented late in the thirteenth or early in the fifteenth century?

HENRY HOLIDAY.

* In his "History of Wood Engraving," illustrated by Mr. Jackson: quite the best English work on the subject.

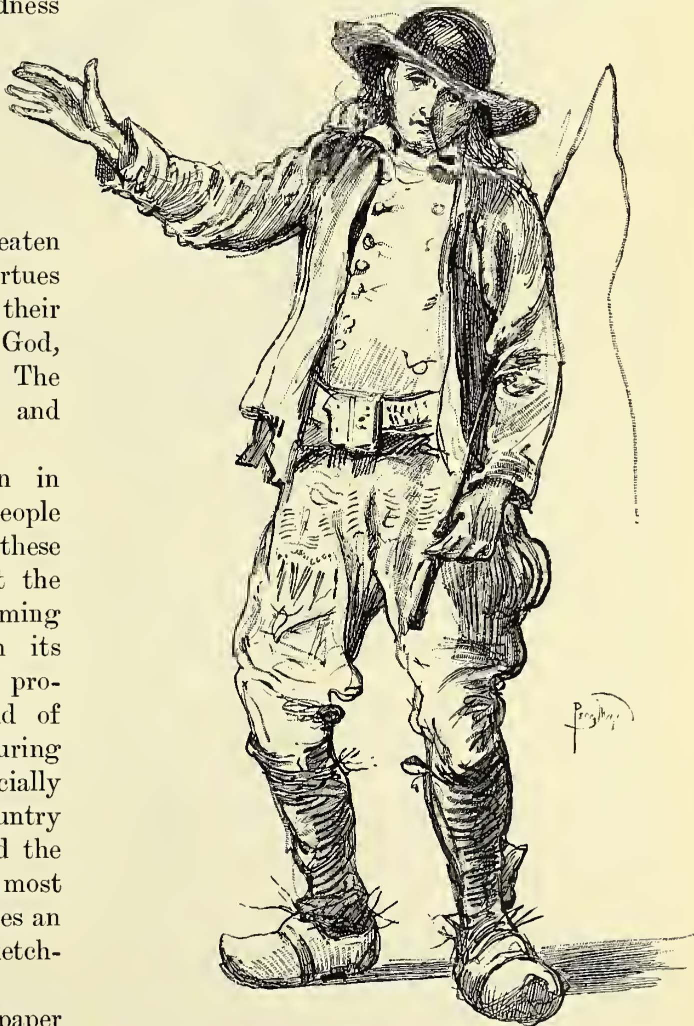
† Is not *sculpsit* the form usually found under engravings, and would not the use of *scalpere* (which seems to be the common form in Roman Latin) be evidence rather in favour of the book than otherwise?

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF SOUTH BRITTANY.

THE province of Brittany is remarkable for its scenery, its buildings, and its costumes—all of a quaintness special to themselves—and I can promise to any one on sketching thoughts intent, an abundant harvest of work. One thing is to be noted, however, that spite of the brilliant sun of Brittany, there is much sadness of colour over people, buildings, and iron-bound coast; there is not the sparkle of Italy, or the rich colouring of Spain. The inhabitants of the province are as remarkable as their country—as wild and sombre as their stone-covered heaths and storm-beaten shores. Bretons are said to have five virtues and three vices. The virtues are love of their country, resignation under the will of God, loyalty, perseverance, and hospitality. The vices — avarice, contempt of women, and drunkenness.

There is enough costume still worn in Brittany to show how picturesque the people must have been some years ago, when these quaint dresses were common throughout the country, but, alas! costume is fast becoming modernised, and only to be found in its ancient integrity in certain parts of the province. The south is still the stronghold of costume; in Quimper and the neighbouring towns it is to be seen in perfection—specially on a fête or market day, when the country people throng in from far and near—and the great Place beside the noble cathedral is a most interesting and lively scene. At such times an artist may, if he please, soon fill his sketch-book with picturesque subjects.

The illustrations which accompany this paper represent some of the costumes of this part of South Brittany, as they now exist. They are from sketches by Mr. Percy Macquoid; the originals sat and stood to him for their portraits. Perhaps one of the most extraordinary gatherings of Breton costume and character is to be seen at the Fair of St. Nicodème (Morbihan), a pardon or pilgrimage, which is held once a year amid the noble chestnut trees that surround the beautiful church. The groups of men, women, and children are unending in their variety. Most interesting specimens of the farmer abound; he stalks about in his wide-brimmed black hat, long hair, *bragous bras*, embroidered jacket and waistcoat, his broad



A FARMER (FINISTÈRE).

buff leather belt with quaint metal clasps; gaiters, and sabots stuffed with straw; or he

A PEASANT (RIEC).

may be seen engaged in selling his beasts, or in seriously enjoying his cider in the open air, under the trees or in booths, the men and women sitting drinking on opposite sides of long tables, reminding one of interiors by Dutch masters.

At this pardon of St. Nicodème a peculiar incident called "the descent of the angel" takes place towards the end of the day. The little figure of an angel descends on a rope from the church tower and sets light to some fireworks, amid the most intense excitement of the crowd.

The patron saints of the churches in Lower Brittany—in the popular belief—still work miracles for the faithful, and have the power to procure pardon for sinners. Some saints are famed for their protection of men, others of women, others of children—others again of cattle. Great pardons generally last three days. At these pilgrimages pardons are obtained by the pilgrims for past offences. Dancing is an indispensable part of the proceedings, and is conducted after a wild and excited fashion, often leading to bad results. Wrestling for prizes, and horse-racing, are also frequent.

The most notable of the pardons are held at St. Anne la Palue, Locronan, Sainte Anne d'Auray, and Rumengol. There are three pilgrimages or pardons of Rumengol in the year: at the Annunciation, the Assumption, and the Nativity of the Virgin.

The Pardon of St. Anne la Palue is very remarkable, on account of the local scenery where it takes place. It is held on the downs overlooking the sea, round the lonely chapel dedicated to St. Anne. At the epoch of this pardon, Chateaulin and Douarnenez, the two nearest towns, are crowded with pilgrims; numbers sleep in tents on the downs, and in the open air. The dress of the matrons who carry the image of St. Anne round the chapel is magnificent—scarlet, fringed with gold. Thousands of gay costumes spreading over the green downs, and with the broad expanse of sea beyond, make this festival on a fine sunshiny day a sight never to be forgotten. A great variety of costumes is still to be seen at any of these fêtes. Travellers in Brittany should make a point of being present at a

A BEGGAR.

pardon; almost every town or large village has its fête or fair, and this has always a religious beginning.

The farmer represented in the illustration (page 89) is typical of Finistère, especially of the men of Pont-Aven and its neighbourhood. A great gathering of farmers is to be found at Quimperlé on market-day; both men and women may be seen chaffering over pigs and fowls, or trying to depreciate the value of a cow, while its possessor, probably a wrinkled, sunburnt (and if truth must be told), very dirty old woman, enlarges on the animal's good qualities with much noise and gesticulation. The scenes that take place among the pigs are amusing and characteristic; men and women haul them in and out of the carts, and pull them about the market-place by their tails in a ruthless fashion.

Quimperlé is soon reached from Quimper by the rail, and is a delightful little town placed in a valley at the junction of two rivers. The river scenery is charming, and the trout-fishing excellent; so that occupation for rod and pencil, or brush, may be pleasantly blended. Just outside the town a view of an old bridge, with women washing on the river-bank, is very good. The environs of the town are singularly pretty; indeed, its position has obtained for it the name of the Arcadia of Lower Brittany. A few miles above Quimperlé is a most picturesque valley among the rocks, called La Roche du Diable; the river here seems to end in a sort of lake. On the south side of the town is the forest of Carnöet, one of the largest forests in Finistère. Here is held a very curious pardon—"The Pardon of Toulfoen," or "The Pardon of the Birds." Every year in the month of June thousands of peasants flock to the Church of Lothéa, in the heart of the forest, bringing all kinds of birds in cages. The only drawback to Quimperlé is that the accommodation at the inns is poor.

A BONNE (PONT-AVEN).

Within an easy drive of Quimperlé is another little town, much frequented by artists, Pont-Aven, "La Ville des Meuniers," as it is called, from the number of mills on the river.

Several of the personages represented in the illustrations are dwellers in Pont-Aven. The young girl with the bundle of sticks (page 92) is Marie, a *bonne* at the Hôtel des Voyageurs; she is a very good-looking specimen of a Bretonne. As a rule, female beauty is not abundant in Brittany. The Bannalec women have a reputation for good looks; indeed, I saw some handsome girls from this town in the market-place at Quimper. Marie seems to show a little of her hair, contrary to the usual custom which compels the women to conceal their hair under their caps. They have often a great quantity of fine hair, which they sometimes part with for a trifle. The men, as has been already said, wear their hair very long—quite falling on their shoulders. The girl with her hands clasped round her knee is another *bonne* of a less sentimental type than Marie. The deep plaited collars that both these girls wear are charming in effect, and when raised by the wind assume the character of an Elizabethan ruff. These collars are laboriously "goffered" by the help of straws. The Pont-Aven cap is also very pretty. I shall not forget my delight when I first saw the Pont-Aven costume at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel de l'Epée at Quimper. The five waitresses wore it; most of them were "fair and colourless, and the style of face went admirably with their quaintly cut black dresses and snowy-winged caps, and their large, white, plaited collars, sleeves,

and bibbed aprons; some of them wore gilt crosses and large ear-rings." The women of Pont-Aven are reported to be the best dancers in Brittany.

About four miles from Pont-Aven, at Tregunc, is a famous rocking stone. There are several of these stones in Brittany; this is the second in size. It is ten feet long, and about seven feet in height and breadth. It lies on another stone sunk in the ground, and can only be moved by pressing at one particular point.

MARIE: A BONNE.

The peasant at work in the field (page 90) is from Riec, near Pont-Aven. As a rule, the women in Brittany do field-work far more than the men; indeed, in all departments of life the female peasants are the hard workers. The beggars are a very special feature of the country. The mendicant in the illustration (page 90) is a well-dressed specimen of his class, for these folk are generally "things of rags and patches," their clothes, like

Joseph's coat, of many colours. Brown as mahogany, their faces are wonderfully picturesque and ugly, wrinkled like the hide of a rhinoceros, and, as they appropriate more than their share of dirt, one instinctively gives them a wide berth. Their wallets are generally very capacious, calculated to hold all sorts of forage, and they always carry a rugged stick. They have a peculiar, whining way of asking alms, and indulge in long prayers for and blessings on behalf of those from whom they beg; but if no attention is paid to their solicitation, they will shake their fists, and rain down a shower of curses on the head of the uncharitable traveller. These beggars are often excellent story-tellers, and by them the legends and ballads of Brittany are handed down from one generation to another. Whenever they come, to rich and poor alike, they are made welcome; the best place beside the fire—in manor, farm, or cottage — is given to the beggar, who eats, drinks, and sleeps, and goes away next morning with a well-filled wallet. In return he or she has retailed all the gossip picked up since the last visit, and also has told some thrilling love story for the benefit of the "pennherez," as a rich farmer's daughter is called, and her stout serving-maid. If the beggar is able to sing the tale, so much the better, for the Breton has a great passion for legendary songs.

The influence of ballad poetry upon the mind of this people was shown at a time when Brittany was seriously visited by cholera some years since. "The authorities printed and circulated thousands of placards throughout the towns and villages, advising the inhabitants how to act: in vain; the instructions were treated as waste paper, and the disease was spreading fast, when a bookseller, who knew the power of ballads on the people, happily hit on the expedient of turning the advice of the medical men, as set forth in their grave placards, into jingling rhymes, which were speedily circulated through Brittany, and with such good effect, that the cholera, to use their own words, was 'chansonné hors de la Bretagne.'"

The tailor, or Bazvalan, is another feature of Brittany. He goes from house to house, helping to make the cloth jackets, waistcoats, and the baggy breeches worn by the peasants. In some districts, especially near Scaër and the wild country of that region, he is still the go-between, or "marriage-maker." On the wedding morning a series of rhyming couplets is interchanged between the Bazvalan and the Brautaer, or friend, of the bride. The Bazvalan is decidedly of the "Artful Dodger" species. But the marriage customs among the Breton peasantry are as peculiar and characteristic as the other ways of this original and unsophisticated people.

A BAZVALAN, OR TAILOR.

It will not be out of place to say, in an article on Brittany, which the writer hopes may induce many of his readers to visit the province, that the real way to enjoy the country is to avoid the railway and the public conveyances as much as possible, for a great deal that is interesting and "out of the way" is lost by the rapid transit and impossibility of divergence of the first, while the dawdling and discomfort of the second is very trying to the temper. "Go leisurely," a well-known writer says, "over hills and between ditches, instead of through tunnels and between banks." To use one's legs, knapsack on back, is good; and when legs are weak, and time is wanting, a vehicle, hired at so much a day (ten or twelve francs a day will do it, the driver keeping himself and his horse), will be a delightful and reasonable way of seeing the highways and byways of Brittany.

Two cautions, and I have done. Make sure your driver is intelligent, and that he understands French as well as Breton; and before starting each morning look well to the carriage springs.

THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

AMERICAN ARTISTS AND AMERICAN ART.—III.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, R.A.

THE father of John Singleton Copley, though of English extraction, resided for a long time in Ireland, where he married a daughter of the soil—Mary Singleton by name; and shortly afterwards he emigrated to Boston, where the painter was born in 1737. The boy, in common with Benjamin West, had little or no art education. His only teacher was his own observation, his only class-room the fields and lanes around his parents' house. While still young he lost his father; and the fact that his mother's second husband was an engraver may have done something to strengthen and to train his artistic instincts, and to prepare the way for their ultimate gratification. At any rate, we find that he was trying his hand at his step-father's craft at the age of fifteen. He was seventeen when he fairly embarked in his profession, and about this time he painted a portrait of himself, which is still preserved as one of his earliest efforts. In 1760 he began to send pictures—mostly domestic in subject—to London; and seven years later he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Artists in Great Britain. At this time he was principally engaged in portrait painting; and the fame of his proficiency in this noble branch of his art was soon noised abroad. The heads of many of the leading families of New England, and the wealthiest residents of Boston—the Greens, the Hubbards, the Broomfields, the Inches, the Pepperells, the Sargents, and the Murrays—sat to him. In many an ancestral dwelling in Massachusetts his canvases may be found encrusted with the dust of a century; and it has been said that the possession of them is an American's best title of nobility.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

Of the domestic history of Copley there is little to record. In 1769 he married Miss Clarke, the daughter of a Boston merchant; and in their comfortable Boston home was presently born the future Lord Lyndhurst—one of England's foremost Chancellors, and among the ablest of her lawyers. We do not remember any other instance of a great artist giving to the world a great son. It is true that another celebrated American artist, G. R. Leslie, R.A., was the father of the painter of that name who holds an honourable place in the world of art to-day; that Wilkie Collins, the novelist, is the son of Collins, the artist; that a son of Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., worked neatly and prettily with his brush; and that the son of a living Academician, Mr. Horsley, has given promise in his "Turkish Man of War" of a brilliant career. But the case of the Copleys is the only one we can recall to mind in which the first order of excellence in any career has been attained by the son of one whose position was pre-eminent in the world of art.

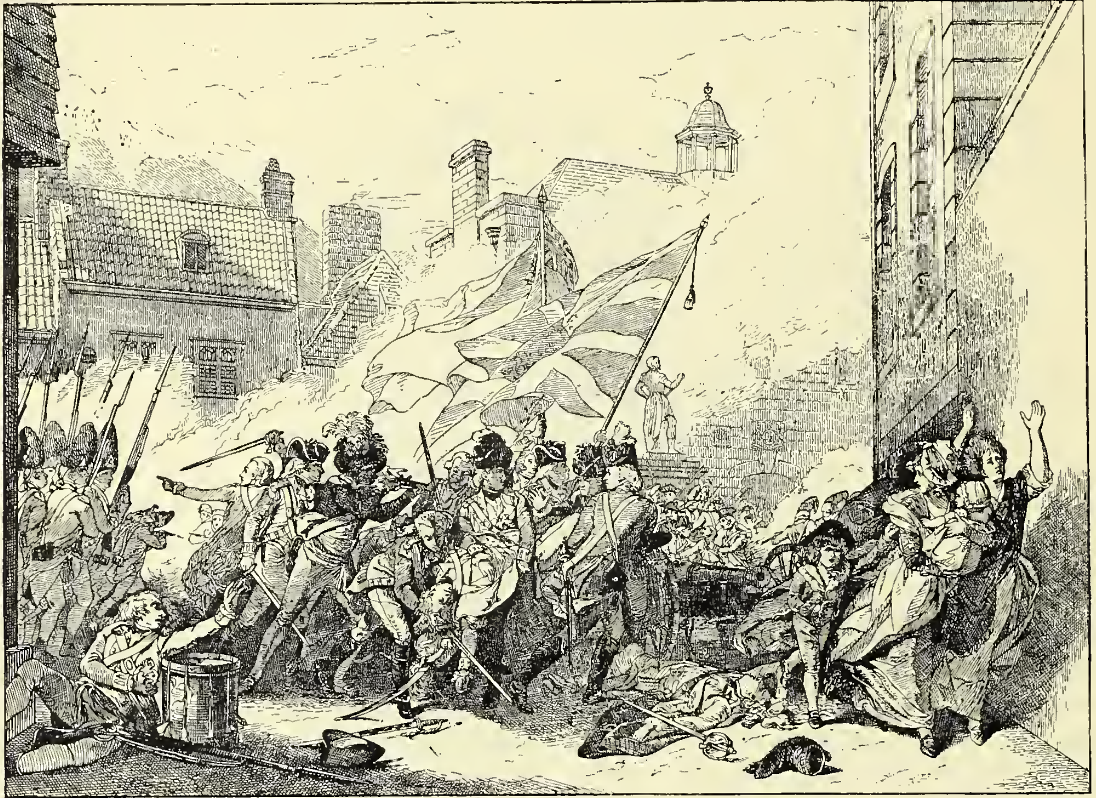
It is very difficult to realise the dearth of good pictures—indeed, of any pictures—which existed a century ago in the America that is now so plentifully stocked with the best works that can be bought in the markets of

Paris and of London, to say nothing of the productions of her own eminent artist sons. In the biography of Benjamin West we remarked that until his boyhood was merging into manhood, the young Quaker never set eyes on any pictures at all, except his own; and of Copley it has been said by Lord Lyndhurst that he never saw a *good* picture before he was thirty years of age, and had had fifteen years' practice of his art. With so many artistic deficiencies, America was not at that time a congenial home for her artists; and we find that they turned their eyes towards Europe, and in many cases, after study in Italy, found a profitable and pleasant field for the practice of their profession in England. Copley was no exception to this rule. So early as 1760—at the age of twenty-three—he was making as a portrait painter at Boston an income of 300 guineas a year—a sum then equal to three times that amount at the present day; and he resolved to save whatever he could with a view to crossing the Atlantic. But economy was less his characteristic than was a contrary tendency to extravagance; and it was not until he was over thirty-five that he set sail for Italy, where he stayed for a year or two studying the old masters—especially Titian and Correggio. In 1775 we find him settled in London, where more orders presently came to the studio in George Street, Hanover Square, than its owner could execute. Among his English portraits those of Earl Spencer, Lord Sidmouth, and Richard Heber are perhaps the best known. But the most celebrated of all his works is "The Death of Chatham in the House of Lords," a canvas which is now in the National Gallery. The likenesses of the leading peers, as well as that of Chatham himself, are said to be excellent, and they excited an immense amount of contemporary interest. Copley refused an offer of £1,500 for the picture, and it must have been worth a much larger sum, if only for its copyright, when we remember that of its reproduction by engraving no fewer than 2,500 copies were sold in a few weeks. Besides attaining popularity here, the work was hailed in the painter's native land as a proof of American genius, and the heart of his aged mother was made glad by the praises which everywhere greeted the name of her voluntarily exiled son. Not that certain clouds of criticism did not float over this heaven of popular acclamation. Certainly the picture was not an illustration of that realism which West, Trumbull, and Copley—an American trio—introduced into military painting. There were many defections from historic truth in the design and detail of the great work; for instance, Chatham did not die, but only fainted, in the gilded chamber; the peers were not really in robes, as they are represented; nor were the sons of the intrepid orator, whose lips had declared for the last time that England could not conquer America, really present on the floor of the House, though the artist placed them there. However, the work is that of a portrait painter, and as such it will live in the admiration of many generations. But though free from scruples on the score of literal accuracy when nobility of meaning and a larger historical interest demanded a certain licence, Copley was, as we have already mentioned, a co-reformer with West and Trumbull in the matter of realism of costume in the treatment of modern subjects. Witness the "Death of Major Peirson," his military masterpiece, which we engrave (page 96), and the original of which is also in the national collection in Trafalgar Square.

Copley was elected a Royal Academician in 1783. Some years later he visited Hanover, where he painted several of his most famous historical canvases. We owe to his brush a few religious works, "The Resurrection" among the number. His later years were somewhat embarrassed, partly owing to the dilatory production, by Bartolozzi, of the engravings of his works—an old complaint between him of the brush and him of the burin, of which none of us is likely to hear the last. Copley died, full of honours as he was of years, in 1815; and his body lies in the burial-ground of Croydon Old Church.

Copley worked with great deliberation. It is said that on one occasion he required sixteen sittings of six hours each when painting a single head—but then the sitter was a lady! and she may have had one of those faces the expression of which eludes effort after effort

of the artist's brush. None but the portrait painter himself can realise the difficulty of reproducing on canvas the mood of the models' faces most representative of their character and thought. Sir Thomas Lawrence, for instance, used to describe his attempts to keep Sir Walter Scott from talking upon commonplace topics which extinguished the life and fire of his face; for poetry, and poetry alone, brought into the eyes of the great novelist the look which the painter had determined to immortalise. In all cases the study of the living face reveals more to the true artist than even the study of history or of a poem; and no intelligent lover of painting would ever regret the devotion of the finest geniuses in the history of art—Velasquez, Rembrandt, Reynolds—to the pursuit of portraiture. But there are difficulties peculiar to this branch of art that are less noble than the ones to which we have adverted, and, among the rest, those which have their source in the whims of the sitter, and in such untoward occurrences as the following, which actually came within the experience of Copley. He had a commission to paint a family group for a gentleman whose wife died before it was completed, and who, marrying again shortly afterwards, wished to have the second and not the first object of his affections holding the place of honour by his side. The latter lady, therefore, was furnished with a pair of wings, and in angel's guise occupied an elevated position on the canvas; but it happened that, before this arrangement was finally carried out, the second wife also died, and had to be relegated to the skies, where she could join the second, and hover over a third. A unique family group indeed!



DEATH OF MAJOR PEIRSON.

(From the Picture by Copley in the National Gallery.)

In his historical subjects—according to the critic Redgrave — Copley was original and simple in composition and correct in drawing, while in his best portraits he showed a nearer approach to Gainsborough and Reynolds than any of his contemporaries.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.

IT is doubtful whether, but for Mr. Henry Stacy Marks as the precursor of the modern return to the quaintly decorative as well as the pictorial art of the Middle Ages, we might not still be languishing on in the clumsily humorous or sickly sentimental style, which for so many years was thought the fit and only one to be applied to the illustration of our books, comic or serious, for young or old, and to a large extent to the adornment of our houses. It is Mr. Marks who has introduced, and made familiar to us, the delightful blending of colours and quaint delicacy of form and design pervading the fashion of

Faithfully yours
H. S. Marks

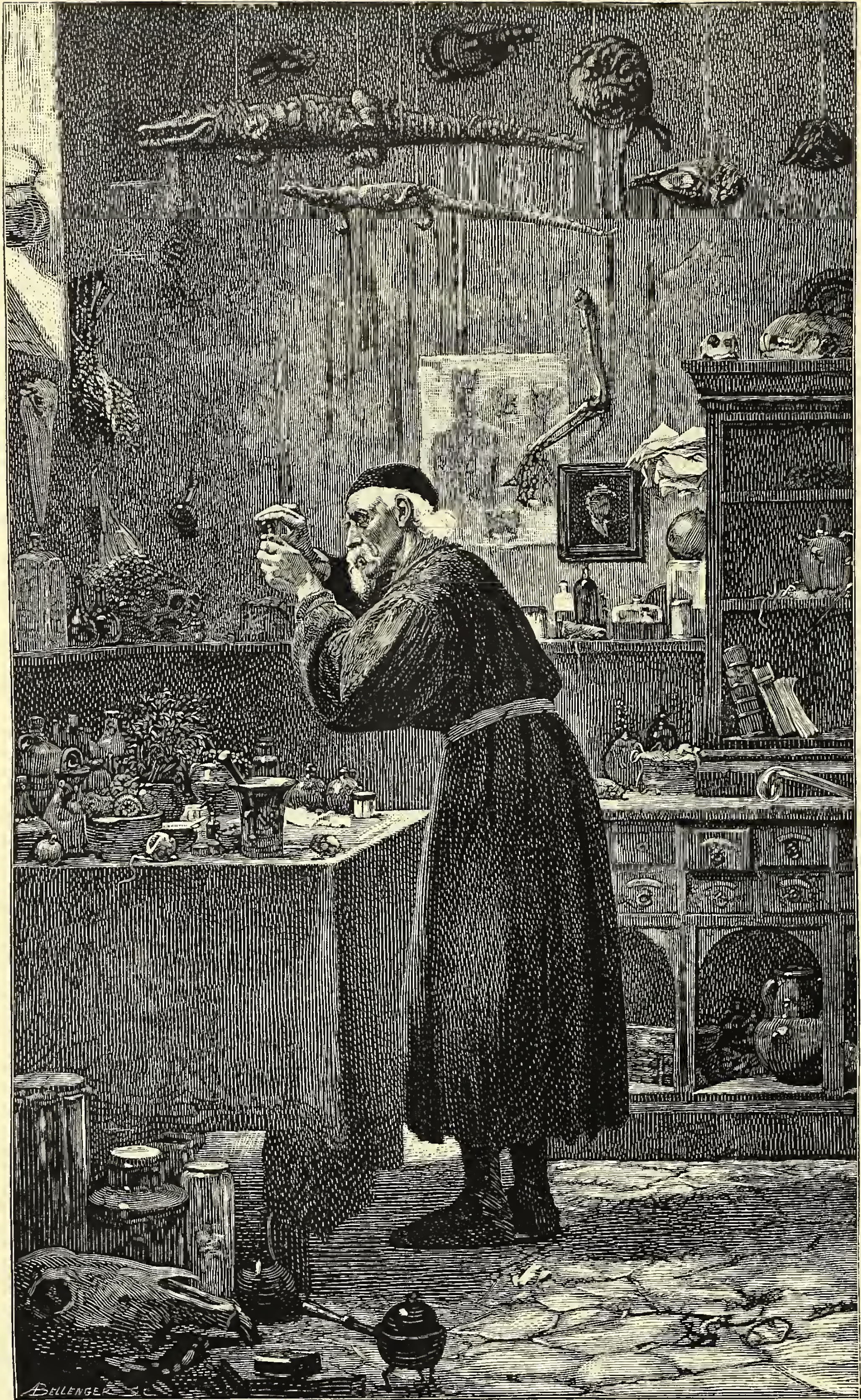
(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.)

the day in the thousand and one matters that can be affected by such art as his; and for the welcome reform he has brought about in all these respects he deserves our warmest thanks. Distinctly one of the most representative of representative men, his election on the 19th of December last to the full honours of the Royal Academy must be a matter of profound congratulation to all concerned.

But when we remember that in his pictures, properly so called, as distinct from the illustrative and decorative work on which he is so largely engaged, he has displayed powers as a painter pure and simple, of the first class, and that he has given us for the last five-and-twenty years some of the choicest bits of character and humour that have ever appeared upon the walls of our Royal Academy and other exhibitions, we may surely regard him as one of the most original and distinguished artists of the English school. Contriving not unfrequently to weave a strong thread of pathos into the fabric of dry fun in which he revels, painting landscape as well as he does humanity, and birds and beasts as well as either, he may be quoted as an eminently and thoroughly versatile artist, whilst the speciality which he seems of late to have developed for himself as a "bird fancier" on canvas, puts him far ahead of all rivalry in what may be described as pictorial and humorous ornithology. Most steady and legitimate has been his progress upwards since the days when "Toothache in the Middle Ages" (1856) first attracted attention from the originality and quaintness of the mere notion. Not, however, that this was by any means the picture with which he commenced his public career at the Royal Academy. Turning to the catalogues, we see in his earliest exhibited works that the "Dogberrian" side of life had from the first an especial attraction for him. It has never been quite absent, and still forms the leading sentiment in some shape or other in nearly everything he produces, albeit latterly it has cropped up in the guise of his remarkable long-legged, long-necked, long-beaked birds. In 1853, Mr. Marks submitted to the council of the then existing British Institution his first attempt in oil; but the "lay" element in that body rejected the "Dogberry examining Conrade and Borachio," which, nevertheless, found a good place just below the line and beside Holman Hunt's "Strayed Sheep" on the walls in Trafalgar Square, and from that day forth (1853)—as he himself puts it—"H. S. M. has been represented in the Royal Academy Exhibitions—sometimes on the ground—sometimes on the ceiling—but 'all there' somehow."

Such characters as "Christopher Sly," "Bardolph," "Slender," "Francis Feeble," "Bottom," &c., have supplied him, together with their like in more modern guise, with never-ending themes. Subjects in which these personages figured conspicuously carried him prosperously onward till 1861, when the most ambitious and complete work he had yet produced clenched the good opinion the judges had formed of his powers. "The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model" embodied in a high degree all his excellences, and the sly fun, originality, and freshness of the idea, as well as its admirable execution, must be still in the memory of most who saw it.

Between this date and the removal of the Royal Academy to Burlington House, amidst a succession of pictures never varying in their general merit, may be enumerated, as especially striking, the following:—"How Shakespeare Studied" (1863), "Doctors Differ" (1864), "Beggars Coming to Town" (1865), "Falstaff's Own" (1867), "Experimental Gunnery in the Middle Ages" (1868), and "The Minstrels' Gallery" (1869), an admirable work, the first exhibited by our artist at Burlington House. In 1870 was given us the first taste in oil of Mr. Marks' quality as an ornithological painter, and with what had gone before, his "St. Francis preaching to the Birds" (see accompanying engraving), landed him, in the January of the following year, most justly and safely into the haven of an Associateship. Always conscientious and trustworthy to the highest degree, his "Book-worm," in 1871, by its thoroughness and completeness, setting aside its technical and other merits which were perhaps beyond any yet displayed in the painter's work, fully warranted the choice of the Royal Academicians. Again in 1872, "Waiting for the Procession," and in 1873 "The Ornithologist," and a



THE APOTHECARY.

(*From the Picture by H. S. Marks, R.A. By kind permission of Mr. H. J. Turner.*)

remarkably quaint bit called "What is it?" steadily kept the artist to the front. "Capital and Labour," "A Page of Rabelais," "The Latest Fashion," and "Winter" (the latter an important decorative work), were the four contributions from Mr. Marks in 1874, and the largest number he ever exhibited in one season at the Royal Academy. That prosperity and success were in no way going to check the energy of the artist was proved indisputably by each succeeding effort. "The Jolly Post-boys," and "A Merry Jest" (1875), as examples, were in all respects in his best manner. No less so was "The Apothecary" (our full-page illustration), of 1876, "The Spider and the Fly," and "A Bit of Blue" (1877), whilst in "Convocation" (1878) we had another of his remarkable "bird fancies," more than enough, in the opinion of many judges, to have ensured the final honour afterwards conferred on him.

It will be seen that though never an absentee from the great annual picture show, he has been seldom represented by more than one or, at the best, two works per year. This is, of course, partly due to the large claims which are made upon his time for the production of a variety of decorative work painted *in situ*, or at any rate painted only to adorn the houses of those who, by their employment of Mr. Marks, show themselves to be endowed with as much good taste as money. The "Winter," just mentioned, is a case in point, being one of a series representing the seasons, designed, we believe, for the decoration of a large billiard-room in a country house. Moreover, Mr. Marks was elected in March, 1871, Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours; and though, beyond some quaint studies of birds, he has not hitherto been a prominent contributor to the gallery, the public have had many an opportunity of judging how masterly is his work in water-colour, from the numerous examples (*vide* "The Princess and the Pelicans," "Thoughts of Christmas," &c.) exhibited at the General Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, Dudley Gallery, a member of the Committee of which he was elected in 1867. Add to these facts the books which he illustrates, his drawings on the wood, his designs for stained glass, and other work, and it can be understood why, in spite of his being one of the hardest workers in the profession, he is not so great a producer in oil as some of his contemporaries. Indomitable energy, diligence, and perseverance have ever distinguished our artist: even in those early times when he was engaged all day in business with his father, his enthusiasm for art made him devote his evenings to the study of it at Leigh's school in Newman Street. Here he formed the friendships, continued up to the present time, of such men as Calderon, Hodgson, Storey, Joseph Clark, and others who also have since made a mark in life; and the smouldering spark of his genius having been fanned into an unquenchable flame by these surroundings, he determined, when he came of age (1850), "to burn his boats," and striking out manfully, make for the shore on which we have so lately seen him land in safety.

He was born in Great Portland Street, London, in 1829, and he himself declares that, although always fond of drawing as a child, some of his early productions still in his possession display nothing remarkable or promising; they are exactly like what other children of six or seven delight in drawing. With the modesty about his own work which still distinguishes him, he further declares that his earliest studies from the antique and the life, both at Leigh's and at the Academy (into which he was admitted a student 1851), were far from meritorious. The first real spurt he seems to have had was in 1853, when, at the instigation of his friend Calderon, he scraped funds together and went to Paris, where he studied for five months in the *atélier* of M. Picot, the result very soon being, as we have seen, the picture of "Dogberry examining Conrade and Borachio."

It has been well said that "it is in the art we love that the truest and deepest emotions of our nature—our true selves—find expression," and that, in short, a man is like his pictures. This certainly is the case with Henry Stacy Marks. He is essentially the man you would expect to be the producer of such work as his. Not only is his personal appearance, with his sedately humorous expression, the

quiet twinkle in his bright eye, and the sly fun playing about the corners of his mouth, suggestive of it, but in a deeper sense than this he is like his pictures. In their honesty, thoroughness, and conscientious painstaking

ST. FRANCIS PREACHING TO THE BIRDS.

(By the kind permission of Mr. Angus Holden, of Bradford.)

completeness, they are but the reflex of his character. All who enjoy the pleasure of his friendship will endorse this statement to the letter, whilst those less fortunate will not be surprised to hear that, in addition to these qualities, socially he is one of the most amusing and delightful companions that it is possible to meet. With Shakespeare at his fingers' ends, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote at his command, an able versifier, a singer of a good song, a teller of a good story, he is indeed hard to match; and looking back over the brief outline we have here traced of his life and career, and remembering that his success has been reached through no path of roses, but across many a rough and stony bit of road, it will be readily admitted, as we said at starting, that he is a thoroughly representative man.

W. W. Fenn.

RECENT ILLUSTRATORS OF NEW AND OLD VERSE.

AMONG the recently elected Associates of the Royal Academy occurs the name of Mr. John MacWhirter, who worthily represents landscape art; we are therefore glad to show in our accompanying illustrations some of the work of his skilful hand. These are from a series of upwards of thirty drawings contributed by him to a beautiful volume lately published by Messrs. Nimmo, and entitled "Caledonia." It was fitting that a Scotch artist should be called upon to illustrate the poetry of his native land by his effective realisations of her lakes, and heaths, and mountains; and well he has fulfilled the congenial task. Our little introductory thistle even is not to be overlooked, for the most practised artist will not disdain the difficulty of the leafage of the "Noli me tangere" emblem. The deep hazel shade and the silvery birch-trees, which for feminine grace might well be sacred to Diana and her nymphs, are seen in that peep of a mountain glen which the artist has used to illustrate an exquisite passage of the "Lady of the Lake." The loneliness of the rugged mountains is there, and that undefined poetry of form to which the dwellers from childhood among such scenes are often unconsciously, perhaps, but very deeply sensitive. Wordsworth was wont to criticise Scott's descriptions of scenery—possibly his own less vigorous temperament could scarcely enter into them; they have a power peculiar and characteristic, resembling the effect of the broad bold sketch of a great master seizing the salient points of his subject, and kindling as it were by sympathy the imagination of others.

Our second illustration shows the lake placidly expanded to reflect its mountain barrier, while its waters

> "Kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
> The beach of pebbles bright as snow."

It is but a poor compliment to man and his works to say that their intrusion into such scenes almost invariably mars the whole—yet not so the *ruins* of human labour; these

OLD EDINBURGH BY MOONLIGHT.

add pathos and loneliness to the view, as no one felt more than Scott himself; witness his lines to "fair Melrose." Here he makes Fitzjames exclaim—

> "And what a scene were here, he cried,
> For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
> On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
> In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
> On yonder meadow, far away,
> The turrets of a cloister grey."

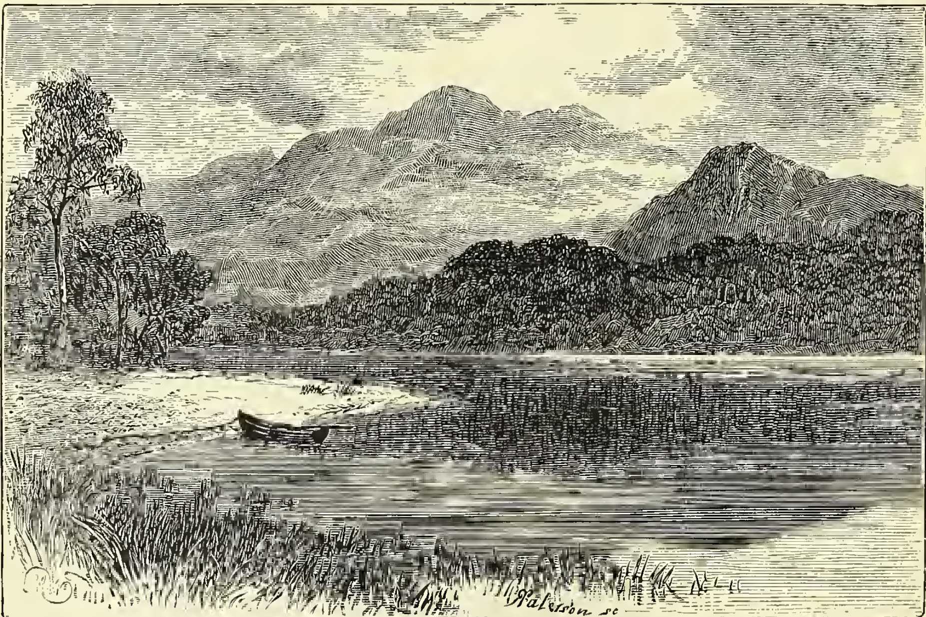
Had his hero's wish been realised, Scott would scarcely have found the inspiration with which the untamed picturesqueness of that wonderful scene filled him, and if Loch Katrine had become famous it would have been for attractions very different from such as it presents now. Every year unhappily lessens the field over which the lover of nature can roam without encountering some hideous intrusion of miscalled art, or the contrivances of some money-making speculation.

A view of old Edinburgh by moonlight illustrate the following lines of Burns' address to Edinburgh:—

> "There, watching high the least alarms,
> Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
> Like some bold veteran, grey in arms,
> And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
> The ponderous wall and massy bar,
> Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,
> Have oft withstood assailing war,
> And oft repell'd the invader's shock.
>
> "With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
> I view that noble, stately dome,
> Where Scotia's kings of other years,
> Famed heroes! had their royal home."

An art of another kind, more ambitious perhaps in its aim, but less sure in execution, has chosen "The Epic of Hades" as a subject of illustration. Mr. George Chapman has contributed seventeen designs reproduced in photo-mezzotint to enrich the handsome volume in which the poem is re-issued.

One may fairly apply the epithet "graceful" to the illustrator's share in producing this attractive book, but we have willingly allowed



A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

furnishes another example of the artist's sympathy with the scenes made immortal by his country's "poetic children:" this shows "Edina! Scotia's darling seat" with the rugged Castle Rock in the distance, and serves to

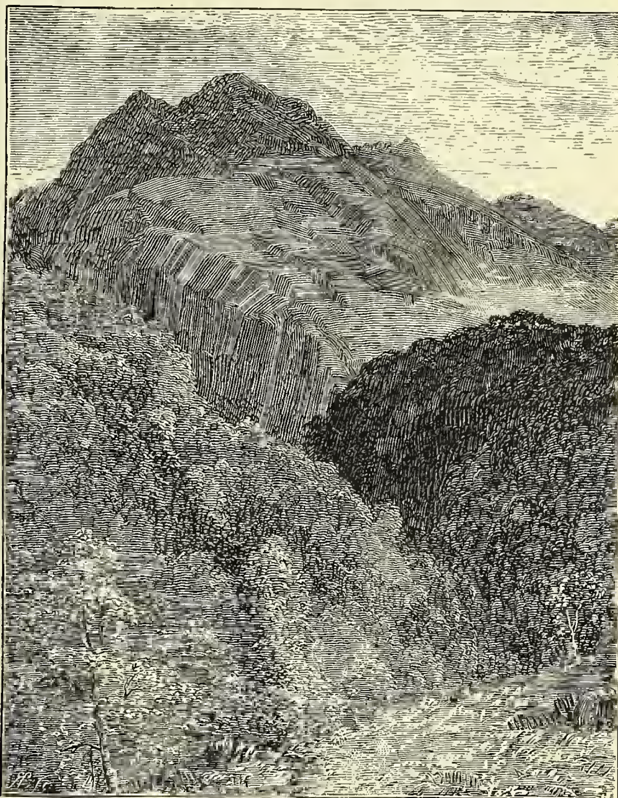
ourselves to be led away from consideration of his part of the work by the enticement of the ancient and immortal tales which belong to the poet's theme. They are clothed in verse, often forcible and always refined, where Tantalus

and Phædra, and the wearied Sisyphus, and the young Marsyas, "overbold and rapt in his new art, who dared to challenge Phœbus' self," and others long renowned in story, appear like friends of youth to claim instant and familiar recognition.

The artist's conception of some of his subjects is very happy, notably in the youthful faun-like figure of Marsyas holding with scarce conscious hand his slender pipe, and dreaming with his dark lustrous eyes of some "tender music like the Æolian chords"—a fitting rival even for Phœbus Apollo.

> "First I saw
> A youth, who pensive lean'd against the trunk
> Of a dark cypress, and an idle flute
> Hung at his side. A sorrowful sad soul,
> Such as sometimes he knows, who meets the gaze,
> Mute, uncomplaining yet most pitiful,
> Of one whom nature, by some secret spite,
> Has maim'd and left imperfect; or the pain
> Which fills a poet's eyes."

Again, in the illustration to the poem of "Aphrodite," the grace of the female figure and her beauty are conspicuous, though the artist unfortunately has not been successful in the drawing of the youthful figure who is contrasted with her soft alluring form. Other subjects also give promise, but a surer hand as a draughtsman must be attained by the designer. The subjects are printed in a bistre tone, and come out, as the descriptive title of the process implies, somewhat like mezzotints, or more perhaps like the Bartolozzi prints in brown of the latter years of the last century, which are favourites at present among many collectors.



A MOUNTAIN GLEN.

"MEMORIES."

MR. LINTON has given in "Memories" so much real energy to the action of his figure that the picture entirely escapes the lifeless effect which a subject composition without any visible face is so apt to produce. The woman he has drawn is not posed in any graceful attitude; she leans aside in an *abandon*, which we wish painters and actors, especially, would oftener try to catch from nature; too much grace bids fair to destroy emotional art as it has already weakened female acting in England. The light of this little picture is excessively clever and true; it falls from the high window on the outline of the figure, on the prominent points of the dress, on the hair and hands, and elsewhere in more subdued tones. There is great breadth in the treatment of the draperies, which are not complicated with creases and folds; the colour is admirable for its power and harmony. The "Oil Dudley" of 1878–9 was an excellent collection, so that it required no ordinary merit to enable a picture exhibited there to stand out memorably. Though landscape is generally the *spécialité* of the gallery, figure-subjects are not neglected, and amongst these "Memories" was remarkable.

"MEMORIES."

(By J. D. Linton. From the Picture in the Dudley Gallery Exhibition of Oil Paintings, 1878–9.)

WOOD ENGRAVING.—III.

WHETHER Germany was first in the field or no, of this there is no doubt, that the earliest forthcoming wood-cuts are German, and belong to the early part of the fifteenth century. It is also pretty clear that playing-cards were among the first things (probably *the* first) printed from wood-blocks, and that to these the art may be said to owe its development, if not its origin.

The Church, while fulminating against cards and card-players, showed its practical wisdom by enlisting in its own service the new art, and issued prints of saints, the earliest one extant being a St. Christopher, bearing the date 1423, which was found by Baron Heineken pasted inside the right-hand cover of a manuscript in the convent of Buxheim in Suabia, and of which we give a reduction. The critical reader will no doubt think that in his laudable desire to give prominence to the saint, the artist has permitted himself undue latitude in the matter of perspective; but the spirit and vigour of the design will atone for this. The original is $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches high by $8\frac{1}{8}$ wide.

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

(Reduced from the Original Engraving executed in 1423.)

The fullest account of the early history of playing-cards, and its connection with wood engraving, is that by Mr. Samuel Weller Singer (London, 1816, 4to), most interestingly illustrated.

Zani, the Italian, quotes, as showing the antiquity of playing-cards, an edict of St. Louis on his return from the Holy Land in 1254 forbidding their use, with other documents indicating their existence in Italy in 1299, in Germany in 1300, in Spain 1387, &c., all connected with the prohibition of card-playing, and in particular refers to a certain Fabbro Ferraro in Sienna, who was "castigato da Dio," because he was a "pessimo giuocator di carte," but does not describe what is the nature of the divine chastisement which befell this heinous card-player.

The only case, however, among these, which gives any clue as to whether the cards were printed or painted by hand, is an account of one Jacquemin Gringonneur, who in 1392 received fifty-nine sous for three packs of cards in gold and colours. The low price would seem to indicate that though the cards may have been coloured and gilt by hand, the outlines must have been printed. The probability is that at first they were altogether done by hand, but that as the demand increased printing was introduced, whether then invented for the purpose, or merely applied. In the existing specimens the outlines were printed, and the colours stencilled in afterwards.

Before the invention of movable type, the first printed books were cut entirely in wood-blocks, both drawings and text, and are known as block-books. Among the earliest are the "Biblia Pauperum," the "Historia Virginis

ex Cantico Canticorum," and the "Apocalypsis, seu Historia Sancti Johannes," all probably earlier than 1500. The annexed illustration is from the first page of the "Biblia Pauperum." sameness pervades the series. The passages on the labels in the illustration are in our version rendered :—"I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine

ENGRAVING FROM THE "BIBLIA PAUPERUM" (ONE OF THE EARLIEST BLOCK-BOOKS).

with my milk." . . . "Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments," &c.

It will be seen that it consists of little more than outline, the shadows being purely conventional. The next cut is from the Canticles, in which the designs show a slight advance in grace, though very little in technical qualities. The groups of female figures in most of the cuts are agreeably conceived, though a certain

The separation of the art of wood engraving from that of cutting letters, by the invention of movable type, is too interesting to be passed

over, but is too indirectly connected with our subject to justify more than a very brief notice. Curiously enough, it is the subject of a controversy which, like that raised by the story of the Cunio twins, has lasted to the present time, but I cannot feel that it leaves a similar sense of doubt on the mind. It may with perfect confidence be stated that printing by means of movable type was invented by Gutenberg at Maintz, about 1540–50, who, in partnership with John Faust, produced the first books printed in this manner.

The story of its having been invented by one Laurence Coster of Haarlem, who produced books so printed, which commanded a great sale, and that his types were stolen by a workman who carried them to Gutenberg, rests upon the absolutely unsupported assertion of Hadrian Junius. Not one fragment of evidence is forthcoming that such a printing establishment ever existed, that any book was ever so printed at Haarlem, or that Laurence Coster or any one else ever complained of such a theft.

Though the separation thus established was doubtless instrumental eventually in raising the character of wood engraving as an art, there does not appear to have been much advance till the time of Albert Dürer, and even under the influence of this great man the technique of engraving made no important progress. The difference between his wood-cuts and those which preceded them lies in the immense superiority of his designs over those with which earlier wood engravers had had to deal. There is no evidence to show that Dürer ever cut a single block himself, and though his drawings, besides being far superior as works of art, were larger in scale and more elaborate in detail than the earlier ones, they made no other demand on the engraver than mechanical precision in cutting away the white portions of the block. Doubtless Dürer, by jealously watching this cutting of a block, would bring the mechanical precision

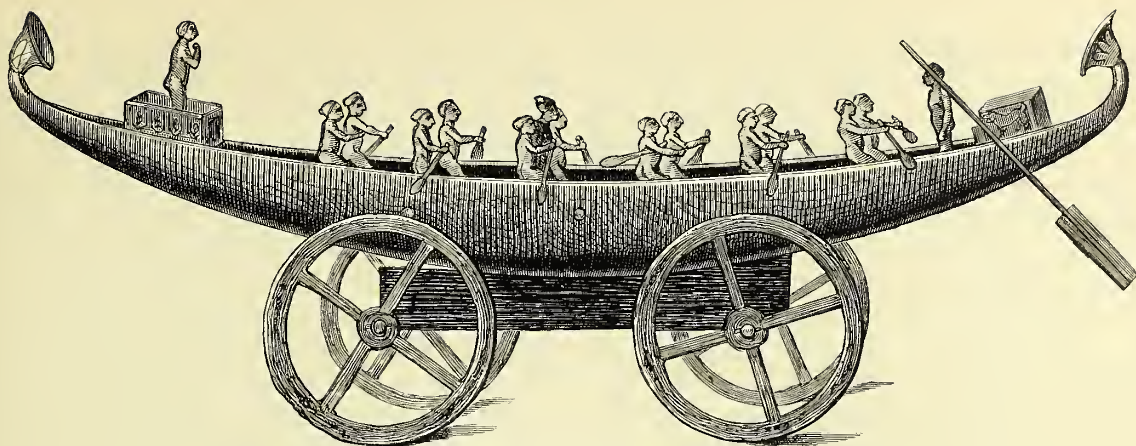
FROM THE CANTICLES. (AN ENGRAVING OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.)

to greater perfection, and by employing wood for the reproduction of such splendid imaginative works as his "Apocalypse," "The Two Passions," &c., he greatly enhanced the reputation and dignity of the craft, for art entirely in the hands of the engraver. His frequent use of cross-hatching is an evidence that Dürer merely accepted the wood-block as a means of reproducing his pen-and-ink drawings. So far as I have observed, he

FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF AN ENGRAVING FROM THE APOCALYPSE (DÜRER).

it cannot be called while mechanical accuracy is the *only* quality displayed; but an examination of his engravings on copper executed with his own hand, which remain unsurpassed and well-nigh inimitable at the present day, will leave a feeling of deep regret that where the wood-block was concerned, he was content to leave the execution has not, even for particular effects, made use of the unequalled facility presented by the wood-block for taking out lights, that is to say, for *drawing in white*.

The accompanying illustration, reproduced full size from one of the cuts in the "Apocalypse," is a fairly typical specimen of Dürer's style, as shown in his wood-cuts. HENRY HOLIDAY.



MODEL IN GOLD OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TWELVE-OARED WAR-GALLEY.

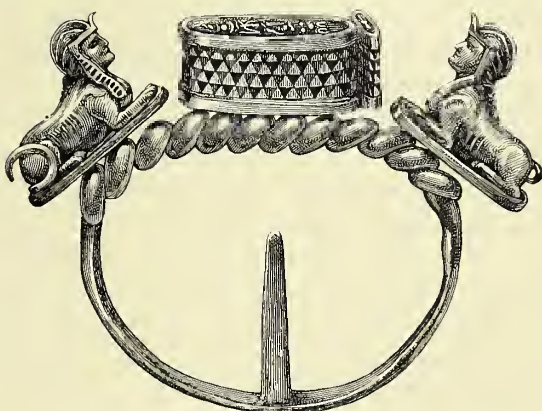
(Found in the Tomb of Queen Aah-Hotep—about B.C. 1800.)

VICISSITUDES OF ART TREASURES.—III.

By R. H. Soden-Smith, M.A., F.S.A., &c.

THERE is a valley forming part of perhaps the most wonderful City of the Dead which exists in the world—it is known as the "Valley of the Tombs of the Kings," and is included in the vast necropolis that extends beyond the ruins of Thebes, in Upper Egypt. Here for countless generations that ancient people laid up those "statues of flesh, immortal of the dead," into which their process of embalming converted the otherwise frail and perishable tabernacle of man's body.

The desolation of that valley is rendered not more impressive but only more palpable by the fragments of wooden cases—coffins, in truth—which are strewn wherever mummy-pits have been discovered and plundered. Those poor human remains which were treated with such reverent care and such strange and scrupulous ceremony—remains which for thirty centuries had defied corruption—have at length fallen into the hands of the spoiler, often of such as reverence neither God nor man. Their skilfully constructed cases have been broken in pieces, their elaborately moulded coverings cut asunder, their cerements rent away, and the seared and shrunken limbs cast out into the sun.



DIADEM OF GOLD, LAPIS-LAZULI, ETC.

(Ancient Egyptian. Found in the Tomb of Queen Aah-Hotep—about B.C. 1800.)

Near the entrance of this long valley—a portion of the modern Arab village of Gournah, which occupies a section of the great necropolis—there was found just twenty years ago, buried at a depth of about fifteen to eighteen feet, but not in one of the customary pits, a large and remarkable mummy-case. It was splendid externally, and interesting from its obvious antiquity, but this circumstance did not give assurance to the practised explorers who discovered it of any great treasures within. These elaborately gilt and painted cases do not commonly contain important or valuable mummies. In this instance, however, the usual experience of the Arab diggers for treasure was singularly contradicted by the result.

The exploration was conducted by the eminent archæologist, M. Marriette himself—Marriette Bey, according to his rank in the

service of the Khedive; for he had observed at this spot a strip of earth composed of fragments of stone and broken pottery, which revealed to his trained eye a place of very ancient sepulture. It was on the 5th of February, 1859, that the gorgeous coffin above mentioned was exhumed. It resembled in form those of the kings of the eleventh dynasty, being shaped like a mummy, and hollowed out of one piece of wood. It was painted in brilliant colours and gilt; and on the flat base or foot of the case were represented the divinities Isis and Nephthys kneeling and adoring the monarch. It came out fresh from that wonderful soil, the gold and colours having apparently lost nothing of their brilliancy, despite the lapse of ages during which they lay in direct contact with the covering of earth around them. Great indeed was the astonishment of the fortunate explorers when the contents of the splendid case were revealed. It contained perhaps the most remarkable treasure of ancient Egyptian art that has ever been brought to light.

Within it lay the great Queen Aah-Hotep, and royal jewels of gold were buried with her. For more than 3,600 years they had remained undisturbed in the absolute security of their strange and admirably wrought receptacle—deposited with what reverence who can tell, by that ancient race who had thus confided to the custody of the dead those costly treasures for which the living strive.

When the bandages of the usual mummy cloth—a linen, but not of fine texture—were removed, M. Marriette found the body of the queen literally covered and surrounded with objects of gold and silver; many are unique and of a workmanship so exquisite that they rival and even surpass anything previously discovered in Egypt, and some of them have not been excelled by the work of the goldsmiths of any period or any nation.

They consist of two classes of objects: first, those that are personal ornaments, that is, jewels for actual wear, or mortuary decorations similar to objects worn during life; secondly, symbolical objects, such as ornamental daggers, axes, &c., also two war-galleys, one of which forms our first illustration.

Of the former class of objects, the diadem engraved in the second illustration is one of the most remarkable. At first sight it presents rather the appearance of a bracelet, but it was found on the head of the queen, and a thick band of hair was passed through it, so no doubt could exist as to its use. It is of gold; in front is a sort of box of beaten work bearing the "cartouche" of the King Aahmes, the son of the queen, by whose command these jewels were placed on her body and in her tomb: the hieroglyphics give the title of the monarch "The Son of the Sun, Aahmes, living for ever and ever," inscribed in gold on a ground of lapis-lazuli.

The chequered ornament on the box is composed of red and blue triangular pieces of vitreous pastes fixed in delicate partitions of gold, and the encrusted ornament on the exterior of the flattened pin is similar in material and workmanship. On each side is a sphinx wearing the usual Egyptian head-dress, also enriched with inlaid work, and having in front the uræus serpent, the emblem of royalty; the golden band completing the fore-part of the circle of the diadem, represents a plait of hair.

This most striking object is of admirable workmanship, and its study, taken together with the other personal ornaments of this ancient queen, raises many questions of curious interest: the mechanical perfection to which the jeweller's art and others allied to it had arrived at a period so remote that we have difficulty in realising it, the landmarks of ordinary history not having been set up till ages subsequently; the still more remarkable fixity of traditional types of ornament already determined, and with an absolute symbolical meaning definitely established; the couchant sphinx, the uræus serpent, the scarabæus, and all the complex structure of a hieratic system and dominion not only built up but apparently petrified into unchanging forms; all this and much more is forcibly brought before the mind while studying these strange treasures of a perished race.

Bracelets, finger-rings, chains, armlets, and anklets were included among the personal

jewellery discovered; one golden chain, itself a piece of most delicate work of the pattern known now as Trichinopoli, had suspended from it three large golden bees or flies. These are conventionally represented, but exhibiting all that singular knowledge and subtle art with which the ancient Egyptians knew how to treat animal form. Each fly—the large eyes, thorax, and wings only being employed to typify the insect—is upwards of three inches long, formed of pure gold; and the whole has been thought to form a special decoration, or "Order of the Fly," such an order seeming to be alluded to in hieroglyphic inscriptions found elsewhere.

We cannot now dwell on the details of the other pieces of personal jewellery, however curious or interesting, but must pass to some notice of the other objects buried with the queen. Remarkable among these were two models of war-galleys already alluded to, one of which is figured at the head of this article. It is formed of gold mounted on a carriage—the oldest representation of a wheeled carriage known to exist—with wheels of bronze and a body of cedar—probably cedar of Lebanon. At either extremity is an expanded lotus flower; at the poop is a small raised deck having engraved on the sides a lion passant, and the hieroglyphic prenomen and name of Kames, the husband of Aah-Hotep and father of Aahmes I.: these are in microscopic characters. The figures of the rowers are in silver; that of the officer standing at the prow, who gave the time to the rowers and the steersman, is in gold, as well as the central seated personage. This last holds in his right hand a stick of authority and a hatchet in his left, and may represent the monarch himself; the hatchet in his hand being of the same form and type as a golden one buried in the coffin.

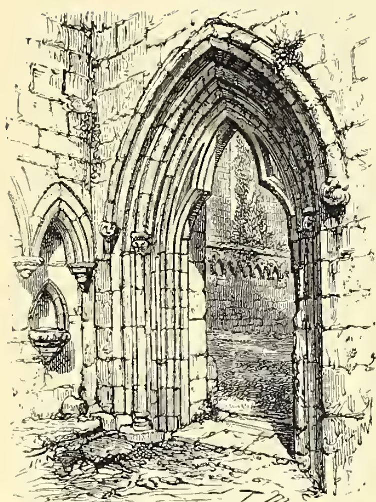
This central figure has been thought by some to represent Death, and the boat that which conveyed the dead to the other world; however this may be, it must at least be remembered that the ancient Egyptians were steadfast believers in a future life, in the immortality of the soul, and in the certainty of judgment. This most remarkable object has therefore been imagined to bear allusion to these tenets of the Egyptian creed; it may, however, possibly refer not to matters of religious belief, but to some triumph of the monarch in a naval action in the great war against the Shepherd Kings.

We have not space to notice all the other objects of curious interest included in this royal coffin: one, however, as an example of the splendid character and workmanship of the rest, may be mentioned—a poniard of singularly artistic design. The handle is of cedar-wood sculptured in shape of four human heads in relief, and overlaid with gold; the blade and scabbard of solid gold; the handle, moreover, is incrusted with small triangular pieces of red and blue vitreous pastes, the colour of jasper and turquoise, forming an elegant pattern, and down either side of the blade is a narrow band of similar material, bright blue, inlaid with delicately formed hieroglyphics and emblems in gold. The hieroglyphics give the prenomen of Aahmes and his titles; among the emblems is seen a lion chasing a bull, as this monarch was "The Lion among the Shepherds," and four locusts or grasshoppers, alluding to the king's prowess; it being said of another king, "he goeth over their hills like a grasshopper."

Thus the secrets of the forgotten grave have been rendered up. These strange and surprising monuments of the perfection of art in the remotest time were displayed to tens of thousands in Paris and in London, and the results of the patient researches of the Egyptologists of the present day were brought to bear on them. The mystery of their inscriptions has been interpreted and the significance of their emblems perceived, and thus the fortunate discovery, which made so sudden a vicissitude in their buried existence, has thrown light on a long-forgotten history, and added new emphasis to our admiration of the knowledge and skill of the most ancient of nations.*

* M. Daly published, in the *Revue Générale de l'Architecture*, &c., vol. xviii., 1860, an excellent account of these treasures, with coloured illustrations taken from photographs; and when in London, in 1862, Mr. Kiddle made accurate coloured drawings of them which were shortly afterwards published in fac-simile, with a learned notice by Dr. Birch.

BOLTON ABBEY AND THE BOLTON WOODS.

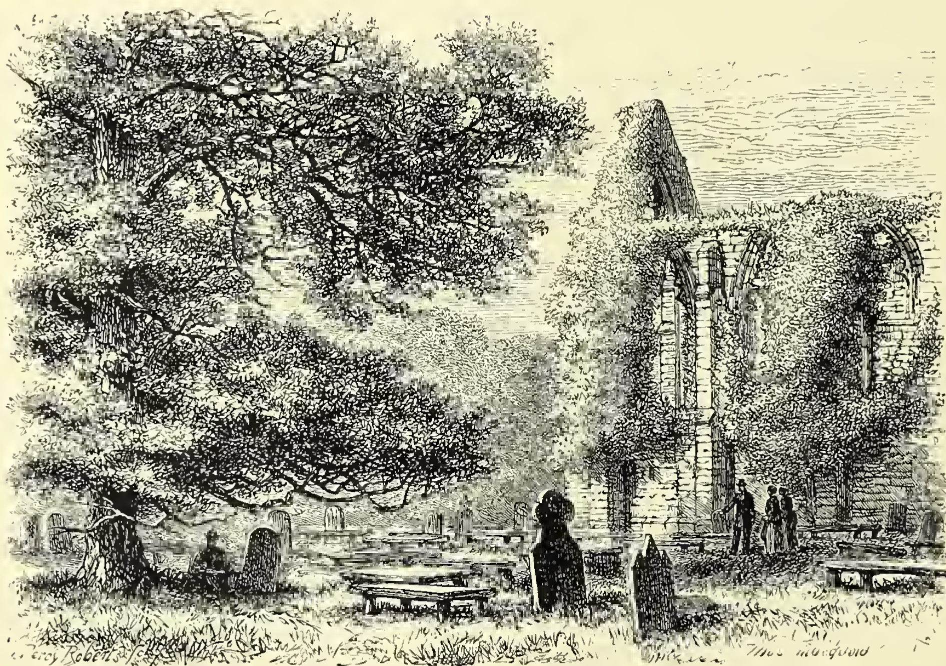


GATEWAY IN THE PRIORY.

ONE of the most interesting and delightful drives in the West Riding of Yorkshire is a drive in early autumn (on a four-horse coach) from Ben Rhydding, or from Ilkley, to Bolton Abbey, and through Bolton Woods.

Keeping the left bank of the Wharfe, instead of crossing Ilkley Bridge, which is just outside the town—and is in itself a charming picture, while the little street leading to it has some very quaint houses—past the churchyard, in which stand three Saxon Runic crosses; through Ilkley, fast losing its primitive look, for new houses extend on all sides; three miles further on we reach the straggling village of Addingham. The quaint stone building on the right is Hollin Hall, said to have been the birthplace of Bishop Heber—it is now a farmhouse.

As we go quickly on through the exhilarating autumn air, the glorious moors are around us; Beamsley Beacon on our right towers darkly above the rest; now a fine view of the valley presents itself, with Beamsley Hall in the foreground, and in the distance a lofty hill, with a second hill behind it, showing the rough edge of rocks on the summit. This double hill is called Simon's Seat. The road now ascends Lobwith Scar; and we see, between the trees that rise up from its bank, the strong sparkling river far below us. The coach stops, and we get out and pause at a wider opening between the trees, for here is the first view of the distant Priory,



THE CHURCHYARD.

Bolton Bridge forming a prominent object in the foreground. The old grey ruin stands beside a beautiful curve of the "Strong

Wharfe," in a deep valley shaded by lovely trees; further off, and a little to the right, is the Valley of Desolation, and the woods of Bolton. This first sight of the Abbey and its surroundings is an enchanting picture. Some years ago this part of the road was very dangerous, as there was no barrier on the side next the river; a very bad carriage accident caused a proper safeguard, in the form of park palings, to be put up. When we have "satisfied our eyes," we descend the hill, and at the bottom we again mount the coach.

Just over the bridge is the "Red Lion Inn," where good accommodation may be found. Leaving the bridge on the right, we soon after reach the "Devonshire Arms," where an excellent dinner may be ordered. Less than a mile further is the Abbey or Priory. On the road, between the inn and the ruins, a very curious excrescence on an elm-tree is pointed out: it is like a lion's head.

VIEW ON THE WHARFE FROM THE PRIORY.

The old stone wall at the side of the road, a little further on, is the boundary of the Abbey grounds; passing through a door in this wall, a few hundred yards from the road, brings us to the ruins of the Priory.

The architecture of the Priory is of various styles. The present west front, a fine specimen of the architecture of the reign of Henry VIII., serves as a porch to the more elaborate doorway of the old west front, which is thirteenth-century work, although it somewhat conceals it; the colour of the stone of this latter is very beautiful. The nave and north aisle—there is no south aisle—are roofed in, and serve for the parish church. This roof injures the general effect of the ruins. There is little of interest to be seen within the church; the east end of the north aisle is divided from the nave by an old wooden screen, so as to form a Chantry Chapel. We were told that below this is the vault of the Claphams and the Mauleverers. Some years ago, when some repairs were made to the flooring, the coffins were found to be standing upright.

> "Through the chinks in the fractured floor,
> Look down and see a grisly sight,
> A vault where the bodies are buried upright;
> There face by face, and hand by hand,
> The Claphams and Mauleverers stand."

Going through the churchyard, in which are some very quaint gravestones, we wonder which of the grassy mounds marks the grave that the "white doe of Rylstone" visited every Sunday. Let us enter the ruins by the north transept; this transept is in good preservation, except the eastern wall. Pausing for a few moments to look at the picturesque view from the western corner, we go through a round-headed doorway into the choir. The first thing here that attracts the eye is the beautiful arcade of the transition period, running along the wall, exquisite alike in design and in the colour of the stone. Through an arched opening and a low doorway under this arcade, a charming view is obtained. The river is seen winding through a green meadow "bordered by trees, which dip into the stream, and by green banks crowned with wooded hills, which rise one behind another, the most distant veiled by soft mist rising from the valley between. The exquisite grey river is luminous as with the glisten of a salmon."

The ruined portions of the Priory offer several good subjects for brush or pencil; the colour of the stone is very fine, specially in the choir—grey, rose, and creamy hues mingled. The initial illustration represents a delicious little bit both in colour and architecture.

The view of the "Stepping Stones" is extremely picturesque, with the bold background of red-brown scaur crowned with trees, down which a cascade falls some eighty feet. As has been well said, these views form "the centre of a landscape comprising every feature which can be required to make a perfect picture."

Bolton Hall is opposite the west front of the church. It was the ancient gateway of the Priory. It is now used by the Duke of Devonshire for the shooting season. There are in it a few pictures, chiefly portraits, which are interesting, and which the tourist will do well to see.

From the Priory a delightful walk may be taken through the woods to the famous "Strid," about two miles distant. There are many special points of view by the way, where seats are placed. The view from Hartington Seat is very perfect. This seat is on a precipitous bank, at a considerable height above the river, which here expands, and becomes a wider stream, washing the base of a wood-covered rocky bank. The river then makes a turn at nearly a right angle to the east, and runs at the back of the abbey churchyard. The eye takes in the stepping-stones with their noble background; to the south all is soft and luxuriant, rich pastures, and the beautiful woods of Lobwith crowned by the verdant summit of Haw Pike; Bolton Bridge appears in the middle distance, and the view is terminated by the purple summit of Rombald's Moor.

As we go on through the woods we get enchanting peeps of the rock-cumbered river; of romantic glens; of banks richly carpeted with ferns and mosses, mingled with the bilberry, numerous creepers and wild flowers. The colour on the rocks and on the moss-grown tree-trunks is very rich. Near the Strid the valley narrows, the dark mysterious woods—mingled with perpendicular masses of grey rock—overhang the rapid stream, which dashes and foams against the boulders that obstruct its course.

At length we come to an open space or clearing; near this the lower part of the Strid appears through the foliage, and the noise of the rushing, falling water strikes loudly on the ear. A path now leads down to the bed of the river, a platform of large blocks of moss-covered stone, in which the fury of the water has scooped basins and fissures. The noise here is almost deafening, and we see the contracted river rushing wildly between the masses of dark rock; this narrow channel is some sixty yards in length. As the water enters the trench in the rocks it falls about ten feet, and then rushes on to the point called the Strid, where the space across is under five feet, seemingly an easy jump, but from the peculiar position of the slippery rocks, and, above all, from the confusing noise of the furious, rushing water, a dangerous leap—

> "This striding place is called 'the Strid,'
> A name which it took of yore;
> A thousand years hath it borne that name,
> And shall a thousand more."

Here the "Boy of Egremont," young Romilly, was drowned. The story of his death is told by Wordsworth in his poem "The Force of Prayer"—

> "Young Romilly, through Barden woods,
> Is ranging high and low,
> And holds a greyhound in a leash,
> To let slip upon buck or doe.
> * * * * *
> "He sprang in glee—for what cared he
> That the river was strong and the rocks were steep!
> But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
> And checked him in his leap.
>
> "The boy is in the arms of Wharfe,
> And strangled by a merciless force;
> For never more was young Romilly seen
> Till he rose a lifeless corse."

To commemorate the tragic end of her only son, Lady Adeliza de Romillé is said to have transferred the Priory for Augustinian canons from its bleak position at Embsay, near Skipton, to the sheltered banks of the Wharfe at Bolton, A.D. 1150.

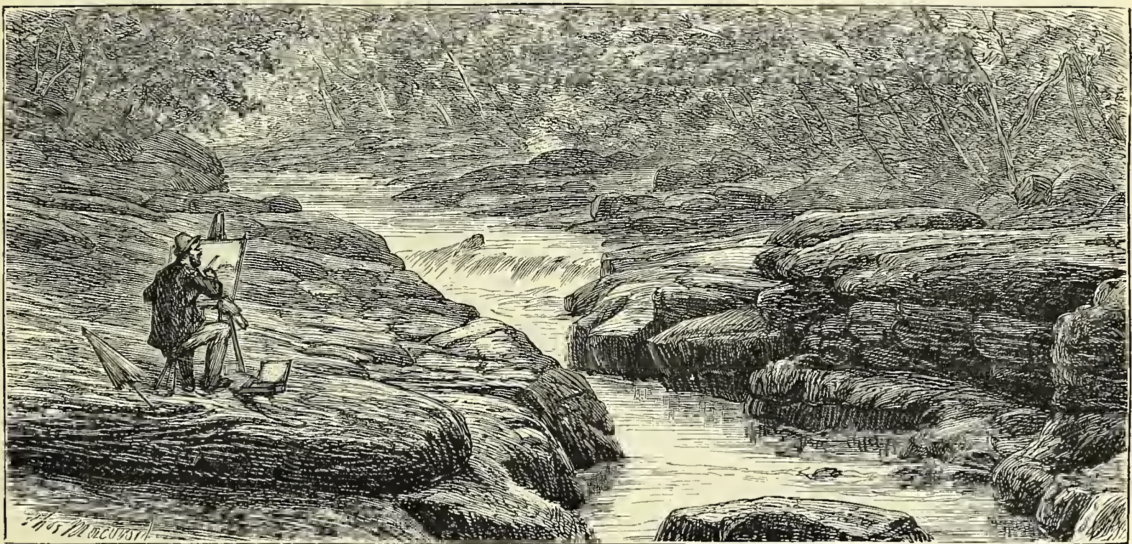
We should be sorry to discredit this charming legend, but the awkward part is, that the only son of the Lady Adeliza (according to the "Monasticon") was himself a witness to the charter of translation.

Beyond the Strid is the Pembroke Seat, an arbour commanding the finest view in the woods. In the foreground is the long line of the Wharfe, with a stretch of green meadow-land wooded at the water's edge; beyond is the ruin of Barden Tower, embowered in trees, the broad back of Barden Fell filling up the distance.

Barden Tower is only a mile from the Strid, and there is a great deal to be seen on the way to it. This tower, so picturesquely placed, was built by Henry, one of the ill-famed Clifford race, when his estate and title were restored to him.

To the left of the tower, at the distance of half a mile, going over Gilbeck Bridge, is the picturesque waterfall called Gilbeck Force. This fall, hidden in the wood, and bounded by banks of luxuriant ferns, is well worth a visit. From the summit of Storith's Hill, on the right bank of the Wharfe, a very fine view of the surrounding country is obtained—on a clear, bright day, a glimpse is caught of Pendle Hill, in Lancashire. Embsay Hump, the termination of Barden Fell, is seen; near this stood the Abbey, from whence came the monks of Bolton. Near the centre of Barden Fell is a rocky mass, the site of Rylstone, from which place the "white soft-paced doe" is said to have gone to the Priory churchyard. Beamsley Beacon, Rombald's Moor, Haw Pike, the bold peak of Skipton Rocks, and Flasby Fell all appear in this view. What is called the "lower water-fall" is an interesting spot, and the way to it, up Possforth Gill or Glen, is most picturesque. At the top of this glen is the Devonshire Seat; from this seat you descend a few hundred yards to the cascade; the fall of water is between forty and fifty feet. A semi-circular wall of rocks, covered with ferns, ivy, and long grasses, surrounds the fall, and trees overhang it.

The Valley of Desolation is a short distance from this waterfall. The foliage in the lower part of the valley is luxuriant, but higher up the trees are stunted and weird, looking as though struck by blight or lightning. Possforth Beck forces its tortuous way through the valley over broken fragments of rock, torn from their native beds by violent storms. The "upper fall," though smaller than the lower one, is almost as picturesque in its surroundings. Ascending the hill above the fall, and keeping by the stream through the wood, the ridge of rocks called "Simon's Seat" is reached. This point is 1,593 feet high, and rises abruptly from the face of the moor.



THE STRID.

We have not nearly mentioned all that is to be seen in the picturesque woods of Bolton—day after day may be spent there with keen enjoyment, and summer evenings there are delightful. But we have said enough to prove their claim to a high place among "Artists' Haunts."

Thos. R. Macquoid.

SCULPTURE IN GOLD AND IVORY.

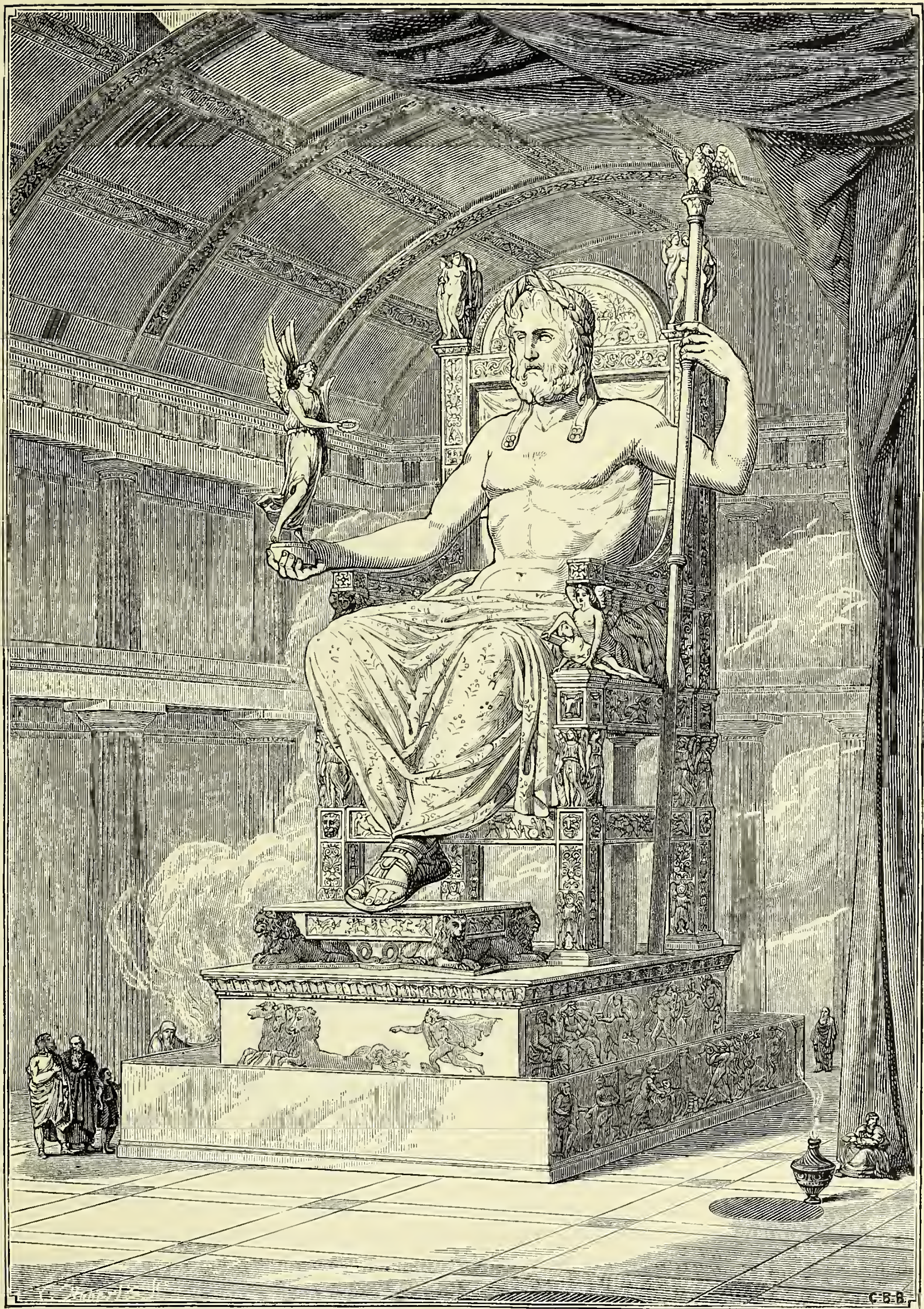
OF all the sculpture of the Greek artists of antiquity none was more remarkable than the chryselephantine statues. The Greek words *chrusos* (gold) and *elephantinos* (of ivory) indicate the costly material of which such sculpture was made. We have not so much as a fragment of any of these statues remaining, nor have we more than scanty notices of how they were put together, and what they were like. But they were the most renowned, the oftenest seen, and the most carefully tended among thousands of objects of public and religious veneration.

The materials are so precious that we should naturally expect to hear of such statues having been on a small scale. Ivory might have been obtainable from mammoth tusks by the Greeks, and a good deal larger than those of the elephant in the Middle Ages and modern times. Such tusks were, perhaps, to be dug up in various parts of Europe, as they are still found in Russia; but still any objects sculptured in ivory we should conclude must have been of small dimensions. This, however, was not the case. Gold, again, could not have been very abundant in Greece; nothing like what it became in imperial Rome and in Constantinople. But these famous statues were the largest known (out of Egypt).

The general tendency of modern theories leads to the conclusion that though the materials of which sculptors make use should be of fine grain and pure whiteness, such as Pentelic or Parian marble, yet that little reliance is to be placed on the splendour of mere material, and that the mind should be directed rather to the deep and imaginative beauty which the artist has embodied in his sculpture. Statues of gold and ivory are to some extent in contradiction to such teaching, true as it is when broadly stated. Some great authorities of our day have gone so far as to think but little of the reputed beauty of these pieces of sculpture. Except for the preciousness and splendour of the materials, these authorities do not consider that they were by any means the masterpieces of Pheidias and the other sculptors, by whom they were executed. The marbles that have survived to our days, such as those of the Parthenon, have lost any colouring material that may once have graced them, and their beauty is such, and so perfect, that we find it difficult to imagine it as greater by any additions of colour. It remains, nevertheless, true that the greatest sculptors made gold and ivory statues as their masterpieces; expended all their art upon them; and these productions were accepted during many centuries by the most critical of nations, not only as the most precious, but also as the most beautiful examples of sculpture in the world.

As to the materials, ivory from the earliest records of history seems to have been set apart as the material specially devoted to state and royal use. Sceptres, thrones, and seats; tables, caskets, and chests for the preservation of sacred objects, were made of ivory as a sort of kingly material; and it was mounted, inlaid, and in many other ways decorated with gold; enriched, too, when that was possible, with precious stones. It was therefore a natural desire among the Greeks to make objects of the highest public veneration in those costly, rare, and precious materials. It is by no means improbable that statues of gold, or great parts of which were gold, had been seen amongst the great monarchies of the East. Herodotus speaks of a statue of solid gold in Babylon, twelve cubits high, carried off by Xerxes. It was not till the long struggle with the Persians was over that the Greeks set about making anything so precious, but the idea gained ground, and bore its fruit just in the highest and grandest period of Greek art.

There were many chryselephantine statues in ancient Greece. We shall speak only of one or two. The most famous were those



STATUE OF THE OLYMPIAN JUPITER IN GOLD AND IVORY.

(The Work of Pheidias—about 433 B.C. From the Restoration by M. Quatremère de Quincy.)

of Zeus (Jupiter), at Olympia, of Here (Juno), at Argos, and of Athene (Minerva), at Athens. They were of colossal size. That of Zeus was from fifty to sixty feet high, on a pedestal of twelve feet. That of Athene was perhaps forty feet (twenty-six cubits). They have been described but vaguely by various authors—by Pausanias, who saw these as well as many others in the second century of our era. But they were works of art, and indeed religious shrines, so widely known and venerated that no writer would have thought of sitting down to give a minute and detailed description for the information of nations to whom they might one day be a remembrance of the past, and nothing more. The faces, arms, legs, and all uncovered portions of the limbs were of ivory; the dresses which hung, in the case of the Athene, in straight but ample folds to the feet were of gold, the borders and edges were highly wrought. The Zeus sat in a chair (such, probably, as some seated statues in the British Museum are provided with) made with massive square bars and backs; at the four supports of which stood four Victories. In one hand he held a life-sized Victory, in the other a tall sceptre surmounted by his emblematic eagle. The sceptre was of various metals; the throne, or chair, was of cedar-wood, inlaid with ivory, ebony, and precious stones, and had on it figures and groups in relief. The footstool of the god stood on four lions, and the pedestal on which the whole was raised was covered with figures in relief.

The Athene in the Parthenon was standing. The face, arms, and feet were of ivory. The eyes were of marble, or *pietra dura*. On the head was a helmet, surmounted by a sphinx in the round, with griffins on either side in relief. Contests with centaurs were executed in relief on her Tyrrhenian sandals. She held a spear in one hand, and a life-sized Victory, considered a work of extraordinary beauty, in the other; and had a shield and a serpent at her feet behind her. She wore an ægis, or breast-plate of gold, on which was a Medusa's head of gold, replaced, when Pausanias saw it, by one of ivory. The shield had the battle of the giants on the inside, that between the Greeks and the Amazons on the outside; and in this part the portraits of Pericles and Pheidias himself were ingeniously introduced. This fact led to a subsequent accusation of impiety. On the pedestal was the birth of Pandora.

The gold on these statues was hammered, and of no great thickness; said to be "a line"—perhaps as thick as the eighth of an inch. The throne of Zeus has been already said to have been of cedar. An olive-wood and cedar frame was the structure on which the Athene and other such statues were made up. There remain on coins various typical representations of the Zeus and of the Athene, and there are in the Museum of Naples, and the Vatican, antique statues considered to represent them (see "Museo Borbonico," vol. iv., plate 7, for instance), and the Pallas of the Villa Albani. A bust of Zeus, with huge locks of hair, in the Museum of Naples is also considered to represent the head of the colossus at Olympia. A modern writer, Quatremère de Quincy ("Jupiter Olympien"), has attempted a restoration of these and other gold and ivory statues, with careful plates and descriptions. Our wood-cut is copied from his work. All the great artists who were contemporaries or pupils of Pheidias worked at the statues we have described, or took special parts, such as the inner and outer sides of the shield, the sandals, pedestals, and so on. The golden drapery of the Athene seems to have been so laid on that it was movable; at any rate, the artist had it taken off and weighed when accused of peculation. The entire weight of gold was about forty talents, and the value in our money about £120,000 sterling—a great sum in those days.

The question will naturally be asked, how such surfaces as a face nearly five feet high—or in the case of the seated Zeus twice as large—the arms, and limbs could possibly be made of ivory? The material was laid on olive-wood, and was probably glued down with excellent animal size (in the opinion of De Quincy, pegged down to the wood). However large the teeth at the artists' command, the pieces must have been joined. The ancients are said to have been acquainted with methods of softening the edges and joining together slices or slabs of

ivory something in the way in which tortoise-shell is still joined. According to Seneca, Democritus was the inventor of such a process. Possibly the Chinese have some similar way of joining the material. Various receipts, indeed, for doing so, supposed to have come from the ancients, have been tried in recent times, but hitherto without success. In any case, the Greeks joined their slabs with great nicety, laid them on beds of wood not likely to dry or crack, and probably treated the surface with some preparation of size to prevent drying and cracking. Oil was constantly rubbed or poured over the Zeus to preserve the ivory, and the vapour of water had a similar effect on the Athene in the Parthenon. It must be remembered also that, in consequence of the immense scale on which these statues were made, the lines or cracks that might be seen on small carvings close to the eye would not be generally perceptible.

There remains one more question regarding these sculptures: was the ivory left white or painted? We know that the architecture, probably also the sculpture, of the Parthenon was painted and gilt. Were not most of the statues of the Greeks painted also? If the eyes of the Athene were inlaid in marble, or lapis-lazuli and other stones, was her face left without colour? We have no definite information on this point, but there is some probability that even the ivory may have been treated with colour laid on with size or wax. Such a treatment would tend to preserve the material, and we know that these large statues remained entire in the second century of our era, and were, probably, not taken to pieces till the fourth.

The example set by the artists of the time of Pheidias was followed in a number of sacred places in Greece, and it became a sort of fashion to have such statues in the rich temples of the Roman dominions. Numbers are said to have been made in Athens, Corinth, and other wealthy Greek capitals for exportation long after the loss of Greek independence.

We must not omit a notice of an effort, the only one that can be mentioned in modern times, to revive this costly kind of sculpture. The late Duc de Luynes had a statue of ivory, silver, and bronze, a Minerva, made by a French sculptor, M. Simart. It was exhibited in Paris in 1855. It measures nearly ten feet in height. The face, neck, arms, and feet are of Indian ivory, as well as the torso of a small Victory held in her right hand, and the Medusa's head on the ægis. The spear, shield, helmet, and serpent are of bronze; the drapery and the ægis, or breast-plate, are of beaten silver, carefully chased with the graver.

We have no record of any similar attempt during the Italian renaissance, that period so fruitful, not only in excellent sculpture of bronze and marble, but in the production of carved ivory, intaglios and gems, in every kind of costly and precious material. But it must be remembered that the Italian renaissance had but few remains of Greek workmanship as examples for the artists of the day. The excavations and discoveries then made were of Roman art. The Romans of the empire were rich and luxurious, and employed Greek artists and workmen, who copied and reproduced in countless quantities the famous works of an earlier period, many of which, no doubt, were brought to Rome, but were in the possession of the emperors; or were given by them as public monuments to the temples; or were erected to adorn the *fora* and other public places of the city. A statue of Minerva, for instance, all of ivory, the work of Endœus, which had been long preserved at Tegæa, was placed by Augustus in his new forum. Statues of this perishable material left uncared for, or exposed to violence in the troubles which brought the empire to ruin and disruption, could not be expected to survive. Nor has anything of the kind been brought up hitherto from the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

It must be observed, in conclusion, that it would be an error to suppose that the excellence of the art was in any way lost in the splendour of the substances used in these statues. On the contrary, the great artists contrived to make their material set off the grandeur of the general design. The face and arms of the Zeus—vast surfaces—and distant portions, such as the hair, were broadly treated; some of the locks, according to Lucian,

weighing six minæ, valued at "300 louis d'or." On the other hand, the bars of the seat, the sandals, footstool, and pedestal were covered with small, even minute work, and finished like jewellery; golden drapery being painted or enamelled with flowers. These parts came close to the eye, and being under cover could be examined thoroughly. Such small and elaborate details in the first place, and then the life-sized figure of Victory, would give some measure of the colossal scale of the rest. Contrasts of this kind fill up the idea of completeness and finish which we so often miss when we come near, or close under, pieces of colossal sculpture.

It is difficult for the mind to call up for itself anything like a graphic vision of glories so utterly gone, and of which some few of the details only have been mentioned, but mentioned as matters supposed to be well known, and not therefore carefully described. We want Michael Angelo, Cellini, the jewellers whom he taught, and the minute skill of Japanese metallurgists to work together in order to give us some just notion of such perfect art. The great men of the sixteenth century attempted no such cycles of sculptured completeness. We can only find some sort of parallel to them in the great shrines and churches of the Middle Ages and the sixteenth century. J. H. P.

AN ARTIST'S INDIAN TRAVELS.*

No picture ever painted has required so much trouble, so much travelling, and such an indefatigable pursuit of models as the immense canvas commemorative of the Proclamation of the title of Empress of India, on which Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., is now, and will be for months longer, at work. From Bombay, across the vast continent eastward to Allahabad, northward through Rajpootana and the Punjab into the high valleys of Kashmir, down through the plains of Southern India to Madras and Mysor, went the artist commissioned by the Indian Government, in pursuit of Rajah and Maharajah and Nizam. The civil servant often knows nothing of India outside his presidency, the soldier's knowledge is confined to one or two stations, but this artist over-ran the whole country. Mr. Prinsep is probably right in his opinion that no one man has seen so much of India as himself, and he has certainly done well to give us the result of his experiences in a book.

SIR SALAR JUNG.

On his arrival he proceeded at once to Dehli (we adopt the new spelling), where he witnessed the Durbar — the ceremony which he was to paint. After which, the potentates who attended it having dispersed to their own dominions, he occupied a year in following them up into the recesses of the country. The place of the ceremony was badly chosen as regards historic interest and

* "Imperial India." By Val C. Prinsep. (Chapman and Hall.)

artistic beauty at any rate; and as to the building itself, the artist's heart sank within him when he found that he was expected to paint an ugly erection of glass and iron—red, blue, and gold—and this in a land where architecture combines felicities of colour and form which might have appealed to any senses, except those of a purely practical engineer. Mr. Prinsep very frankly tells us that the ceremony was no more picturesque than the site; surrounded by bad taste and "shrieking" colour, Oriental magnificence must needs lose its effect of harmony. So hopeless, indeed, was the whole thing from an artist's point of view, that Mr. Prinsep very wisely determined, with the Viceroy's acquiescence, to aim at a more or less imaginative commemoration rather than at a reproduction of a scene which had neither dignity nor distinction.

HIS HIGHNESS MANGOL SING, RAJAH OF ULWAR.

The great day over, we follow the artist through months of difficult and disheartening work. Painting Rajahs in intricate costumes, by the utterly insufficient light of their palace chambers, in the "prickly heat" which torments new-comers to India, and amidst the incessant and irritating din of horns, tom-toms, yells and shouts, was no easy task. The Rajahs, besides, did not always keep their appointments; they wasted Mr. Prinsep's time, or obliged him to take supplementary journeys.

Agra, so often written about, is re-described in "Imperial India" with an artist's freshness, but we do not find much enthusiasm in Mr. Prinsep's word-painting until he comes to his memorable journey to the Himalayas. It is rather a shock, by the way, to find that our old friends should be pronounced with the first *a* long and a short penultimate. Meantime, he sketched portrait after portrait; among them that which represents His Highness Mangol Sing, Rajah of Ulwar, which we engrave. "He is a good-natured, good-looking little chap," says Mr. Prinsep. In April of 1877—the artist's journey to India having taken place towards the end of the previous year—he went northwards into the country of those great mountains, the "back-bone of the world."

"There they were, blue against the early dawn, sharp cut as though all those jagged peaks were equally distant, while the foot-hills (considerable mountains anywhere else) showed a darker blue, and the foreground was a sea of yellowing corn, with here and there a dark tree in the distance. It was a simple harmony of colour—one of those things that every artist has essayed; but for delicacy of tone and wonderful limpidity, I never saw anything to match it. Meanwhile, the sunrise quickening, one or two thin streaks of cloud shine golden on

the delicate yellow. The distant snow-peaks are gradually fused in the golden sky, becoming an extraordinary tender yellow lilac; and then, bright and hot, up leaps the sun!"

We hardly need that the scene should be painted for us with colour; these simple and vivid words almost suffice. The description of the valley of the Jhelum—the strong and narrow mountain stream which roars continually through days and days of difficult travel—is admirably given; the valley of Kashmir is described as partly enchanting, partly disenchanting. Though no one, probably, ever pinned much faith on Tom Moore's flowing platitudes in "Lalla Rookh," few have fully realised the truth as to the inhabitants of the place. Mohammedans under a Hindoo rule, the people are oppressed with a grinding taxation, their religion is persecuted, and every detail of their lives is tyrannically ordered. A fine race, and clever, they are yet degraded below the level of brutes. As to their dirt, Mr. Prinsep gives terrific hints; his bed at Kashmir was certainly not one of roses. At Srinagar the artist was to have caught a Maharajah, but the stars being unpropitious to the entry of the potentate into his capital, Mr. Prinsep was obliged to meet him near Islamabad; the journey was made through valleys and hills of flowers.

DAUGHTER OF THE MAHARANEE JUMNA BAE.

Leaving Islamabad on the 12th of June, Mr. Prinsep crossed the mountain, Pir Punjab, to Gugerat, the usual route out of Kashmir being occupied by the journey of one of the Maharajah's wives. Intrusion on that lady's line of march not being permissible, the artist started, with some coolies for the transport of his baggage, on the most adventurous trip which he records. Without roads, here and there plunging up to the girths in snow, rolling off a plank-bridge into a mountain river, obliged to lead his pony over boulders, climbing, struggling, and jumping, "skipping ponderously along, and feeling about as agile as a show bullock"—as the almost gigantic artist describes himself—he at last surmounted the Pir Punjab and reached a land of roads, and even railways. The worst of it was that he was obliged to take such constant heed to his footing, that he could hardly spare his eyes for the scenery; he records, however, the delightful zones of vegetation which mark the different climates of that immense mountain. At the top, nothing grows; a little lower, a few birch-trees, "scarred and stripped by the avalanche," hang on to the mountain-side; then comes the pine; then a region of flowers, roses climbing up the tall trees, and all the blossoms of the temperate north; then pomegranate and peach and pear; and finally towards the plain, cactus and palm begin, and all is sub-tropical again.

We wish we could in our space follow the interesting author and artist to holy Benares, which he describes very freshly. His journey to South India is less interesting. He went to Haidarabad to paint the young Nizam, and made at the same time the admirable sketch of Sir Salar Jung—the Nizam's minister, so well known in London—which we reproduce. Sir Salar has justly the reputation of being the most polished of native gentlemen, and, indeed,

the well-cut and refined features compare most advantageously with the fat, uninteresting faces of most of the Rajahs. Out of the many excellent illustrations of Mr. Prinsep's book we also give a pretty sketch of a little girl, daughter of a beautiful Maharanee whose portrait he took for the Durbar picture. On the last day of 1877, the wearied artist, having caught and painted his last Rajah, set sail from Bombay. We shall all be eager to see the picture; in the meantime we are delighted and amused with the book.

MRS. JAMESON: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

IT was time that a life of Mrs. Jameson* should be given to the world. She had the rare union of pure and fastidious artistic taste with a popular simplicity and directness which have caused her books to penetrate into every reading household in England. Other writers on art have appealed to a class, but her *clientèle* is found everywhere; and she was not so much the most popular writer upon a certain class of subjects as the originator of a new kind of art-teaching. Artists—and art-critics so well versed in the technicality of painting as to speak with the knowledge and authority of artists—have before and since her time written learnedly of style and manner, colour and draughtsmanship; the literary school of critics, on the other hand, have explained to us the meaning of the great masters of art in the way of spirituality, thought, and symbolism; the historical essayist has described for us their lives, their ages, and their schools; Mrs. Jameson, combining much from all these writers, has also applied herself in a distinctive manner to *subject* in ancient painting, to the tracing of legends, and the elucidation of that traditional hagiology which was of vital interest in the times of the purest art, but which is often a sealed book to the modern dilettante. "Sacred and Legendary Art," "Legends of the Madonna," and "Legends of the Monastic Orders" were something very different from the mere compilation with which literary connoisseurship in art generally busies itself. Personal research was indispensable to their production; and how sincere and living was her interest in that research is evidenced by the tears with which she is recorded to have spoken of the beautiful legends she studied. All she wrote, indeed, was written out of the fulness of the heart, and her contemplation of the great works of the great schools was more intelligent than that of men in many ways more learned than she, insomuch as she could trace the artist's intention, and explain the reason of his combinations, his groups, and incidents; she could read the story of the picture, entering the while, by this peculiar warmth of heart, into the very feeling which dictated the work. Without her explanations, such things would remain a secret to many. Not that she is ever led into that pseudo-priesthood of criticism which professes to discover occult ideas and symbolism—of which it alone has the key—in the works of the masters; her far more modest labour is to explain the always explicable and scientific legendary subject of a picture.

Anna Jameson was the daughter of an Irish miniature painter, whose large family early learnt the anxieties and trials of poverty. The eldest girl, she earned her bread at sixteen as a governess, and it was as a governess that she first left England to make what was then still called the *grand tour*. Like all idle or thoughtful ladies of her time, she kept an elaborate journal of her travels; melancholy from the suspension of an engagement with the young barrister, Robert Jameson, whom she afterwards married, she writes with something more than the usual sentiment, or, as it was then called, sensibility, of young ladies in her day; but this is always counteracted by her enthusiasm, her observant and bright intelligence. The journal was afterwards published, with a fictitious ending, as the "Diary of an Ennuyée." In 1825 her broken engagement was renewed,

* "Memoir of Mrs. Jameson." By her niece, Gerardine Macpherson. Longmans, 1878.

and in that year, at the age of thirty-one, she made the unhappy marriage which, being afterwards dissolved by mutual consent, condemned her to a life of comparative solitude. After four years of union, the husband, whose professional success in London was not great, accepted a post as judge in the Island of Dominica. Thither he went alone, parting with his wife in amity, if not in great affection, and both probably intending to re-establish their home together in more favourable circumstances. Meanwhile, Mrs. Jameson made a second tour abroad, this time with her father and Sir Gerard Noel; and of this journey also she afterwards published a description. These literary labours won her a renown difficult to realise in these days, and when she published her charming "Characteristics of Women" her fame became confirmed. Mr. Jameson returned from Dominica in 1833, his appointment there having proved unsatisfactory, and in a few months set out for Canada on another venture. His wife, now in full literary career, took a lengthened tour in Germany, halting principally at Dresden and at Weimar, the then artistic and literary capitals of the country, where her society comprised all that was great in the intellectual German world. One of her characteristics throughout her life was a proneness to enthusiastic female friendships. No schoolgirl ever poured out her heart with more loving and impulsive confidence, and among the chosen ladies, Ottilie von Goethe, the poet's charming daughter-in-law, held for thirty years a foremost place; the friends corresponded constantly, and met, whenever it was possible, in Weimar, Vienna, Dresden, Venice, or Rome.

In 1834 her father's dangerous illness recalled Mrs. Jameson to London. The pnblication of her works proceeded apace; and some German sketches, which she wrote at this time, synchronising as they did with Carlyle's introduction of Goethe to the homage of England, did much, in a modest way, to open the world of German thought to her countrymen. But society caught her about this time, and sought to make a lion of the woman who loved thought and hard work. "I never liked London," she writes, "and now I hate it absolutely." It must be owned, however, that complaint and discontent were somewhat her habit. Apparently in the enjoyment of every blessing (except the companionship of a husband, for whom she does not seem to have professed much attachment), she continually recurs in her letters to her griefs and the hardness of her lot; and she seems also to exaggerate the enmity of such press-writers as criticised her work unfavourably. In the same year (1834) began an extraordinary friendship with Lady Byron, which lasted, at a pitch of intense enthusiasm, for many years, and the cessation of which, for no clearly assignable reason, was something like her death-blow. "Lady Byron has broken my heart," she said at sixty-five. Among her friends in England were Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Opie, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Procter and her daughter Adelaide, Joanna Baillie, and, in fact, all the literary women and many of the literary men of the time. While this circle of acquaintance was increasing round her, her husband was writing affectionate, pressing, and almost reverential letters to his wife to induce her to share his exile. These letters she seems to have read with a cool incredulity, which probably was the result of her experiences; nevertheless, she yielded at last to his repeated requests, and set sail for Canada in 1836. The visit was disastrous; she disliked the country, suffered keenly from the winter climate, and found her domestic life utterly uncongenial. During the following summer, a long tour through Canada seems to have softened her distaste, and it supplied her with materials for another book; but early in 1838 she finally and irrevocably parted from her husband, by no wish of his, as he declares, and carrying with her his "most perfect respect and esteem." He remained in Canada as Attorney-General, universally well regarded, and died there.

It was late in life that the authoress entered upon the works by which her name will live. Art had for some time employed her thoughts more and more, and she had published a "Companion to the Private Galleries," and several separate papers on painting in various periodicals. Social subjects—especially the employment of women—were much in her mind at times, and in her philanthropic labours she

was the collaborateur of Lady Byron, who had social reforms much at heart. But her plans for the "Sacred and Legendary Art" were gradually maturing themselves, and she was only waiting for the opportunity for another visit abroad to finish the collection of her materials. In 1845 that opportunity came; she made some stay in Germany, in Bavaria, and in Italy, and later she prolonged her studies in all the principal Italian cities, but especially in Rome, where a knot of German and English friends—almost all of whom bore well-known names—formed her society. Her love for Rome is expressed in the truly beautiful description she gives of the solitary churches in the less frequented of the Seven Hills, where she wandered in search of art.

Old age came upon the gifted woman in the midst of her labours, and death in 1860 cut short the "Legends of Our Lord and of St. John the Baptist," which were to close the series of her essays on legendary art. ALICE OLDCASTLE.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—I.

FROM several causes this picture season will be an exceptionally good one; there is no competing Paris International Exhibition to make large claims and to offer more than insular honours; and it happens that several important pictures, as, for instance, a "Queen Esther," by Mr. Long, A.R.A., "The Return of the Prodigal," by Mr. Fildes, A.R.A., and Mrs. Butler's "'Listed for the Connaught Rangers," which are, properly speaking, the labours of the previous year, but the completion of which was delayed beyond the sending-in day of 1878, take their place among the canvases of 1879. At the Academy the President will be represented by a larger number of more important works than was the case last

THE REMNANTS OF AN ARMY.
(By Mrs. Butler.)

year. His "Elijah and the Angel," a picture heroic in inspiration and in proportions, was his principal contribution to Paris, and will take a leading place at Burlington House. This *magnum opus* of Sir Frederick Leighton's genius is painted in one of his lightest and brightest moods as a colourist; the soft tints are relieved from insipidity by their perfect harmony; and the most striking characteristic of the scheme of colour is its curious originality—misty gold and rose predominate. The prophet sleeps in an attitude rather more suggestive of the schools than of the abandonment of nature; this is, nevertheless, an heroic figure. The angel, who has a slightly feminine character (proved by the persistent way in which careless spectators speak of this figure with a feminine pronoun), has just alighted, the magnificently-coloured plumed wings are still open, the drapery floats upwards from the descending feet with a pleasant mixture of naturalism and of the familiar Old-Master treatment of angels' robes. A strong contrast is probably intended between the heavy repose of the man and the buoyant movement of his heavenly visitant. The fine sky is also half realistic, half decorative; it has an epic splendour and meaning, and is strongly suggestive of a misty heat and drought. Sir Frederick Leighton seems, in deference to the now prevailing opinions as to the aims of art, to have banished emotion and passion from his pictures; he paints year by year beauty in negative repose; and even here, where his pencil has aimed at a nobler and more significant theme, expression has been studiously avoided—the man is asleep and the angel is serene. Yet the glorious "St. Jerome," among the Academy diploma pictures, proves that the President is above all things a master of dramatic emotion; and we call to mind with deep delight other examples—the weary face of a "King David" meditating on the dove's flight to a haven of rest, an "Orpheus and Eurydice," full of intense expression; and these are only a few out of many.

Second in importance to the "Elijah" is the same artist's full-length portrait of Lady Brownlow, a charming work, in which the *tour de force* of relieving a white dress against a white sky has been skilfully performed. This beautiful, elegant, and artistic portrait will do much to leaven the mass of the inevitable Academy full-lengths. A very masterly portrait of Signor Costa (the clever landscape painter), executed far more smoothly than the memorable portrait of Captain Burton, yet masculine and strong in modelling; two beautiful "Capri Girls;" and two studies of heads, complete the list of the President's works.

If we leave Mr. Davis, R.A., out of the question, Mr. Briton Riviere, A.R.A., is certainly without an equal as an animal painter; and, unlike Mr. Davis, he combines with his technical artistic merits the faculty of story-telling in a delightful degree. This year his three pictures are as imaginative as ever. The most important is entitled "*In manus tuas, Domine*," and it represents a young knight riding through an enchanted forest, holding up the cross of his sword with a calm, confident expression, while his steed and his three blood-hounds are overcome with fright. A smaller work, entitled "A Winter's Tale," shows a little girl lying in the snow, where she is discovered by two collie dogs; and a third depicts a "Poacher's Widow," seated in the moonlight, just over a field of barley, her head bowed down, and her hands clasped. In the words of the late Charles Kingsley, quoted by the painter—

> "She thought of the dark plantation,
> And the hares, and her husband's blood;
> And the voice of her indignation
> Rose up to the throne of God."

A fir wood, with pheasants and rabbits creeping about, complete the accessories of an impressive and pathetic work.

Mr. Marcus Stone, A.R.A., has studied out-door effect with conscientious care and to good purpose in his three graceful works—"Discord," "In the Shade," and a study of a girl in a summer garden. In the first of these a girl is leaving her lover after a passing quarrel. The second shows us a last century damsel sitting in literal and metaphorical shade, while a rival is being wooed in the sunshine; the scene of the little comedy is a garden. There is a fineness, finish, and completeness about this artist's later work which would be difficult to parallel in contemporary English

art. In this respect his manner has changed greatly since he painted the roughly energetic "Soldier's Return" some years ago.

Mr. Ouless, A.R.A., sustains, by five magnificent portraits, a reputation which is becoming classical. As a draughtsman he has hardly a rival now in England, and his execution with the brush, if a little hard and insistent, is remarkable for power and truth. In these days, when so much effect is produced by an easy eccentricity, the merit of work so sincere as Mr. Ouless's is doubly precious. His likenesses are intense and faithful; if they have not that poetic insight into the whole character of a subject which distinguishes such masters as Rembrandt, they are yet invariably intelligent. Dr. Ridding, Sir Thomas Gladstone, Mr. Malcolm (the owner of the collection of drawings by Old Masters which was lately exhibited at the Grosvenor), Mr. John Bright, and Mr. Edmund Yates are the originals of his portraits this year.

Mr. Yeames, R.A., sends a portrait group of the children of Mr. W. R. Moberly, at play on the sea-shore. The expressions are vivid and child-like, and the whole picture is full of cheerfulness and fresh air. A second work (the artist's diploma picture) shows a Venetian water-carrier at one of the white marble wells so familiar to travellers—a girl clad in the dark rich-coloured petticoat, white bodice, and yellow handkerchief, which render so artistic a popular costume in Venice; the background is a good brown, and the whole scheme of colour pleasingly harmonious.

Mr. Long, A.R.A., has completed his "Esther," begun last year, and he has supplied this work with a pendant, and a probable rival in popular admiration—"Vashti." Both pictures are eminently attractive studies of feminine beauty, with which is combined much emotional expression. Esther is the more solemnly heroic, Vashti the more majestic. In both pictures the careful study of all authorities has given archæological interest to the decorative part of the subject; and the colour is exquisitely tender and harmonious. Queen Esther, arrayed so that her beauty may touch the heart of the tyrant, is on the point of entering his presence unbidden, at the risk of her life, in order to plead for her people. Vashti has just dismissed the messengers who had summoned her to "show her beauty to all the princes and the people." Her dignity as an Eastern woman, who has never been seen unveiled, is outraged; but a knowledge of the full consequences of her act is seen in her eyes. She is excessively fair, and her rival and successor is a Jewess of the dark type. Mr. Long has also painted excellent portraits of Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln; of Mrs. Hannah Brown, the blind and aged lady who was so long the friend and companion of Lady Burdett Coutts; and of Mr. Irving in the character of "Vanderdecken."

Passing to outsiders, Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) pursues military art with a healthy energy rare in these days of "exquisite idylls." One of the greatest tragedies in the history of English arms has supplied her with the subject of her largest work, "The Remnants of an Army." Dr. Brydone, the only man who escaped from General Elphinstone's force of 16,000 men, defeated and massacred in 1842 by the Afghans, reaches the walls of Jellalabad, which is under siege and garrisoned by the English. An anxious look-out has been kept day by day for tidings of the army, but in vain, until one evening a solitary figure is discerned upon the plain—one white man, fainting, clasping the neck of his miserable pony, which stumbles among the briars and stones of the rough road. The artist has shown the fugitive raising himself with a final effort to look towards the friendly walls in sight at last. An intense expression, in which there is nothing of the theatre—nothing overstepping the modesty of nature—has been given to the face and action of the man; the spectator feels, as indeed he should feel before such a subject, that he is in the presence of one of the tragedies of the world. This picture, of which we give a thumb-nail sketch, represents the outcome of war; its beginnings the artist has shown in her Irish recruiting subject, "'Listed for the Connaught Rangers." Her two young peasants leave their native glen with a regret which they conceal with masculine reserve; their type and the character of the scenery

and of the climate are distinctively Irish; the colour is subdued but intense, and the group

IN THE SHADE. (*By Marcus Stone, A.R.A.*)

marches with steady if somewhat melancholy spirit. Another outsider, whose career has opened with great promise, is Mr. Dicksee, and he has this year added to the reputation won with his popular "Harmony"—which the Academy recently purchased from the funds of the Chantrey bequest—by the scene from "Evangeline," here reproduced. It represents, as will be seen at a glance by those who are familiar with Mr. Longfellow's poem, that passage which deals with the destruction of the village of Grand-Pré, and the removal of its inhabitants:—

"There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left a line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed."

Mentioning the great American poet reminds us that excellent work has been done this year, as usual, by the little group of American painters who have made England the country of their adoption. Prominent among these is Mr. Boughton, who has painted three subjects in the key of flat, sad colour which has become habitual with him. His self-denial in this respect strikes us as somewhat to be regretted in view of the beauty of colour which we remember in his "Rivals" a year or two ago. The first of his new compositions shows a group of tramps at rest under a tree by the wayside; the second, two women, browned and hardened by wind and weather, tilling with their own hands the "widow's acre" by the sea-side; the third, a young girl in Puritan costume making her way to "meeting" through deep snow. This picture is a combination of delicate drabs, the girl's locks sharing in the general tint—the clipped and somewhat coquettish hair, by the way,

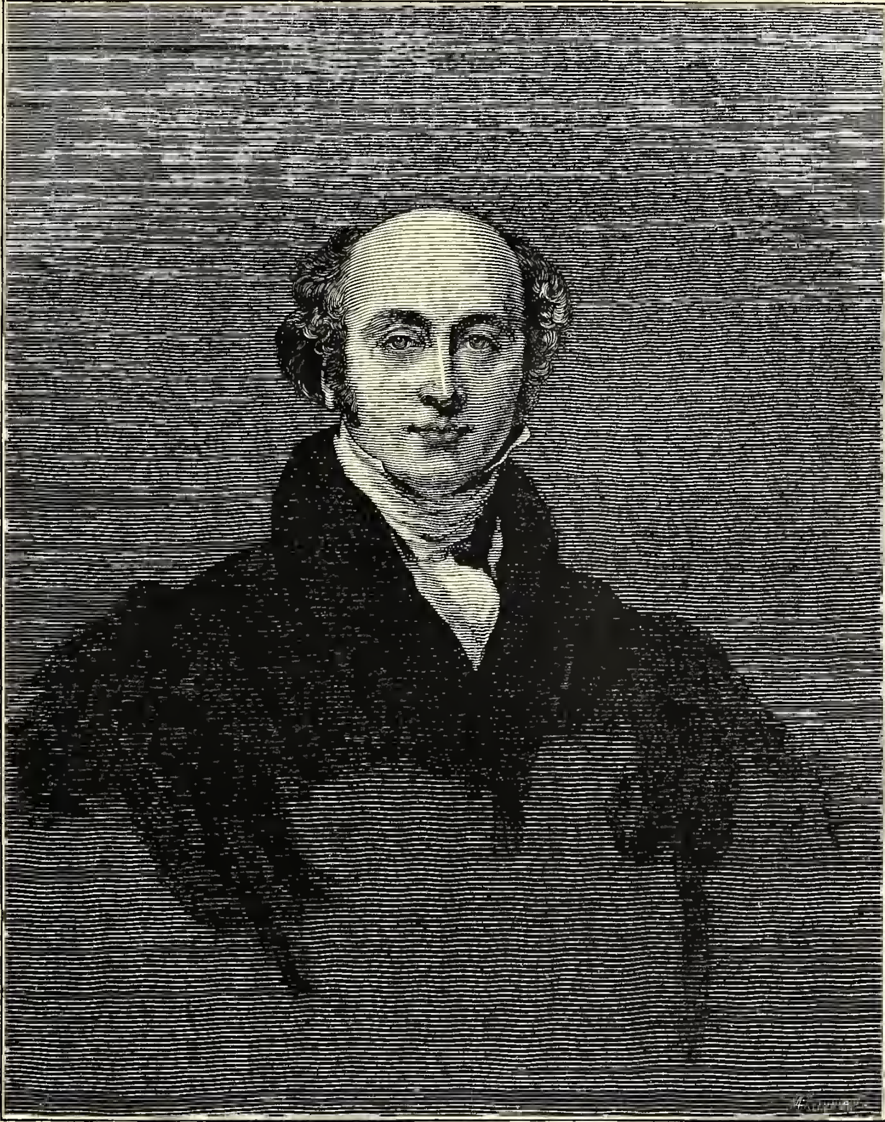
EVANGELINE. (*By Frank Dicksee.*)

being the only point which is out of keeping with the character of this demure "Priscilla."

THREE ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS.—III.

LAWRENCE.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was born in Bristol in 1769—a period, if not the actual year, of the birth of many men who took prominent parts in great events. Napoleon Bonaparte, Arthur Wellesley, Daniel O'Connell, Mohammed Ali, all came into the world about the same time; Nelson was then a boy of twelve. At no time, perhaps, since the days of Charlemagne, has Europe gone through such struggles and changes as those in which the generation of Lawrence took part; and he painted the portraits of great numbers of the prominent men of his time, both in England and abroad. Doubtless, with the temper of the times, the character and expression of men change too, as well as the fashion and cut of



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

(From a Portrait painted by himself. By kind permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co.)

their dresses. The temper of the times did undergo a change during the last years of the century, the influence of which was felt, in one way or another, by all classes of society. The subjects of Lawrence's pictures, therefore, may lead us to expect a series of portraits in many ways unlike those of Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney.

Up to the great French Revolution, Europe had seen little change of manners for two centuries—England, since the Restoration; France, since the accession of the Bourbons; Italy, since the reign of Leo X.; Germany, since the peace of Westphalia. A certain remnant of the old feudal system prevailed in all these countries, much modified, but still enough to mark out broadly one class of society from another; to keep social ranks distinctly recognised, and, in consequence, to stamp on each class its own special character and expression. A splendour and supremacy of air are noticeable about the portraits of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney that we look for in vain in those of Lawrence, after making all allowances for his inferiority as a painter.

The father of Lawrence had been educated for a solicitor's office, tried the stage and various occupations, ending in that of an innkeeper at the "Black Bear," in Devizes, a house that still remains the principal inn of that town. His wife was Lucy Read, related to the Powis family, of their connection with whom both husband and wife were proud. Thomas Lawrence was a beautiful child, with a pretty voice, and was encouraged by his father to recite poetry before strangers. Indeed, the father was said to be fond of showing off his own gentility, and rather given to intrude upon his guests. David Garrick, on one occasion, heard the child's recitations, and took notice of him as showing promise for future power as an actor. Some pains were taken to get him instruction in grammar, but his education was but partial, either at Bristol or Devizes. Prince Hoare took much notice of him, and a Rev. Dr. Kent, a neighbouring clergyman, lent him Rogers' "Lives of Foreign Painters," advising his parents to bring him up as a painter. Mr. (since Lord) Methuen's house at Corsham contained several good pictures, and he was allowed to go over and see them. Rubens seems to have made the greatest impression upon him. Mr. Hamilton, of Lansdowne Hill, had pictures by Daniel of Volterra, and Lawrence was allowed to make studies from that master. As a child he had a facility for painting eyes, and some notion of hands. He could "hit off" a likeness happily and very quickly. Mr. (afterwards Lord) Kenyon and his wife were staying one night in the hotel, when the father offered to bring the child in to recite. They were about to refuse this offer, being tired, when the child ran into the room riding on a stick, and both were so delighted with his beauty that he was allowed at once to draw likenesses of each of them. This seems the earliest effort of his precocious genius that has been recorded. Then he made a drawing of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and another of Mrs. Siddons, as Zara—or as Aspasia in the "Grecian Daughter." He was then taken to Oxford, and at ten years old began regularly as a portrait draughtsman in crayons, getting a large practice amongst the residents in the university. He left Oxford with a considerable sum of money, and the family went to Bath, where he put his sisters to school.

In 1787 he went to London, and was entered as a student of the Royal Academy, which was then fully established in working order. The teaching, however, can hardly have been of a very full or satisfactory kind. He settled with his father in lodgings in Duke Street, St. James's, having arranged a painting-room close at hand in Jermyn Street. He visited Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom he showed his picture of Mrs. Siddons. The great President, after some judicious snubbing of so early a prodigy, was kind to him, and allowed and even invited him to come often to his painting-room, where his earlier portraits, perhaps, received some wholesome criticism. The one piece of advice Sir Joshua was never tired of repeating to him was to study nature, and we may regret that such advice was not more honestly followed. For a young man who had begun life as an infant phenomenon, and was already known and in practice, to return to the school of nature, and keep continually referring to its teaching, was

difficult; and it was, probably, a counsel that bore no fruit. Nevertheless, without such continual reference to that true and unchanging standard, no man ever has been a great painter.

Lawrence was introduced to George III., and painted Queen Charlotte and the Princess Amelia. In 1791 he was elected an Associate of the Academy. He had failed in securing his election the year before, and Reynolds, West, and others in the court interest were lampooned for their share in pushing him forward. For even in 1791, Lawrence was under the legal age of admission, and was only taken as a supernumerary, to be put, at the first vacancy, into the regular number of Associates.

The way was now gradually being cleared for the full success of the rising genius. Reynolds had given up painting, and died in 1792. Romney was drawing to the close of his career, and Lawrence got into full practice as the portrait painter of the new generation. He was appointed painter in ordinary to the crown in succession to Sir Joshua. In 1795, when in his 27th year, he became a full Academician, and he was from this time a constant exhibitor at the Academy. After the death of Hoppner, in 1810, he became court painter to the Prince of Wales.

Lawrence made some effort to paint ideal compositions, and in 1797 produced "Satan Encouraging his Legions," inspired, probably, by the passages of Milton, recited before visitors in his early childhood. One or two such subjects have been engraved, but they will hardly raise the reputation in which future generations may be inclined to hold him. His portraits will always remain his proper boast, and he would have done better to have left a portrait of one of the celebrities of his day as his diploma picture in the Royal Academy. One of the few "ideal" portraits he has left behind him (mindful, perhaps, of Mrs. Siddons as the "Tragic Muse," by Reynolds) was that of Grattan amongst clouds. He had great trouble in getting any definite pose from the witty and excitable Irishman, and after many sittings caught the likeness which has been engraved. Lawrence found it difficult to arrange the first plan or scheme of his portraits. All he attempted usually at a first sitting was an outline chalk sketch. The sketch was afterwards transferred to the canvas. He painted standing, and at some distance from the sitter; then placed the sketch close to the original, continually walking to a distance to see and compare the two. His carpet was worn into a regular pathway along this track so often used.

The number of portraits painted by Lawrence before 1814 must have been very great. Three or four hundred were sent to the Academy. In 1814, Lawrence rose to the highest position as a court painter, such as has not been held by any artist in England since Holbein. The peace then lately signed was commemorated by a memorable visit of the allied sovereigns to this country. All London was on tiptoe in expectation of this visit. Among other intended honours and compliments to be paid to them by the Prince Regent and the English public, the former proposed to form a gallery of their portraits, all to be painted of the same size by Lawrence. Several were painted, but the visit was short, and filled up, as might be supposed, with festivities and public honours. The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the Prince Blucher, the Hetman Platoff, were to have been painted. But this could scarcely be in the limited time that was available for sittings.

Lawrence was knighted in 1815. About this time he painted the Duke of Wellington, on Copenhagen, the chestnut horse that carried him at Waterloo. This is said to be the only equestrian portrait painted by Sir Thomas. The introduction to the reigning potentates led to many compliments and honours from other countries. Diplomas were conferred on him by the Academy of St. Luke, in Rome; by the Academies of Florence and Vienna; and by one or two in America.

In 1818 the Conference of Aix-la-Chapelle again assembled the sovereigns of Europe. This time the Prince Regent determined to set Lawrence seriously to work. It was a really royal conception, that of commemorating a great epoch, by gathering together a collection of authentic portraits of the chief personages of the day, to be done by one painter, and so as to be arranged together in one gallery, as they now are in the Waterloo Gallery in Windsor Castle. Few kings, since Henry VIII., who

LADY BLESSINGTON.

(From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. By kind permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co.)

had at his court a painter of world-wide fame, have thought of such a way of handing down himself and his friends or contemporary brother kings to posterity. And such a bold conception did not enter Henry's head, though exchanges of portraits were made between him and his contemporaries. Prince George engaged Lawrence for this service. He was to receive a thousand pounds, besides the price of each portrait he painted. A wooden studio, 50 feet long by 18 feet broad, was prepared in England, and was to be sent out in pieces, to be set up in the gardens of the hotel in which Lord Castlereagh was lodged. By some accident this piece of construction was delayed on the road, and either never reached Aix-la-Chapelle, or was not in time to be of use. A large room was, however, set apart for the painter, and here his serious work was carried on. Compliments such as kings and emperors had paid to great artists of a former age were repeated in favour of the English painter. The Emperor of Russia put the pegs into his easel; other potentates were equally gracious. The King of France sent him the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which the Prince Regent allowed him to wear. When the Conference was over he went on to Vienna. He painted the Emperor Francis, the Princes Schwartzenburg and Metternich, and made other portraits and drawings. From Vienna he travelled with much pomp to Rome, where he was lodged in the Quirinal. He painted portraits of Pope Pius VII. and Cardinal Gonsalvi for the Prince Regent, besides many drawings of heads, backgrounds for finished works, and studies of all sorts; receiving many honours and compliments. He returned March 30th, 1820. Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy, was dead, and Sir Thomas Lawrence was elected to succeed him on the very night of his return.

From this year his reign was supreme. He had rooms in Bond Street sumptuously furnished. His prices rose in proportion. He did not paint heads under two hundred guineas, half-lengths under four hundred, or full-lengths under six hundred. For some of his portraits much larger sums were given. For that of Master Lambton he received six hundred guineas, and that of Lady Gower and her child fifteen hundred. He had not the perception of the grace and beauty of children, for which his greater predecessors earned just praise. A picture called "Nature" is amongst the best. It represents two little girls, children of Mr. Calmady. They are pretty, smiling, open-mouthed little creatures, taking rather after the affectations of the school of Greuze than the tender and graceful seriousness of the children of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. His ladies are affected, and schooled into attitudes, rather than dignified or easy. That of Lady Blessington, which we have engraved, is among the most successful and one of those least open to this reproach. (*To be continued.*)

THE STORY OF A DADO.

OW could it have entered into the mind of anybody, at any time, under any circumstances, to imagine that mischief could lurk hidden in a dado? Shakespeare, indeed, conjures up many a fantastic trick of Robin Goodfellow—

> "He
> That frights the maidens of the villagery,"

and jests to Oberon—but whatever form that mischievous Hobgoblin takes, from a "filly foal" to a "three-legged stool," there is some life and movement in it. But a dado!—It is such an innocent thing. See it as it lies quietly against the wall at Burlington House, taking upon itself nothing more than to be a gentle amplification of a skirting-board; content to be unseen; content to be brushed during the season by the dresses of many thousands of ladies, and then—to be forgotten, even by the few visitors who might by chance have been aware of its existence.

And yet no trick ever played by Master Puck in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—from the squeezing of the juice of "the little western flower" into Lysander's eyes, to the translation of Bottom—ever led to such momentous issues as did the appearance of the real dado of which I would tell the story. It has simply revolutionised the school of English painting.

The intelligent foreigner is, indeed, fond of telling us that we have no school at all, but only an aggregation of individual fancies. As I am not at this moment, however, concerned with foreign opinion, but only with a very serious matter affecting the interests of my own countrymen, I will tell my story my own way, and will assume that the *drift*, or general direction that Art takes, in England, has some of the distinctive characteristics of what may be called a school. This drift, I say, has changed. I do not say whether for the better or the worse, but it has changed, and the change dates from the dado, and the dado is the cause of the change.

Consider for a moment the circumstances under which the dado made its appearance, and what it displaced. The custom of the Royal Academy, for nearly a century, had been to hang the chief works upon what is called *the line*, to fill the vacant spaces under the line with comparatively choice pictures of a cabinet size, and to relegate to the higher regions of wall-space such paintings as had no special claim to be brought near to the eye for close inspection. The very first result, therefore, of the introduction of the dado, was *the forfeiture of space for at least one row of cabinet pictures from end to end of the exhibition.* And what did this mean? There were, no doubt, many disadvantages arising from the old arrangement. Small pictures were often lost amongst the voluminous folds of many dresses, like violets hiding from the sun. Many backs ached with bending to discover little gems upon the floor; and perhaps a frame or two might have been damaged. But still the thing worked tolerably well; the gems could be picked up; the violets could be gathered; and the frames could be re-touched with gold. Moreover—and this is the point to which my story is addressed—there was a very strong inducement for the painter to put all the good work of which he was capable upon canvases of very modest dimensions. For men like Mulready, Bonington, Wilkie, and many others, whose works cannot be fairly judged at a great distance from the eye, there would have been no chance at all if their pictures had been placed at first as high from the floor as the sky-sail of a frigate from the deck, and had remained there until they won their way to the favour of a discerning public. For, let it be noted, bad hanging always seems to justify itself. A picture painted for close inspection, and relying on reticence of expression and subtle gradation of tone, will always run the chance of looking weak when placed high up above the line. The public must be discerning indeed if they succeed in recognising the merits of a picture in such a case. But the same picture placed *under* the line, however near the ground, can with a little trouble at least be seen, and if it has merit may win its way, and in time rise to its true level. The dado, however, came—and to make room for it three or four hundred cabinet pictures were swept away. And with what result? Will three or four hundred painters be content to be quietly effaced? Not if they are Englishmen. Their pictures may sink down to the cellars, or rise to the coving of the ceiling, but the painters will paint on, to the bitter end; and if they find that the only approach to the public eye is from a distant height, they will so paint that from a distant height they shall be seen. Whether this system is good for the painter or for the public—whether, if you cannot get near enough to a man to talk to him in a natural voice, it is well to attempt to converse with him by shouting—are questions which, for the moment, I do not attempt to answer. I am only making notes of the case. But it will not be out of place to draw attention to one or two matters that will certainly affect the answer ultimately to be given.

Note then first, that the fault of the English school has never been a too great reticence of colour. Anything, therefore, that tends to a greater straining after effect in this direction must be, if not distinctly evil, at least of doubtful advantage. Consider also the purpose

for which the pictures that cover the walls of our exhibitions are painted. They are, for the most part, destined for the walls of our houses, where they will be placed opposite, and very near to the eye. Will the scale of colour and vigorous handling which please when viewed, as are the scenes of a theatre, from a distance, afford abiding satisfaction when they become our close and constant companions? Is not the distance from which a picture is to be viewed, indeed, a very important question for the painter's consideration? If Quentin Matsys had painted for the ceilings of the Ducal Palace, and Tintoretto for the homely parlours of northern burghers, should we not have seen a difference in their methods of handling? In *very* old-fashioned houses I have witnessed what must seem to some of us strange scenes. I have heard a guest say to his host, "Ah, you have something new there—I should like to look at it after dinner;" and after dinner accordingly, when the time has come, I have seen a group of two or three, with carefully shaded candle, peering into some small canvas, finding in it some loveliness, or skill, or tenderness, or subtlety of effect that did not cry out to be admired like brass instruments in a band. *When the time has come*—the time is past for that sort of thing—the time coming seems to be when our kind host shall be fairly startled at such a request—when, indeed, such a request would be altogether unnecessary, since everybody shall be able to see all that is to be seen without rising from the table, if he will only take the trouble to glance over his shoulder.

And all this out of a dado? Yes, and much more. For I have spoken so far only of the exaggeration of *force* to which men are driven by the certainty that, failing to obtain a place on the line, their pictures can find no refuge below it. But there is the exaggeration also of *size*. A canvas to be seen at all above the line must be of considerable dimensions; and to make any mark must very often be of much larger proportions than the painter's better judgment would have chosen for his subject; and oftener still proves to be a great deal bigger than he can deal with successfully. For the "largeness" which is "great" in Art is not measured by feet or inches—it is largeness of conception. Some of Meissonier's pictures, a hand's-breadth in size, are more colossal than the mighty canvases of Rubens in the Louvre. But recall any of our recent exhibitions, and think of the acres of painted surfaces they represent. Two yards for a morsel of seaweed; three yards for a barn or stable; seven feet for the spar of a wrecked ship and half a wave; ten feet for a pony. We are reproached sometimes for a too rapid Americanisation of our institutions, and this love of big things is said to be a manifestation of it. If so, it is as vain as it is objectionable; we cannot bring Niagara over to England. People will always dispute, however, about the origin of things. Let them dispute. In this case, at any rate, it was *not* the kettle—neither will I be told what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may have left it on record to the end of time, that she couldn't say which of them began it. But I believe it was the dado.

Whether it was the dado, however, or not, the movement has begun, and we are drifting. The utter hopelessness of painting small pictures to be hung in high places cut us adrift. The necessity of *dash* gave us the impetus; and we now are in waters, broad, if not deep. But shallow waters are not safe. I may be mistaken in my diagnosis of the case. It may be well to magnify the scale of our productions, in the hope that the bigger they are, the more impression they will make upon the beholder. It may be well to paint so that our work will be seen best from a distance through an opera-glass. It may be well to substitute great prisms of strongly coloured glass for jewels—which after all are but insignificant little things, and not half so showy as they should be. But if it is *not* well—if a return to a simpler and more normal scale would be good for us and for Art—the remedy is not far to seek. *Let one or more of the smaller rooms at Burlington House be specially reserved for cabinet pictures of choice quality.* The effect would tell beneficially both on the large and the small canvases. It would give an additional charm, a very special attraction, to the exhibitions,

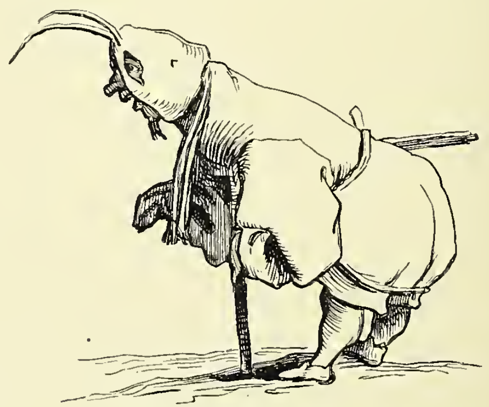
advantageous alike to Academicians and to artists generally. It would encourage artists to make an unbiassed choice of the scale upon which they would work, without fear of being driven or enticed to exaggeration either in size or handling. And the dado? Well—that would be a matter for Robin Goodfellow to consider; but at least we may be sure the dado would tell no more stories. What would really happen it is not very difficult to surmise. The "little western flower" would once more come into play: Lysander would no more run after a "painted maypole," but would be content with Hermia; the dado would remain a dado; and Bottom would be himself again. WYKE BAYLISS.

A HISTORY OF CARICATURE.—I.

A BANJO-PLAYER (JAPANESE).

"BUT the most extraordinary property of the papaw-tree," says a botanical writer, "is that animals which are fed upon the fruit are found, when killed, to be peculiarly tender." What connection, you ask, can be discovered between this interesting fact of natural history and any of the properties or attributes of caricature? It is a simple question of etymology. The word *caricatura* has been, by almost universal consent, referred to the Italian verb *caricare,* signifying to load in the sense of overloading or overcharging (charge is another form of the same word) by exaggeration, which means heaping up. Let it be so, by all means; and yet we may as well recognise the existence of a South American word, the name of a tree —"carica." This is no other than the parent of that strange fruit, the papaw, which yields a milky juice, used by the natives in many ways. It is a cosmetic; it is a medicine; it is a detergent, and is sometimes used instead of soap. But the most peculiar of its qualities is that which is described in the words quoted at the beginning of this paper. And we may say of caricature as we say of the *carica,* or papaw-fruit, that those who devour it readily are oftenest found to be over-sensitive in their own much-prized persons.

Under their Italian title, what the *Spectator* described as "those burlesque pictures, which the Italians call *caracaturas,*" have a history of two hundred and fifty years—a little more or a little less; but in some shape or other the custom of exaggerating likenesses, in a spirit of mockery, may with good reason be assigned to the remotest ages. This is no more than to say that a feeling for humorous distortion, and for those ludicrous and extravagant irregularities in form which are called "grotesque"—because their eccentricities, compared with the ideal symmetry of design, are just what the wildness of a *grotto* is to regular architecture—seems so natural to mankind that we can hardly imagine any state of society in which that feeling would be unknown. At the same time let us be careful, in attempting a history of caricature, to avoid any straining of the sense in which that term is commonly used and understood. It is true, beyond all doubt or question, that


A CRIPPLE. (*After Callot.*)

the oldest relics of design afford examples of this practical species of parody; that the Egyptian sculptors introduced it, sparingly

but unmistakably, on their monuments; that it was more freely used by the Greeks and Romans, who sometimes adorned their pottery

THE DEMON-TILTER. (*After Callot.*)

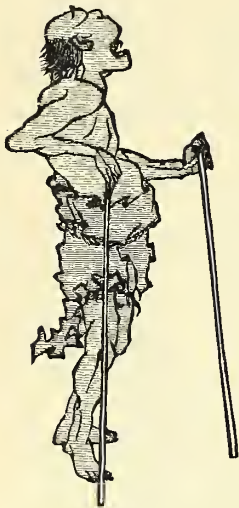
and the walls of their dwellings with ridiculously vulgarised versions of mythological and heroic subjects; that, after the fall of the Western empire, it was revived—with an altered purpose and significance, be it said—by the masons and sculptors, in their designs for the details of Gothic architecture; that it entered largely into the pictorial embellishment of Saxon manuscripts, and is not absent from the monkish illuminations of the Middle Ages; that the subject, as grim as it was popular, of the Dance of Death, was treated in a spirit by no means free from a certain conventional kind of caricature; and that Sebastian Brandt's "Ship of Fools" contains vigorous pictorial satires of contemporary follies. But, for all this, the claim of political and personal caricature (such as we generally accept under that definition) to ancient lineage is debatable. It is almost essential to the very spirit of the thing that some speedy and facile means of dissemination should accompany its practice. Where the power of multiplying and spreading this form of satire did not exist, the material difference must in effect have been so great that we may well pause before granting that the form itself existed; and at any rate we cannot fix the origin of occasional caricature at an earlier period than that of some rough method of engraving and printing. For this reason, the antiquity of burlesque limning can receive only so much notice here as it would seem to demand by virtue of a remote connection with fully developed caricature. This, if it really can be traced back farther than such point of time as we have indicated, must be pursued in other hunting-grounds than those of beaten history. And, indeed, it will be a part of the task upon which we now embark, to take a retrospective as well as a general glance at the caricature-art of far Cathay.

Japanese and Chinese caricature is eminently deserving of attentive consideration, and will receive it here in its proper course. That it is vastly older, in its unchanged traditions, than any European school of pictorial drollery, there is little need to say; and that it does not suffer by comparison with the best fruit of comic genius afforded by France, Italy, or England, we may perchance be constrained to admit by-and-by. The antiquity of Japanese caricature, as of Japanese art generally—until its recent days of doom—is discernible in modern instances. That is to say, there is no distinction between the old and the new; nor could any person, looking for the first time at the examples here presented, say with certainty whether they are the one or the other. As a matter of fact, they belong to the present century, but not to the present generation. For any visible sign that they present, the period might be that of Prester John. Nor would it be safe to predicate from any such incident as a pair of spectacles, or other object of modern association, that the picture containing it belongs to the new rather than the old world; for it is notorious that many things which have been "invented" by Europeans in epochs comprised within the certain grasp of history were known, ages before, to civilised Mongol nations. Confucius — who "flourished," as the phrase is, considerably more than twenty centuries ago—might have worn "goggles;" and it would be almost imperative

A CRIPPLE (JAPANESE).

on the orthodox caricaturist to endow that immortal Chinese moralist with a portentous pair.

With regard to European caricature, it is perhaps not unreasonable to question any such venerable antiquity as that which may justly be accorded the same extravagant form of art in China and Japan. Those who rely solely on the hypothesis that the ancient Greeks and Romans, who, as we have already observed, did undoubtedly admit the character of humorous burlesque into their arts of design, would have been actual caricaturists in the modern sense, if circumstances had favoured the practice of graphic drollery or satire, might as well argue the antiquity of the three-volume novel from the assumption that *if* the dramatic poets had been differently conditioned—*if*, that is to say, the art of printing had been invented, and the great body of the people had prepared themselves for the studious enjoyment of narrative fiction—tragedy and comedy would have been conducted in story-books for the house, rather than in plays for the public stage. It is impossible to deny that comic limning, as well as comic writing, is a thing of all times. But comic limning is not all that is implied in the term caricature. To have enjoyed the luxury thus designated as modern nations have enjoyed it, the classics of ancient Greece and Rome must have conceived something of that wild spirit of invention from which arose Romance. That they did so, historical criticism has denied; but nobody who bears in mind the Athenian comedy, or the Roman saturnalia, can possibly doubt that the humour of caricature, which is itself a kind of romance compounded of personal fact and fictitious fun, existed in those ages, as indeed in every age to which the eye of history can even dimly penetrate.


A MENDICANT (JAPANESE).

The origin of that peculiar and arbitrary species of fable, the romance of the Middle Ages, is traced back by Thomas Warton to the Saracens, who brought their fictions of Arabian imagination into Europe when they entered Spain about the beginning of the eighth century. Much that is grim as well as fanciful in true caricature consorts with the pitiless playfulness of Arabian story-telling; and at any rate we have here an apparent consanguinity of ideas which vanishes the moment we turn to classic times, and to a people and literature entirely innocent of the romantic mode of fabling.

Nor, putting aside all such considerations as the foregoing, were those old-world conditions favourable to the existence of anything which, in the modern significance of the word, we can assimilate to political or personal caricature. Written satire has this all-important advantage over the pictorial kind, that it can be orally repeated; for never yet was earthly tyrant who could quite succeed in the suppression of whispering. But a ridiculous portrait of Ptolemy or Cæsar was not so easy to "put about." We have all seen the picture of the pedagogue stealthily entering the school-room, cane in hand, just as a knot of his hopeful scholars are laughing at the uncomplimentary profile sketch that has been made, from recollection of his prominent features, by a budding Gillray of the band. Had the young gentleman been what the late Lord Lytton once called an "artist in words," he could have vented his personal witticisms at the expense of his pastor and master with safety in the play-ground; whereas it was decidedly dangerous to aggravate the

A JUGGLER (JAPANESE).

aquiline peculiarities of nose and chin on the tyrant's very rostrum. But only fancy, should Agamemnon himself take to caricaturing noses and chins! It is told of Frederick the Great that he did a little in this way; notably that he was wont to reveal the whiskered face of Leopold, Prince of Anhault-Dessau—"the old Dessauer"—under the figure of a cat's head.

Political caricature, antedating its Italian history and nomenclature by a hundred years or more, made its first appearance towards the end of the fifteenth century in France. An engraving called the "Political Game of Cards" was published in 1499, when Francis Rabelais was a young pickle of a monk, getting into scrapes with the Franciscan brotherhood in Lower Poictou. In 1506 the "Conspiracy of Fools," a satire of greater artistic merit than pertained to Brandt's "Ship of Fools," of which it was an imitation, was produced by Thomas Murner, on the side of Papal authority, and in ridicule of Luther and his proposed reforms. In retaliation the Protestants quickly had recourse to caricature; and a collection of their many pictorial squibs, extending in time to the year 1545, is preserved in the British Museum. In the latter part of the same century arose the grotesque genius, Jaques Callot, in whose person French caricature took at once its highest position. All who have seen his nightmare phantasy on the subject of St. Anthony's Temptations, or his picturesque series of tatterdemalions, "The Beggars," or his minutely etched set, "The War," detailing all the horrors of a campaign, with unsparing truth and vigour, will be disposed to rate him high in the first class of caricaturists. He was one of those whose choice of art as a profession had not met the approval of discreet friends, and in order to pursue his studies uninterruptedly he fled to Rome. Meeting there some friends of his father, he was compelled to return home; but he again decamped, and was again brought back to the parental authority. Then, like Laertes, he wrung from good Polonius Callot "his slow leave by laboursome petition," and went a third time to the capital of the fine arts, where he worked with great industry and success. Callot's lively and fertile invention was happily allied with a wonderful power of enriching a small space with a multitude of figures, and a dramatic diversity of action. He engraved both with the burin and the needle, his best effects being attained with the latter implement; and, indeed, his free etchings have scarcely been excelled. Callot died in 1635, at the very height of his fame and in the prime of his powers, he being but forty-two years of age.

A BALANCER (JAPANESE).

Shortly after his death, the custom of caricaturing took fresh hold of the English people, though there were few capable artists at the time to dignify that custom by any noteworthy skill. About the year 1640, and later, caricature was in use with the Puritan party to ridicule their opponents; while, after the Restoration, in 1660, the Cavaliers in turn took up the weapons. Romain de Hooghe, a Dutch artist, who published a series of engravings in 1672, proved a formidable censor of Louis XIV., and by the vigour of his graphic personalities made Holland for some years peculiarly famous as the country of caricature. In 1710 the art was extensively applied in England; and about 1728 William Hogarth opened a new and grand epoch of caricature, and became (in 1754) a frequent subject of the satirical pencils of Paul Sandby and others. Bunbury's period, from birth to death, was between 1750 to 1811; Rowlandson's was from 1756 to 1827; and Gillray's from 1757 to 1815. We shall, in due course, deal with these representative men and their works; and meanwhile this preliminary sketch, in panoramic fashion, of the general outline-history of caricature, may be useful as a reference in considering the subject.

GODFREY WORDSWORTH TURNER.

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—I.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Alfred Morrison, we are enabled to present to our readers an account of the decorations of his mansion in Carlton House Terrace as well as of some of the works of fine art in his collection. House decoration—a familiar term—conveys perhaps a predisposition towards pleasant colouring and moulding, which, with most people, pass as the standard realisation of what house decorations can only be. In the case of Mr. Alfred Morrison's house, we wish at the outset to clear away from our readers' minds any such predispositions. Those who have had a privilege like that accorded to us, of inspecting the rooms and halls of 16, Carlton House Terrace, will be enabled to verify or correct impressions by this account; and those who have not been so fortunate may perhaps experience some difficulty in accepting as possible what we will try to tell them in as simple a manner as the exceptionally rich character of the subject of this notice permits.

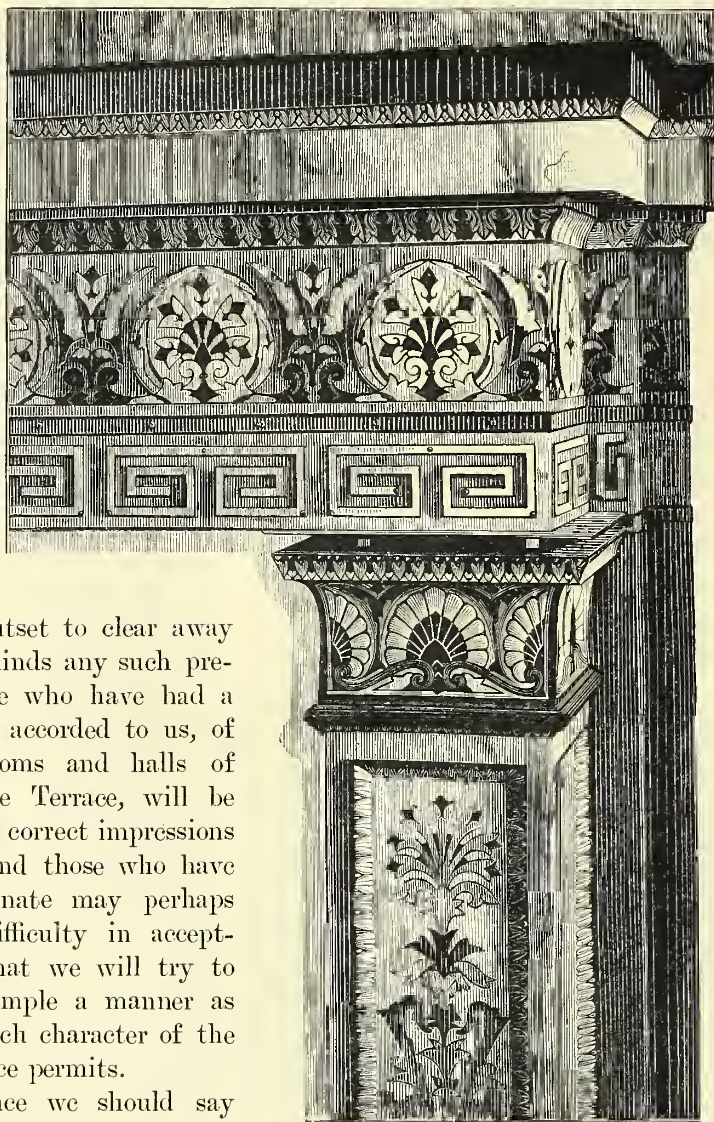


Fig. 1.—PORTION OF ENAMELLED ALABASTER CHIMNEY-PIECE.

In the first place we should say that the decorations of Mr. Alfred Morrison's house were designed by the late Mr. Owen Jones, and were carried out under his direction by the best known art-workmen and manufacturers without any restrictions as to cost. But before dealing with Mr. Owen Jones's designs, it will, we think, help our readers to form a better idea of his work, if we briefly allude to the principles of the composition of ornament which he laid down. They may furnish us with an explanatory key. In all works of nature, Mr. Owen Jones observed first, beauty of form, and secondly, suitability of that beauty of form to the work which it adorned. He says, "We always find construction decorated, decoration never purposely constructed;" and then proceeds to show how Egyptians, Greeks, Arabs, Moors, Indians, and even Chinese appear to obey this law in the decoration of their architecture. The Romans, the artists of the Renaissance, and of the later decorative period, according to Mr. Owen Jones, however, disregarded it. He then leads us on to certain axioms in regard to the composition of forms and lines, and shows how Nature teaches us that lines in construction may all be traceable to some parent stem; consequently, every ornament, however distant, should always be traceable to its root or branches. Nature

is said to abhor a vacuum, and Mr. Owen Jones considers it may equally be said to abhor an angle. Harmony in composition—obtained by uniform obedience to laws, in respect of proportionate division and subdivision of ornamental masses, by radiation from a parent stem, and, in fine, by symmetry in detail and in mass—seems to be the bull's-eye which Mr. Owen Jones's principles were destined to hit. We shall overtax our readers' patience if we dilate any further upon these too cursorily mentioned principles of ornament. The result of them may perhaps be said to be geometrical symmetry in detail and distribution of all ornament. Fixing, then, in our minds that, so far as the decorator, the creator, so to speak, of the work under discussion was concerned, geometrical symmetry was an uppermost consideration, we will proceed to give a description of the rooms, ornamented in this house by the late Mr. Owen Jones.

We commence with a study or morning-room, the door of which opens on the right of the umber-toned entrance-hall. The room is lofty and rectangular. No obtrusive ornamental forms break up its main constructive lines. The colouring of the walls seems to be of a kind of reddened gold and blue steel hue, whilst overhead is a massive Oriental arrangement of beams, golden crosses, and grooved golden cupolas, each set in a bright blue ground. We tread on a finely-woven carpet, made softer by its greenish-yellow hue. No one colour can be said to predominate in the scheme of decoration; those colours which are employed are so balanced and cunningly arranged as to produce hues, from which we derive a sense of sobriety. But a kind of cold splendour seems to accompany this sobriety, an effect due to the geometric formality of the ornamental details, to the precisely finished and highly polished woodwork in the room, and to the occasional steel, and other metallic effects, of the glistening silk walls and curtains. These latter, under certain lights, seem to suggest a species of watery fish-scale hue. Around the room runs a dado of ebony, edged with a honeysuckle border of inlaid satin-wood. The woodwork, adjacent to the golden red silk hangings of the walls immediately above the dado, is of inlaid work done in rosewood, ebony satin-wood, and a delicate grey, watered wood. The doors are of ebony, the handles to them of ivory, and the keyholes, of a cruciform shape, of ivory enriched with fine outlines, almost like hairs, of red wood, satin-wood, and grey wood. On examining this luxury of marquetry work, the most casual and least-informed observer cannot but be impressed with the intense accuracy with which it has been done. To Messrs. Jackson and Graham belongs the credit of having secured the services of workmen who, by mechanical agencies, were able to cope with the difficulties of the intricate task set by Mr. Owen Jones. The quality of handiwork, remarkable in early inlaid woodwork, naturally does not exist in this marquetry. It has a character of its own, and is possibly the apotheosis of machine-made marquetry. It is so accurately produced as to almost overpower one with a sense of hopelessness of escape from never-changing precision. We may search for some flaw, some mistake; we can find none. But we must not stand still at the dado and door; other important works of this precise character are the mantelpiece and the glazed marquetry cabinet opposite to it. On the mantelpiece is set an oblong mirror, flanked on each side by tall cylindrical columns of

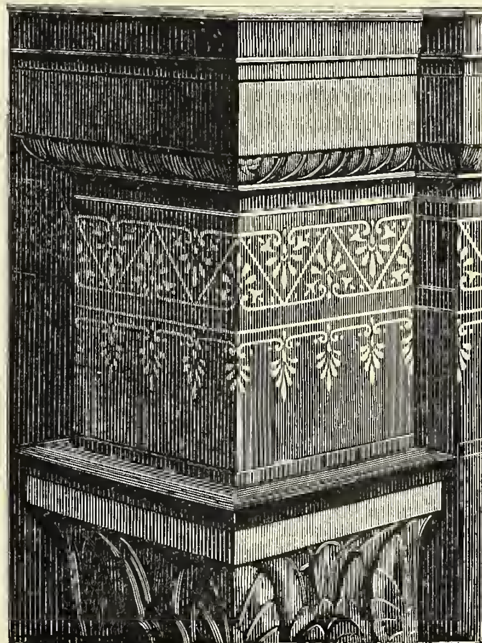


Fig. 2.—PORTION OF MARQUETRY CHIMNEY-PIECE.

grey wood, topped with carved and gilt boxwood capitals, on which rests a superstructure of marquetry, crowned by a succession of inlaid Greek honeysuckles. The lower parts of the drums of the columns are inlaid in a wonderful manner with a recurrent symmetrical fan-like pattern done in rosewood, mahogany, satin-wood, and a greyish wood. Beneath the mirror and this elaborate framework just described comes the shelf, the face of which above the fireplace is decorated with alternating panels of honeysuckle and circular patterns done in inlaid ivory and satin-wood and grey wood. In all this work there is no unevenness of surface, actually or decoratively; all is rigidly flat and exquisitely polished. The blinds or window screens, too, are of pierced woodwork, elaborately inlaid with grey, red, and yellow woods. So, too, are the ebony shutters with their ivory handles. From the marquetry fixtures of this room, we may turn to the marquetry furniture, which is in point of workmanship none the less astounding. The shapes of the legs, arms, and the backs of the chairs all show evidence of Mr. Owen Jones's immovable faith in gentle flowing lines, and excepting where the exigencies of utility assert themselves in respect of flat and straight surfaces for tables and such-like, curved lines are always employed. But in making this perhaps too general statement as to the employment of curved forms, we must not allow any one to form an idea that constructive requirements have not been considered and attended to; on the contrary, the legs of the chairs curve outwards with a classical firmness, and are elegantly proportioned, and every part has its obvious constructive use. In speaking of constructive proportion, we may be permitted to say that the feeling for such proportion seems to have been a special gift in Mr. Owen Jones. In respect of proportion in ornament, he was perhaps at times a little unsuccessful; and this, we imagine, is more or less exemplified by the heaviness of the gold crosses, and ribbed cupolas in the ceiling of the morning-room; and yet when we pass into the dining-room—a long and spacious oblong room—we fail to find any similar defect in the proportions between ornamental details. In the dining-room, which is treated after the model of that which we have just left, *i.e.*, with panelled inlaid dado, doors, and shutters, and silk hangings to the walls, the general tone of colour is rather warmer and more golden. The ceiling is of a pure Moresque type, consisting as it does of interchanging star-shaped forms of deep red ornament on a golden ground, and of deep blue ornament on a golden ground. The dado is of polished ebony, with symmetrical garlands inlaid as a border in grey-green and orange-brown woods. This pattern very clearly demonstrates Mr. Owen Jones's principle of flowing lines, which are traceable to a parent stem. Mr. Jones certainly possessed the genius of closely conforming to his announced principles of decoration.

The mantelpiece and fireplace in the dining-room are enriched with grey and green marbles. The lower portions of the marble columns on each side of the mirror on the mantelpiece are encased in bronze-work, done by Barbedienne of Paris.

The library, a room leading out of the principal hall, is brilliant with the golden-green silk hangings, which form a rich contrast to the most elaborately inlaid ebony book-cases, placed against the walls, and so forming a handsome dado of ornate panels of marquetry, alternated with glass shelves, on which one sees ranks of books, miniatures, and occasional groups of precious objects in metal, in pottery, and in jeweller's work. The ceiling of this room is of a most intricate Arabic design, the analysis of which is interesting if not puzzling. White stars, with gold tracery on them, reveal themselves between the delicate woodwork or beams, which are picked out with gold painted on to grounds sometimes red, sometimes blue, and sometimes yellow. Standing with one's back to the window, a new shimmer or hue seems to diffuse itself from the silken walls. In the place of the gold and green which we saw on entering the room, we have a silveryness with bluish forms coming through it. The variations in the way the light strikes certain portions of the silken hangings produce in every room striking differences of colour and even of ornamental forms, so that one is fain to disbelieve that one system of colour and ornament has been

employed in the production of any one set of wall hangings and curtains.

We must not forget to mention that the patterns adopted for each carpet are similar to those of the ceiling above the carpet. The material quality of the carpet invests this repeated pattern with a totally distinct character, so that at first one hardly recognises that any decorative relationship exists between the carpets and the ceilings.

We have undoubtedly omitted to describe certain delicate features of ornamentation in the rooms we have passed through, but we must not pause or attempt to rectify these omissions. There is much before us, and our readers must kindly bear in mind that, besides the luxury of decoration which appertains to the apartments, in each room there are many almost priceless works of art of modern fine art handicraft. With these objects we shall deal separately in a further article. However, let us mount the sombre-coloured deep-welled staircase, with its heavy piled carpet stretched across broad steps rising between a polished ebony and ivory and rosewood balustrade, a marvel of cabinet-maker's work, and a dado of the same wood, and so reach the reception or drawing-rooms. Oil paintings, chiefly modern, adorn the walls of the staircase. We must not omit to speak of the superb softness of the carpets, of the perfect fitting of the doors, the opening and shutting of which, by means of their sumptuous solidity, convey to one's senses an effect of films of air passing in a compressed manner one against the other; and of the somewhat obscured lighting of the staircase, all of which strike us as very important and noteworthy elements in describing the almost stern luxury of this portion of Mr. Morrison's house.

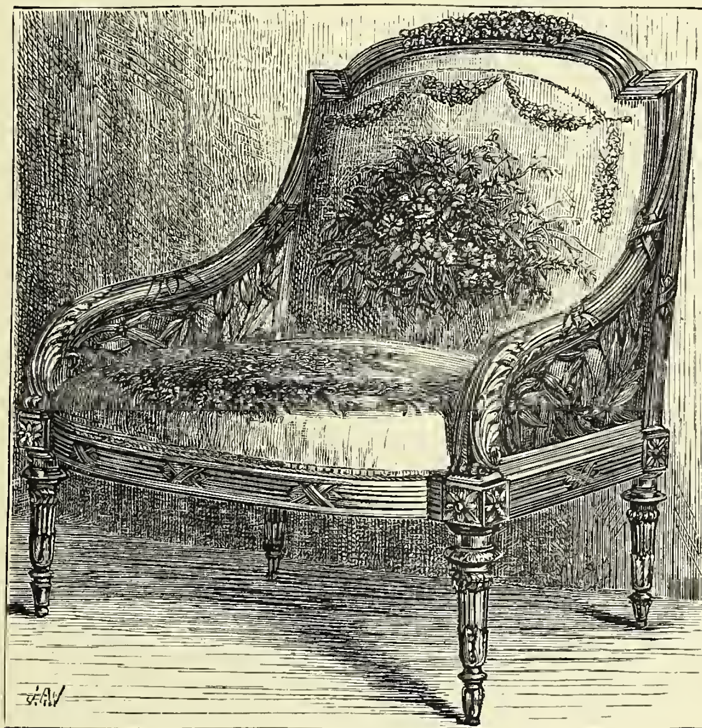


Fig. 3.—SATIN-WOOD AND EMBROIDERED CHAIR.

We now come to the suite of reception rooms, and here we find ourselves in a further evolution of Mr. Owen Jones's principles, and Messrs. Jackson and Graham's marquetry work. For the present purpose it must suffice to say that the general effect of the drawing-room figured satin walls is opalescent; the ceiling is of fine Arabic golden ornament, the carpet soft-feeling, and of delicate-looking arrangements of light tones of the three primary colours. The general plan of this arrangement is indicated by means of umber or golden lines, and, as we have said of all the carpets throughout the house, the design of the carpet is a repetition of that of the ceiling immediately above it. From the cold yet luxurious opalescence and pale orange-wood marquetry, we pass into a yellow satin-hung or golden room, and thence into a silvery-blue room, and so pass out on to the landing of the first floor. Here virtually the elaboration of decoration ceases, and here then we propose to draw the limit of our description.

We have selected for illustration one or two examples of the marquetry work, with the view of showing its character, which is uniform throughout the rooms mentioned. Fig. 2 represents a portion of the inlaid mantelpiece

in the golden room on the first floor, and is comparatively simple in design. The mantel-pieces in the lower rooms are more elaborated in ornament. Fig. 1 is of a portion of an alabaster chimney-piece in the opalescent drawing-room. The ornamentation is rendered in surface enamels—of opaque and translucent character: the white portions in the engraving are chiefly of opaque light enamels, whilst the darker portions are of ruby or emerald translucent enamel. The richness of effect is striking in the extreme. This work was executed by M. Le Pec, of Paris, and was carried out in accordance with the suggestions of Mr. Owen Jones. It is presumably a unique example of so costly an application of this kind of art-workmanship to a fireplace. (*To be continued.*)

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

PETER GRAHAM, A.R.A.

WHENEVER a controversy has chanced to spring up upon the relative claims and merits of landscape and figure painters, it has not seldom been asserted that, as a rule, the one knows little or nothing comparatively of the other's art, and that often, so far from being able to practise it, the former could no more make a presentable study of the nude than the latter could represent the effect of a passing shower upon a mountain-side. In the face of a slur upon the universality of art, as such an assertion as this assuredly is, it is gratifying to come upon a notable refutation of it, and this is to be found in the person of Mr. Peter Graham. He, it is pleasant to know, won his first honours in his native Edinburgh as a figure painter. Born there in 1836, the son of an accountant, he was placed, at the age of fourteen, at the School of Design in that city, so evident had the youngster's bias become even at that early time of life. Passing through the successive stages of the curriculum, including the "antique" and the "life," he painted and exhibited figure pictures till he was four-and-twenty (1860); and he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in that year. One of these works, indeed, "Fra Angelico before his Easel preparing for Work by Prayer," received the honour of being engraved for the Scottish Association for the promotion of the Fine Arts. Always deeply impressed and affected by the sentiment of nature, it was while painting out of doors an important background to a figure subject that he first began to think of giving his chief attention to landscape.

The significant result of the next few years' exclusive devotion to this branch of art was, that in 1866 he came to London and exhibited at the Royal Academy the picture which at once established him as a landscape painter of no ordinary powers. "A Spate in the Highlands" created much excitement amongst those who are interested in such matters, whilst its supreme merit was acknowledged by all who saw it. Immediately purchased by a dealer, it was re-sold, doubtless at a large profit, within a few days.

Considerable talk was going on just then among artists about the systematic neglect with which the Royal Academy was treating landscape art, chiefly, it was said, because there were no landscape painters (with what justice everybody knew), and it was foreseen that the advent of Mr. Graham's picture would put an end at least to this plea. At any rate, it had the effect of drawing public attention to the state of things in Trafalgar Square, the result being that within a very short time a hitherto overlooked though highly gifted landscape painter was elected an Associate. Mr. Graham, however, as was perhaps reasonable in the case of such a new-comer, had to wait some years before a similar honour was conferred on him; and it was not until 1877 that he could append the magic initials A.R.A. to his name. He reached this distinction through a succession of highly meritorious works, though not always, it was said, by a sequence of

continually developing power. But when an artist makes a great hit with his first picture, it is almost impossible for him immediately to advance the reputation which that has gained for him; indeed, he will be lucky if he can sustain it. Thus, although Mr. Graham never went back, we had no work for a year or two demanding especial mention. In 1869, however, the public readily discerned that he did not intend to be a man of one picture. "On the Way to the Cattle Tryst" and "Autumnal Showers" fully bore out all that his friends had prophesied for him. The former picture particularly displayed him at his best again, and when having found its way into the Gillott collection it some years later came to the hammer with the rest of the great pen-maker's effects, it reached a price far beyond what the artist had originally received for it; whilst its companion of the year, "Autumnal Showers," was carried off as a trophy of English artistic prowess to the National Gallery of Melbourne.

Yours faithfully
Peter Graham

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

After this there was once more a short pause of expectation. "Afternoon Clouds"

and "Among the Hills," in 1870, kept the painter favourably before the public, but the following year everybody was talking about, and rushing to see, "A Rainy Day." This remarkable work expressed more completely, perhaps, than had ever been done before on canvas, the aspect of wet weather in the Highlands. There never was anything *wetter* seen—it was a sensation, but one attained by legitimate and consummate art. Every feature and every incident which could help to bring home to the spectator's mind the general unpleasantness and hostility of the elements was carefully thought and worked out. The long straggling street of the village; the soddened thatch of the roofs; the dripping eaves; the foliage heavy with moisture; the splash of the pitiless downpour in puddles and gutters; the effect of the wet on the colour of the unprotected backs of the poor nags about to be tied up to the door of the little inn; the general aspect of a day on which the rain had been falling for many hours with no promise of cessation—all conduced most efficiently to the portrayal of the fact represented, no less than to the expression of the sentiment intended to be conveyed by the scene. We are fortunate in being able to present our readers with an engraving of this picture, by the courtesy of the owner, Mr. Thomas Taylor.

It has been said that the sentiment of a landscape is the element of it which chiefly inspires Mr. Graham's genius. The titles of his pictures show this usually in a marked degree, and the poetic ring they always carry with them is amply justified by their treatment. This is large, sober, and grand, the work always of a conscientious student of nature in her varied aspects, and is never disturbed by the way in which the detail is expressed. Amidst many pictures claiming attention principally on these grounds, there appeared in 1873 another canvas from the painter's hand, having like "A Rainy Day" an objective interest in addition to the subjective one always pervading Mr. Graham's work. "The Cradle of the Sea Bird" was, of course, eminently poetic, the very title—conveying as it does a wealth of associations in a few words—would indicate this. The majestic cliff scenery of the Island of Handa, off the coast of Sutherlandshire (which was the locality depicted), was invested with an overwhelming effect of size and height. The grim face of sheer perpendicular rock, rising straight from the ocean's bed, almost made one shudder to look upon—so forbidding, so awful was it in its stern supremacy. The heaving, treacherous motion of the calm sea, too, was admirably given, whilst the remnant of wreckage floating upon its oily, glassy surface told significantly and pathetically of what such a region would be when within the wild embrace of storm and tempest. But what especially attracted and fascinated the mind was the contrast which this fair, calm weather and the circumstances which gave the name to the picture presented to the terrific feature of the frowning cliff. Thousands of sea-birds, gulls, guillemots, razor-bills, puffins, cormorants, &c., swarmed in all directions; the air was alive with them; every ledge and shelf of rock was occupied; the sea was crowded with them—swooping, floating, diving. One could almost hear their cries as plainly as behold their motion, for it was breeding-time; the cradle of fluffy fledgelings being literally nothing more than the hard, bare rock. Upon this—upon every available ledge, cleft, or cranny of it—the mother lays her eggs, hatches and brings up the brood, no soft nest being constructed wherein to cradle these hardy Vikings of the air and sea, and this is the objective ornithological fact that was turned to such good and poetic account in this remarkable production. It might be called an historical picture, from the way in which the true, the actual, were portrayed, just as the "Rainy Day" was an historical record of certain meteorological conditions. The thoroughness and extent of Mr. Graham's knowledge of matters which are supposed to come more within the province of the figure than the landscape painter of course are of the greatest advantage to him when landscape has to be illustrated with life. Hence his birds are as well drawn and painted as his skies, seas, cliffs, or moorlands. The same may be said of his cattle and figures, so that when these take prominent places on his canvas they are obviously the work of an accomplished animal and figure

"WIND."

(From the Picture by Peter Graham, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1873. In the possession of J. K. Cross, Esq., M.P.)

painter; indeed, were they simply relieved by a plain tone of colour, or a slight conventional bit of background, they are of sufficient excellence to stand alone as remarkable works, without the additional interest and value which is lent to them by the beautiful landscape itself. They are good enough to be regarded as the principal features of the subject—as the subject itself, if we please—but as mere adjuncts their excellence is rare, and far beyond what is usually looked for in landscape. Thus, as a whole, Mr. Graham's work gives us a sense of completeness which might be taken as a lesson by all students—a lesson teaching the fact that art is universal and unlimited, and that he who aspires to be an artist in the widest and completest sense of the word should be competent to delineate with equal skill, force, and fidelity all objects upon which his eye may rest. Scarcely any of Peter Graham's pictures represent merely inanimate nature; they are generally lighted up by some telling rural incident, whilst in some cases, as we have hinted, the incident is the picture; to wit, "On the Way to the Cattle Tryst," "Crossing the Moor" (1875), "Moorland Rovers" (1876), &c.

In January, 1877, the subject of our memoir (as has been said) was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy as a just recognition of the powers above referred to. Whilst he continues steadily advancing on the path he has marked out for himself—albeit it may in some sort appear to lie but in one direction—there can be no doubt that he will, before many years are over, fully deserve the higher honour which it is in the power of the Academicians to bestow on him. The quality of his work is notable for its subtle delicacy of tone as well as for its strength and harmonious completeness, and the way in which he forces, by most legitimate means, an effect of brilliant colour into it, notwithstanding the prevalence of grey, is magical. Conspicuous, too, are the boldness and dexterity of his handling, and until we discover, through the pleasure and privilege of personal acquaintance, with how much nervous energy he is endowed,

A RAINY DAY.

(From the Picture by Peter Graham, A.R.A., Royal Academy Exhibition of 1871, in the possession of Mr. Thomas Taylor.)

a feeling of astonishment must arise at the large scale on which he usually paints, and at the remarkable vigour with which the broad features of his subjects, no less than the smallest details, are laid in.

"Wind" (of which we give a full-page illustration) and "The Restless Sea" (1873); "Our Northern Walls" and "The Misty Mountain Top" (1874); "Highland Pasturage," "Crossing the Moor," and "Twilight" (1875); "The Gently Heaving Tide" (1877); and "Wandering Shadows" and "Gusty Weather" (1878), are, together with many of the works previously mentioned, striking illustrations of what has been just remarked; and, of course, now that he claims, by right of his Associateship, space on the line, his work is not likely to diminish in those characteristics which have brought Peter Graham to the front rank of landscape painters.

W. W. Fenn.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—II.

Mr. Watts' work, always noble in quality, has this year a special element of success; his refinement, purity, and loftiness are more distinctly intelligible than usual, perhaps because his subjects are peculiarly felicitous. The portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton, for instance, which is too unfinished for exhibition, shows evidence of the pleasure with which the artist has studied his subject; the pose has been chosen in order to show the broad and massive throat, rare in the English race; and the face, with its masculine and elegant turn, is drawn with an extraordinary power. The difference between the types chosen by Mr. Watts in his exhibited portraits is so marked that no artist who sincerely appreciated character could possibly treat them with any mannerism of his own. In this way a great master deliberately subjects himself to a very salutary discipline; the worthy part of his individuality—his principles of art—will remain, but all obstinate peculiarities must be sacrificed. The portrait of Colonel Lindsay is as unlike that of Sir Frederick Leighton as the latter is different from that of Sir William Armstrong. The first-named is one of the finest works which Mr. Watts has painted of late years; the drawing of the face is excellent, and the brown eyes are full of intelligence and life. In the portrait of Sir William Armstrong, also, the modelling and colour are instinct with subtle character. With peculiar thoughtfulness Mr. Watts has brought out the gentlest aspect of a face which will ever be associated with the destructions of war. At the opposite pole of humanity is the little girl "Dorothy," whom the artist has drawn in three-quarter length, almost full face, with the vivid and unconscious look of childhood on her delicate features, while the loose waves of light brown hair flow down to the shoulders; the small figure, with its grace and infantine slenderness, is especially charming. The portrait of Mrs. Hichens is a piece of perfect refinement, whilst that of Lord Cadogan is an interesting study of a face remarkable for firmness and finish of feature, and for the intellectual suggestiveness of the upright brow. Mr. Watts exhibits a rich and representative collection of his larger works at the Grosvenor Gallery. Two compositions show his genius in its most dramatic form, to which a portrait of Mr. Gladstone, a small head of a child, and the portrait of the little girl already mentioned, form a strong contrast.

VENETIAN WATER-CARRIER.
(By W. F. Yeames, R.A. Diploma Picture.)

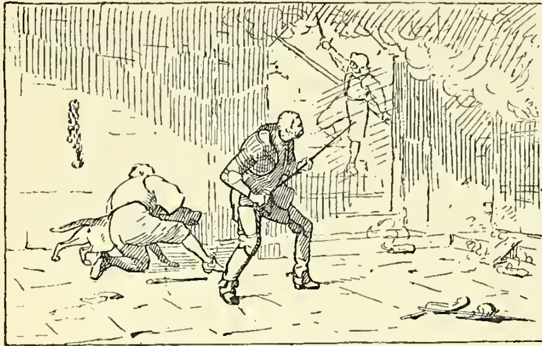
"Paolo and Francesca," a design which is familiar to the readers of the MAGAZINE OF ART, having been engraved on page 242, vol. i., is as powerful as it is pathetic; the two hapless lovers of Dante's "Inferno," driven on the eternal gale, cling together with an action from which remorse and suffering have almost banished the expression of love. An endless companionship in punishment has turned passion into a solemn and austere tenderness which is indescribably painful. In this work there is not a turn, not a line of face, figure, or drapery that has not been studied with thought and deep artistic purpose. The second composition, "Orpheus and Eurydice," is even more dramatic. The scene is instantaneous; Eurydice has followed her husband to the confines of the living world; one step more, literally one step, would have brought her out of the languid atmosphere of the world of spirits into the keen air of life; she has passed one light hand round the neck of her deliverer; thrilled by the touch of his wife, Orpheus has turned, only to clasp the figure of a woman who is not only dead, but spent, gone, faded, fallen away. The all-conquering lyre, fallen from his hand, the lily dropped by hers, have not had time to reach the ground, but Eurydice has slipped irrevocably and for ever into the land of shadows. All seems to be acted in the comprehensive moment of the artist. The drawing of the figure of Orpheus is a *tour de force* in its sudden, violent, and complicated action; not less immense was the difficulty of treating the female figure in its new but entire abandonment to death. These are not works to which justice can be done by a mere hasty inspection. The portrait of Mr. Gladstone is out of date, but perhaps has an added interest on that very account. It is a somewhat fixed and stony reading of a notably changeable face, and presents, therefore, a contrast to Mr. Millais' more modern rendering of the ex-Premier at the Academy, of which we shall speak in another place.

A DOLE.
(*By Charles Gregory.*)

Mr. Orchardson, R.A., is represented at the Academy by only one work—a last century gambling scene—having his usual elegance and refinement of colour. A similar subject has often been treated—by M. Meissonier, and by Mr. Pott last year, among others; but Mr. Orchardson gives it freshness by the originality and charm of his manner. He has seldom drawn a more elegant figure than that of the young victim retreating at the door; the character of the group of gamblers is excellent; several packs of cards, charmingly painted, have been thrown on the floor, where they lie with a flatness which calls for special remark. The pearly tints, which have so long distinguished his work, are as beautiful as ever.

Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., repeats the peculiar humour in the character of strange birds, which

has taken his fancy so much of late. No one who has lingered among the collections at the Zoological Gardens can wonder at his



NO SURRENDER.
(*By J. Watson Nicol.*)

choice; many of these creatures in their pose, expression, and character are even more acutely comic than Mr. Marks has made them; indeed, one charm of his work is that while it is suggestive, it is free from the slightest exaggeration. In his "Science is Measurement," of which we give a sketch on page 151, the expression and suggestion are conveyed by means of a skeleton, with the quaintest possible effect. Mr. Marks' *finesse* has never been more successful. His "Old Friends," a couple of veteran pensioners, looking up with feelings of fond regret at the huge figure-heads which have breasted the waves for so many years, and which have even in their idle retirement a look of strength and dignity—is a picture which fails to interest greatly, on account of the excessive reticence which the artist shows in the matter of dramatic expression. The composition, too, with the two little figures dotted down in the lower part of the picture, will probably be objected to as inartificial.

The "idyllic" school of the day—the school that proclaims the renaissance of Venus, delights in nothing save effeminate emotions, and never paints men (partly, no doubt, because it has not strength enough to draw them with character)—receives no more direct contradiction than in the healthy and honest work of Mr. Luke Fildes, A.R.A. Such a picture as "The Penitent's Return" revives one like the pure air of country meadows after the atmosphere of a perfumed hothouse; the languid Art-world of London must needs be refreshed by it, at least for a moment. His work, in spite of the sentiment of the title, is principally a picture of the character of a country village, and a most faithful and excellent study of out-of-door evening light and tone. The leading figure of the subject is by no means the central figure of the composition, for the returned penitent, a forlorn young woman, has fallen on the steps of her old home to the extreme left, while the accessory personages occupy the rest of the picture, a large cart-horse, and a carter with his children forming the middle and prominent group. Mr. Fildes has in no way idealised the loiterers in this straggling village street; he has aimed at the literal reproduction of character—an aim which cannot be attained without an almost subtle intelligence; witness the action and expression of the old woman who is gossiping over the matter in the middle distance, biting her nails with a thoughtful twist in her face. A little nearer, a group of urchins fresh from their tea peer at the girl round the corner of a house with boyish curiosity. One of them holds a thick slice of bread and butter, a mouthful of which he is in the act of eating; his thumb turns back in mechanical avoidance of the buttered surface—an incident which we mention as an example of Mr. Fildes' veracity and thoughtfulness in small things. The English peasant is now little else than a rustic townsman, and his dress and manner have a sordidness which cannot appear charming in art. Mr. Fildes, however, in the treatment of his figures, has borne in mind the excellent counsel given by Newton, the American artist, to his compatriot and brother of the brush, Leslie—"A painter cannot do better than attend to the advice of Polonius: 'Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.'"

In spite of delays caused by painful family affliction, Mr. Millais has done himself no great injustice this season. If signs of haste and distraction are noticeable in one or two works, the painter of the portraits of Mr. Gladstone (at Burlington House) and of Mrs. Stibbard (at the Grosvenor) cannot be said to have fallen short of his highest powers. The first-mentioned is distinguished by an almost

religious nobility of expression, while the drawing and modelling and brushwork are alike masterly. The execution about the forehead, especially where the frontal bones are somewhat prominent, is wonderfully good; the handling is indeed brilliant throughout; and we should be inclined to choose this picture, with its strong square drawing, as worthily representative of Mr. Millais' latest and most easily complete manner. The portrait at the Grosvenor is also most excellently drawn, perhaps with less intense animation of execution, but with a power which would be hard to match in modern English art. These truly great works lose a little in attractiveness owing to the cold and even rather chalky tints of the flesh; for Mr. Millais paints in an almost overpowering volume of hard and chilly north light, in which all the warmer and softer passages of a complexion are lost.

And *à propos* of portraits, one of the most striking and novel successes of the year has been made by Mr. Frank Holl, A.R.A., who appears unexpectedly as a master of this branch of art. The portrait of Samuel Cousins, R.A., is an excellent example, in which not only the treatment of the head, but the delicate and true relations of tone in the treatment of the engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Strawberry Girl," introduced as an accessory, call for special praise. Equally good is the portrait of Signor Piatti. "The Daughter of the House" is a remarkably veracious study of light. The little maiden, surrounded by her books, toys, and flowers, is bathed in the full light of the window, in which the colour of the hair is almost lost; the white bed-clothes are admirably well studied in effect; and the light from the open book is cleverly reflected in the child's blue eyes. The execution is strikingly free, strong, and workmanlike. We congratulate Mr. Holl on his change of subjects as well as on the extraordinary strides he has made as an artist. In portrait painting he will probably take rank with Mr. Ouless and Mr. Pettie—masters of whom we may well be proud.

Mr. Prinsep's attention is mainly occupied, it is well known, by his picture of the Durbar held in India on the occasion of the proclamation of the Queen's new title of Empress. The work is one of innumerable difficulties, the subject being in every way unwieldy and unmanageable in composition. Nevertheless, all that Mr. Prinsep has yet achieved towards the completion of his great labour is full of promise. His task will only end with the current year; and in the meantime he exhibits a fanciful subject suggested by the tradition that the Emperor Akbar had among his wives a European who lived apart in a pavilion of her own at Futtey-pore-Sikri. Mr. Prinsep gives a group of this forlorn princess and her black attendant, who fans her as she reclines on her cushions. The lady is a lovely blonde, with a sympathetic face expressing a reserved sadness. Mr. Prinsep also exhibits a portrait of Mr. Hare, the actor, and the original of one of the sketches which we engraved as an example of the illustrations in his volume on "Imperial India."

Mr. Poynter's large picture of "Nausicaa and her Maidens Playing at Ball" can scarcely be pronounced worthy of the painter of "Israel in Egypt." Not to dwell upon its manifest unfinish—the crude green with which it has been "put in" remaining over grass and rocks

"SCIENCE IS MEASUREMENT."
(By H. Stacy Marks, R.A. elect. Diploma Picture.)

alike—the figures are models of ungracefulness, although well drawn and full of movement. The draperies are imitatively Michaelangelesque.

We engrave sketches of Mr. C. Gregory's remarkably clever picture, "A Dole," the subject

of which speaks for itself; Mr. Watson Nicol's "No Surrender;" and Mr. W. F. Yeames' "Venetian Water-Carrier."

Want of space compels us to defer to a future number our notice of many important and interesting pictures of the year, including the works of several ladies, which we shall mention together, not, however, from any wish to consider their claims apart from those of men. There is no sex in art; and those ladies who have sent in their pictures to the Royal Academy have submitted, by the act, to a fair and equal judgment. Their difficulties, it can scarcely be denied, are greater than those of the hardier sex, but neither on this ground nor on any other do they desire or obtain favour at the hands of the selecting committee. It would, therefore, be less than just were a critic to affect to change his standard of judgment in treating of their efforts.

AMERICAN ARTISTS AND AMERICAN ART.—IV.

CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A.

LESLIE'S father and mother were natives of Cecil county, in the State of Maryland, where their ancestors had settled as farmers early in the last century. Leslie himself was born in London on the 19th of October, 1794. His father, who had settled in Philadelphia in 1786 as a clock and watch-maker, came to England, with his family, about a year before the painter's birth, to be the agent for his prosperous trans-Atlantic establishment, which was left in charge of a partner. But his return to America was soon rendered necessary by his partner's death, and after a voyage made memorable by a desperate engagement with a French privateer he arrived at Philadelphia in the spring of 1800, accompanied by his little son, who was then five years old. Four years later the father died, leaving so little property that his widow opened a boarding-house, and his elder daughter became a teacher of drawing. Through the kindness of friends, Charles received a good education, being sent to the University of Pennsylvania, which then occupied the splendid house in Ninth Street, Philadelphia, originally built by the citizens for General Washington. From his infancy he had been fond of drawing, and when old enough to think of a profession he wished to be a painter. There seemed little hope that the wish would ever be fulfilled; his mother's means were too limited to obtain for him a higher vocation than trade, so he was apprenticed to a bookseller. His tasks were not congenial; and, when he varied them by making chance sketches, his master, a kind but exacting man, was so displeased that the boy must often have been near relinquishing for ever the dream of his heart. But a better destiny was in store for him. George Frederick Cooke, the celebrated actor, came to America, and all Philadelphia was in a *furore* to see his Richard III. Charles Leslie went, among the rest, and afterwards painted Cooke's portrait with so much success that it not only attracted a crowd of admirers in a coffee-house, but it so far altered the sentiments of his master that he became his first patron, and was instrumental in raising a fund to enable Leslie to study painting for two years in Europe.

The boy had hitherto learned but little of his art. True, he had studied the pictures in Peale's Museum, and he had never passed the door of Mr. Sully, the best painter in Philadelphia, without running up to his show-room, which was open to all. The windows of the print shops, too, had been so many academies to him, often detaining him so long when sent on errands that he was obliged, on leaving them, to run as fast as possible to make up for lost time. But now his art education was to begin in earnest, and after a few initiative lessons from Sully he sailed for England at the end of 1811, arriving in London with a letter of introduction to

THE RIVALS.

(From the Picture by Charles Robert Leslie, R.A.)

Benjamin West. The amiable old man received him kindly; and the impressionable boy of seventeen thought, as in later life he confessed, that the venerable President was superior to Raphael; nor can he have heard without a shock, on the occasion of his first visit to Paris, a Frenchman's opinion: "I like your Vilkes [meaning Wilkie], but I don't like your Vest." Young Leslie shared lodgings with his distinguished countryman, Morse, with whom he also painted during the day in the same room, drew in the evening at the Academy, and, early on summer mornings, copied the Elgin marbles. That great artist, Fuseli, was one of his earliest patrons and preceptors; and the circle of his acquaintance included, among others, Allston, Coleridge, Constable, Washington Irving, Newton, Landseer, and Charles Lamb. Two silver medals soon rewarded Leslie's Academy labours; and his first large picture of "Saul and the Witch of Endor," though it was rejected when sent to the British Gallery, sold for one hundred guineas. A visit to Paris in 1817, in company with Allston, gave him an opportunity of making studies in the Louvre. On his return to England he painted his "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church, accompanied by *The Spectator*." This was his first striking success; it attracted general notice at the exhibition, and Lord Lansdowne ordered a replica.

Hitherto Leslie had followed the fashion of the day which affected a spurious high art, and despised everything that was not classic and conventional. The domestic school had not then had its innings, though Gainsborough had already ventured on "A Girl with Pigs," and Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" had taken the town by storm. Leslie had gradually become disenchanted with the old order of things, but not till now, when he had painted and exhibited for about six years, did he dare to undertake, on an important scale, a subject to which his heart really warmed. Its success determined him to proceed in the same path. The following year produced "Londoners Gipsying," also a portrait of his dear friend Washington Irving; and in 1821 his "May Day in the Time of Queen Elizabeth" fairly and firmly established his reputation as the master of a class of subject which, in the opinion of Tom Taylor, "none of our painters has treated with so fine a hand as he." This work won him great honour at the year's Exhibition, and had among its warmest admirers Sir Walter Scott, whose praise was, of course, very pleasant to Leslie, though, by the way, it is curious to remember that when the painter visited Abbotsford he was convinced by the daubs which hung on the walls there that the master novelist had not any real artistic taste, but only valued a picture for its subject and associations. Another friend, and a most generous patron, found by Leslie about this time was Lord Egremont, with whose name and his splendid collection at Petworth the name and the works of Leslie will always be connected. It was in the year of his "May Day" success that he was elected an Associate of the Academy. "I was," he writes, "much elated with this event, one of the great advantages resulting from which was the opportunities it afforded me of frequent intercourse with the best artists—with Wilkie, Stothard, Flaxman, Chantrey, Lawrence, Turner, Chalon, and Smirke." Five years later he was elected an Academician.

The next few years were occupied with the production of a good many subjects from "Don Quixote," some historical works, and several portraits, including one of Sir Walter Scott. In 1833 Leslie re-visited the great country of which he was a son by descent, though born, as will be remembered, on English soil. His brother wrote to him, from the other side of the Atlantic, to say that he had obtained for him the appointment of teacher of drawing at the Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson River. The inducements to remain in England were many, but those to go to America were more—so, at least, thought the painter, after anxious consideration; and in the September of that year he and his family (he had married Miss Harriet Stone in 1825) set sail. But the new berth was a failure. All the advantages which it had seemed to hold out proved in the event, as is so commonly the case, to be far less than they had appeared in anticipation. He found that his duties occupied more time than he had understood it would be necessary to

give; that the accommodation, especially as regarded the exercise of his art, was bad; that the expenses of living were almost as large as in England; that his wife's health suffered by the climate; and, finally, that his children had not, as he had fondly hoped would be the case, any better careers open to them on that side of the Atlantic than on this. In view of all these discouragements, together with an encouragement on the side of a return to England, which he had received at the last moment before leaving our shores, in the shape of a letter from Lord Egremont, offering him £1,000 for a companion picture to his "Sancho and the Duchess," Leslie once more said good-bye to America, leaving West Point in April, a wintry scene, and finding England clothed in foliage and blossom—a transition which he says was very striking, and which was certainly symbolic of the change of feeling which the return to London occasioned in the heart of the painter's wife, if not in his own.

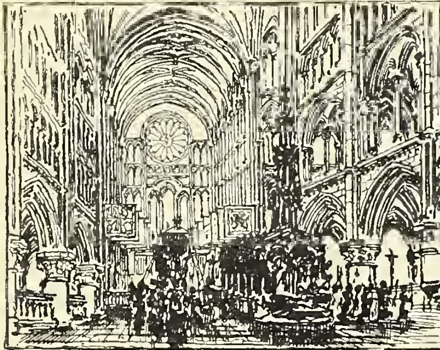
Of the well-known works which he gave to the world from the summer of 1834 to the date of his death, which took place in the spring of 1859, the most famous, perhaps, is that of "The Queen Receiving the Sacrament after the Coronation," painted for Her Majesty. A list of these works would fill several columns of this magazine. In 1848 he was elected Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy. His admirable lectures were published some years later, with additions, as a "Handbook for Young Painters;" and he also contributed to art-literature a biography of his friend Constable.

It is impossible to put down Leslie's "Autobiographical Recollections" without feeling that he was not more graceful, refined, and sentimental—in its sweetest sense—as a painter than as a man. They are a wholesome antidote to those of his unfortunate contemporary, Haydon; and they are the charming and modest records of, perhaps, the happiest artist life that was ever lived. In one of his latest letters to his sister, dated Hampton Court, July, 1857, occurs this passage: "George is a very good boy, and is getting on well as a painter. He sold a little picture lately to Monckton Milnes [now Lord Houghton], who has taken a good deal of notice of him; and he is going in a few days to Bristol, to copy a picture for an American gentleman." That son is now, as every one knows, not only a resident among us, but a Royal Academician; and he himself has given us a glimpse of his father's home and studio life, as he knew it in his early years. "He worked," says his son, "very steadily and cheerfully, keeping up a sort of whistling at times. . . . He had a pretty habit of going into the garden before breakfast and picking either a honeysuckle or a rose—his favourite flowers—and putting them in a glass on the mantle-shelf in his painting-room. . . . He would rise about eight o'clock in the winter, and about seven in the summer, when he would walk in the garden before breakfast. He always read a chapter in the Bible to us all afterwards, and then, about half-past nine or ten, he would commence work, sometimes being read to at the same time. He did not object to the presence of any of his family in his room. . . . He was never irritated at anything whilst at work, but was always calm and happy." We have chosen the most characteristic passages, and the last word is the most characteristic of all. It is the adjective which, better than any other, belongs to Charles Robert Leslie, as a husband, a father, an artist, and a man.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

FOR more than half a century the Society of British Artists has held a position and has done a work the importance of which can scarcely be estimated too highly. In its galleries young painters have been trained—to pass in due time to the highest rank in the Art-world. Within its ranks veterans have been content to remain, preferring to pursue their art in quiet confidence rather than to engage in the exciting contests of a wider arena. There

is, perhaps, scarcely a first-rate private collection of pictures in England but is enriched by some works by Holland, or Stanfield, or Roberts, or



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. REMY, RHEIMS.
(*By Wyke Bayliss.*)

Hurlstone, or Pyne, or Vicat Cole, or Dawson, that have been purchased from its walls. How many of these names, which are as familiar in our mouths as household words, have become so only through the Society of whose fifty-sixth annual exhibition we now propose to give our readers an account.

Our first duty is the pleasing one of congratulating the Society, not only on its return under very favourable circumstances and with permanent possession to its spacious and handsome galleries in Suffolk Street, but also, and in still stronger terms, on the considerable accession of strength recently made both in members and exhibitors. Since the last exhibition of the Society was held in Suffolk Street, Messrs. W. H. Bartlett, Horace H. Cauty, Sir R. P. Collier, Bernard Evans, H. G. Glindoni, James E. Grace, L. C. Henley, W. Holyoake, Yeend King, Stuart Lloyd, A. Ludovici, Jun., P. Macnab, F. H. Potter, Carlton A. Smith, and F. J. Wyburd have been elected members; while amongst the exhibitors we find the names of James Archer, John Faed, Keely Halswelle, C. E. Johnson, Seymour Lucas, Miss Meyer, John Pettie, J. D. Watson, and many other well-known favourites of the public.

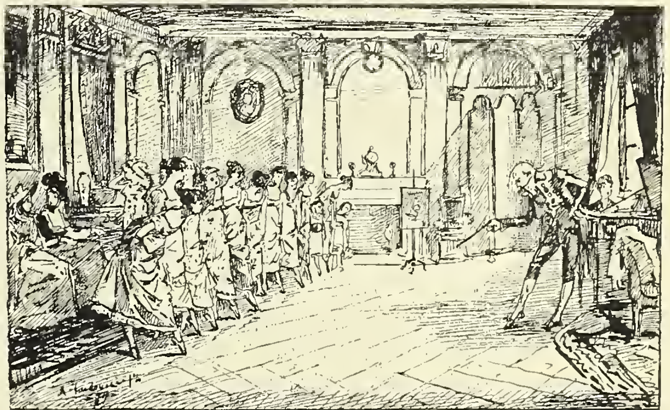
In entering the large gallery we come at once on a painting by Mr. Glindoni, "Arming the Household." The retainers, young and old, furbished up with all manner of quaint and ill-fitting armour, are being drilled or inspected in the courtyard of some manor-house by the lord and master, aided by a grim old sergeant, who surveys the motley group with a very dubious countenance. The subject is droll in the extreme, but its humour is of the polished kind that never transgresses against good taste. The colouring is subdued and yet subtle, and there is much artistic feeling in the variety of attitude, for the sake of which one servitor is stooping to adjust or give a finishing touch to the accoutrements of a companion. "Dropping down with the Tide, on a Summer's Evening," by G. S. Walters, is another of this painter's sunny effects from Holland. The moist atmosphere seems charged to the full with golden light. Mr. Walters has a firm, strong touch, and deals with a large canvas successfully. The picture is luminous and powerful, and agreeable in tone. With the "Music Lesson," by H. Caffieri, it is impossible to be quite satisfied. Skill there is in the handling, and it shows a delicate sense of colour; but we miss one element, without which no representation of girlhood can be complete, and that is the simple element of beauty. Does Mr. Caffieri despise this element? or is he unconscious of its absence from his picture? It is a great thing to paint light and colour, and to paint skilfully. But it is not enough. A sweet smile, an innocent grace, a tenderness of expression, that an English painter need not go far to seek, would be worth more than any technical excellence of brushwork. We do not say that these things can be attained without technical excellence, but only that unless they are attained technical skill goes for very little. Will not Mr. Caffieri some day show us that he can paint the face

A SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.
(*By Charles Cattermole.*)

of a beautiful woman? Sir John Gilbert contributes one of those brilliant *coups* that a master painter only can put upon canvas.

MY UNCLE TOBY AND CORPORAL TRIM.
(*By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.*)

"My Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim" live again in this picture. It is not an elaborate work—elaboration would not enhance the subject—but the figure of the modest gentleman blushing scarlet at the compliment which is nevertheless dear to his heart, and the faithful corporal, seem just to have slipped from Sir John's brush without any trouble on his part, and with a naturalness that is without artifice, and yet is the consummate mastery of art. "Manorbeer Castle, near Tenby," by J. W. B. Knight, raises again the question whether beauty should not be considered an essential element in a picture, as much in landscape as in figures. We would not limit the painter's conception of beauty to a narrow type, nor do we ask for mere prettiness: let the type be as wide as the wide world, and let mere prettiness give place to truth. Mr. Knight appears to value truth above all things, but he would scarcely be content to feel that his picture was truly ugly. We doubt whether anything will compensate for the absence of beauty. The little study of a girl's head, by Sir Frederick Leighton, illustrates what we mean. It is full of a tender regard for—a seeking after—something which dwells in, but is not of the nature of the physical substance which is represented. The features of Sir Frederick's model are not in themselves beautiful, but they take on a loveliness from that which is in the girl, instead of degrading our conception of her to their level. Small as is this study, there is enough in it to teach us a great lesson. We have seen landscapes by Mr. Knight of which the same might be said, but the one element seems missing in the picture we have criticised. "Fairy Tales," by W. H. Gadsby, represents two children poring over the same story-book. For brilliancy of handling and colour, as well as for simplicity of treatment and completeness of design, it could scarcely be surpassed. If, as we are informed, Mr. Gadsby is a young painter, there should be for him a noble future. "When the Kye Come Hame," by J. D. Watson, like his other painting in the south-east room, is little more than a sketch, but it is full of tender feeling, and is finely characteristic of the artist. "Looking to Windward" is a *tour de force* by John Pettie, R.A., daring and masterly in the extreme. A bluff sailor, his face scarlet with the cutting blast, gazes steadily out to sea, his tattooed arms quietly folded, and his keen eye steady and ready as the eye of a sailor should be. Close to this picture, as if to draw attention to the extreme contrasts which exist in Art, is a delicate cabinet picture by Haynes King. It is refined in colour and expression, graceful in design, and it tells its story with effect. We consider it one of Mr. King's choicest works. Then comes a dashing study of hounds at "Feeding Time," by J. S. Noble; a silvery landscape, "The Last Swallow of the Season," by W. Gosling; and a grand sunset effect by George Cole. It is a view



MONSIEUR COULON'S DANCING CLASS.
(*By A. Ludovici, Jun.*)

of Pembroke Castle. Mr. Cole never errs on the side of choosing an unpleasing subject; with him beauty *is* an essential element, and if pictures are intended not only to be seen at a gallery, but to be our constant companions, we cannot doubt that he is right. The "Pembroke Castle" is full of luminous quality and delicate finish; note the transparency of the water and the delicate drawing of the surface. But the picture is painted, not for the purpose of showing this dexterity of workmanship, but evidently for the sake of the loveliness of the scene, which has filled the painter with love and reverence for nature, a scene upon which we would gladly linger. "A Forage Party," by E. Ellis, is as successful as it is daring, though we could have wished for a more refined sense of grace or a little more flexibility of shape in the "awkward squad" who give the title to the picture.

Before Mr. Burr's work, "Words of Comfort," we must make a pause. If originality counts for anything, we have it here. But Mr. Burr's work is not original only—it is so excellent in its way, that of the few painters whose style bears any resemblance to it, it would be difficult to name one who can fairly be placed in comparison for transparency, tone, quality, power, character. Mr. Burr contributes four works, of which our favourite is perhaps "Polly," a strong-limbed fisher-girl, such as Burns sang about and Kingsley loved to describe. It is not every one who will realise at first the splendour which underlies this apparently rough work. To some, indeed, it will always seem *caviare*. But Mr. Burr's painting is not only what David Cox called "the work of the mind"—it is the work of a master's hand, and it is the expression of the heart also. If any visitors to these galleries do not understand this, let them give a little patience to the study of these four pictures, and they will gain a new insight into the possibilities of Art.

And now we come to the poet-painter of the Society. Mr. Woolmer's genius is not to be measured by the rule of commonplace. His work also may be *caviare* to some, but if so, we can only say so much the worse for them. If men and women slip from the pencil of Sir John Gilbert, opals and pearls, rubies and emeralds slip from the brush of Mr. Woolmer. He is alone in his world—a world created by himself, a world of which he is master. Of Mr. Woolmer's two pictures we prefer his "Susanna;" it will be found in the south-east room. The next painting of note is "French and English," by John Morgan. Two groups of village school-boys are tugging vigorously at a rope stretched between them. In his way Mr. Morgan is as great a colourist as Mr. Woolmer, but everything is on the tenderest scale, and subtle in the extreme; every boy has his own complexion, every coat or bit of linen its own degree of discoloration. But this is a slight thing compared to the variety and distinctive individuality of each face. One can read a dozen different characters in these simple village children as one would in real life. "A Summons to Surrender," by Charles Cattermole, of which we give an outline, is a spirited representation of a troop of warriors halting before a well-defended gateway, from the battlements of which the defenders are hurling down defiance. Mr. Cattermole always has a scheme in his pictures, and works it out with much artistic feeling. The "Interior of St. Remy, Rheims," by Wyke Bayliss, represents Vespers in one of the grandest of the continental cathedrals; the afternoon sun streaming through the great west window, and scarcely reaching to the chancel arches, which are half in darkness. The grey light of the north transept contrasts with the dusky glow of the evening. The words of the "Golden Legend" express the motive of the picture—

> "Shafts of sunshine from the west
> Paint the dusky windows red;
> Darker shadows, deeper rest,
> Underneath and overhead;
> Slowly, slowly, up the wall
> Steals the sunshine, steals the shade."

As in passing from the blinding sunshine of the streets to the dim light of a cathedral, so in passing from other pictures to this it is necessary to let the eyes get a little accustomed to the change of atmospheric effect before the intention of the painter can be fairly judged. Like Mr. Woolmer, Mr. Bayliss also stands alone. He is the only painter of these subjects

who seems to think it necessary to distinguish between the splendour of noble architecture and the picturesqueness of meretricious decoration, treating the former reverently as the subject of his picture and the latter only as accessory. A picture like this, full of a thousand details, cannot be understood at a first glance, any more than could the cathedral it represents, and it is undoubtedly one of the finest pictures in the Exhibition. "An Anxious Question," by R. J. Gordon, is a delicately painted group; a youth and a maiden—a question—a clasped hand—and the story is told. It is told gracefully and with refinement in this picture. "Eagle's Crag, Borrowdale," by James Peel, is beyond question the grandest landscape in this collection of pictures. It is worthy to be compared with the great "Durham," by H. Dawson, which hung in the same room a few seasons ago. Mr. Peel is to be congratulated on having realised so fine a conception, with such subtlety of gradation, and brilliancy and vigour of effect. In "A Scene in North Wales" Mr. Cobbett is as sunny and picturesque as ever; and in "Past-times and Times Past" Mr. Holyoake is both scholarly and imaginative.

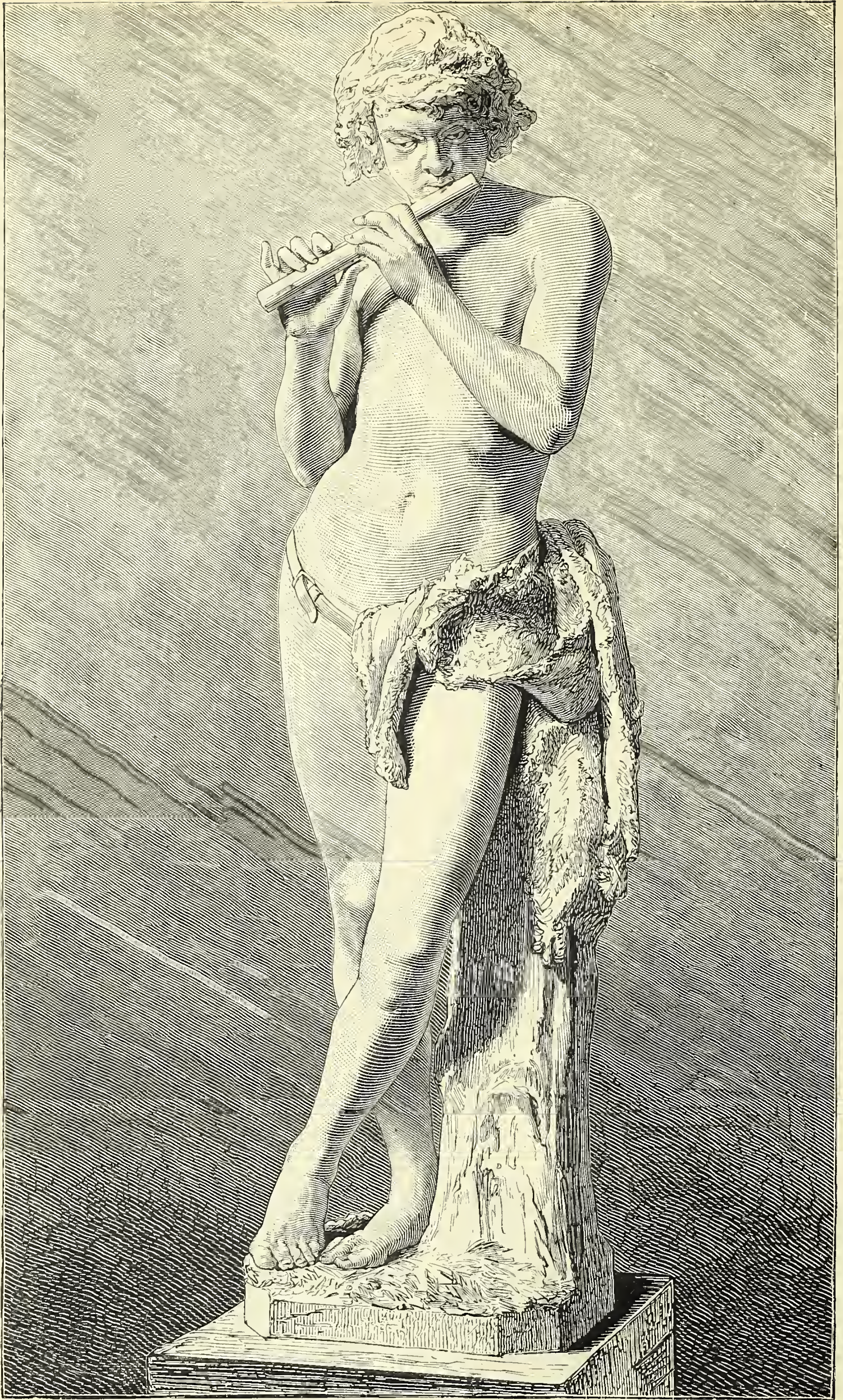
We have thus far passed through only the great room, but the four smaller galleries are scarcely less interesting. In a collection of nearly 800 works, however, it is impossible to do more than glance at a few of the most representative. It would be easy enough to draw up a black list of pictures unworthy of their companionship, but we do not know that such a list would serve any good purpose. From no Society can such works be altogether excluded. Besides, there is still so much excellent work that we have yet to name that we cannot find space for a black list at all. We must draw attention, before we conclude this brief notice, to A. F. Grace's fine picture in the first room, "Where the Wild Thyme blows." Since Mr. Grace carried off the gold medal at the Academy we doubt if he has done anything to surpass this. The play of sunlight and shadow, the rising mist, the undulation of the meadow foreground, and the wild flowers are redolent with country life. In the same room also will be found Mr. Macnab's "The Way Home"—some rustic figures moving towards us through a cornfield at evening time; it is full of tender beauty. "The Abbey Trees," by Stuart Lloyd, a pleasant river scene, and a little sparkling gem by Albert Ludovici, called "Seaside Bagatelle," are well worthy attention.

Returning once more to the south *suite* of rooms, the visitor should not fail to see "Monsieur Coulon's Dancing Class," one of the most charming works in the exhibition, by A. Ludovici, Jun. It is a picture rich in promise for the future of this young painter. A sketch of it will be found on page 157.

Another word should be added. Under the liberal management by which the Society appears to be governed of late, the old system of hanging pictures far up out of sight of poor mortals who only stand five or six feet from the ground is absolutely abolished. Notwithstanding the extraordinary number of pictures sent in, none have been hung except in places where they can be fairly seen. We think this is one of the most valuable steps in advance that the Society has yet effected.

"THE FIFE-PLAYER."

THIS graceful work, by Signor Giovanni Emanueli, a native of Brescia, was adjudged to be worthy of the "Prince Humbert" prize, at the Brera Gallery, in 1875. Its author is a sculptor who has never relaxed his labours during some forty years, and his productions are usually bought by the connoisseurs of his country before their completion. The figure in question is idyllically simple, and in graceful repose; nevertheless, the learning and power of the anatomical treatment are plainly perceptible. Just now, when Italian sculptors are so audaciously running counter to the traditions of their art, any fine work of the more legitimate and classical school calls for special recognition.



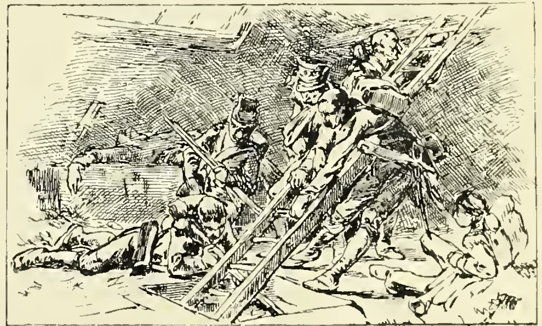
"THE FIFE-PLAYER." (*By Giovanni Emanueli.*)

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—III.

If we mention the works of several ladies together, it is for convenience sake, and from no wish to make distinctions in criticism where none have been made either in

THE GIFTS OF THE FAIRIES.
(*By F. Holl, A.R.A.*)

the excellence of the work or in the judgment it has received from the Academy. Two Venetian subjects are from the hand of Miss Clara Montalba—the one is contributed to the Royal Academy, the other to the Grosvenor Gallery. The latter picture contains an element new in this artist's work—the study of the figure. A procession of Dominican friars occupies the centre of the composition, advancing over the bridge that spans one of the smaller canals. Miss Montalba has devoted some thought to the attainment of technical exactness, not only in the details of the costume, but in the monastic cast of countenance. Her scene is laid in spring, and to the right of the picture is a row of trees in blossom, or in the tender foliage of the opening year—a charming bit of nature, the light detail of which contrasts happily with passages of repose in the blank surface of the garden wall enclosing these "fruit-tree tops." The sky is of a very subdued blue, suggesting a day of slightly overcast weather, without full sunshine or accentuated shadow. The colour has that consummate tastefulness, that perfect felicity in the choice and combination of beautiful decorative tints, which distinguishes this artist. Such a gift constitutes her an exquisite colourist; yet we should not be sorry to see her somewhat more true, more studious, and less insistent on her own individual taste. And as to the drawing of her tree-branches, we may point out that Mr. Ruskin long ago corrected the commonly-conceived idea of a branch—that it was a form tapering towards its extremity; he drew attention to the fact, which had been awaiting observation during all the previous ages of art, that a stem or a bough only decreases by precisely the bulk of the twig which it throws out, and that when it throws out none it does not decrease at all. Miss Montalba's Academy picture has for subject a minor canal in Venice; the familiar form of Santa Maria della Salute appears in the central distance; water, painted with all the artist's customary lucidity and luminousness, occupies the foreground, and on its surface float a number of baskets for catching crabs, excellent in colour. To the left the walls of some buildings are in a half shadow full of reflected light, of very pleasing effect. Miss Hilda Montalba, her younger sister, exhibits a piece of forest scenery containing a good effect of light. From the brush of Mrs. Jopling



NO SURRENDER.
(*By Andrew C. Gow.*)

we have a very vivid and artistic portrait of "The Hon. Mrs. Romilly," in which the life-like and speaking face is set in cleverly harmonised surroundings of blue-green.

Mrs. Perugini, the daughter of Charles Dickens, exhibits a single work, called "A Little Woman," of which we give a sketch, and which shows that she possesses some of her great father's appreciation of the charm, innocence, and quaintness of childhood. The child here drawn is German, if we are to judge by the more than Anglo-Saxon fairness of her complexion, the plaited pigtail, and homely yet picturesque attire; the modelling of the delicate face has both fineness and force, and the painting is remarkably finished. Miss Alice Havers exhibits some charming scenes of peasant life, "Peasant Girls, Varengeville," and "Stonepickers." These works are well executed, and brilliantly harmonious. Mrs. Christiana Thompson contributes a little garden scene, entitled "Sunshine," which is hung, as it chances, close to her daughter Mrs. Butler's Afghan picture, and which justifies its title by the intensity of the sunshine, which fills the blue sky, and floods the formal little garden — an unconventional subject freshly and elegantly painted. We engrave a thumb-nail sketch of Miss Macgregor's "May Morning" (p. 164), a bright picture, of which the composition is of that always attractive form—the processional.

RUTH AND BOAZ.
(*By D. W. Wynfield.*)

Our principal engraving illustrating this paper is of one of the pictures bought by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. "The Swineherd: Gurth, the Son of Beowulf," is principally a landscape, and secondarily a figure and animal picture. This work can best be described as belonging distinctively—without compromise or half-heartedness—to the modern English school, yet as being free from the distinctively English faults. It is literal and honest, yet neither insistent nor *gauche;* in colour it of course avoids the common fault which slightly mars the most magnificent French work—that too obstinate individuality by which all nature is compelled to strike the chord of harmony which specially delights the painter; but, on the other hand, it happily escapes that entire absence of choice, preference, or tact which is so noticeable in any English collection. For these reasons the selection of Mr. Johnson's work for purchase by the national Academy is peculiarly apt. Mr. A. C. Gow's "No Surrender" (page 161) is one of the most spirited pictures of its kind which the Academy has had for some time. A knot of French soldiers is at bay in the loft of a house; the enemy are approaching by a ladder; not one will leave the place with his life, yet there is no melodramatic emotion about them. In "Toil and Pleasure," by Mr. John R. Reid, the contrast lies between a group of farm-labourers chained to their work, and happier men trotting past in all the keen pleasure of a hunting morning. The painting is clever.

The most attractive of Mr. Boughton's delicate works this year is "A Resting-place." His colour is arbitrary, though his execution is charming; seen in conjunction with other pictures painted under so many different schemes of colour, the effect strikes the eye as several instruments played in different keys would strike the ear—an inevitable disadvantage, but Mr. Boughton's prevalent tint of somewhat languid green is less obtrusive in this picture than in others by the same hand, and it is fine in composition.

The real and solid excellence to which British work has attained in its best representatives after a sufficiently long period of weakness can be gauged in the Academy exhibition of this year by remarking the number of first-rate canvases which come together at one place on the north wall of the large gallery. On the line are Mr. Millais' incomparable Gladstone; Mr. Peter Graham's "Cloudland and Moor," with its blue and white summer sky of exceptional beauty in colour, composition, and light; Mr. Pettie's "Death Warrant," which, however

THE SWINEHERD: GURTH, THE SON OF BEOWULF.

(From the Painting by C. E. Johnson, in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879.)

disappointing it may be in the expressions, has splendid painting in the several heads; and "A Midsummer Night," by Mr. H. W. B. Davis. This last work is so delicate and quiet in tone as easily to escape notice; with regard to the effect, a night-scene is difficult to judge of in broad daylight, but the drawing of cattle is, as usual with this artist, admirable. Above these four notable pictures hang three more, as beautiful as they are dissimilar—Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Sindbad the Sailor," Mr. Aumonier's "Suffolk Marsh," and "The Land of Argyle," by Mr. James Macbeth. The first has an almost unearthly light, appropriate to the magical subject; it is coloured like a group of pearls exquisitely and delicately graduated; some oranges in the foreground relieve the colour with charming effect, their brilliant hue being cleverly subdued in tone; no more original picture is at Burlington House. Mr. Aumonier's landscape has a lovely sky with low and high clouds, and flat country partly in cloud-shadow, all fine, aërial, and distant. Mr. Macbeth's "Land of Argyle" is cruelly hung immediately above, and it is only at certain times of the day that it can be seen at all. It is a late evening effect among mountains, intensely powerful, broad, and full in colour.

A LITTLE WOMAN.
(*By Kate Perugini.*)

In the sixth gallery is a charming little cattle picture, "A Stranger in the Field," by Mr. Robert Meyerheim; it glows with a golden light, the calves are drawn finely and with a delightful frolicsome humour; the long grass is full of flowers, through which a little black pig advances with inquisitive snout, which one of the calves stretches forward to meet. Tender in colour, happy in manner, and most luminous in effect, this unpretentious picture must by no means be overlooked. Another work, of which the great merits are not of that obtrusive order which commands attention, is Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "A Land Lost between Sky and Water." This excellent study may best be described as being the artistic truth of those vague effects of nature which a certain well-known "impressionist" merely pretends to render. This is legitimate and honest work, though no "symphony" or "arrangement" was ever dreamier or more evanescent.

Mr. E. J. Gregory is a young painter of very extraordinary individuality. Too rugged, too uncompromising in the way he lights an uneven face so as to bring out all the furrows it possesses, and too much devoted to the masterly painting of obtrusive boots and rucked-up trousers he may be; but he possesses a power and intelligence, a vivid vigour, which ought to make him one of the leaders of portraiture. He exhibits this year at both galleries—"The Rev. Thomas Stevens" at the Academy, and "Mr. Thomas Chapman" at the Grosvenor. In both we are compelled to notice a certain lack of dignity commonly observable in this painter's work; not that the extreme of roughness and ease is inconsistent with high breeding, but Mr. Gregory's reading of character has something "rowdy"—though nothing vulgar or mean—about it. The mention of the Grosvenor Gallery brings us to the pictures by which it makes its distinctive mark. Among these Mr. Burne Jones' works of course claim first attention. About this artist we come to the conclusion that he is an imitator—a painter purely receptive in character—and that this very attitude of mind forbids his imitating to the full those masters on whom he has moulded himself. It is essential of weakness that it cannot imitate strength; if it could do so it would be strong. The Greeks were men, and did man's work; Mantegna was essentially

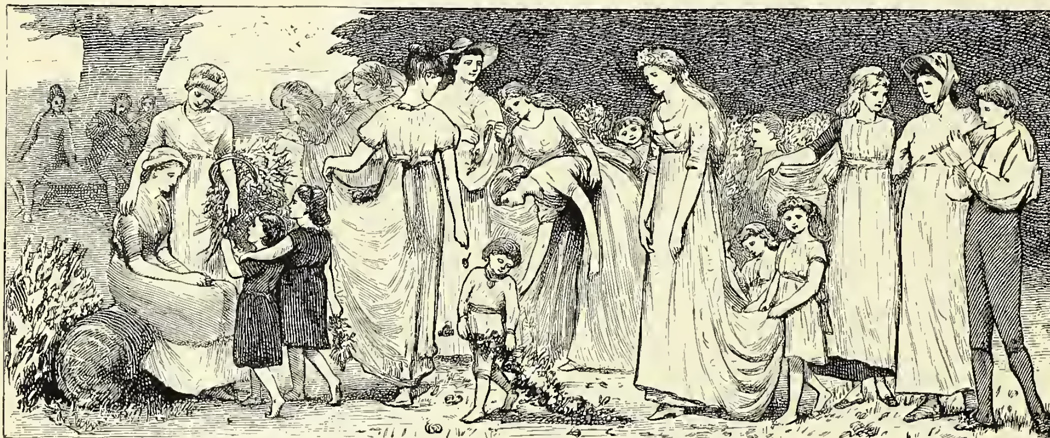
masculine; even Perugino, gliding as he did now and then into feminine tenderness, was virile; the timorous, small, and pious talent of Fra Angelico was yet not effeminate. Mr. Burne Jones is purely and altogether effeminate in his imitations of all these, and naturally so, imitation being entirely opposed to the originative masculine temper. Mr. Burne Jones gives us an "Annunciation" this year. We might, by the way, have desired that the pencil which drew the "Laus Veneris" and the "Chant d'Amour" should spare the Virgin. The angel Gabriel (a girl, as this artist understands him) is clad in insincere draperies copied from we know not what quaint mediæval work. The face of the Madonna wears that penetrating and beautiful look of sorrow which Mr. Jones has shown us in so many dozen pairs of eyes, *à propos* and *mal à propos*, that it becomes a grimace and a manufacture. The "Pygmalion" series are

SHOPPING.
(*By Laslett J. Pott.*)

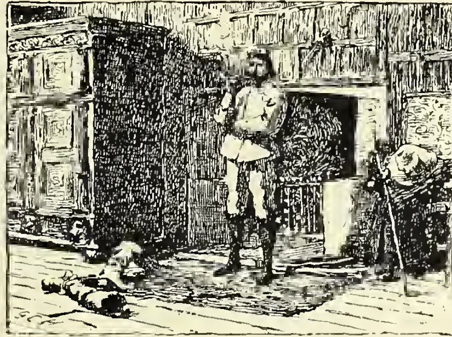
positively disagreeable in colour, two of the designs being disfigured by that cold blue with an inclination to violet which is impossible to a fine colourist—it does not exist on his palette. The vague but undeniable suggestiveness of this kind of art is, to say the least, unpleasant.

But what shall be said of the imitators of the imitator? They are harmless enough; but the quality of their work is of extreme feebleness, its two great merits being negative ones—freedom from bread-and-butter sentiment, and freedom from violent crudities of colour. As to their appreciation of that Greek feeling which they profess to be reviving, we would only remark that Mr. Matthew Hale gives us as "Psyche" a belle of the London streets with canary-coloured hair and blackened eyelashes, Sir Coutts Lindsay exhibits an Ariadne of a strangely unrefined type, and Mr. Crane paints a group of dreary and ill-drawn sirens of wretched physique.

When we come to the landscapes exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, the work is far better. Sir Frederick Leighton exhibits a number of sketches in oil, in which the exquisite drawing of natural forms is specially to be noted, with the lovely colour; Mr. Mark Fisher is at his best in a number of monotonous but delicately pleasing cattle pieces; Mrs. Gosse paints finely and brightly, almost in the manner of Mr. Alma Tadema; Mr. Cecil Lawson re-exhibits "Hop-gardens in Kent," recently hung (and badly hung) at the Academy—a tormented and spotty work, in which the effect of chaotic perspective is helped by the absence of any trustworthy horizon—and several smaller works of a contrary—nay, opposite—


MAY MORNING.
(*By Miss Jessie Macgregor.*)

school of painting, several of them being of striking beauty and power. "The Morning After," a lurid sunrise on a subsiding sea, is a truly noble work. This young artist should beware of too much heaviness and coarseness in his lower skies, also of too much colour about his sun, for red and yellow are dark colours on the painter's pencil; in nature alone can they shine so brightly that the artist's highest light—white—looks dark beside them. Nothing here of Mr. Albert Moore's approaches the beauty of his small picture at the Academy, "A Workbasket." This artist paints nothing but women, as being best adapted for the mere decoration at which he aims; he does not therefore come under our condemnation of the effeminate school; he draws also solidly and strongly, and with a pencil dipped in liquid jewels.


AFTER THE DUEL.
(*By G. C. Hindley.*)

Our remaining sketches are from Mr. Pott's "Shopping," Mr. Wynfield's "Ruth and Boaz," and Mr. Hindley's "After the Duel." The first is a bit of last century life, in which the artist has drawn the picturesque and elegant female costumes with evident pleasure. Two ladies have sorely tried the patience of the shopman, while the master still chatters and smiles as he unfolds roll after roll; but a pug, who is seated on the train of his mistress, looks out of the picture with an expression of the utmost weariness. The second is one of the few Scriptural pictures in the rooms. Boaz is in the act of pouring parched corn into the hands of Ruth, who looks up gratefully. Mr. Hindley's little work has the advantage of a good *genre* subject; his swash-buckler is meditating with calm satisfaction over his late encounter; he has laid aside his boots, hat, and cloak, and stands in his stockings before his fire smoking the pipe, if not of peace, at least of satisfied honour.

DUALISM IN ART.—II.

By Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A.

THE first essential for the poet or the painter is a thorough understanding of the original conception with which he has to deal, an understanding so complete that it shall differentiate the subjective beauty of it from the objective. Without this, if he sees at all, it will be with a confused vision, he will see only "men as trees walking." A cathedral church or a chimney-corner; a queen upon her throne or an outcast shivering upon a doorstep; a landscape with broad river and mighty trees or a violet hiding from the sun; nothing is too great, nothing is too lowly to be the theme of Art, and to lead us into the Higher Life.

But poets and painters fail in this—that they do not or cannot impregnate their minds with a living sense of the subjective beauty of that which is their theme. The subjective beauty of Strasbourg Cathedral is its magnificence; of Amiens, its symmetry; of St. Mark's, Venice, its richness. Amiens Cathedral is so colossal that Westminster Abbey, the loftiest of our cathedral churches, would stand inside it and still leave room to build another church upon its roof—it is so exquisitely proportioned and of such delicate workmanship that every line is full of grace, and every stone a work of art; and upon all this has come the splendour that time alone can give. Yet artists go there, and after much patient search succeed in finding out some bit of upholstery with which in a corrupt age some ignorant chapter has desecrated it, and will paint the wretched morsel, thinking that they have painted a cathedral interior. St. Mark's is one of the wonders of the world,

a church of which the pavement is of precious stones, the walls are hung with jewels, mosaics designed by the hands of Titian and the other giants. Yet the pictures we see of it are holes and corners, scraps and "bits," as artists call them, for the sake of colour, that are as much like St. Mark's as gilt gingerbread is like kings and queens, or as a yellow petal dropped upon a sanded floor is like a field of buttercups. Why are these things done in Art? The historical painter, fired by the passion of some great action, gives us his record of it. Some, who are called "figure-men," cannot paint an historical group, but at least they aspire to paint a single figure. Others, who cannot even do that, are content to go on for ever painting "heads." But no one is content with "tails." It would be a poor soul who never rose above an eye, or a nose, or a finger as the subject of his picture. Yet that is what they do who, having no thorough understanding of the original conception, the subjective beauty, of a cathedral church, slink into the holes and corners of it and carry away only "bits" and scraps.

But it may be said the dual splendour—the subjective and the objective beauty of these cathedrals are coincident. The stones of Venice are rich, and the effect is richness; the tracery of Amiens is elegant, and the effect is elegance; the proportions of Strasbourg are magnificent, and the effect is magnificence. This, however, is not always the case. In Treves Cathedral the stones are rough and unpolished, with jagged lines of Roman brickwork showing red amongst them, the piers are rude and unshapely, there are no delicate shafts or fine tracery, there is no objective beauty in it at all. Yet it is one of the noblest cathedrals in the world, for its subjective beauty is strength.

Barbaric strength, perhaps, but strength. The first impression as we enter is that of desolation. *We realise the strength, but it is against us.* It is as though a child had placed its tiny hand for the first time in the strong grasp of a man. But presently this feeling changes to one of trust and reverence: *the strength is not against us after all.* It is as though the child looked up into the man's face and found only kindness there. And finally the trust gives place to love: *the strength is on our side;* and we find that through the gates of Treves we have passed into the Higher Life.

Let us take another example of this Dualism in Art. The subjective beauty of a cottage interior is the tenderness and pathos of home life. There is an objective beauty also in the sweet girl who is the light of it, and in the children who are its laughter, and in the mother's face and the old man's which are its wisdom and strength. But he who crosses the threshold, if it is to be to him the threshold of the Higher Life, must have keen eyes and fine susceptibilities. The true poet or painter, Burns or Burr, it does not matter which, will render all the passion of the scene, showing us the loveliness of it and yet showing us the poverty too, the worn garments and poor furniture. Even the pots and pans may all be there, painted for the sake of the subject, not the subject painted for them. But it is not enough, as so many seem to think, to paint pots and pans, and candlesticks, and kettles, and pussy-cats in the corner, and ragged coats, unless some reasonable care be taken that the ragged coats cover true flesh and blood.

If it is asked which is the nobler theme, the fretted vaults of the many-aisled cathedral or the narrow rafters of the cottar's cabin, the answer is not far to seek. That is the nobler which holds most of human life and passion. The question is not whether the garment is ragged, but what it covers. What does the cathedral cover in our thoughts?

> Strong with the savage splendour of rude walls,
>   Yet with the memories of a thousand years
> Tender as the first flush of dawn that falls
>   Silver and crimson on the massive piers,—
>   That is the vision—sounds are in my ears
> As of a river's tide—Beautiful Treves!
>   'Tis the Moselle that thus doth lingering stay
> To kiss thy feet and cool its restless wave
>   Beneath the shadows of thy towers to-day.
> O treacherous stream! to flatter and pass by,
>   Nor whisper how the ancient gods were hurled
>   From the strong altars of the Pagan world,
> And now forgotten in thy bosom lie.

This is what a cathedral means to some of us, and it is in such meaning as this that we find the Higher Life.

And we find it in the rustic scene as well, in its picturesque beauty and tender pathos.

We find it in Murillo's Spanish boys, where intense humour gleams through the brown eyes, and lurks in every shred of the tattered garments. We find it in some of the pictures of the Dutch Sehool, and in those of the early English painters, Hogarth and Wilkie. There is an exquisite instanee of it in a painting by W. Hunt called "Love at First Sight," where a stable-boy eomes upon a vision of beauty, a little girl asleep upon the straw, and he, leaning upon his pitehfork, gazes upon her with his eyes as wide open as his heart. We find it again in the works of our living painters, who have made rustic life their theme, their favourite theme perhaps. Who has ever told more tenderly or faithfully than has Faed sueh stories of lowly life, or quiet heroism, or tender affeetion that its lowliness eannot hide? Think of any of these pietures, and then test them as we have tested Treves. What do they mean to us? What do they cover in our thoughts? They eover human life and passion. They mean love, and hope, and tenderness, and patient forbearance, and brave enduranee, and faithful service.

Or rather this is what they should mean—this is the subjeetive beauty by virtue of which alone they ean elaim a plaee in the Higher Life in Art. If they do not mean this, they are only the tricks of expert painters who would take us by guile of clever mimiery of material forms—they are like those verses of Charles Kingsley's of which he wrote to a friend that he had "laid a poem whieh wouldn't hatch."

Onee more—just to gather these few thoughts together. *The way into the Higher Life lies through the Truth.* For the creations, so ealled, of the poet and painter are translations; and translations to be worth anything must be true. They need not be eomplete—they may be fragments only, but the fragments must be true. They need not tell everything—that indeed might be impossible—but what they do tell must be the truth. There is much that they may fail to do; but failing in this they fail altogether; not only of the Higher Life in Art, but of any kind of life at all. For Art is not the tickling of a pieee of paper with a point of ehalk and calling it doing "heads," or staining it with blue and green and yellow and ealling it painting "landscapes." This is part of the mechanism of Art, but Art is much more than this. The Higher Life in Art can, indeed, be lived by men and women who have never learned to handle brush or peneil. The Higher Life in Art is not an abstraet symbol, but a very eonerete presenee, and its formula is this—*Art to be true must be true to something. And that something is Nature.* Nature, not only in the metonymic but also in the primary sense of the word; not only as comprehending the things we see but as the first cause of them. Art stands alone in this, that it engages not some, but every faeulty of our being. Faith, reason, affeetion are alike exereised in its mission. Theologians might dispute for ever without the aid of the geometrician, but without his cobweb of fine lines Art eould not have built the temples, the firmaments of stone, beneath whieh they worship. Mathematieians might still be analysing triangles and spheres if Christ had not died; but without the hope of life of whieh He eame to assure us, Art would have built no temples at all. Like the summer clouds whieh fill the sky Art sweeps across our world, drawing into its bosom all our religious aspirations, all our scientific attainments, every tender emotion of our hearts. How beautiful are these summer elouds! now ranged in lines like the battlemented walls of a distant city; now massed together like an army with banners; now drifting through the azure in a myriad of ethereal shapes like a company of angels looking down on us from heaven. How beautiful is Art! in the splendour of its imagery; in its storms of passion; in its serene contemplation of things divine. But they are only clouds! But it is only Art! And yet "Thou sentest a graeious rain upon Thine inheritance and refreshedst it when it was weary." So, then, the clouds are of some aeeount. And Art? No tender thought, or noble aspiration, or high enterprise is lost to us beeause Art fashions them into beautiful shapes. They eome baek to us, as the rain comes from the clouds, and they make our lives fruitful in faith, and wisdom, and love. For the artist lives, and works, and dies; but Art, in its Higher Life, is immortal.

VICISSITUDES OF ART TREASURES.—IV.

By R. H. Soden-Smith, M.A., F.S.A., &c.

A FRESH vicissitude in the history of a very celebrated art treasure which has but recently been carried away from this country, renders it desirable to allude to its singular story, and to illustrate for the benefit of lovers of the goldsmith's art the beautiful and elaborate workmanship of which it is a type. The famous cup or vase, known as the "Cellini Ewer," for two generations the possession of the Hope family, has returned to France; unfortunately not as public property to be seen by thousands in the Louvre or the Cluny Museum, but purchased by a private collector, and so lost to England, and for the present, at least, to the public. For more than sixteen years, by the liberality of its late owner, it formed one of the attractions of the Loan Collection at South Kensington, and was even noted in foreign guide-books as a treasure not to be overlooked by the visitor to the Museum: we must only hope that its present possessor may be liberal in like manner, if not with like success; for it would not be possible perhaps to place it anywhere else visited by such numbers as during the last sixteen years have poured through the galleries which it aided to enrich.

The opposite illustration shows the general form of this elaborate and splendid work—a magnificent specimen of the costly productions in precious materials for which the Italian cinque-cento period is justly famous. It has been long associated with the name of Cellini, though differing from his style, while in excellence it may vie with any work authenticated as from the hand of the famous Florentine.

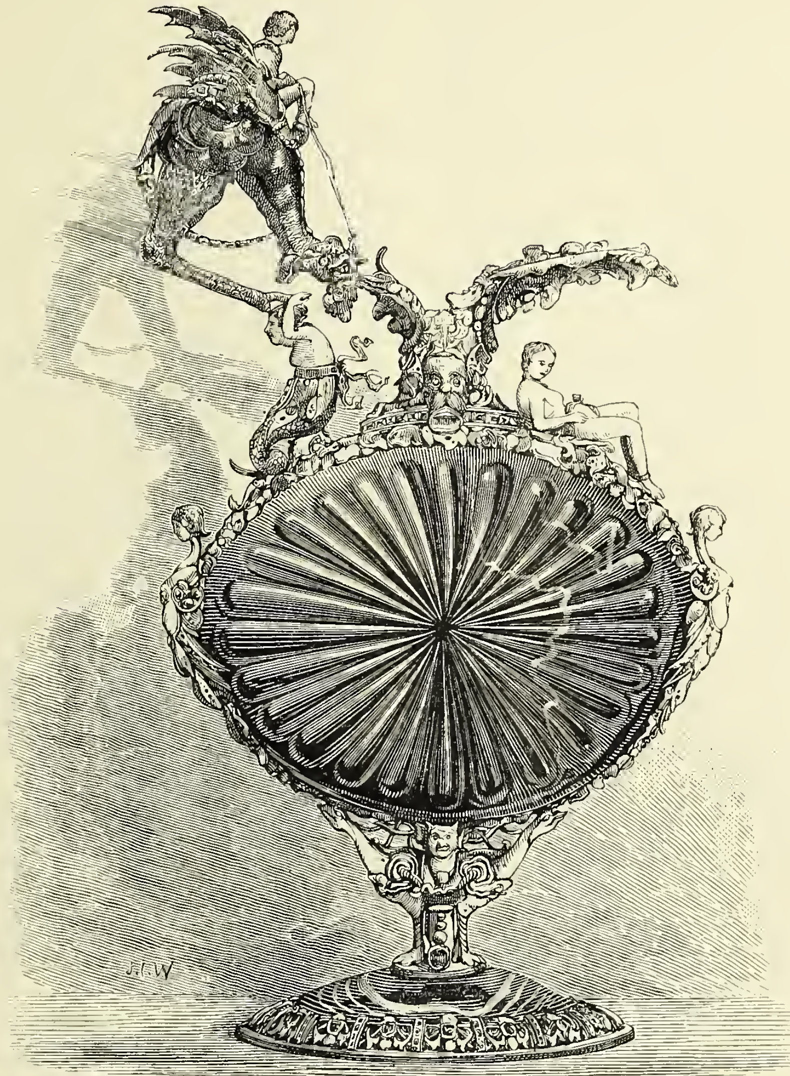
In form it is a cup with flattened sides carved out of two portions of a magnificent Oriental sardonyx of a fine umber hue variously shaded in parts. The surface of the rich-coloured stone is convexly fluted from the centre and polished, while the framework uniting the two surfaces of sardonyx, as well as the lip and high curving handle, are of gold. These are gorgeously enamelled and jewelled with rubies, emeralds, opals, and diamonds. The foot is an oval piece of striated onyx, set in a border of enamel leaves, enriched with emeralds and rubies. High above the body of the ewer rises the handle in form of a grotesque winged monster such as Adam van Vianen—the Dutch designer of a later period—was fond of imagining. Brilliant enrichments of enamel, translucent and opaque, give superb colour to this portion of the work, and to the small figure of Cupid seated between the wings of the monster; while jewels are freely employed wherever their use enhances the splendid and artistic effect of the whole work.

It is not, therefore, art alone which is lavished upon it, but the most costly materials, while art increases their value; the reverse truly of what too often prevails among ourselves, where lumps of gold have jewels thrust into them and then are praised for being massive—perhaps the last quality that goldsmiths' work should exhibit. Manufacturers—artists are not to be thought of—are well supported by the incorrigibly bad taste of wealthy purchasers, who carry away these links and fetters, horse-hoofs and horse-shoes of clumsy gold, with immense satisfaction at their ponderous strength: they would indeed outweigh whole tiaras, bracelets, and brooches of ancient Greek or Etruscan workmanship.

But to return to our ewer: it seems wonderful that, elaborated out of such marketable commodities as gold and precious stones, it should have survived the chances of three hundred years. It was originally made in the early part of the sixteenth century, for Francis I. of France, whose royal love of magnificence extended beyond gold-inlaid suits of Milanese armour and glowing Flemish tapestries to more delicate treasures of art. Thenceforward it seems to have been laid up

among the crown jewels, escaping the rapacity of some of Francis's successors and the financial embarrassments of the Grand Monarque.

When the Revolutionary Convention had possessed itself of the inheritance of kings, an inventory was ordered to be made, in 1791, of the spoil. It must be admitted that the manner of the work showed more appreciation of the art value of the royal treasures than was exhibited when, in the days of Cromwell, the goods and pictures of "the man Charles Stuart" were appraised by the Commissioners of the Parliament. In those earlier days, however, a pretty clean sweep had been already made by King Charles himself before the Commissioners laid hands on the spoil: 20,000 ounces of plate at one time, and 10,000 at another, and so on, sent away from the Tower to raise money for the Court, showed how quickly the accumulated treasures of our kings disappeared when the ancient goddesses, Poverty and Necessity, knocked at the palace doors. The Convention was more successful. In the inventory already alluded to the ewer is carefully described, but afterwards it is lost sight of for a time; fortunate, however, in escaping the destruction that overtook many a splendid memorial of a history which it did not suit



EWER IN SARDONYX, MOUNTED IN GOLD, ENAMELLED AND JEWELLED.

(Italian, sixteenth century.)

the "Citoyens" of the day to remember. At length it re-appeared in Paris, and was secured by an English collector well able to appreciate its exquisite workmanship — the late Philip Henry Hope; from him it was inherited by its recent possessor, Mr. Beresford Hope, not to be hidden away, but rather by its ready loan to great gatherings of art objects to be seen by more than ever looked upon it during the previous three centuries of its existence. Alas! that it should be now lost to us, instead of finding a final home among the treasures of a British national collection.

Such an abiding resting-place has, we may hope, been found by an art treasure of a different character, although not far removed in date of its origin from Mr. Beresford Hope's "Cellini Ewer." This is a splendid specimen of another cinque-cento art, at length, after many a vicissitude, securely laid up in the South Kensington Museum. It is a work in painted enamel on copper, the masterpiece of one of the chief artists of the Limoges school in the sixteenth century. Limoges had been famous as far back as mediæval times for work in enamel, but of the kind which was mainly, if not wholly, executed in the *champ-levé* manner; that is, the materials for the enamel were melted into depressions produced on the surface of the metal plate, and afterwards ground smooth. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, and during the continuance of the sixteenth, a totally different method was in use, and in the hands of a few considerable artists reached extraordinary perfection. In this latter process, the surface of the copper—the metal usually employed as being preferable to either gold or silver—was entirely covered with a coat of thin enamel fired on, producing a smooth vitreous surface; upon this the painting was executed in especially prepared colours, and the work fired again and again till the final effect was gained.

It adds not a little to our appreciation of the skill of the artist to know that these delicately coloured pictures have been submitted, each of them, many times to a temperature sufficient to fuse the colours, and in some degree to blend them with the prepared vitreous surface on which they were painted. We can therefore well imagine the anxiety with which the result of the last firing was watched by the artist who had bestowed the riches of his imagination and skill on one of these elaborate and wonderful works. The colours might prove false, owing to a slight variation of temperature, or fuse too slowly or too quickly, or the metal ground might cast, and all his labour be in vain.

There is a curious and early little print designed by one of the masters of delicate design for metal work, who flourished in Germany and France, representing an artist in enamel—a goldsmith in this case, for they also wrought in enamel—attending to his oven; and, judging from the style of his costume, a very courtly personage he appears to be, with high-crowned hat, slashed doublet and ruff, but earnest at his work and anxious withal. An accurate copy from an original impression of this print, now by no means common, furnishes the illustration (page 172), in which various interesting details may be noted, the young attendant with the pair of bellows under his arm, apparatus, tools, &c.

Among the artistic families of Limoges—for the enameller's art or mystery was in some degree an hereditary craft—that of Penicaud was famous, and Jean, the second of the name, was the greatest artist of his race. It is of a *chef-d'œuvre* from his hand we would speak; and although we cannot trace all its chequered story, the final episode, curiously illustrating the chances to which such objects are exposed, is worth relating.

The work consists of eighteen variously shaped pieces or plaques of copper painted in splendid colours on enamel. They are, for the most part, uninjured, and as vivid in tone after more than three hundred years as when they left the artist's hand, and are now united according to the original design. Fortunate it is that the whole eighteen have been preserved and kept together, for the framework or altar-piece that first held them has long disappeared.

Some fifty or sixty years have elapsed since they were "picked up"—to use a collector's phrase—in London by an old gentleman who was sufficiently before his time to perceive and appreciate their excellence. Such enamels

were then disregarded; they were not the fashion, and the dealers, who are not apt to be in advance of public taste, would perhaps have given little beyond the weight in copper for these precious examples of a beautiful and, at that period, a lost art. A pair of blue porcelain cats, even denuded of the diamond ear-rings which once graced them, aided, however, by their respectable history—they were the gift of a reprobate to a disreputable woman —would doubtless have brought nearly the £350 for which they were sold not long since in London. But these delicate paintings, intense in colour, elaborate in execution, triumphs of patient technical skill, and more than that, solemn and earnest in their sacred subjects, and full of the artist's deepest thought and most anxious labour—these had no attraction; there was no market for such things.

Some advance in knowledge at length took place, and fashion moved forward. A dim perception of the merit of these sixteenth century works dawned on the public mind, and the keen eye of trade marked the change and noted it for future profit. Meanwhile the enamels, with other possessions of their fortunate owner, had been carried by him to a remote spot in his native country of Wales, and there he died, and a sale of his accumulated treasures was announced.

Certain London dealers of the keener sort had never lost sight of the old man; they heard of the opportunity, and descended to divide the spoil. The country auctioneer was not likely to have had much experience in valuing Limoges enamels—in fact, he did not know what they were—so he put up, with as little comment as possible, the eighteen pieces of painted copper wrapped in brown paper; the rustic buyers could not comprehend them—the dealers keeping prudent silence. At length one of the London gentlemen "did not mind giving ninepence apiece for the lot," and was thanked by the auctioneer for his offer. Some bystanders took heart; the extraordinary excellence of these pictures must have dawned upon them, and the conspirators were compelled to go as far as £25 before one of their number secured the coveted prize.

Forthwith these last decamped to their inn, and there arranged the terms of the "knock out," as this kind of business is called; practically another auction took place among themselves, and the enamels were sold for £450; for this sum—not a bad advance on the £25 of a few hours previously—certain partners in the transaction carried them away.

In due time, when judiciously made known in London, they were sold to a private collector, and, at the price of £800—a sum much below their value now—the Museum was given the opportunity of purchasing them. The authorities did not allow the occasion to pass, and this true art treasure has thus found rest, it may be hoped, from vicissitude, and is worthily placed among the works of other chief artists of Limoges, the splendid triptych of Nardon Penicaud, the portrait of Cardinal Guise by Leonard Limousin, the Valois casket, together with the beautiful examples in *grisaille* of Pierre Raymond and of others.

We have said that this admirable work consists of eighteen distinct portions, enamels of this class being usually painted on variously shaped and rather small plaques of copper, afterwards so framed together as to balance each other and to form an harmonious whole; while the carved and gilt wood frames in which they were sometimes set were not less excellent examples of art of another class than the objects which they support. In the present instance the work has originally formed an altar-piece, for which destination the character of its subjects indicates its fitness. The story of the life of Christ is the artist's theme, and with much quaint detail it is told in this series of skilfully designed and highly finished pictures—miniatures, indeed, they may almost be called, for the largest is not twelve inches high, and others are only three or four inches in diameter.

The subjects chosen commence with the Annunciation; next in order are the scenes connected with the Birth of the Saviour most in favour with artists; then the call of St. Peter and St. Andrew; passing from this to the closing events, the Last Supper, the Passion, the Resurrection, and the Descent into Hell. The treatment has none of the ascetic character which marked an earlier period, and at times is more

conventional than earnest, for the artist was conscious that his force lay in splendour of colour, and that the resources of his special art permitted him to be prodigal of his power.

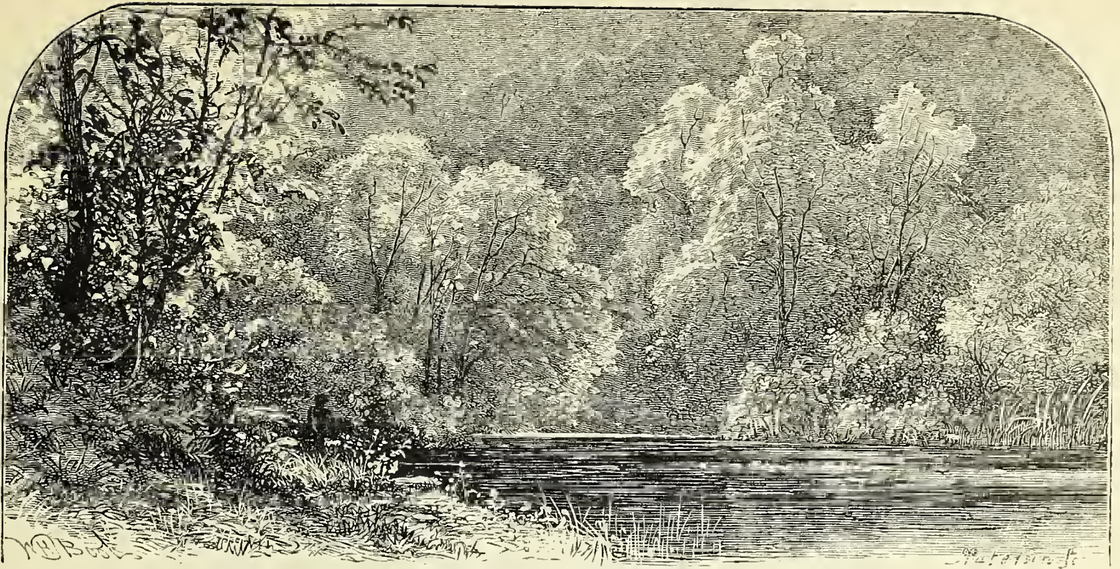
The whole is crowned by a long, lunette-shaped picture, in which Christ is seen in glory with cherubs and angels attending, holding an orb and an open book with the motto "Data est michi omnis potestas in celo et in terra." But the eye rests chiefly on the large central plaque. In it the ascension of the Saviour is represented, and all the intensity of the artist's rich but harmonious colouring is lavished on this chief subject; the disciples and two angels appearing to them are grouped below, and the skilful disposition and balance of the powerfully contrasted tones are worthy of study. In the centre rises the Saviour, a figure nearly undraped but having a robe of deep crimson enriched with gold floating behind, so that the tints of the flesh are made to tell vividly on this glowing background. The sky is of an intense blue, darkening towards the upper portion, but relieved by flecks or clouds of gold; while towards the distant horizon it softens, and there a gleam of vivid light appears like the breaking of the dawn, carrying the gaze onward and filling the imagination with a mystical interpretation of the solemn scene.

FAC-SIMILE COPY OF EARLY ENGRAVING REPRESENTING AN ARTIST IN GOLD AND ENAMEL AT HIS FURNACE.

A few other works rivalling this in size and importance are known to have been executed by the same master of enamel painting, and are happily preserved. One is in the museum of the Louvre, Paris; another was a chief treasure of the Soltikoff collection, and was purchased for about £1,200 by a London expert; another is in the collection of Count Basilewsky, and was exhibited in 1878 in the wonderful gathering of treasures accumulated in the Trocadéro galleries of the Paris Exhibition. This last is signed in full by the artist.

None of these quite equal in splendid harmony of colour the magnificent specimen whose rescue from a country sale-room we have just related. In it all the eighteen plaques of which the subject is composed are the work of Jean Penicaud himself, and there is scarcely any appreciable disparity of excellence between them.

Its general preservation is, as we have already noted, remarkable, a circumstance of chief importance in the case of painted enamels. They cannot be repaired or restored in any manner that is quite satisfactory. A skilful workman may accomplish a restoration which, when still fresh, is of almost deceptive excellence; but in a year or two the colours change, the lights deaden, and the surface chills. And yet the surprising and durable brilliancy of the melted vitreous material of the original has stood the severe test of more than three hundred years, and no mimicry of pigments merely laid on but unfired will ever be able to rival the effect of its unchanged and apparently unchangeable splendour. *(To be continued.)*



BANKS OF THE DOVE.

SKETCHING GROUNDS: THE PEAK.

By Edward Bradbury.

It is uttering a commonplace to say that the joys of anticipation are almost as great as those of actual realisation. Pleasant it is to look through a dreary vista of work to coming leisure days of bright sky and breezy sea, and mountain and moorland and wooded glen, each week bringing the dream nearer and nearer of fulfilment. But, perhaps, the rapture of retrospect is the more enjoyable sensation. Experience sometimes belies expectancy; but reminiscence yields no such disappointment. Time tints with rosy colour, and cunning touch, the pictures of the past, and "distance lends enchantment to the view." We do not appreciate what is bright and beautiful in scenery at the time when we first behold it with the relish we do months afterwards, when the picture is reproduced far away from Nature's walks, and amid scenes that are repellant and unpicturesque, and under circumstances that are depressing. Then

> "They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the gift of solitude;
> And then the heart with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils."

DOVEDALE: THE STRAITS.

How gratifying is the task, when the nights are long, and the skies louring and ragged, and the wind moans amid naked trees, and the streets are misty and muddy, to recall the summer shimmer; to look back upon the sunny

road of recollection, and check off the "Artists' Haunts" by the way; to count over the bright beads on the thread of memory; to pull out the slides at will in the mental magic-lantern; now a glancing landscape, now a ruined tower, now a moss-grown tree, now a mountain peak. I have been wandering this dismal wintry night to a certain Derbyshire Gallery, in my Royal Academy of Reminiscence, and I propose to show you one or two of my Peak pictures.

Behold Dovedale! It is a summer day, and I am resting by the side of the Dove. Bars of radiant light and purple shadow chase each other along the river banks, where Jean Jacques Rousseau was wont to walk in solitude. Listen to the concert of the current, a music as sweet as the stream is silvery. This wild and beautiful "princess of rivers," the daughter of the grim mountain-king Axe Edge, is full of melody. Her voice is never silent. Sad is the chant she sings at this turn of the dale where the valley is wild, and the mountain slopes are cold and lifeless, as if she were mourning the loss of her companion, Wordsworth's Lucy, who

> "Dwelt among the untrodden ways,
> Beside the springs of Dove;"

boisterously merry is the song there where she hastens down in cascades of waving white; dulcet is the air where her coy presence is sheltered by hanging trees, and she kisses the water-lilies, and whispers her secrets to the silent and listening reeds and rushes. She joins in a duet beyond with a mountain rill, whose hand she takes, and the two skip down the valley together. With what "poetry of motion" does this wild and winsome water-girl dance along! Now gliding along with gentle grace, a turquoise and pearl, stolen from the sky above, jewelling her fair breast; then hurrying in a mad race past bold moss-grown rocks that vainly essay to check her headlong pace; anon recovering her breath again, and loitering with listless laziness, and wandering into wayward paths of her own selection. I have been keeping company with this pretty Princess Dove since early this morning, and she has been laughing and chattering and singing to me all the way. And through what scenes we have wandered! Rock and river, waving wood and jutting crag, and higher mountain, are blended in a poet's inspiration of fairy-land. Dovedale is a painter's paradise, an artist's Arcadia, a picture by Nature when she was in a romantic mood. The scenery changes every few yards through a winding course of four or five miles, and fresh "bits" are constantly challenging each other for the prize of beauty. I walked from Beresford this morning, where, on the shaded banks of the Dove, is the famous old fishing-house built by Charles Cotton for dear old Izaak Walton. The inscription on the door (*Piscatoribus Sacrum*, 1674) addresses all anglers. Underneath this dedication the initials of Cotton and Walton are entwined in a monogram. The memory of both "Compleat Anglers" haunts and hallows Dovedale. Here they communed heart with heart, a piscatorial Pylades and Orestes, an aquatic Damon and Pythias. Izaak fished in its waters in his eighty-third year, and his "dear son," Charles Cotton, has celebrated the scenes in verse as flowing as the river. Charles quaintly describes the little fishing sanctum, and Izaak adds this postscript: "Some part of the fish-house has been described, the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows cannot; unless Sir Philip Sidney were again alive to do it." Sir Philip Sidney! Yes, this is surely his "Arcadia." I stroll down the Dale, here winding, there contracting; but everywhere full of graceful curves. Here limestone rocks spring sheer out of the silvery sparkle of the river in fantastic pinnacles, such as "Pickering Tor," and "Tissington Spires" (page 177). Upon some of these equally fantastic names have been bestowed, such as the "Sugar-Loaf," the "Dove Holes," the "Twelve Apostles," "Dovedale Church," and the "Watch Box." In what romantic shapes the Almighty Architect has hewn these rifted rocks. Castle and cathedral, tower, spire, and minaret, face the river, with a background of luxuriant green, which the travelling sunshine now renders radiant, and now dark and retiring. At this point modern "Piscators" and "Viators" are misplacing the confidence of plump trout of three or four pounds; at the next turn a careless artist has erected his easel, and is sketching a pinnacle of rock that rises out

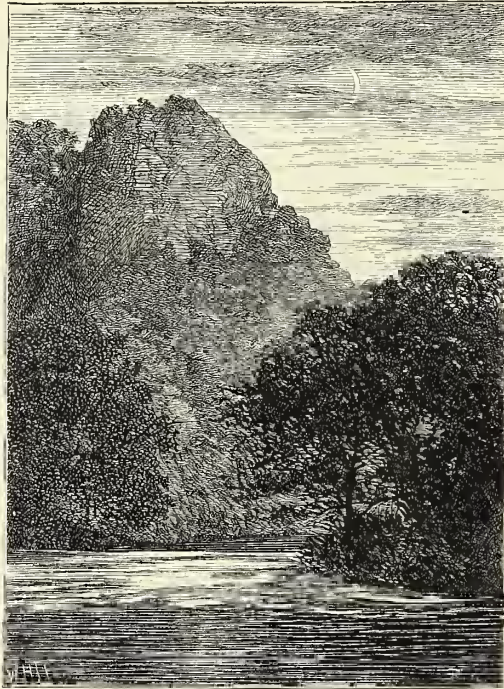
of the river, with the grey of the lifeless limestone brightened with the green of clinging ferns and foliage and flowers, but he must be a deft painter who would catch the subtle spirit of the fleeting colours which come and go on rock and river; further down the Dale there is the blue smoke from a gipsy fire, where a merry picnic party are grouped by the water margin, and search is being made for the inevitably missing salt and absent corkscrew. Comes Reynard's Cave, a natural *Arc de Triomphe*, crowning an ascent of two or three hundred feet. A stiff climb with the assistance of a rope up the steep and stony path, and then the glory of the view from the opening of the cave of water and wood,

PICKERING TOR, DOVEDALE.

and mountain and moor, in a fairy-land combination which can only be expressed in exclamations. Comes the sugar-loaf form of Thorpe Cloud, sentinelling the opening of the Dale, and the bare bastions of moorland slopes, one side Staffordshire, the other Derbyshire, acting as fortifications to the passage of the valley. Dinner at the "Izaak Walton," if you please, and then we will proceed to Ilam Church, where there is a marble monument by Chantrey to the memory of Mr. Pike Watts. Artists give this a very prominent place among the best work from the chisel of the great sculptor.

By the Dove to Ashbourn, as the westering sun is reddening the ripples of the river, to quaint, quiet Ashbourn, as old-fashioned and sleepy now as when Prince Charlie was proclaimed King of England in its market-place in 1745. The glory of Ashbourn is the church, in whose old belfry are now swinging "Those Evening Bells" that inspired Tom Moore at Mayfield Cottage, two miles away, where he wrote those tales so gorgeous with Eastern imagery, "Lalla Rookh." Inside the church are some fine monuments, the most notable of which is one by Banks to Penelope, only child of Sir Brooke Boothby. Wrought in the purest Carrara marble, both in conception and execution this monument is enchanting. The little sufferer reclines upon a mattress. The fevered arms are drawn up and rest gently near the head, which reposes on a pillow. The face wears an expression that is angel-like in its surpassing tenderness. It is said that Chantrey stole into the church, to study and admire this work of art, and the result of his visit was the "Sleeping Children" in Lichfield Cathedral. Here is the inscription on the pedestal supporting little Penelope:—

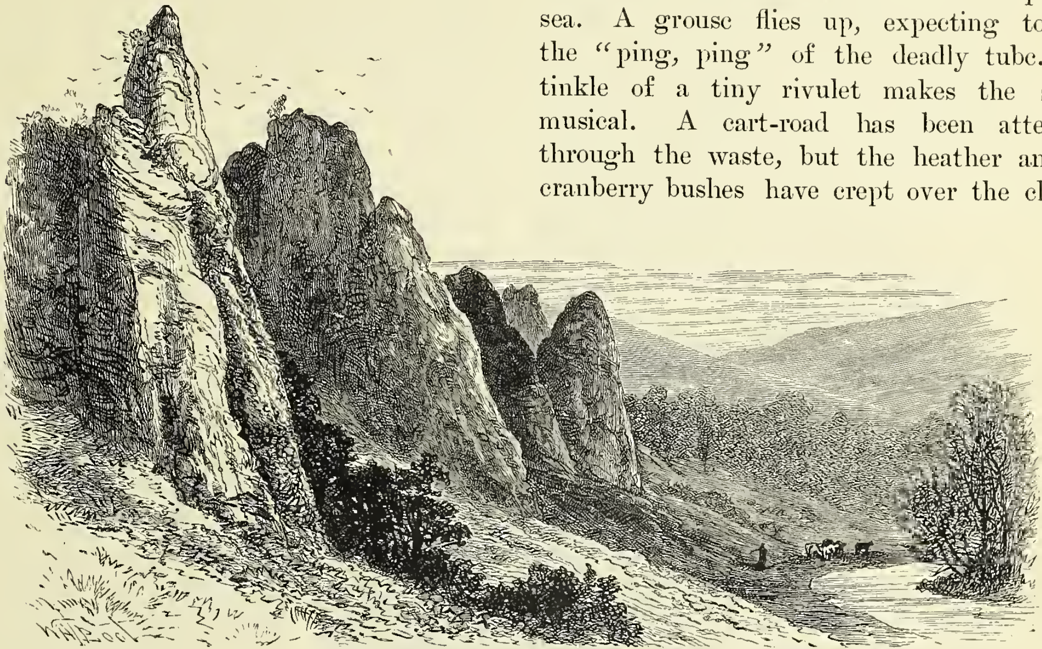
> "She was in form and intellect most exquisite.
> The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total."



HIGH TOR, MATLOCK.

Here is another picture of the Peak. The Peak of Derbyshire is a misnomer. It applies to no particular hill, but to a far-reaching radius of romantic country, bounded by Staffordshire and Cheshire on one side, and Nottingham and Yorkshire on another, which loses itself on the confines of these counties. The Peak scenery does not lack in landscape variety. It would be difficult to determine whether its dells and dales, with their overhanging tors and singing streams, or its lonely mountain-moorlands, appeal the strongest to the artistic eye. The moors! We are knee-deep in the heather this September afternoon. We left the Matlock valley, and toiled up the steep back of the High Tor—the great mass of grim, grey limestone rising with imperious sternness high above the festooning foliage and ferns and braids of ivy that cling and climb round the feet of the flinty-souled giant, as if to soften his frowning face with their beautiful appeal of green, and above the Derwent, that also seems to try to reach the heart of the majestic monarch with its sympathetic song—reaching at last the eminence known as Matlock Bank, where we looked down upon the High Tor as if that matchless cliff were but a mole-hill in the dale below. Then higher still to the "cheerful silence" and freer horizon of the Moors. Now a blackberry bush is affording us refreshment after a long tramp in a deserted world whose solitude is sublime. Darley Moor and Beely Moor are the ordnance map descriptions for this wild

desert, but these topographical expressions are no index to the subtle spell of the heathery ocean whose waves meet the clouds on the horizon line. A sable sea with the sunbeams travelling over the purple plain in fleeting lines of light and shadow. Across the great breadth of billowy heather, the Darley hills rise like dark ocean cliffs; a far-off hunting tower supplies the illusion of a lighthouse; here and there a block of pale limestone, rising from the dusky waves, with the sun catching its side, conveys the suggestion of a snowy sail; a distant farm, where the patient plough has reclaimed a few niggard acres from the wilderness, looks like an island in the pastoral sea. A grouse flies up, expecting to hear the "ping, ping" of the deadly tube. The tinkle of a tiny rivulet makes the silence musical. A cart-road has been attempted through the waste, but the heather and the cranberry bushes have crept over the clearing again. There are narrow paths, but they are not for patent-leather boots. Over there lies Sheffield, and we are some miles from anywhere, and anywhere for us to-night is the "Peacock" at Rowsley, concerning which picturesque hostelry, as well as of Haddon Hall and its surroundings, I propose to treat in a further paper.



TISSINGTON SPIRES.

(To be continued.)

WOOD ENGRAVING.—IV.

THESE brief papers do not attempt to give an account of all the artists who have drawn for wood, and it would answer little purpose to give lists of names; it must, therefore, suffice to mention one or two of the more important.

Lucas Cranach, born 1470, died 1553, a charming painter as well as designer on wood. Hans Burgmair, born at Augsburg about 1473, died 1559, who produced a great many designs for wood, and is chiefly known by his "Triumphs of Maximilian." Hans Schäufflein, born at Nuremberg in 1483, died in 1539, who designed "The Adventures of Sir Theurdank." Lucas Van Leyden, born 1496, died 1593, and others. There is no evidence that any of these engraved their own designs, while there are good grounds for concluding that they did not. Hans Holbein was no exception to this rule, and increased finish and delicacy seem to be all that the art gained under his hands. If here and there we find some indication of objects being cut

light against a dark ground, it is something gained, but the instances are too slight and casual to imply the recognition of a principle. Unlike Dürer, who was fond of employing wood for large drawings, Holbein's cuts are usually small, sometimes very minute. His most important work is the "Dance of Death," the accompanying examples from which will show that, although the material remains still undeveloped, Holbein's artistic instinct has led him to a style of execution which, so far as it went, was suited to it, and the result is unquestionably interesting. After the time of Holbein, if we except the chiaroscuro engravings of Italy printed in tints from several blocks, some of which possess much beauty, the art seems rather to have declined than advanced. It had never possessed a *technique* of its own, and while the reproduction of black line drawings was its only recognised function, one in which it was far surpassed by etching, it is hardly strange that artists whose original works on copper are amongst the most precious possessions of the artistic world, should have neglected the comparatively coarse and clumsy material which the wood-block seemed to be, from the then point of view.

THE NUN.

(*From Holbein's "Dance of Death."*)

Papillon, the French wood engraver, was an enthusiast about his art, and did all in his power by writing and his own labours on the block to magnify it; but his cuts possess little interest, and though it must be admitted that they are above the average excellence of his time, this is but moderate praise.

Through the three centuries and a half which elapsed between the "S. Christopher" and the time when Bewick began his artistic career, there is no sign that any artist who dealt with wood engraving recognised that the process consisted in cutting out lights, and that by confining it to the imitation of black line drawings, they weighted it hopelessly in its competition with other arts.

If the views already expressed be correct, wood engraving proper commenced only with Thomas Bewick, the work of this remarkable artist being in no sense a development of that of his predecessors, to which it is throughout opposed. And yet, if we say it is opposed, what word shall we find to express the antagonism between Bewick's wood-cuts and the great mass of modern wood engraving so called? The defect in principle was the same then as now, but was exhibited in practice, for the most part, in a negative manner only, whereas now it is developed to the wildest extreme. The early engravers on wood left undone that which they ought to have done; the moderns have, in addition, done much which they ought not to have done. The former left the capacities of wood absolutely undeveloped, but the drawings which they reproduced demanded so little in the way of execution that they cannot be said to have forced the material into an unnatural service; but the latter, by attempting the imitation of sketchy drawings filled with confused cross-hatching, have so alienated the material from its true work that, where Bewick had to explore and discover, we must now revolutionise if we would have a real school of wood engravers. Happily many important exceptions exist to the too generally prevailing modern custom, but they are exceptions, as will presently be shown, and their existence forms a curious subject for inquiry.

Accepting as the obvious and unquestionably characteristic peculiarity of the wood-blocks, its unequalled power of giving clearly drawn whites on a dark ground, as contrasted with engraving on copper, which proceeds by engraving black lines on a white ground, we find, first, that the early engravers ignored

this capacity, but attempted such simple work only, that it was always easy to execute, though quite uninteresting when done. Where they had such designs as those of Dürer and Holbein to cut, the result was highly valuable; but inasmuch as the engraver's work was purely mechanical, and left the resources of his material wholly undeveloped, his craft cannot be called an art. He was sure to lose some of the perfection of the artist's drawing, while he gave in return nothing of his own. Instead of cultivating an art proper, he was imitating another art (that of pen-and-ink drawing) on a material indifferently adapted to the purpose, the sole object being the production of many copies. It is quite clear that it never occurred to either artists or engravers that wood was capable of more than this. Secondly, we find that Bewick discovered the true powers of the wood-block, and gives us for the first time engravings in which white is cut out of black, and where we find no attempt made to force the material into the unnatural imitation of scratchy cross-hatching, or any other mode of execution for which it is unfitted. And thirdly, we find that a great number of modern artists who draw for wood, and engravers who cut the drawings, pass over Bewick's work, and, recurring to the old false and hopeless principle of imitating other and antagonistic arts, aim exclusively at qualities in which wood is infinitely surpassed by etching, and leave untouched those in which etching would be as completely outstripped by wood engraving. If an eagle, whose real powers are shown on the wing, were placed in the charge of some one who confined it in a low cage, where it had room to exhibit its ungainly walk, but could not fly; if it then fell into kinder hands, and for the first time enjoyed free movement in its own element; and if, finally, it were captured by one more perverse than its first possessor, who confined it again, but this time in an enclosed pond, where the poor bird, by force and maltreatment, was compelled to flounder in miserable attempts to imitate the swimming of aquatic birds, the three stages would fairly represent the three periods into which the history of wood engraving may be divided. Compare a modern "fac-simile" wood-cut with the true wood engraving of Bewick on the one hand, or with an etching on the other. It is like comparing the eagle floundering in the water with itself in the air, or with the swan on the water. These remarks refer only to "fac-simile" wood-cuts—that is to say, to cuts which follow line for line pencil or pen-and-ink drawings—and the exceptions referred to above include all wood-cuts in which the engraver has followed his own methods, doing that which suits the material, unfettered by forms of execution which belong to another art. So many of these are produced in the present day that it may seem arbitrary to call them exceptions. They are so nevertheless, inasmuch as it will be found that they appear usually where speed or cheapness is a necessity. If a book is to be illustrated in the "best" style, some artist of eminence is invited to make drawings on the blocks, and a skilful engraver carefully cuts round every line of these drawings so as to obtain a fac-simile of the original. If, on the other hand, a large cut has to be produced rapidly, it is common to obtain from the artist a spirited sketch washed in in Indian ink and white, and this is cut in the quickest, and therefore the most direct and the best way, by the engraver. Thus it often happens that the most highly finished illustrations to books are laborious exhibitions of a false method, and some of the best specimens of genuine wood engraving are to be found in the comparatively ephemeral pages of our journals and magazines.

THE ABBOT.
(From Holbein's "Dance of Death.")

HENRY HOLIDAY.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

THE early days of Mr. Erskine Nicol form a striking example of the overwhelming influence which a deep-seated and sincere instinct or love for art has on the character. The story of his youth shows how, when the divine fire is inborn, it is impossible to quench it, and how, in spite of every obstacle and all opposition, it is sure to assert itself in the end. Our present subject's success illustrates in a remarkable degree the fact that the spark

Yours very truly
Erskine Nicol

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL.

(From the Sketch by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A., in the possession of Mr. R. G. Cooper.)

once kindled will maintain its glow in the face of the most chilling and damping circumstances, that the fire is still there in all its intensity, although it may be hidden from the sight of the world, and that it will finally leap up into a bright burning flame under the influence of the favourable breeze which is certain to blow sooner or later.

Erskine Nicol was born in Scotland, at Leith, in 1825, and displayed, from childhood, the strongest possible predilection and aptitude for drawing, and he admits himself that he lost no opportunity as he grew up of indulging his favourite pursuit, even at the sacrifice of all other studies. Remembering that fifty years ago the career of an artist was looked upon as one of the most precarious a young man could adopt, it is not wonderful to hear that his father did all he could to discourage his boy's enthusiasm for the all-absorbing pursuit. When it is also remembered that the elder Nicol's means rendered it necessary for the younger to set about earning his own living as soon as possible, we shall find no difficulty in understanding the opposition that was made by his parents to the lad's strongly-expressed wishes, and in excusing the evident blindness which existed to the fair promise doubtless given by his earliest efforts.

He was not to be put off from his love, however, and as a compromise he was at length apprenticed to a decorative painter, only quitting this but partially congenial occupation as he gradually found means of earning something by his pencil. A pretty just idea can be formed of the precocity of his talent, and his general determination and independence of character, from the fact that he managed to get admitted a student of the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh, then under the sway of the late Sir William Allen and Thomas Duncan, before he had completed his thirteenth year.

About the age of twenty, young Erskine Nicol went to Dublin, where he remained some four years, and then it was that during his rural rambles he formed that acquaintance with Ireland and the Irish which led to his adopting the life and character of the country as his principal study. It was in the year 1851, after his return to Edinburgh, that he made his first impression on the public by exhibiting, in the Royal Scottish Academy, six subjects illustrative more or less of Hibernian individuality, especially from its humorous and laughter-loving side. Settling down in what may be called his native city, he became a constant exhibitor, success rapidly following success at such a pace that he was soon elected Associate, and ultimately a full member, of the august body which regulates the destinies of art in the northern capital.

True to the instincts of his countrymen, it was not long ere he found his way to London, and, from the year 1863, he has seldom or never failed to be represented most creditably upon the walls of Trafalgar Square and Burlington House, the ever-increasing merit of his work very justly leading, in the year 1866, to his election to an Associateship in the Royal Academy.

Such art as Mr. Nicol's can never fail to be highly popular; the keen incisive observation of character which it displays will unceasingly appeal to a very large audience, and when, as in his case, it is combined with the highest artistic qualities, the discriminating few are ready to render equal homage with the less thoughtful many. If any proof were needed in confirmation of the above statement, it can be found in the eagerness to possess engravings from his pictures which is shown by the same class of collectors who, not in a position to acquire the pictures themselves, gather together and highly prize the replicas in black and white of the works of such masters as Wilkie, Webster, &c. What these latter have done in the way of portraying the homely, familiar, every-day side of English life, Mr. Nicol does for the Irish, whilst in giving every phase of humour, from the quiet, puzzled expression of the countryman, in "Among the Old Masters," down to the racy fun and boisterous mirth of a Donnybrook Fair, he is not to be excelled. As examples, we may quote "Both Puzzled," "Steady, Johnnie, Steady," "Always Tell the Truth," "The Sabbath Day," and "Looking Out for a Safe Investment," as being amongst the most popular of the

very numerous engravings "after Erskine Nicol."

There is no need to go much farther back over his artistic career than 1869 (the year in which the Royal Academy moved to Burlington House) in order to recall to the reader's memory the steady progress of the artist in the estimation of the critical public. Besides "Merchant," "The Cross Roads"—all notable pictures; "The Disputed Boundary," exhibited in 1869; "The Fisher's Knot," in 1871; "Pro Bono Publico" and "Past Work," in 1873; "The New Vintage," in 1875; "A Storm at Sea," in 1876; "His Legal Adviser," in 1877; "Under a Cloud," "The Missing Boat," and "The Lonely Tenant of the Glen," in 1878.

AMONG THE OLD MASTERS.

(From the Sketch by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A., in the possession of Thomas Faed, R.A.)

the pictures just mentioned, and that of which we are fortunate enough to be enabled to give a full-page engraving (page 181), visitors to our annual exhibitions will readily remember the following as specimens of his prowess:—"Did it Pout with its Bessie?" "The Hope of the Family," "The Renewal of Lease Refused," "Waiting for the Train," "A Deputation," "Missed It," "Paying the Rint," "A Country Booking-office," "A China Merchant," "The Cross Roads"—all notable pictures; "The Disputed Boundary," exhibited in 1869; "The Fisher's Knot," in 1871; "Pro Bono Publico" and "Past Work," in 1873; "The New Vintage," in 1875; "A Storm at Sea," in 1876; "His Legal Adviser," in 1877; "Under a Cloud," "The Missing Boat," and "The Lonely Tenant of the Glen," in 1878. At the present moment, in this year of grace 1879, the crowd of amused and admiring faces turned day by day to "Interviewing the Member," hanging on the line in the large room at Burlington House, bears witness more than can any comment to the increasing hold which the subject of our memoir is hourly gaining upon the British public. Some of the severest critics, too, proclaim this work as possessing in a higher degree than usual all those

meritorious qualities which have brought its painter to his present conspicuous position amongst the portrayers of domestic and humorous life. It is teeming with every shade of racy fun and quiet sarcasm. The "Member's" careless and but half-concealed indifference to the claims of his constituents, when placed beside the immediate business of "the meet" which he has in hand, is admirably given, and contrasts capitally with the anxiety and quaint plaintiveness of the aggrieved natives, who, finding their mission is in vain, nevertheless see no way out of their mistake; for it is very evident, from the expression on the face of the gentleman in pink, that he knows he has the whip hand, and that he means to keep it. One of the critics aforesaid declares that "Mr. Nicol has never painted a better picture than this;" we should be inclined to say, never so good a one at all points. It is thoroughly representative, and cannot fail to have its due effect on the position which the artist must ultimately hold in the Academy.

If, as may be fairly inferred, his election as an Associate in 1866 was mainly brought about by the two pictures exhibited in that year, viz., "Both Puzzled" and "Paying the Rint," it will not be too much to predicate that his most recent effort will be vividly remembered when future vacancies occur amongst the "Forty."

One can readily imagine, from the subjects which he has made his own, and the thorough way in which he has understood and thrown himself into, as it were, the true spirit and character of the Irish people, that the experiences of Mr. Nicol during his long acquaintance with the Emerald Isle must have given him a store of anecdote, almost unequalled, perhaps, for its peculiar fun by any that may have been laid up by other explorers of the highways and byways of the "ould counthry." Very enviable would it be, we take it, to hear him recount the stories and sayings of his models, for it is clear that making them speak to us, as he all but does, from his canvas, he must have a peculiar faculty for drawing them out, if it were only for the purpose of creating the especial expression which he requires at the moment. W. W. Fenn.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY AND GLASGOW INSTITUTE EXHIBITIONS.—I.

SELDOM, if ever, have the Royal Scottish Academy and Glasgow Institute opened their doors under less favourable auspices than in the season of 1879. With the money market at its lowest ebb, bankruptcy looming on almost every side, and that great financial octopus, the Glasgow City Bank, clutching in its victims from all classes, the look-out for the devotees of the brush seemed gloomy enough. As it is, however, neither of the exhibitions has suffered appreciably from this concatenation of adverse circumstances. The Glasgow one, indeed, is decidedly in advance of the last few years, and is especially rich in contributions from well-known English artists. By way of novelty, it has a goodly sprinkling of Grosvenor Gallery pictures, among them specimens of Tissot, Boughton, Rossetti, Albert Moore, and Whistler. Your princes of jute and lords of cotton are great patrons of art, and Glasgow has a famous reputation as a picture market, if its æsthetic calibre is not of the highest. The Royal Scottish Academy, on the other hand, is more level in its degrees of merit, and still remains thoroughly characteristic of its leaders—Raeburn, Allan, John Thomson, the Nasmyths, and the Lauders. Here Scottish art is to be seen at its best, and—to unmask the truth—its worst.

During the past year, however, death has

been playing dire havoc in the ranks of the Academy, and there have passed away some of its more prominent members. Chief among these was Mr. G. Paul Chalmers (a fellow-student and intimate friend of Mr. Pettie), who was earning for himself a position in the front rank among living colourists. An ardent admirer of the school of Josef Israels, he united with much of the delicacy and depth of the great Dutch colourist a fine feeling for landscape, and much poetry and suggestiveness in its treatment, such as we have in the fairy-like canvases of Corot or Daubigny. With a certain impression of unfinish, the result of being unable to convey all the colour that he *felt*, his work bears no resemblance to the Academy of which he was a student. In many ways he had originality enough to have revolutionised a school, and genius enough to have won it a reputation. A very notable example of his brush (in an unfinished state unfortunately) is exhibited, "The Legend." The subject represented is a humble interior, in which an old woman relates some strange border tale to a circle of awe-struck children. The effect of the shadowy light, out of which the little figures stand in strong relief, is handled with wonderful intensity, and the depth and transparency are attained by a dexterous use of those greys, and browns, and blues, which are seen by the non-artistic eye in mass only. Another work by Chalmers, which since his death has received its finishing touches from Mr. Pettie, is "Monastic Study," a firmly-drawn monkish figure, dozing over a huge MS., whose dry details have proved very treacherous to wakefulness. Among other Scotch artists, dead since last exhibition, must be mentioned the name of Mr. Sam Bough, a painter bearing a strong resemblance, in point of dexterity, to the late David Cox. Like Stansfield, Roberts, and many others, Bough began life as a scene-painter. Much of the vigour of his style and breadth of handling was the outcome of his early training, and he never lost the faculty of producing effective work, if it was not always true in colour or subtle in composition. His water-colour drawings undoubtedly form his best claim to remembrance, and some of them, since his death, have fetched extraordinary prices. Of his more important oil paintings, eight or nine examples have been collected in the present exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, one or two of which were painted when the artist was at his best. The chief of these is a striking view, from the sea, of the little Fifeshire fishing

CHARLES EDWARD SEEKING SHELTER IN THE HOUSE OF AN ADHERENT.

(*By Robert Herdman, R.S.A.*)

village of St. Monance. The centre of the picture is the old Gothic church, a cruciform

THE SHOWER.
(*By E. Hume.*)

edifice of the twelfth century, which stands upon a rock projecting into the sea, and over which, when the sullen easterly gales drive up the long, white-capped billows from the German Ocean, the wreaths of spray fly up, almost to the dilapidated old edifice itself, while the waves surge and wash all day long within earshot of the humble worshippers. Another is a view of Edinburgh at daybreak on a hazy morning. Here the artist has followed the Turner precedent, of subordinating the topographical to the pictorial, and has produced an effective composition, strong in manipulative power, if weak in other qualities. In Glasgow, Bough's work is represented by another early morning effect. A herd of rough cattle on the mountain-side—dark against a vivid sunrise—a perfect paraphrase of Browning's lines—

> "At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
> And against him the cattle stood black every one,
> To stare through the mist at us galloping past."

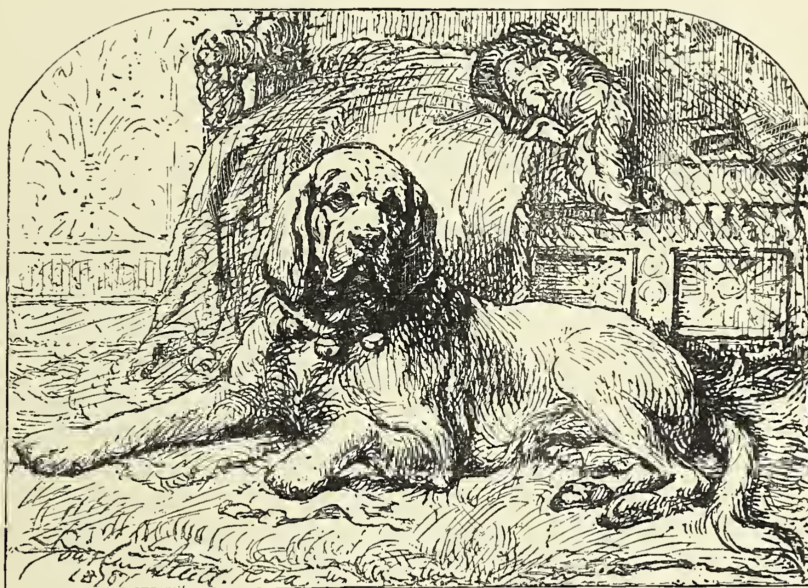
After all, however, it must be acknowledged that the works from London artists monopolise a large share of interest in both Exhibitions. The place of honour in the Edinburgh one is accorded to a new picture by Alma Tadema, sent as a recognition of his recent election to an honorary membership of the Scottish Academy. It is entitled "After the Audience," and has been painted as a pendant to the well-known "Audience at Agrippa's," exhibited at the Academy of 1876. As its title implies, the audience is here represented as over, and Agrippa, in a trailing crimson robe, is ascending the spacious flight of stairs, conversing the while with his secretary, and preceded by a crowd of lictors bearing aloft their fasces. At the foot of the stairs a group of supplicants yet lingers around the statue of the Emperor, and two scribes bend lowly over their table as the great man passes them. Beyond is a view of pillared apartments stretching towards a distant courtyard, from whence comes a bright glimpse of blue sky. As in the former picture, the composition is set in a framework of marble pillars and tesselated pavements painted with wonderful breadth of effect, combined with exquisite minuteness of detail. In Glasgow, Alma Tadema is represented by one little picture, "A Peep through the Trees," a classical female figure reclining in a wooded glade,

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.
(*By Robert Herdman, R.S.A.*)

beyond which is a delicious vision of fairy landscape.

In both Exhibitions Mr. Orchardson's "Queen of the Swords" figures prominently. The

finished study for the picture hangs in Glasgow, while the picture itself, along with "The Social Eddy" of last year, is in Edinburgh. Taken together, they offer an interesting and instructive study of the progressive stages of the composition, and confirm the impression, derived from his completed works, that Mr. Orchardson's colour is purest in its earliest stages. Mr. John Pettie also sends some of his chief Academy pictures. In Glasgow we have his vigorous and brilliant study of "Rob Roy," while the Scottish Academy has "The Laird" of last year



"LEO."
(*By Gourlay Steell, R.S.A.*)

—a picture to be remembered for its delightful landscape of waving cornfields and hedgerows sloping onwards towards the distant hills. Here also are Mr. Pettie's portrait of his countryman and brother artist, Colin Hunter, and a small replica of the gaudy "Hunted Down" of 1877; the latter a distinct improvement on the original, with its unequal amount of red hair and glaring tartan set against a background of green foliage. The feature of the Scottish Academy's Exhibition, however, so far as popular criticism can be gauged, is Mr. Leslie's "School Revisited," that fresh and pleasant canvas, sweet with the aroma of honeysuckle and roses, which called forth the criticism that "Mr. Leslie paints his heroines as if he were in love with them." In the Glasgow Institute the positions of honour are given to two old Academy favourites, Mr. William Small's "Wreck," and Mr. Thomas Faed's "Cold Tootics;" the last a homely idyll, telling its story with a directness and simplicity worthy of Scotland's bard, Robert Burns. Also in the Institute is Millais' well-known "Scotch Firs," painted in the same year as "Winter Fuel," and bearing a marked resemblance to it in the dashing handling and brilliancy of method. Among other familiar pictures are Mr. MacCallum's "Waiting for the Ebb," Mr. Hodgson's "Loot," Mr. Wynfield's "Joseph and his Brethren" (the two latter of which have been illustrated in these pages), and Mr. Beavis' "Threshing Floor at Gilgal." Mr. John R. Reid also sends his "Rustic Cricket Match," a picture which created a favourable impression last year. In Glasgow also is a tender little picture "The Shower," by E. Hume, the graceful design and colour of which—not easily to be forgotten—are very inadequately conveyed in the accompanying sketch (page 186). Among animal painters, Mr. Gourlay Steell, R.S.A., Her Majesty's animal painter for Scotland, occupies a foremost position. His chief and most characteristic

contribution to the Academy is a firmly-drawn portrait of a mastiff, "Leo" (sketched on page 187), the head of which is a specially noticeable example of Mr. Steell's knowledge and appreciation of animal character.

Mr. Herdman's pictures, "Charles Edward Seeking Shelter in the House of an Adherent," and "Lochiel's Warning" (illustrated on pages 185 and 186), will be referred to in our concluding paper. GEORGE R. HALKETT.

MR. SEYMOUR HADEN ON ETCHING.

IT will be remembered that, towards the close of last year, two articles on "Etching in England" appeared in this magazine. In these, after an introduction in explanation of the art and its merits, we dwelt at some length upon the history of English etching, from its founders downwards to its present upholders, amongst which latter class Mr. Seymour Haden stood forth prominently. That gentleman having recently delivered, at the request of the Royal Institution, a course of lectures on his favourite art, we have thought it not improbable that our readers would wish to be furnished with a *résumé* of them, especially as, besides dealing with the history of the art, he entered at considerable length into the practical teaching of etching.

In the first lecture, which was devoted to the origin and *raison d'être* of etching, Mr. Haden said:—"My reasons for being here are, naturally first, the advancement of art, then, the wish to share with others the pleasures which I now derive from what to the majority is a sealed book, but principally the desire to put right what has gone wrong for two centuries past, getting from bad to worse. I am glad to have the opportunity of doing so before a scientific rather than a professional audience, meaning thereby either one of my own profession, or of the profession of art which I have adopted. For this reason. In the profession of art, perhaps more than in any other, we are hampered by what is termed 'professionalism'—an indisposition to move, or at the best to movement in a groove—which means limitation of view, a wish to be, as it were, on one's back in a ditch, without any longing to see what is over the hedge. From a desire to get myself and others out of this, I come into the open, and mount on this high plateau.

"I had intended to tabulate the principles on which my lecture should be based, but time and other circumstances have prevented it. It will be sufficient, however, if I state that in my view—

"1. Art faculty is innate: it cannot be acquired. It is a moral and intellectual force which may be enhanced by cultivation, but cannot by any such means be created.

"2. It may be debased by example or by wrong teaching.

"3. The action of any academy, founded and carried on with certain set doctrines, has no other effect than to assimilate artists.

"4. I attach no value to technical superiority, or to what tradition teaches.

"5. Too minute a rendering in matters of art is bad. Such a process means an extension of the work over long passages of time, which must tend to weaken the primary ideas and conceptions of the artist. The great masters knew this, and worked rapidly, knowing full well that if the sacred fire once languished it could not be re-illumined.

"Lastly, the best art is conventional—that is to say, suggestive rather than imitative. In nature, for instance, there is no such thing as a line; and it has been often said, in depreciation of etching, that it is 'merely suggestive,' because it is an art which expresses itself by lines. But is it not the same in every branch of art? The painter, with the relatively coarse materials at his disposal—his canvases, his hog-tools, and his battery of opaque pigments—does not seek to reproduce the morning mist and noonday haze; he only seeks to suggest it. The sculptor does not

make his statue of marble because it is like human flesh, but because marble, while it permits perfection of form, suggests for human flesh a purity which it is the province of art to claim for it.

"Hence, to my mind, imitative, or, as it has come to be called, realistic art—that is to say, an art which undertakes to reproduce objects as nearly as may be in their verisimilitude—is, strictly speaking, and as compared to fine art, which depends mainly on suggestion, no art at all. To say then of the etched line that it is merely suggestive is to acknowledge its power, and to pay it an involuntary compliment of the very highest order. And I affirm that the artist who wishes for the greatest amount of suggestiveness must use the point, which has an incisiveness and a directness which appertain to no other instrument.

"This brings me to the main object of my task—namely, the restoration of painter's etching to its proper place in the scale of art—the position which it once occupied and no longer occupies. How is this to be attained?

"First, by a better understanding than exists at present as to what painter's etching is, both in theory and practice.

"Secondly, by discovering the causes which displaced etching, and which are still in operation to prevent its restoration.

"Thirdly, by finding out a remedy for these causes.

"If we search into the history of engraving, we shall find that at first there were no such persons as copyist engravers. The painters, when they wanted one of their works reproduced, did it themselves as best they could, and this continued even after the date when chemistry showed them the way of delving copper without the labour of the tool.

"Engraving proper, as we understand it, did not appear until the decline of art, on the death of Charles I. and the advent of the Commonwealth, when Royal collections had to be sold, and even Vandyck could obtain no employment. I have, in my 'Notes on Etching,' shown the difference between etching and engraving, but it may be worth while to quote a short passage from it:—

"'If we take the great *rôle* of engravers on copper, from the invention of the art in the fifteenth century to its decline in the nineteenth, we find that, with the exception of a few men who interposed and for a time practised a novel method, it consisted entirely of workers with the burin, or graver. Secondly, that these burinists divide themselves into two classes—those who were original artists and engraved their own works, and those who copied or translated the works of others. The first of these groups, which may be designated that of the painter-engravers, and which represents the use of the burin in its simplest and purest form, begins with Martin Schoen, and has its perfect type in Dürer. The other, that of the line engravers, commonly so called, takes its impulse from Goltzius, Cornelius Cort, and Agostino Caracci, and brings their innovations, with but slight modifications, down to our time. The etchers and the mezzotinters appear to have come in somewhat, as it were, *en contumace,* the first to protest, with the early engravers, in favour of greater liberty and a more natural treatment; the last, with the mechanical engravers, for a more painter-like quality. We find, as might be expected, little bond of union between these two main groups beyond the plate they worked upon. The early painters, with their imperfect chemistry, appear to have been content to use the graver as the only tool known to them capable of ploughing the copper, and some of these, being great masters, so far triumphed over the instrument as to produce work with it which excites even wonder and admiration to this day. But the moment the possibility of acting upon the plate by an implement used like a pencil was shown to them, the burin fell from their hands and they became etchers, while the graver descended to a class of men who thenceforth undertook, by a slow and laborious process, to which the instrument was not ill adapted, to reproduce the works of the others; and no sooner had they obtained possession of it than they seemed bent on showing to what extravagance its use might be carried, and how independent it might be made of the painter's art. Ridiculing the attempts of Marc Antonio to make it effective as an agent of expression, they proceeded at

once to show how tones might be rendered by lozenge-shaped intervals, with or without a dot in the centre of each; the bursting rain-cloud by an arrangement of concentric curves, not unlike the engine-turning at the back of a modern watch; atmospheric backgrounds by a sort of tooling having something the effect of watered silks, and skies by a machine. There is not, and therefore there never was, anything that could be called a rivalry between the etchers and the later engravers. They represent distinct classes—the class of the artist and the class of the copyist—a distinction to be firmly insisted upon, partly because it is a radical distinction, but principally because it is difficult to invent with the graver; and that the adoption of the tool, except in the case of the painter-engraver, who, it is to be remembered, is an original artist, implies the practice of a secondary art.'

"It is not to be wondered at that the painters preferred the etching needle to the burin — it is the comparison of the pen to the plough—in one case a finely-pointed style obedient to every movement of the sentient hand; in the other a sort of chisel, with a handle to fit the palm of the hand, driven by the elbow against the plate, which is brought to meet it half-way by means of the other hand: in the one case suppleness, liberty, rapidity, and directness of utterance; in the other the combined action of two hands and the active opposition of two forces. What wonder that the line described by the one should be free, expressive, full of vivacity—by the other cold, constrained, and uninteresting; that one should be personal, as the handwriting, the other without identity.

"And with all this marked superiority, how do we find that the art has been treated in this country? Whilst engravers are elected to the honours of the Royal Academy, no etcher has ever been taken the slightest notice of—in fact, they are not eligible. The etchers are outwardly uncomplaining, and merely hold this tacit indictment against that body; but they do deem it hard, for they know that they have one amongst them—the veteran Samuel Palmer—whose works should long ago have received recognition at the hands of the Academy. But how is this to be expected, so long as it is considered just that the engravers who are members of the Royal body should be the persons selected to judge of the etcher's work. Good etching may easily be distinguished from bad etching by remembering that none is good which is not simple in execution, and which does not show a power of selection. It is quite wrong to suppose that an etching is good because it is elaborately worked up; generally, the more lines the worse the work. This is abundantly visible even in the work of so great a man as Rembrandt. His portrait of Clement Yonge, and Saskia, are comparatively worthless in the second state, where they have been worked upon, in comparison to the first state, where the first conception only has been recorded.

"I now pass on to the second and far more important part—namely, the causes which displaced etching, and which are still in operation to prevent its restoration.

"These causes began, as I have before stated, in the time of the Commonwealth, and they have lasted down to the present time. The growth of commercial speculation brought about the advent of the engraver and the dealer. First came the engraver on the scene, and we may imagine him addressing himself to Vandyck, who was just about to issue a work consisting of the portraits of the 100 greatest men of the day, 'Icones principum Virorum' (he had already etched twenty of the heads), and saying to him, 'What is the use of your going on with it now the king's dead, and the collectors are fled, and Hollar is dying in prison?* Let me do them for you; they will be good enough for the public.' Thus etching died, for Vandyck gave in; and whilst nothing can be finer than the portion of the work that he did, nothing can be worse than that the engravers undertook. After this the engraver became no mean man, and, save for its want of originality, engraving was well done by Strange, Woollett

* It has since the lecture been pointed out in the *Times* that Mr. Haden's enthusiasm on this subject has somewhat blinded him to matter-of-fact history, the truth being that Vandyck died eight years before the king, and that Hollar's extreme indigence belongs to a later time. Mr. Haden has replied, stating that he mentioned this as a mere hypothetical instance.

and Sharpe, and still better by that greater class of men, the mezzotinters, whose work was so admirable that we nearly forget that they were not original. Still, we find that when Hogarth and Turner conceived the idea of engraving their own works, they did it themselves, else they felt that their productions would be deteriorated. The difficulty that Turner had with engravers is manifested by the corrections that he made time after time in their proofs; but no stronger argument in favour of the superiority of etching over engraving could be adduced than this, that he, like the two other greatest geniuses of the past 300 years, did all that he could—namely, etched his own work, and only gave it to the engravers to do that part which he had not the knowledge or the patience to undertake. And, if this was the case when engraving was as a rule so good, what must it be now, when it is almost universally bad? The last cause for the displacement of etching is the dealer. His operations are usually confined to the classes who have no refinements, the *nouveau riche*, who are implicitly credulous. To these he gives the steel plate of the present day, with proofs in varied states to suit their different degrees of credulity. Thus he becomes *arbiter elegantiarum;* and as neither he, nor the Printsellers' Association who are at his back, looks with favour on aught else than the engraver and his steel plate, the etcher gets no support from the large class for whom he caters, and his plate, with its forty or fifty impressions, cannot stand against the steel plate with its hundreds or thousands.

"Another cause is one of which it is very awkward for me to speak, but without doubt one of the reasons of the difficulty of reviving etching is the badness of amateurs' etching. An attempt was made some years ago to revive painters' etching by the formation of an etching club, with the result that every one thought he could etch, and every one had etched, and has given the Academy every excuse for systematically refusing to recognise etching as they have done.

"Lastly, as to the remedy. This rests with the Royal Academy and its members. They may revive the art, which I have shown to be not only a painter's but a master painter's art, by etching themselves, not in the manner of the etching clubs or as amateurs, but seriously and as a distinct branch of their art. Then let them give to original etchings a separate place on their walls, and not mix them up with comicalities from *Punch*, engravers' copies, and wood-cuts. Let them further exhibit at their Winter Exhibitions etchings of the Old Masters, and, above all, let them elect etchers into their body *pari passu* with painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers."

That portion of Mr. Haden's lectures upon the practice of the art will be referred to in another paper.

"MOTHERHOOD."

FROM THE STATUE BY AMBROGIO BORGHI.

IN our engraving of this peculiarly fresh and real piece of sculpture we illustrate another of the many Italian successes in this branch of art at the late International Exhibition. The sculptor is young, and, like some of the young sculptors among ourselves, he gives unusual promise. There is a certain homely and essentially modern elegance in the mother's figure, and her action is admirably well felt. As usual in Italian works, a great deal of facial expression has been given to the marble, and the features are by no means regular. So real is the effect of look and movement, so sympathetic is the execution, that the marble cheek seems actually to feel the little marble kisses that are touching it, and the mother's shoulder appears almost to yield beneath the pressure of the tiny fingers of her child. The group is characterised by a simplicity that is full of dignity, and an intelligence that is not wanting in repose.

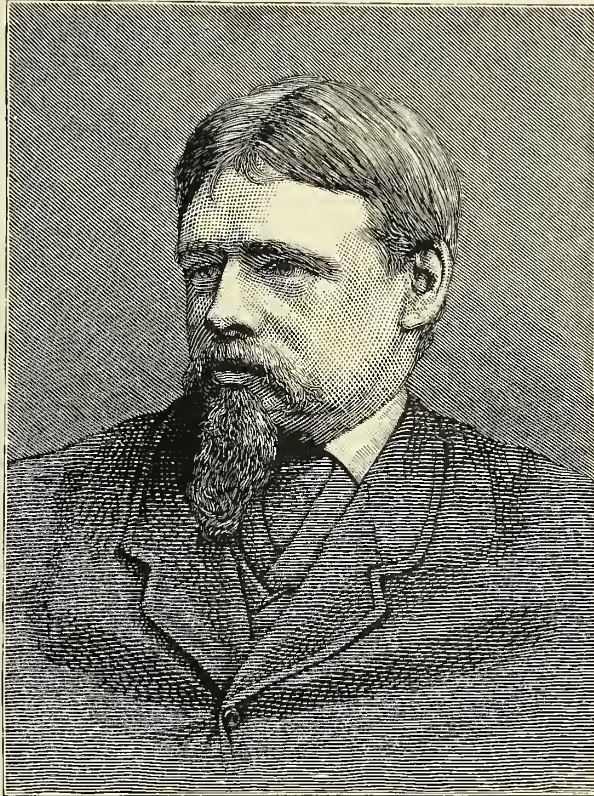
"MOTHERHOOD."

(From the Statue by Ambrogio Borghi.)

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

BORN in Holland, but a naturalised Englishman, and a master in the English school, Mr. Alma-Tadema occupies a position entirely peculiar to himself. Original in all else, he is original also in this. Moreover, a Dutchman by birth, an Englishman by adoption, he belongs by his art to a third nation—Rome, and to a far-distant century. Professing the doctrine of art for art's sake, and desiring apparently to free his own art from all the adventitious literary interests—from tragedy and comedy and morals and religion, which have legitimate expression in other ways—he seems to have sought out a time and a country in which life as it passed on made pictures for the eye alone. Ancient Rome, with its Italian sun, with the gaiety of its out-door life, with its freedom from the ascetic abstraction of after ages, with its refinements of dress and of manners, and the invariable beauty of its daily details, offers an infinity of such pictures. Greece was beautiful,



(*From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.*)

yet Greece was too serious for the mood of Mr. Alma-Tadema's art; the human type, moreover, which he has made peculiarly his own has nothing of Greek severity or regularity; and from the little visits which his brush has paid to Greece, to Egypt, to modern Holland, and elsewhere, it returns always with renewed delight to the gay brilliance of classic Rome. The scholarly knowledge which this choice of subject requires is no child's play. Yet Mr. Alma-Tadema never wearies us with pedantry; he may intentionally raise an occasional smile by quaint insistance upon some scholarly detail, but his science is never obtrusive, for he often elects to spend his greatest learning on some half-comic and wholly commonplace passage of the buried past.

That Mr. Alma-Tadema should unite with English artists in representing the English school abroad and at home is a fortunate chance, which has strengthened our hands in the emulation of nations, giving us adventitious honours which we have not merited before, and can only deserve now in one way—by sedulous study of that refined, learned, and exquisite work which has power enough to leaven the English school of colouring. Mr. Alma-Tadema is not ours by birth nor by training, he will never become ours by the conversion of his talent to British tastes and habits of art; but he can be ours, and is fast becoming such by the conversion of the national tastes and habits to *him*—to his science, his original, nay, creative gifts of colour, his practice of that art of valuing the lights and darks of a picture by which the effect of atmosphere is produced. Since the decline of the immortal school of portraiture in the last century, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds was the master and the noblest example, and since the complete conclusion of that almost equally noble art of landscape painting, the masters of which are remembered as the "Norwich School," English work has taken a way of complete change, of revolt from the national traditions, and, at the same time, of independence of contemporary schools. Much freshness of thought, freedom of manner, and originality of aim has been unquestionably produced amongst us by this general attitude. But no one who has watched the progress of matters during the last few years will be disposed to doubt that it is being quickly abandoned. On all hands a disposition is showing itself to assimilate our practice to that of the scientifically trained and systematically taught schools of France, South Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Mr. Alma-Tadema, working in our midst and as one of us, has done more towards this change than any other artist or any art critic.

Mr. Laurens Alma-Tadema (the Alma, by the way, was added by the artist to make his name euphonious to English and to his own musical ears) was born at Dronryp, in the Netherlands, on the 8th of January, 1836. His early training took place at the Royal Academy of Antwerp, and his maturer studies were prosecuted in the studio of Baron Leys. Our readers need scarcely be told that the great difference between a foreign and an English art education lies in the fact that whereas the student in our country works in a Government school under the intermittent teaching of a number of first-class artists of many minds, or else engages the private services of a tenth-rate painter, whose profession is that of copyist and teacher, the foreign art student passes from the class of an academy to the care of some leading artist of his country and time, part of whose ambition it is to found a school, it may be, and at any rate to hand down the traditions, habits, and *technique* which he has himself successfully observed to the young talents whose future triumphs will each and all add a specially noble glory to his own renown. It is not sufficient for a French master, for instance, to succeed in the few great pictures which he can achieve in his own life-time; he wishes in addition to bear a part in the living history of his country's art, to pass on for further development some view of nature, some little piece of technical science which he has himself developed from the teaching of his own early instructor. Nor would a *débutant* on first exhibiting be received with much respect unless he announced himself as the pupil of such or such an artist. The technical difficulties of painting are well known to be so enormous that a self-taught artist must needs waste half his youth in puzzling out what his master could tell him in an hour; besides which the discipline of

learning is considered necessary for the right prosecution of scientific and legitimate art. No French painter, therefore, exhibits at the *Salon* without the addition of his master's name to his own; he may be a well-known and successful artist, but he appears in the catalogue at the same time as a pupil. That in this system mannerisms should be caught and (as mannerisms always are in the imitation) exaggerated, is undoubtedly one of its dangers. And Baron Leys was almost professedly a mannerist. Far more scientific as a draughtsman, he was as archaic as our own "pre-Raphaelites" of some thirty or forty years ago; he also had a curious habit of binding his figures with a hard dark outline; nevertheless, his distinguished pupil has caught nothing of these peculiarities save perhaps an extreme precision in details. Least of all has he carried out the dry and ascetic spirit of Baron Leys, whose inspiration came from the early Flemish masters. Mr. Alma-Tadema seems, in a word, to have assimilated only and exactly what suited his individual artistic constitution; nor could the relations of master and pupil have a more fortunate outcome than this.

The young artist began to be known about the year 1863; the remarkable qualities of his work were not long in exciting interest in all lovers of new and exquisite colour. In the following year he obtained the distinguished honour of a gold medal at Paris, and thenceforward recognitions came thickly. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1867 (the most brilliant and triumphant of all the internationals, when the second empire was at its brightest, richest, and gayest, no cloud even of the size of a man's hand appearing above the horizon) he gained a medal, and another at Berlin in 1872. To complete his foreign honours, let us say at once that he is a Knight of the Order of Leopold, of the Order of the Dutch Lion, and of that of St. Michael of Bavaria; Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; and member of the Amsterdam and Munich Academies. From such different schools has he received rewards! The pedantry of modern Munich, the mediocrity of modern Amsterdam, the *savoir-faire* of modern Paris—all have offered him homage. And to these is to be added the sincere, and indeed grateful, recognition of London.

For, all this time, Mr. Alma-Tadema was exhibiting year by year at our Royal Academy. His pictures have been "a feature" there for some fifteen years, during which his style has never altered, although his delicate power has increased. His painting of surfaces—of marble, stone, bronze—is what has principally taken the eyes of the million. This is a form of excellence readily intelligible; fewer, perhaps, recognise the means by which this perfection of representation is obtained; it is not by the minute imitativeness of miniature-work, which is industry rather than art, but by a bolder science; and especially is it to be noted that Mr. Alma-Tadema generally exercises an artistic self-command, denying himself all the cheaper triumphs; he paints marble without reflections, armour without high lights, yet both illusory in their astonishing reality. Season by season he has not forgotten to gladden and even to astonish us by that shibboleth of colourists, which none pronounces more perfectly than he —the painting of white. Season by season also he has delighted London eyes by one of the most characteristic and individual devices of his art—the introduction of a little space of the free blue sky, palpitating with the light of the shining Italian weather. Be the subject a cool interior or an overshadowed garden, in which the differences of tone lie between narrow limits, through the corner of a high window or between the trees shines the illimitable azure. An artist who can paint the sky with the noonday sunshine in it by means of a little scrap of blue has mastered his art in a way that is given to few. To paint the "live air"—this is a triumph. A painter of atmosphere is generally understood (or so it seemed at a recent trial) to be a painter of fog. To represent air when it is so mixed with palpable particles as to be scarcely air at all is no difficult matter; but Mr. Alma-Tadema paints, or rather implies, the pure free atmosphere of lucid day. And to these victories over the technical difficulties of his art Mr. Alma-Tadema has added yet another—his victory over the prejudices of the ordinary picture-loving English public.

As a rule, the common run of visitors to the

Academy demand stories, illustrations, and emotions. A little easily-understood allegory, well explained, such as a pretty composition of an old woman watching the ebbing tide, is the most universally attractive subject; second to this comes the direct illustration of a familiar incident in history, and third, perhaps, a scene of domestic modern life. That a picture should have a story to tell, and should tell it unmistakably, is an irrefutable title to general favour. Now Mr. Alma-Tadema will not humour the public in this respect; he denies them flatly; he specially, deliberately, and firmly refuses and resists them; and yet in spite of this he is not caviare to the general. Indeed, he has few rivals as the object of a solidly established popularity.

Mr. Alma-Tadema drew closer the ties that bound him to England by marrying, in 1871, an English lady, Laura, youngest daughter of Dr. Epps. Her own artistic power is exceptionally great; she has apparently studied colour in her husband's school; nor could he, in this respect, have found a disciple of finer eye and purer taste. It was in 1873 that Mr. Alma-Tadema became legally an Englishman by naturalisation; and in 1876 the Academy awarded him the official recognition which had long been due by electing him to the Associateship. On the 19th June, 1879, he obtained full Academical honours.

THE POMONA FESTIVAL.

(From the Painting by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879. By kind permission of Messrs. Agnew & Sons.)

As a colourist this artist stands completely alone. He shows evidence of having studied all the great schools, but he belongs to none. He is inventive, inasmuch as by the power of his altogether exceptional gift he brings tints, unimagined before, out of the narrow and short little gamut of colours that lies in the artist's paint-box. Furthermore, it must be remembered that the colourist who has the taste to put tints together with pretty effect has only a low degree of the delightful talent; colour is an expressive thing, noble, tragic, or gay in its significance according to the character of the painter's work. Mr. Alma-Tadema uses his colour with full intelligence of this expressiveness, and it is distinctively that of happiness. Banishing, as he does, the emotions from his art, his subjects are in no sense connected with the feelings; they are the learned revivifications of the past, delighting only by their scholarly accuracy; but if the subject be so reserved in

TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS.

(From the Picture by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., in the possession of Sir Henry Thompson, by kind permission of Messrs. Pilgeram and Lefevre.)

its aims, there is one emotion—that of delight—which is never absent from his work, and its presence is attributable entirely to his light and colour. It is not too much to say that no other colourist has ever produced such a sense of joy. The Venetians' colour was otherwise expressive, so was that of Rubens and the Flemish school, so is that of the modern French masters; joy is not their aim; but we cannot believe otherwise of the subject of this sketch than that he holds delight of heart in view as the object of his work. A list of his pictures is not dry reading, for it recalls touch after touch of light, colour, and pleasure which all who love such things would not willingly forget. The following are his principal works known in England:—"How they amused themselves in Egypt 3,000 Years Ago," 1863; "Egyptian Game," 1865; "The Soldier of Marathon," 1865; "A Roman Dance," 1866; "Tarquinius Superbus," 1867, which we engrave; "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles," 1868; "Flower Market," 1868; "A Negro," 1869; "The Vintage," 1870; "A Roman Emperor," 1871; "The Mummy (Roman period)," 1872; "The Siesta," 1873; "Joseph, Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries," 1874, a very curious realistic picture, as unlike the conventional treatment of Biblical subjects as it was probably like the real scene; "On the Steps of the Capitol," 1874; "The Sculpture Gallery," 1875, in which the painting of marble, in a quiet subdued effect, without accentuated lights or shadows, is a triumph of science; "The Painter's Studio," 1875, where the interior of the room shows exquisite mellow yellows with cool passages, while through a little window appears one of those glimpses of unrivalled blue sky of which we have already spoken; "An Audience at Agrippa's," 1876, containing a memorable pavement and tiger skin, besides exquisite colour in the draperies; "Cleopatra," 1876, in which the artist has given an Egyptian type to the daughter of the Ptolemies, the modelling and painting of the flesh and the painting of a black pearl that hangs in the queen's ear being astonishingly fine; the lovely series of "The Seasons," 1877, three of which—the Spring, the Summer, and the Winter—seem to surpass each other in beauty and significance of distinctive colour; "Between Hope and Fear," 1877; "A Sculptor's Model (Venus Esquilina)," 1878; "A Love Missile," 1878; "The Bridge," "The Pomona Festival," "In the Time of Constantine," and "A Hearty Welcome," one of the most masterly works from the artist's brush, all of this year. We are compelled to leave out of consideration those equally beautiful and refined works which Mr. Alma-Tadema has contributed to the gallery of the Water-Colour Society, of which he has for many years been a member.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

FORTUNES LOST AND WON OVER WORKS OF ART.

IT may be true, as has sometimes been asserted, that the successful painter makes a larger income than can be earned by equal efforts in any other profession; nevertheless the artist, of all workers with body or brain, is perhaps the least mercenary in the motives of his toil. His labour is the labour of love; the exercise of his art is the delight of his life. Not less surely than the poet "sings because he must," and speaks "in numbers, for the numbers come," the painter paints because it is his passion, and because his mental conceptions and the beauties he sees around him would be a burden to him unless he put them on his canvas. What the public pays for the result of his toil is nothing in one sense, though much, of course, in another; for, whether he be bankrupt like Rembrandt, and unable to pay his wife's debts like Andrea del Sarto, or whether he can build red-brick mansions in which every room is a dream of beauty like a score of our living artists, still he exists equally and only for his art, and measures his happiness by the height of the place in his profession to which he attains. To him, if he be worthy of his name, his art

is, as a great German poet has expressed it, a goddess fair, not a mere cow, valued only for the milk it yields. Come riches or come poverty, he espouses her service. Perhaps he is happiest if he attain of this world's goods the golden mean; for, as a rule, there is less work done in the studio of luxury than in that of penury; and it often happens that the hope of fame is not sufficient to lead a man on to heroic effort, unless he have also the practical necessities of life to goad him on.

An artist at the outset of his career always feels a difficulty, and has days of hesitation when he comes to put a price on his picture. It is worth what it will fetch, and what it will fetch is entirely problematical. Two pictures may hang together at an exhibition, over each of which the same amount of time has been expended and the same amount of money—let us say £100 for canvas, paints, studio-rent, models, and frame; yet one may fetch in the market £3,000 and the other only £30. And more startling still, the profitable work, which perhaps owed its popularity to some passing interest of subject, or went at a high price because it was painted by a great Academician who was, nevertheless, a very small painter, may in the course of years fall in value till it fetches only £30, while the work which went at so modest a sum, because the painter was then young and unknown, may rise in value at an equal inverse rate. And this is why there can be introduced into picture-buying a speculative element which sometimes lands the unwary buyer in a loss and the lucky buyer in a gain, and which reminds one rather of a lottery than of a sober purchase regulated strictly by the law of supply and demand.

Considerably less than a century has elapsed since Horace Walpole said that Sir Joshua Reynolds in his old age had become avaricious, because he asked 1,000 guineas for the picture of the three Ladies Waldegrave! Formerly his prices had been lower—only 200 guineas for a whole-length portrait, 100 for a half-length, and seventy for a "kit-cat." It is needless to say that no one would part with the portraits for such a figure now. In 1774, for instance, Lord Carysfort gave Sir Joshua fifty guineas for the "Strawberry Girl," which Lord Hertford paid £2,205 for at Samuel Rogers' sale in 1856. The great name of Gainsborough reminds us of a still more conspicuous instance of the same kind. The celebrated "Duchess of Devonshire" (we need not for our present purpose enter into the controversy as to whether it was really his) was bought by Wynn Ellis for £65, and was re-sold, as every one knows, to Messrs. Agnew for 10,000 guineas. After this extraordinary illustration of the fortune found in a work of art, which was worth nearly as many pounds as it was originally sold for pennies, others less startling seem to lose something of their point. Yet it ought not to go unmentioned here that Greuze's famous "Broken Pitcher," which must now be worth several thousands of pounds, was painted by the artist (who, by the way, died in poverty) for something like £150—the sum it realised at the Marquis de Verri's sale in 1785; and that the "Chess Players," which Müller sold for seventy-five guineas in 1843 (and did not think his labour of only two days ill-requited), fetched, thirty years later, £4,153. Over the water-colour drawings of David Cox, even those, perhaps, which were rejected from the Academy, comparative fortunes have been lightly won. When Mr. Vokins gave him £50 for "The Hayfield" in 1850, the great artist was so pleased with what he thought a liberal price that he insisted on presenting a second drawing to the purchaser, little dreaming that, at Mr. Quilter's sale in 1875, there would be a spirited contest as to who should take it—as Mr. Agnew did in the event—for £2,950. The profit was not in this case, nor is it in many others, made by the first purchaser; for Mr. Vokins sold "The Hayfield" with two other sketches by David Cox for 110 guineas to Mr. Cumming, who re-sold them to Mr. Quilter for 1,250 guineas, and the total sum realised by the three at his sale was no less than £6,047 10s. Of Turner's water-colours the same story could be told; and should the "Vesuvius Calm" and the "Vesuvius Angry," for each of which Turner got fifteen guineas, and which Mr. Ruskin secured some time ago for 550 guineas, ever come into the market, it will be curious to note how enormously their value has been increased.

Coming nearer to our own day, Sir Edwin Landseer painted "Titania and Bottom" for £450; but when it was re-sold it realised for the family of its purchaser, Isambard Brunel, more than six times that sum. And, to take the case of another artist, Henry Dawson, who died only a few months ago, it has already been noted in this magazine that his "Wooden Walls of England," which was sold for £75 in 1853, was re-sold at Christie and Manson's in 1876 for £1,400; and that his "Waiting for the Tide," which was painted for £75, subsequently realised more than that amount by a clear thousand. Nor need we go into the tombs to prove that the discerning buyer of really meritorious work by a hand still comparatively unknown may make a golden bargain. Our living artists afford numberless examples. Samuel Carter Hall holds among his reminiscences the memory of a commission he gave in 1840 to six young artists for fancy portraits—among the six were Frith and Elmore—and the little canvases they then parted with for ten guineas apiece are, according to Mr. Hall, worth, all together, 400 guineas now. About twenty-five years ago Mr. Millais painted, for £400, "The Order of Release," which was lately sold for a little over seven times that sum. "The Roll Call" was a commission for £100; and only a year before it took the town by storm, its painter had sent another canvas to Burlington House, entered in the catalogue under the name of "Missing," and in the price-list at a similar sum; but it was skied in a back room, and an offer of £80 which was made for it Miss Thompson did not refuse. That £80 had risen to £2,000 when last we saw the work for sale. Nor will the 1879 Exhibition at Burlington House fail to afford similar illustrations. The portrait of Mr. Gladstone by Mr. Millais may already be taken as a case in point. It was painted, we believe, for £1,000; the dealer who gave the commission re-selling it to the Duke of Westminster for 1,200 guineas, but retaining the copyright, which, in the case of so noble and memorable a work, must be worth some thousands of pounds. So that if the picture had still been in the hands of the artist, there is little doubt but that he could sell it for at least four times the sum it actually brought to him. Like all the greatest efforts of genius, however, it was spontaneous and unstudied. The artist was unconscious of having excelled himself until the public told him he had done so; and by that time the canvas had passed out of his possession. Also, among the works of young painters, the Millais and the Leightons of the future, there are many—skied, perhaps, or placed in dark corners this year—that will some day see the light, and realise comparatively large prices. Of course, it would be invidious to mention names; but, speaking generally, one may say that an excellent monetary investment may be made by persons of judgment and taste in the young work at the Academy year by year. On the Continent many similar circumstances may be met with in the records of contemporary art. "A few years ago, when at Seville," says a distinguished connoisseur, "I could have purchased a very spirited sketch in oil by Fortuny—it represented some muleteers drinking in a *posada*, I think—for twenty duros, or £4 sterling; but there was a microscopic sketch by the same master at the Paris Exhibition for which the owner disdainfully refused 25,000 francs."

Hitherto we have spoken only of what may be called the premeditated buying and selling of pictures; but there are also chance sales, over which money has often been accidentally made. Not long ago a case of the kind was recorded. A working man in a London street was carelessly carrying a little picture under his arm, and a passer-by, who caught sight of it and liked it, asked its price, and readily obtained it for five shillings. It turned out to be a Teniers, and was subsequently sold for £165. Then there are the accidents of the sale-room, by which, as Burne Jones recently said, a Titian "worth many thousands to him" might go for £40. Happy accidents, indeed! by one of which Lord Elcho, we believe, actually came into possession of an excellent Titian for about £25. But, talking of Titian, we may safely say that, for every genuine work of his which has been disposed of at a trifle, ten spurious ones have been sold

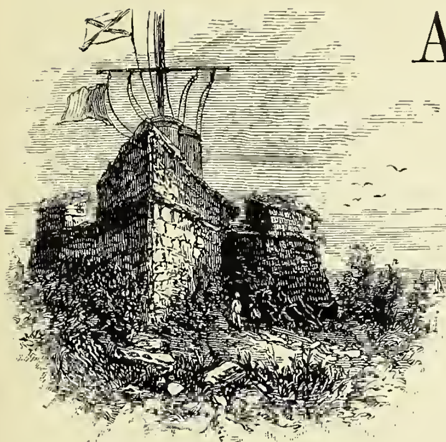
for sums far in excess of their value. And this brings us to the other side of the question.

For another side of the question there certainly is. There is hardly a large town that does not afford some melancholy instance of a rich man nearly or quite ruining himself by the purchase of manufactured "Old Masters," which, when they come to be converted into money again, at a time of commercial depression perhaps, turn out to be worth something less than the canvas they are painted on. Almost every nobleman's collection which comes into the market contains specimens of spurious art, such, for instance, as that so-called Titian for which the Duke of Buckingham originally gave £1,000, and which, at the Novar collection sale in 1878, fetched only a twentieth of that sum. The National Gallery itself has not wholly escaped the dangerous pitfalls which await the unwary, and sometimes even the wary, purchaser of works of art; for it possesses the "Christ in the Garden" which Mr. Angerstein bought as a Correggio, paying several thousands for it if we remember right, Sir Thomas Lawrence having staked his reputation on its genuineness; whereas it turned out that the original work was all the while in the Duke of Wellington's collection at Apsley House, and that the picture at the National Gallery was only a copy. As an instance of the depreciation in the value of works which have a contemporary sale, less on account of their merits than because they are executed by a widely known or officially recognised artist, we may mention that an "Annunciation," for which Benjamin West, P.R.A., received £800 in 1817, was sold, not without difficulty, in 1840 for ten guineas. And there are similar instances of a later date which now and here it would be invidious to name.

It is well, perhaps, that the hope of gain which any buyer of pictures may cherish should be counteracted by a corresponding chance of loss; for we would not wish to see the spirit of commerce invading with anything like system the realm of art. The painter must paint what he feels the most sincerely—what, in fact, "lies nearest" to him, whether or no it will be the most successful in its pecuniary results; and the buyer ought to buy the canvas which touches him most intimately and teaches him most truly, whether or no he can make an honest penny by its sale. The mission of the true artist is not to accumulate money, but, as the Bishop of Peterborough put it at the last banquet of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, to make the lives of all of us "pleasanter, happier, more gracious, more refined." Nor could the picture-purchaser have a better example as to the spirit which ought to animate his choice than that afforded by the eloquent prelate himself. "Allow me," he said on the occasion to which we have already alluded, "to speak of my own personal enjoyment of a work of art. It is some years since I carried off from the walls of the Academy in a moment of impulsive self-gratification—for which I received a domestic rebuke—what seemed to me a very charming little painting. It was by an artist of no great repute. It was but a few trees and a glimpse of a stream and a bit of sunset, taken on the banks of the Thames; but it had an air to me of exquisite repose and peace and rest. And I assure you that sometimes when I am wearied with work, vexed, perhaps, by a correspondence with some clergyman who is not blessed with a sense of implicit obedience to his bishop, I come out and look at this picture, which seems to me to mirror the stream of life as it draws peacefully towards its evening. There is something in it that rests and suits me, and, if you will believe me, at that moment a curate might play with me with safety." Such a picture, and so appreciated, is, in truth, invaluable—a fortune far greater than can be expressed in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

AN ARTIST'S TRIP TO THE BAHAMAS.



FORT FINCASTLE, NASSAU.

AN unnoticeable speck on the map represents unsuggestively the group of islands off the coast of Florida, which are "summer isles of Eden" to the American weary of the intense severity of the New York and Boston winters. The Englishman—although the Bahamas form part of his empire — has no such refuge within such easy reach; nevertheless, so delightful is the place, that a winter there is worth a voyage into the New World in this day of Cunard steamers — safe, swift, and well - appointed. Especially is it to be recommended to artists, for in no other part of the world are the beauties of quasi-tropical nature and climate within such easy reach; and the painter who has never seen the colours of the South has a world to learn and enjoy. Every one who determines to try the Bahamas will, I take it for granted, be tempted to spend a few days in the pleasant city of New York. The interest of landing on a new continent, bright, sunny, and foreign-looking, with its eager, wide-awake people, must infallibly detain the traveller. With the voyage down the coast of the United States come the pleasures and wonders of southern nature. The peculiarly warm air that accompanies the Gulf Stream brings with it a sense of English June in the Transatlantic November. The flying fish and porpoises are a constant amusement and interest as they play within sight of the steamer. Near New Providence, wonderful effects of colour surprise and delight the eye by their brilliancy and novelty; curious, for instance, is the combination of an azure sky with the most delicately tinted green water, while the colourless sand far below looks so near that it seems easy to stretch down a hand and take up one of the tiny fish skimming across the clear depths of the ocean. The voyager can hardly realise that he is not floating in a shallow stream.

NASSAU HARBOUR.

Bewildering—deafening—incessant, is the noise by which the negroes, congregated in large numbers at the wharf, hail the arrival of the steamer at Nassau, the capital of New Providence in the Bahamas. They all talk at once, and the contrast between their dusky complexions and white glistening teeth, generally perfect in shape and colour, is something uncommon and picturesque. It is scarcely necessary to say that since the era of emancipation, to talk and not to work is the rule of life which the negro has made for himself; but where existence is so easily sustained, where idleness is so full of pleasure, and where there are no ambitions or cravings, it is rather hopeless to expect or demand from the African the energetic activity of the dissatisfied Anglo-Saxon. After this digression, I will suppose the traveller landed on the shores of Nassau, the little town which is spoken of with much respect by the "Out Islanders" as the "*City*." Hog Island is a long, narrow piece of land about a mile away, and the harbour is indebted for its safety to this natural breakwater, on the other side of which the waves dash with great violence and throw their spray into the air, giving the effect of a fountain in full play. No more fairy-like sight can be imagined than that of a spray fountain, cast up at times thirty or forty feet, and glittering like little snowflakes in the sunshine.

The first morning at Nassau brings the delightful surprise of a breakfast of fruit—pine-apples, grapes, and water-melons; after which the warm weather and the comfortable rooms of the Royal Victoria Hotel invite to the indulgence of a siesta. The pleasure of a walk of exploration will probably follow, in the course of which the new-comer will feel a sincere mystification as to the month of the year in which he has lighted on Nassau; he will wonder also in what distant period he was familiar with snow and east wind. He will be much surprised at the absence of chimneys; and the extreme whiteness of the houses is at first rather trying to the eyesight. Oleander-trees in full bloom, roses and other sweet flowers grow in wild, uncultivated profusion. The thermometer generally marks 74 degrees Fahrenheit, and varies very little during the winter months. A thin layer of soil is enough for nature to work marvels upon in this land of surprises. Large trees appear to grow out of rocks, and at some distance from the town a beautiful specimen of one of the wonderful banyan trees is to be seen. No traveller should quit Nassau without visiting it. The big trunks in the middle and tiny ones of varied sizes shooting from the branches above form natural arbours of the greatest beauty. One of the most extraordinary productions of nature is the "life plant." It grows low on the ground, and if a leaf or two be gathered and fastened on the wall of a room, without water and without soil, tiny shoots will spring from the parent leaf, and in time the marvellous little plant will multiply itself and spread until all the walls will be lined with it, as by a thick velvety green paper. The creepers cannot be surpassed for variety and beauty. Nothing is easier than the floral decoration of a dinner-table or a ball-room in the Bahamas, and this in spite of the entire absence of gardens, as we understand the word. Every flower that blooms in England is to be found side by side with the blossoms of a sub-tropical vegetation.

After feasting his eyes upon the beauties of the southern flora, the traveller will probably bestow his attention on the calm and glittering waters of the southern sea. A sail from the harbour of Nassau may be safely undertaken under the auspices of a local celebrity—an intelligent and obliging coloured man, who goes by the name of Captain Sampson. He thoroughly understands the management of his boat, and navigation among these islands and coral-reefs (there are about five hundred of them) is no easy matter. Down in the clear water grow and float the wonders of the deep, dark sky-blue fishes, orange-coloured fishes, coral, submarine plants, sea fans, all at a distance of sixty feet or perhaps more.

Fort Montague will probably be one of the points of the first sail, as it is one of the show-places of Nassau. It is about two miles distant from the town. In the blockade time, when Nassau was in the zenith of its prosperity, and people made so much money they scarcely knew how to spend it, Fort Montague used of

an afternoon to be crowded with fashionable equipages; dinner-parties and balls were of daily occurrence; but the place passed through an unhealthy phase of fictitious excitement and speculation, only to lapse immediately afterwards into great depression and want of enterprise.

To return to Fort Montague as it is *now*. The visitor will be surprised to see several little green edifices on wheels, which, I regret to say, will remind him of Margate or Brighton; these are bathing-machines which have been constructed on a plan similar to the English by a clever Nassau carpenter, who can make anything with a pattern. An enterprising gentleman has invested in these machines as a speculation, and with good chance of success, for Fort Montague, with its charming position, and the white sand and clear water which surround it, is well fitted to become a bathing resort.

As I have said, Americans flock to Nassau in the winter, and I cannot help mentioning in this paper what a great acquisition to the society of the place they are, with their national virtues of hospitality, friendliness, and kindness of heart. A bathing picnic in January or February has all the charm of perfect novelty. It is the commonest amusement in the Bahamas, where the water is deliciously clear and invigorating, but warm throughout the winter.

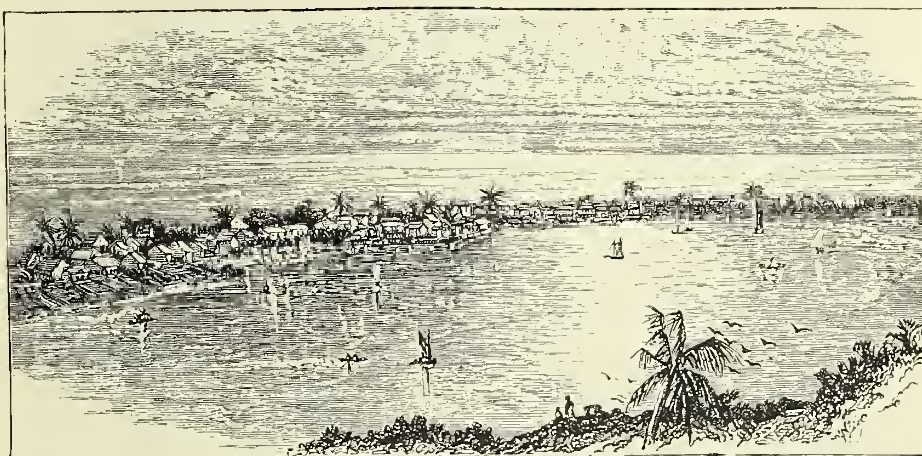
The ladies and children who join in these bathing picnics generally start early, taking with them a substantial supply of good things, so that an impromptu *déjeûner à la fourchette* may be instituted and partaken of on the sand after the bathing is over.

Most memorable is the return from a sail when the sun is declining. The wonderful effect produced by a gorgeous Bahamian sunset I fear it is beyond my power to describe, so varied are the delicate tints and so short is the time in which it can be enjoyed, for the great ball of fire has disappeared from the gaze almost before its descent can be realised.

"At one stride comes the dark."

Less delightful is the night at Nassau, except to a sound sleeper, for there is a perpetual concert kept up between Bahamian dogs, cats, and cocks which crow with the striking of every hour. This is not conducive to sleep, but it is surprising how soon custom makes the noise tolerable. In the winter at Nassau it rarely rains; if, therefore, a picnic be planned two or three days before the time, the usual "weather" need never be feared as a marplot.

I should urge the traveller to devote one day to visiting what I consider one of the gems in Bahamian scenery. This is a little island called Salt Cay, the property of the same gentleman who inaugurated the bathing-machines at Fort Montague. It is only accessible (for ladies at least) in tolerably calm weather. The owner has planted it from one end to the other



HOPETOWN HARBOUR, ABACO, FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE.

with cocoa-nut trees, and has built himself a lovely little country-house fitted up with the greatest taste. Many are the pleasant afternoon entertainments he provides for his friends there. He is literally "monarch of all he surveys," for with the exception of a "shanty" he has built for his labourers, there is no other habitation on this little isle. And more welcome than any other tourist is the artist. Mr. Bierstadt, the well-known American painter, has discovered the loveliness of Salt Cay, on behalf of the world of art.

SILK-COTTON-TREE, NASSAU.

On one side of this island the mighty waves of the Atlantic rage and foam, almost bewildering a spectator with their impetuosity and majestic beauty; on the other side lies a smooth silvery lake, and on its placid surface wild duck and other sea birds enjoy life in safety. The sky is azure-blue, and the waves are a delicate apple-green. The visitor who may happen to be personally acquainted with the hospitable owner of this island will, I can answer for it, leave with mind and body both seasonably refreshed. As the sun sets the boatmen give warning that it is time to think of returning. And then begins one of the most wonderful experiences to be related in after-times in quiet England when dark days will be lightened by leisurely memories of the "summer world." Moonlight at Nassau is different from moonlight in England. It is so brilliant there that print can easily be read by it. Add to this the phosphorescent light on the lucid green water and the brightness of innumerable stars. Although the Bahamas lie outside the tropics and in the northern hemisphere, the southern constellations appear at times over the rim of the horizon. Fortunate is the traveller who there catches a glimpse—a never-to-be-forgotten glimpse—of the southern cross. Should the wind be favourable the little boat glides rapidly through the "Narrows" to the monotonous song of the dusky boatmen. These are exquisite moments which the mind would willingly prolong indefinitely.

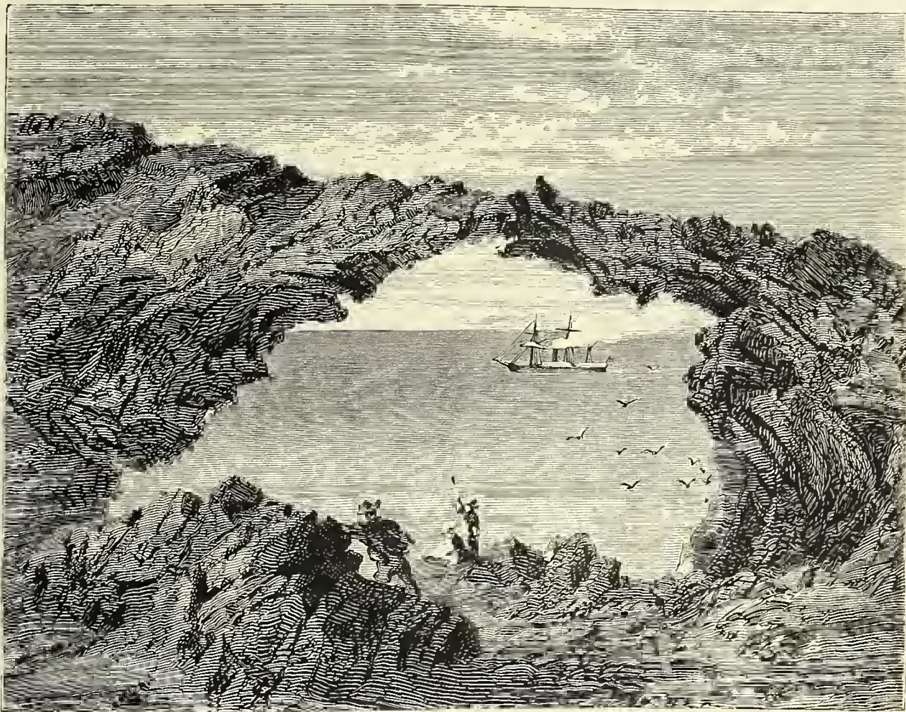
> "How sweet it were . . .
> With half-shut eyes ever to seem
> Falling asleep in a half-dream."

Government House is a most agreeable country residence, having doors and windows everywhere, and good reception-rooms. The

present governor commenced his duties at Nassau in 1875, and has entirely devoted himself to the interests of its very mixed population. The island has passed through many reverses, but under Governor Robinson's successful management it is rapidly regaining prosperity. No one could have more at heart than his Excellency the development of agriculture and popular education. In 1866 the island was devastated by a hurricane. Most of the inhabitants were ruined. The good Bishop Venables gave up the whole of his yearly income to repair the loss. The colony was then bankrupt, for the expenditure amounted to £50,000, and the income only reached £40,000. Since that year, however, there has been a happy change for the better.

During the winter months, green peas, French beans, potatoes, onions, lettuce, beetroot, and tomatoes grow to perfection. Many of these vegetables are exported to America, with which country there is a gradually increasing trade in comestibles of the kind.

It is rare to find so many experienced medical men away from England as at Nassau, and this gives a feeling of safety to invalids obliged to leave their native land. The drainage is particularly good, and the water sweet and wholesome. In the rainy season rain-water is collected in large tanks to supply the wants of the inhabitants during the winter.



THE "GLASS WINDOW," AS SEEN FROM HARBOUR ISLAND.

During my stay at the Bahamas I made so many pleasant friends that I cannot help hoping any one who proposes to visit Nassau may be fortunate enough to know some of the residents, as he would meet with much kind hospitality from his countrymen and countrywomen there. The Saturday afternoon water picnics are amongst my pleasant recollections.

I will end by repeating my advice to the reader. Go to the Bahamas if you can, but go between November and April. From May to September the climate is one carefully to be avoided; and as I wish all travellers to find Nassau the delightful place that it was to me, I will content myself with a winter description, and preserve a discreet silence upon Nassau in the summer.

R. J.

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—II.

ALTHOUGH the decoration of Mr. Alfred Morrison's house is, as we pointed out in a previous article, circumscribed in character, the fine art works exhibit diversity of styles in design, combined, however, with a precision of workmanship. This is particularly the case as regards the numerous works the designs of which are of an Oriental description. Our expression "precision of workmanship" requires, perhaps, a fuller explanation than that which our readers may possibly be inclined to give to it. This precision of workmanship may be more correctly termed an excruciation of workmanship; and yet "excruciation" may convey to some minds an impression of fulness in display of ornamental detail. The terms "precision" and "excruciation" we apply, in the first place, in respect of the quality of handicraft involved in producing the various objects, whether they be metal works, glass works, pottery, pictures, or wood-work. The greater portion of the works are of modern date. Conspicuously in Mr. Morrison's collection are a number of metal works by Zuloaga, of Madrid. This handicraftsman adopts various styles of design, but inclines principally to the Moresque. His smaller works, such as inkstands, boxes, trays, and so forth, are executed sometimes in a classical style; the great care bestowed in the finish of workmanship, especially in the case of his damascened works—gold and silver forms let into dark toned steel—gives them a distinctive character. Neither in England nor France—indeed, in no other country save Spain do we know of metal works which could be mistaken for Zuloaga's. His works stand by themselves, and the labour and patience bestowed in their execution take one into an era of art when the fine art-work producer devoted himself solely to the cause of his *métier*, apart from the commercial considerations of time, trouble, and expense. Of another style, but of the same degree of fine handicraft, are Zuloaga's caskets and chests. These are chiefly of an Italian renaissance style of design. Floral arabesques, with delicate stems intertwining amongst cupids, escutcheons, and suchlike devices, are wrought in *repoussé* work upon gold ground. The largest of such works is a cassone, which occupies a central position in the opalescent drawing-room at Carlton House Terrace. In producing this extraordinary chest—extraordinary on account of its size, some five feet long by three high—Zuloaga has put forth a combination of his many methods of work in damascening, beating, and chiselling metal. To our thinking, however, his smaller casket is a better achievement from the pleasure-giving point of view. On seeing the cassone, one is amazed at this marvel of modern workmanship, and the utilitarianism of the time urges one to puzzle oneself as to the use of such a work. Undoubtedly it is a triumph of skilled workmanship. The ornament is elegant and delicate, but has no symbolism. It consists of a graceful flow and growth of leaves, and dolphins and griffins. The cassone asserts itself as a chest, and this being so, we are forced to consider whether it can be useful. The lid is ponderous, and cannot be easily lifted by one person; the sharply defined mouldings project with a certain amount of stateliness, but could inflict a severe punishment on any one who by accident came into contact with them. Undoubtedly this important piece of fine art metal-work is primarily to be gazed at—to use it would entail much trouble on the user. The sixteenth century wooden marriage chests of the Italians were more usable, and recalling them to mind impresses us with the superiority of wood over iron or steel as a material for such articles of furniture. However, Señor Zuloaga is a metal-worker, and not a wood-carver. As a king of

his art he may have a right to depart from conventional ideas on the appropriate uses of materials, if only to show to the world that, however beautifully a piece of furniture may be embellished, its *raison d'être* and legitimate character assert themselves. It may sound ungracious in us to suggest that any of Señor Zuloaga's works, evidently intended for useful purposes, are failures in respect of utility. They are of such fine and delicate workmanship that the use of them would endanger them. The surfaces of the damascened work would become scratched, and the *repoussé* work become rubbed, and, without constant watching, perhaps rusty and indented. As extraordinary feats of working in metal, these objects find a fitting home in the house of a modern Mæcenas, who places no limitations upon the art workmen he employs to do their best. As we have before hinted, the jewel casket is perhaps one of Zuloaga's most satisfactory productions. It is sumptuous with its beaten steel ornamentation, in a Giulio-Romano style of scroll work, on a granulated dull gold ground. To attempt to balance the qualities of design and workmanship of Zuloaga's works, and of similar Italian cinquecento work, would lead us into a lengthy statement. All who are acquainted with the last-named kinds of work will possibly be ready to admit that there is in them a freedom of execution and a quality of design which, while placing them as examples to Zuloaga, do not bring them into competition with his productions. There is room in the world for each, and each teaches its own lessons.

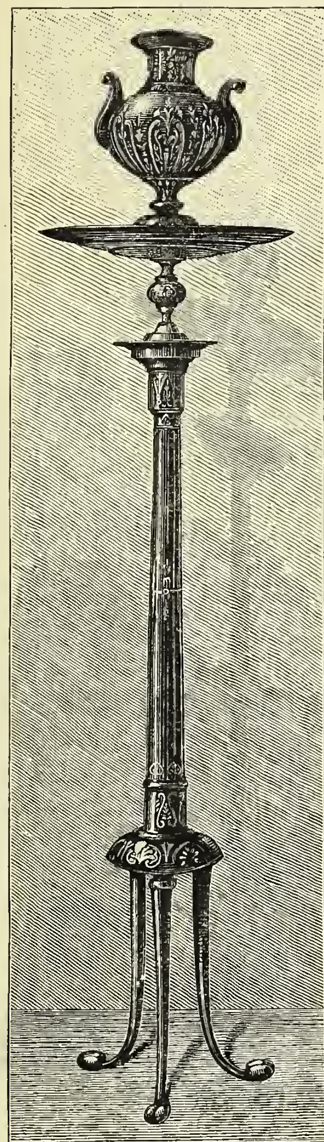


Fig. 1.—STEEL TRIPOD, INLAID WITH SILVER, BY ZULOAGA.

We give an engraving (Fig. 1) of one of a pair of tripod stands surmounted by small vases. These stands are about five feet high, and are executed in dark blue highly-polished steel, ornamented in silver with inlaid honeysuckles and other Greek ornamental forms. In a measure they remind one of the period of Etruscan bronze inlaid tripods, but the precision of the workmanship is of a totally distinct quality from that of its Etruscan prototypes.

Those who visited the recent Paris Exhibition, and paid attention to the exceptional instances of high-class workmanship there, will remember two important golden Moorish amphora-shaped vases, some three feet in height, by Zuloaga. Those specimens of his latest feat in metal work are now in Mr. Morrison's dining-room. On entering the house, one is impressed by the sight of a pair of gold and dark steel vases, placed on a hall table, which are damascened and engraved in the sumptuous, elaborate Moresque manner for which Zuloaga's work is notable. We have engraved a salver, between four and five feet long, done in this manner (Fig. 3). Our illustration can, however, be accepted merely as a gentle suggestion of the actual work itself. Still, the engraving shows indications of an elaboration of workmanship which, when carried out on the undulating surfaces of large vases, is all the more surprising. In the dining-room is a second pair of elegantly proportioned vases, which, if possible, outvie those already mentioned in the hall. The extraordinary fineness of golden threads or hairs, and ingeniously engraved golden Arabic forms let into a bed of blackened iron, reveals itself the longer one examines these vases, and an examination, from which one may derive an approximate idea of the dexterity of the workmanship employed, must be made with the aid

of a magnifying-glass. These are the vases from the Paris Exhibition, which we have already mentioned. It is easy to expatiate upon the marvellous skill involved in these modern Spanish metal works, but we fear that no description can convey an adequate idea of the skill of the handicraft displayed. Our remarks, however, may serve to awaken in people a desire to become acquainted with these masterpieces of modern fine art handicraft.

Of other modern metal works of an exceptional character, Mr. Morrison possesses some by a well-known French enameller—Lepec—who has striven to make something original. A startling work by him—startling in its unlikeness from what we might expect of him—is a tall, black, ebony clock, about nine feet high, ornamented in a Franco-Moorish manner with brass-work, steel-work, and red stained ivory. The lines of the constructive features are purely Oriental. They curve and twist about, and seem in a way to be related to those of the conventional Egyptian lotus flower. The dial is ornamentally lettered instead of numbered, and forms the flower or surmounting development of this fanciful construction, so that at first glance one scarcely knows it to be the face of a clock. This curious piece of furniture stands on the corridor outside the drawing-rooms, and the like of it is to be seen nowhere else. By the same handicraftsman—Lepec—is a pair of ormolu pilgrim bottles, about three feet high, rich with an Oriental profusion of conventional flowers done in opaque and translucent red, blue, and green enamels applied to the surface. Here again, in the effort to be original, subservience of decoration to construction or utility would appear to have been set aside by the producer. On reflection, this disregard of utility is an element in these *articles de luxe*. It occurs to one that they must solely be regarded as precious and costly works of modern art. The fashion to esteem and collect what is hallowed by time in preference to what is hallowed by handicraft leaves the field clear for any one who appreciates dexterity of existing workmanship for its own sake. Of the making of beautiful objects—not trade productions—who are the patrons and encouragers?

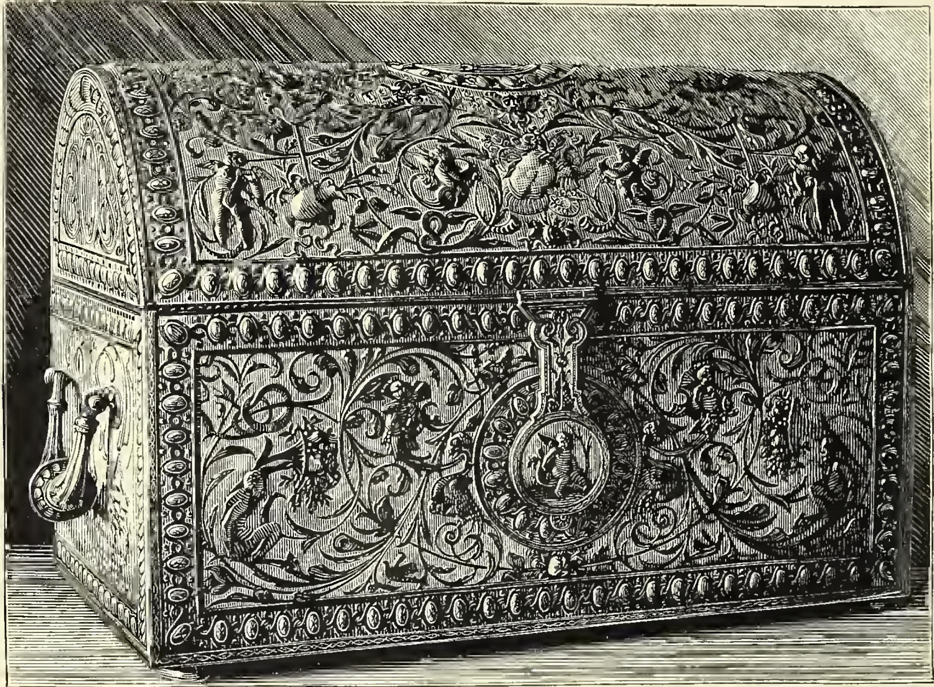


Fig. 2.—COFFER OF STEEL *REPOUSSÉ* WORK ON A GOLD GROUND, BY ZULOAGA.

There are other brilliant works by M. Lepec,

such as a golden oblong casket decorated in an Indian style, the details of ornament radiating from centres in fan-like groups, done in rich translucent enamels of red, blue, and green. This casket is in the dining-room; but after all it is but a comparatively small item in the blaze of gorgeousness which pervades the room. Other specimens of enamel work, but of a different class of enamel, are some ancient Japanese and modern Russian enamels. These latter are of a very finished workmanship. The objects consist of a flask and appurtenances for liqueur-drinkers. They are lightly wrought in reddish-gold, enriched with surface-enamelled modern Byzantine or Russo-Greek forms, in reds, blues, greens, orange, white, outlined with a small beaded thin thread. For fine workmanship and brilliancy of colour these modern works would hold their own in the presence even of such extraordinary rich and delicate work as the enamelled St. Michaels, which blaze on the golden book-covers of the Gospels in the sacristy of St. Mark's, at Venice.

In the golden-green library we have a quantity of delightful works to look at, such as Japanese lacquer works, Chinese vases, rich embroideries, miniatures, modern Venetian revivals of classical glass, and many other objects of great value. Some curious silver utensils come from New York, where a clever gold and silver smith competes with the Japanese. We allude to Mr. Tiffany, who last year exhibited in Paris remarkable specimens of silver-work, such as tea-kettles, milk-jugs, &c., tinted with a grey cloudy tone. Other decorative effects on the surfaces of his metal works—little ewers and pitchers of silver—Mr. Tiffany obtains by means of orange-coloured and black tints. His niello work is also remarkable for the delicacy of the design and minuteness of work. Mr. Morrison possesses specimens of all these classes of works produced by Mr. Tiffany. Amongst other gems of manufacture,

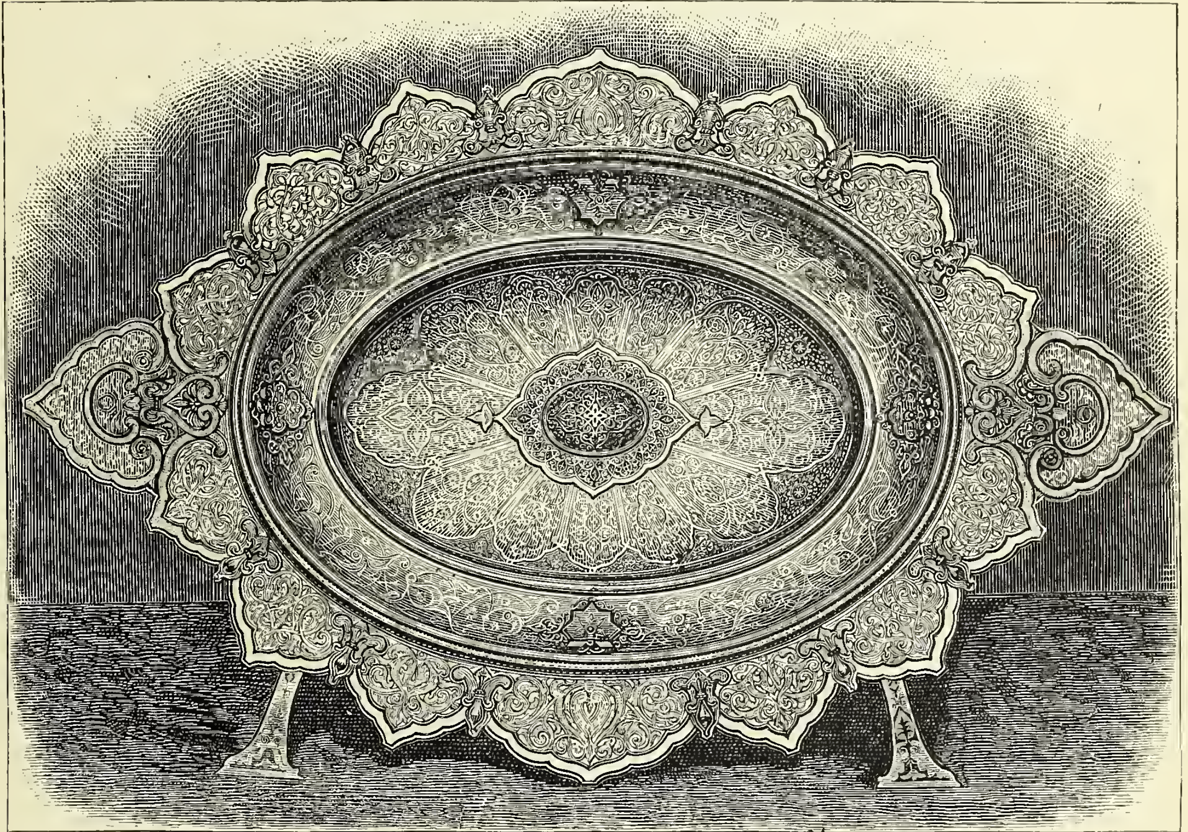


Fig. 3.—DAMASCENED AND CHASED SALVER, BY ZULOAGA.

Mr. Morrison has collected some drawerfuls of the smallest, most cunning, and most rare of dainty metal and lacquer works by Japanese artists, the equal to which we do not remember to have seen in any public museum. In the South Kensington Museum there is a considerable gathering of Japanese artistic objects, but there are, we fancy, no minute works such as Mr. Morrison's niello-boxes, and gold and silver incrustations worked into landscapes, which adorn a black metal surface of about a square inch. Mr. Morrison's collection includes what to us seems like final fairy-like freaks of the deftest and most practised metal workers. These rarities, and valuable gauges of art workmanship, are not unfrequently referred to, and brought into the presence of the works of American and European jewellers and metal workers, as measures or tests of the skill displayed in these last-named works.

We must not omit to mention some admirable examples of French enamelled glass, done in patterns of Oriental character, by M. Brocard, of Paris. These are elegant, delicate objects, and are precisely the reverse of those fusions and blendings of colours, in the accidentally pleasing effects of which the Romans and Venetians so much delighted. M. Brocard's work is evidently inspired by Arabic enamelled glass of the sixteenth century. In the *embarras de choix* in which we find ourselves—a situation made all the more pressing by the limits of this notice—we scarce know what object we shall next select for brief description, whether it should be the rococo Boule desk in the blue and silver boudoir—one of the largest, if not the largest, specimen of tortoise-shell, silver, and brass inlay we have seen—or the marvel of cabinet work, by Messrs. Jackson and Graham, in the opalescent drawing-room.

Perhaps a work which will be least familiar to our readers is a circular oil painting by Dadd, a man who seemed to defy all principles of composition, proportion in drawing the figure, accuracy based upon a study of nature, perspective, and, in fact, well-known principles laid down by the great masters. Dadd, according to the example of his work—one of many in Mr. Morrison's possession—has painted unhealthy nightmares of grey, ghostly hues, with a dexterity of finish which might have delighted a Van Eyck, and with a wildness of conception of which a Blake might have been envious. Elves, fairies, goblins, bits of architecture, clusters of jewels, pale grey and green fleshy foliage, drops of rain, an Oriental prince crowned with a Burmese crown, toads, frogs, sprays of unclassifiable flowers, a Bacchanalian procession, are in the work before us all grouped together more or less like the confused details of a "scrap" screen, but as far removed from such work, in point of artistic interest and value, as a painting is from a lithograph. This eccentric painter, who in the first half of the present century illustrated many books, has contrived ingeniously to blend his forms together so that there is a pleasing composition of lines; the ideas, however, with which the composition of lines is inevitably associated are unquestionably weird, if not hideous and inexplicable. The latter days of Richard Dadd have a tragical interest. Considering the merits of his genius, it is somewhat surprising to find his name omitted in recent standard dictionaries of English painters. He appears to have had a Catholic admiration for works by various painters, and to have been delighted as much by a Titian and Tintoret as by a Guido.

We can now do no more than mention the large vases (probably of the finest quality of the Kien-long period of manufacture), covered with enamels of exquisite tones of colour, purple-pink, pale-canary colour, soft turquoise—a kind of marine cerulean effect. Very slightly embedded into these backgrounds of delicate sweet colour lie convolutions of floral ornament, and chrysanthemums, insects, butterflies, &c. Throughout the lower rooms these vases are distributed. Made for the Emperor Kien-long, they are of a period when Chinese ceramists appear to have attained to perfection in producing gorgeous subtleties of coloured enamels on porcelain. And whilst we have in our mind's eye these glories of polychromy, we may pass on and refer to an extraordinarily fine Persian carpet of the sixteenth century, the weaving of which is as close and precise as that of the most refined Jacquard production

of the present day. The rich red and sombre colouring of this carpet or rug has a distinctive hue, a softness, and glow, which seem to defy repetition. To touch the texture gives an impression of some extraordinary close, delicately soft, short-cut fur. Mr. Morrison recently purchased this precious textile fabric from the treasury of the Sultan. Of a different character is a hanging or rug, but too delicate to be trodden on, by Haas, of Vienna, wrought, after an Oriental design, with chenille forms of blue and green and yellow on gold and silver cloth. This specimen of modern weaving—which one is inclined to regard as a piece of embroidery—with a foundation of unusual stout silken warp and woof, was shown in Paris last year, and is remarkable not only for finish of work and almost inexplicable manufacture, but also for the changing sheen of the various coloured chenilles employed.

Our readers will, perhaps, perceive the difficulties which beset us in our attempt to describe the treasures in Carlton House Terrace, and, as we said above, all kinds of art work in all kinds of materials are represented there. A predominating feature of these works is, as we began by saying, the surprising finish and quality of workmanship, to which ornament of an early Arabic character lends itself appropriately. The more perfectly the curved forms and the enriching details can be rendered, the greater the success of the workmanship. Oriental ornament of this kind has no soul and life such as that which seem to be infused into a Florentine frieze of cherubs and floral garlands or birds—and, being soul-less and life-less, extraordinary finish of workmanship perhaps enhances its value. In respect of the Florentine cherubs and so forth, in which an essence of beauty is the animation depicted, it can readily be understood that a laborious mechanical finish might be the very means by which that tender life would be extinguished, and one would consequently regret the inartistic and unfeeling application of such a kind of work.

In conclusion, the finish of workmanship, on which we have laid so much stress, is not to be confounded with mechanism—a quality of necessity devoid of feeling. In almost all the many works to which we have so inadequately referred, the "feeling" of the handicraftsman is to be discovered. It is not so immediately apparent as seems to be the case in less formal and rigidly designed works. Nevertheless, we think that no one would assert that, however mechanical and finished-looking these works may appear at first, there do not subsequently reveal themselves a conscientiousness, a laboriousness, and completeness which are unquestionably elements in the productions of handicrafts of men possessed and animated by an artistic zeal.

"EPPIE GRANT."

WE fulfil in this number our promise of engraving another of the late John Phillip's splendid sketches of Highland peasant girls. "Eppie Grant" is a companion to the "Sue Stuart" which we published last year; she is by far the less well tamed of the two little maidens; her serious eyes have the *farouche* expression so common and so charming in mountain children, and it is difficult to imagine by what arts, threats, or promises so rebellious a model could have been induced to submit her wild hair, broad brows, and strong yet childishly rounded face to the steady gaze, and still less to the pencil, of a stranger. Though belonging to an early period of his brilliant career, there is nothing of the beginner in the perfect drawing of forms, and in the facile and masculine power of execution in these sketches. In the colour, which cannot be reproduced here, they have that rare combination of richness and coolness which is peculiar to Phillip, and not found elsewhere in the English School, save perhaps in the works of Etty. John Phillip had this quality of genius—that his work was originative; he laid the foundation of excellence

"EPPIE GRANT."

(From an Unpublished Sketch by the late John Phillip, R.A.)

to be afterwards, and by others, developed, imitated, and followed out in many directions. One little school was founded on his colour, another on a merit to the full as admirable as his colour—his keen appreciation of character. So far as we remember, no one before him had studied the humours of a foreign race and country with keen and dramatic appreciation. The English peasant had been reproduced *ad nauseam* in English art—a certain violence being done to his undemonstrative nature in order to fit him for interesting pictorial treatment; while in Italy and Spain dwelt that exuberant life which certainly needed no exaggeration to give it expressiveness, vivacity, or colour. Phillip discovered Spain in this sense; and since his day not only that country, but all lands which are made picturesque by the life of the light-hearted Latin race, have been opened to the watchful and analytical observation of English artists. Not one, however, has rivalled Phillip in his large-minded, generous, and complete enjoyment of life and character alien from our own. He painted Spain with love, sympathetic to the tragedies of her people's lives, but even readier to laugh at their comedies; for in him is to be found a bright example of that important truth—that no genius of a high order has ever been deficient in a sense of humour.

NEW FORMS OF PANEGYRIC.

A WELL-KNOWN proverb suggests the propriety of doing what the Romans do when you are at Rome. Supposing, however, that a Roman comes to you, are you still to think of him as a Roman, or are you to give him a chance of following your own precept, and doing as Londoners do, now that he is in London? Are you to say to him, "What a fine city Rome is!" or "What sort of cabs do you have in Rome?" or are you to sail on another tack, and to ask him how he likes London hansoms and four-wheelers? The Roman will probably be grateful to you, if you will occasionally ignore the fact that he is a foreigner, and talk to him as you would to any one else—that is to say, to a fellow-Englishman. Now, there is the same question about professional men. Is it necessary to talk to professional men about their profession, continually and invariably?

This question people seem to answer differently in different cases. When they meet a stockbroker at dinner, or a doctor at a party, they do not ask at once what the price of Consols may be, or what has been lately found to be the best remedy for the measles. But with an artist the thing is different. Given an artist, and most people will open fire on him by some remark about pictures or painting. Has he not noticed that the Academy gets worse and worse every year? Doesn't he think no one paints portraits like Velasquez and Mr. Lordslupho? Has there ever been any one since Sir Joshua who understood the expression of children's faces so wonderfully as dear Mr. Duceadilly? The poor artist solemnly answers that he thinks there is much to be said for all these opinions, but that it is impossible to say absolutely yes or no off-hand. "No, I suppose not," says the questioner; and then he proceeds to pour on the unhappy painter a new volley of perplexing interrogatories.

Art-talk of another kind is to be heard when the dilettante goes to a studio. Here, of course, being so to speak at Rome, it is proper to do as the Romans do; not being able to do—that is, to paint—one can at least talk, though, to continue the metaphor, one talks a very queer sort of Italian. Once it was the custom in visiting a studio to use nothing but interjectionary phrases. You went up to a picture, looked at it for a time in absolute silence, then sighed, threw up your head, sighed again, and solemnly spoke as follows:—"Well, well!" "What a picture!" "What go! what life! what expression!" This was a very easy sort of language, which any one could acquire after once or twice seeing, or rather hearing, professors in

the art. It admitted of little variety as far as words themselves went, but a skilled master of this school would by inflections of tone imply different degrees of superlative. It need scarcely be said that the consummation of the art consists in bringing an ever-increasing amount of interjectionary agony to bear on each succeeding picture, and to keep the final outpouring of frenzied admiration for the last work to which one was taken up. You begin *piano*, you go on to *mezzo-forte*, and with carefully planned *crescendo* pursue the theme until the time has arrived for *fortissimo*.

This sort of criticism is now dropping out of fashion, but it is not yet quite gone. Few professors of it remain, but it has still many professoresses. It is, in fact, the criticism which comes still most frequently from the lips of young ladies. Some vary it slightly, and prefer to prefix adjectives to substantives. Instead of "What go! what life!" etc., the line they pursue is to apostrophise the pictures with those choice words which are equally applicable—so, at least, we presume from the frequency with which they are applied—to novels, balls, partners, or lawn-tennis: "How awfully jolly!" "How quite too much more than most awfully nice!" Or pictures are praised in exactly the same tone as though they were strawberry ices, and then we get, "Dear! how delicious!" or some modulation of the phrase.

But all things advance, or change, at least, and the art-criticism of studio loungers has changed too. The old phraseology has gone, and a very wonderful one has taken its place in the mouths of all those who want to pass as persons of real artistic sensibilities. To begin with, you don't now call a picture a picture, any more than you call a spade a spade. You call it a *thing*. Rather a vague word, perhaps, but then remark what familiarity it shows with the object spoken of. "That *thing* of the sharp profile on the grey background was the thing I liked best of all your *things* last year." What artist does not hear phrases of this kind every time an amateur visits his studio? But that is only the beginning. To proceed: you must make up your mind what to single out and praise in every picture you see. This you do, of course, before you go to the studio—what you say has really nothing whatever to do with what you see. You are going to see portraits—then you say, "It's not only as a portrait that I like that, it's such a delightful *thing*" (not picture, remember) "of itself." Or, "How happy you always are in catching a man's expression!" Remark how safe this is. If you praise the nose, the artist will tell you that he or the sitter thought it was just that which was wrong; and if you say the mouth is to the life, you will be told that the mouth is going to be altered, as at present it is not absolutely right. When you go up to a group of figures, no matter if the subject be historical, religious, or domestic, you use a remark for the invention of which the new school of criticism deserves great praise, as it is infallibly gratifying to the artist: "What I like is the *tout-ensemble*." Is this not ingenious? In praising thus you seem to be praising no single bit of the picture, and yet it will invariably make the artist think with joy of the particular inches of his canvas with which he is especially in love.

Change the scene. Let us turn to a landscape. The new school of art-criticism can give you a splendid hint as regards landscape. Don't say you never saw such a lovely oak, because the painter may have meant it for a fir-tree; don't praise the hill in the background, perhaps it was meant for a pond. No; there is a much safer and a much more knowing remark to be made. You simply say, "*What wonderful atmospheric effects!*" If any one look puzzled, you can add, "The thing shows one what sort of a day it is." You will then carefully ask what month the artist had in mind when he painted the picture, and if he says July, you will say, "How hot it all looks!"—if December, "Why, one shivers as one looks at that grey, angry sky." This is a policy which never fails to win the heart of the artist, and the amazed admiration of by-standers.

This school of art-criticism, which we might call the vague school, is one which has always plenty of disciples. Any one who takes the trouble to listen to the remarks made by visitors to the two great annual Exhibitions will not have to wait long before he hears plenty of examples. Critic number one is

standing in the Royal Academy, along with critic number two, before Mr. Calthrop's "Attempted Assassination of William the Silent." "Capital," says critic number one, whom we will call Davus. "Excellent," says number two, whom let us entitle Geta. Davus now looks at Geta, and Geta at Davus, for a remark which is to betray the professional critic, for we all might say *capital* or *excellent*, you know. "*The tone is a success,*" says Davus. Geta nods his head, and adds in solemn voice, "And how well the whole thing is *put on the canvas*." They pass on to Mrs. Butler's admirable "Remnants of an Army," and say it is "realistic and very solid;" and, looking below it, descry Mr. Nettleship's "Golden Age." Davus kneels down, and pokes his face right on to the canvas; Geta follows suit, and seems to rub his nose up and down it—nothing the professional critic likes better than peering into a minute canvas. "Clever," says Geta. "Oh, yes," says Davus, "treatment is nice." "Just conventional enough," says Geta. "Not a bit strained," says Davus, craning his neck down again. At the Grosvenor they hear four phrases, which are used indiscriminately for all the pictures—poetic, imaginative, creative, and decorative. The last is the pet word, and the amount of pathos to be obtained by gazing long at Mr. Burne Jones' Pygmalion series, and then sighing, "How decorative," is really astonishing.

Our readers may possibly like to know what kind of persons they will find Davus and Geta to be if they should be so fortunate as to make their acquaintance. They will find both Geta and Davus exceedingly affable, and most willing to give any information that is desired. Only let our readers beware of one thing—one slight thing we had nearly said, but it is not a slight thing. Let them not ask, "What do you think of that picture?" because to a question put in such every-day language the art-critic would vouchsafe no answer. Let them say, "What do you think are the *technical qualities* of that work?"

There is yet another tack on which to sail—by no means an easy one, but invariably effective. It might be called the musical tack. It consists in applying—cautiously at first, and, when you have warmed up to your subject, vigorously—the terms of music to painting. Some people think that Mr. James Whistler taught the critics this mode of expression from his habit of calling his works harmonies and nocturnes, which are *en règle* musical terms; but Mr. Whistler himself would be the first to declare that he desired to teach the critics—a race of men whom, if report be true, he neither loves nor reverences—nothing, and that they have developed their new phrases, as their old ones, from their own ingenuity. And *harmony* and *nocturne* give little notion of the new vocabulary's infinite richness and none of its surpassing peculiarity. Some examples of it will show that we are not throwing away our own terms of wonder in calling it by such terms.

Given a picture of an Italian lake with a mountain as background, and a bench, with a lover and his lass sitting on it, as foreground, and a gipsy standing near, about to tell the fortunes of the youth and maiden; sky red; sea ditto by reflection. Now hear the critics who delight to revel in the new musical vocabulary. First, the figures: "Curious *staccato* face, that gipsy," says musical critic number one. "I like the lovers," says number two; "their very pose is *adagio*." "As for the lake," says number one again, "it's just loud enough; its little waves are beating a sort of march, and its whole look gives you the sort of notion of *molto cantabile*." "And do look at the sky," chimes in number two; "how I like that noisy treble red; how those laughing clouds up in that left-hand corner are playing a sort of *allegro* leap-frog!" "But now as to the tone of the whole thing," inquires number one, "would you call it *andante* or *allegretto?*" "Oh, neither," says number two; "I should call it *andantino e molto cantabile; il tempo ben marcato;*" and then the two agree that this exactly describes the picture before them. For our own part, we believe the description will sound exceedingly well if applied to most pictures, and it is with great confidence that we recommend it to our readers for general use at the Royal Academy, at the Grosvenor Gallery, and at all other art collections which they may chance to visit.

PHILOSTRATE.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—IV.

THIS season, as usual, the remote interest of Classical times has inspired little English work. Mr. Alma-Tadema, almost alone at the

NEWS FROM THE CAPE.
(*By Haynes King.*)

Academy (and this artist not only paints in England, but does his adopted country the honour of placing himself in her school), goes to the youth of the world for subjects and for inspiration. He has made it his own; he paints it as an eye-witness rather than an antiquarian; we know no more curious instance of self-translation into another phase of the world's history than is observable in Mr. Tadema's art. His choice of familiar subjects, of every-day passages of old Roman life, increases the effect of this peculiarity. "Down to the River," for instance, his principal work this year, is more like a reminiscence of a scene witnessed yesterday, and repeated to-day, than the outcome of museums. The composition is altogether unconventional and odd. A narrow strip of blue sky is cut off by the frame; a yellow bridge, strongly foreshortened, runs across the canvas towards the right distance, spanning the swift waters of the Tiber; the figures in the immediate foreground—uncomfortably close, indeed—are cut off by the frame at the head, the half-head, or the waist. These figures belong to a lady and children descending a stair to the landing-place, and to Roman boatmen who are touting for their custom. The drawing is good, the execution solid yet smooth; but the blue of the sky is perhaps too intense for its position near the horizon, and it is a blue that is violet in its tone. "A Hearty Welcome," by the same artist, is a perfectly charming study of a Roman garden in cool shadow. Two little girls are receiving their father and mother, who enter from the sunshine beyond the portal; deliciously painted flowers divide the interest with the figures, which form, by the way, a little group of family portraits.

For light and colour, "In the Time of Constantine" is Mr. Alma-Tadema's most exquisite achievement. Never, perhaps, have the learning and skill by which he expresses sunshine through the medium of mere unluminous colours been more triumphantly successful. Mr. Tadema's fourth Academy work, the "Pomona Festival," we refer to, and, by

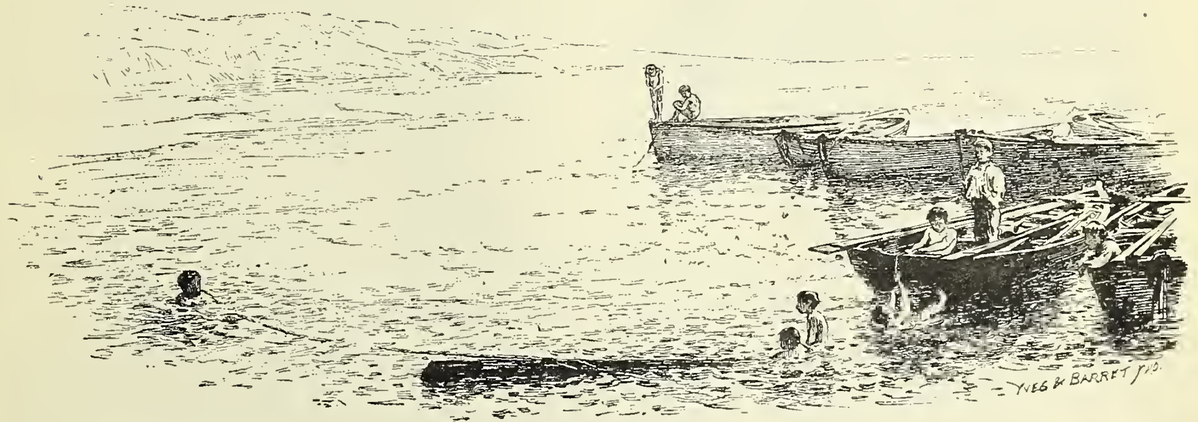
TOIL AND PLEASURE.
(*By J. R. Reid.*)

courteous permission of Messrs. Agnew and Sons, illustrate at page 196.

All Mr. Colin Hunter's works are good. He is making a *spécialité* of one of the

familiar aspects of the English sea; within the narrow limits which his choice allows, he is a fine and fresh colourist. "Their Only Harvest," bought by the Academy, is one of his admirable marine pictures. "A Royal Pastime at Nineveh," by Mr. Bridgman, is full of learning, and more beautiful in the execution of the details than appears at the first glance; the pastime consists in the killing of lions in a noble amphitheatre. One by one, as the majestic beasts stride into the arena, the long arrows of the magnificently-clad hunters lay them low. The king and the court watch the game from above. Mr. Dollman has made the most of a happy subject in is as renowned a character as the Bourgeois-gentilhomme. "And when I say, 'Nicole, bring me my night-cap and slippers,' is that prose?" asks Molière's immortal Jourdain. "Learn that I never preached a better sermon!" thunders Le Sage's archbishop. These are among the proverbs of literature. Mr. Lockhart's ecclesiastic is dignified; the unfortunate Gil Blas descends the steps discomfited; the composition is good and the colour brilliant—a little licence having been taken in giving the Archbishop a Cardinal's scarlet instead of the purple properly belonging to his rank.

A grim and a great animal-picture is Mr.



A WATER FROLIC.
(*By Hamilton Macallum.*)

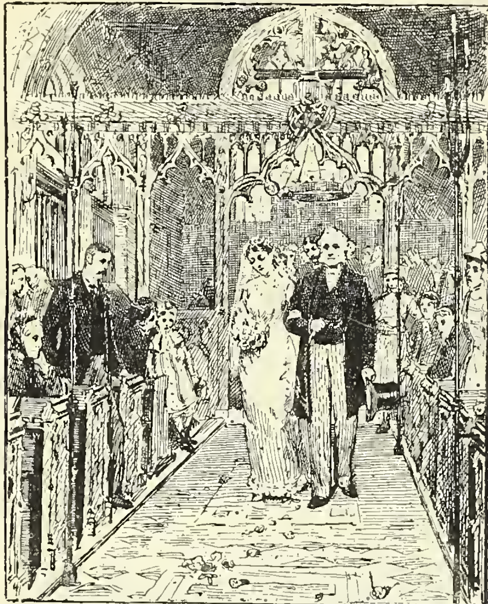
his "Table d'Hôte at a Dog's Home." The variety of types, characters, expressions, and actions in the poor little crowd that throngs the dinner-trough is wonderful. Mr. Herbert Johnson, in "Crossing the Sarda," has attacked a formidable subject—the procession of 700 elephants across that river on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit to India.

"Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada," a very well-painted picture, which we illustrate (page 219), is a somewhat serious reading of one of the memorable jokes of literature. The Archbishop of Granada, who exacted a promise from Gil Blas that any deterioration in the Archiepiscopal sermons should be at once sincerely pointed out, and whose indignant dismissal of the young man is the result of a too literal obedience to his own command,

Bouverie Goddard's "Struggle for Existence." It illustrates a law of the community of wolves, who, it seems, engage every year in a deadly civil war whereby all the weaker members are slaughtered, while the "fittest survive." Malthus would recognise in the social economy of these hungry tribes the ideal of his system. Mr. Goddard's work is full of the spirit and vigour of the scene.

"News from the Cape," by Mr. Haynes King, is one of those domestic pictures which are invariably popular for their subject. It represents a cottage interior; a girl in a rose-coloured dress has fainted on receiving the news of her lover's death, and lies with her head fallen on her hands; her parents start forward to console her; the dog bears his part in the family trouble. The story is well

told (see page 216). We are, however, struck by the comparatively small number of pictures



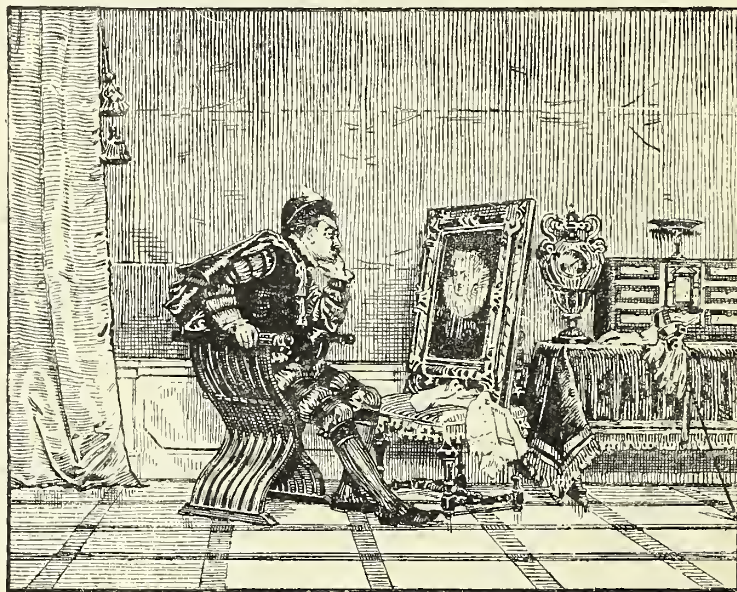
"UNTIL DEATH US DO PART."

(*By E. Blair Leighton.*)

dealing with the rural domestic interest which the present year has brought forth; nor has the nursery inspired as many painters as usual. Mr. J. R. Reid's "Toil and Pleasure," an illustration of which is also given on page 216, pictures with a peculiar quietness and naturalness a group of labourers in a turnip-field watching the hunt go by. It is in every sense a thoroughly honest picture. The shyly eager faces of the boys are particularly good; and, as we have often noticed in Mr. Reid's work, his out-door tone is exceptionally true; he is not afraid of the somewhat opaque and grey effect which is inseparable from work done in the open air, but which is far pleasanter to the practised eye than the mellow decorative tones of conventional landscape-painting. Great praise is due to both these pictures, which treat of sport as we would recommend artists to treat of war, *i.e.*, in its accessory incidents. It must be allowed that Mr. Reid has chosen a more pleasing subject than the painful "Kill" which another artist has detailed in the fifth gallery. "Toil and Pleasure" has been bought by the Academy under the Chantrey bequest.

Of Mr. Robert Barrett Browning's two works, the "Fish-stall" is, perhaps, too unattractive in subject to be a commendable picture; it is far otherwise, however, with his beautiful landscape, "Dinant, on the Meuse." A certain lack of atmosphere, consequent probably on a too great insistance upon the dark touches of the distance, is its only defect; and it is a pleasure to record that the son of two immortal poets has painted the finest sky which we remember to have seen for many years. That this young artist has only studied painting for four years, sacrificing to it poetical and musical faculties of no mean order, makes his solid success the more surprising.

Painter, composer, singer, and man of fashion, the gallant and courtly "Salvator Rosa" (see page 220) has been painted by Signor Francesco Vinea with a surrounding of accessory "properties" expressing his versatile talents with quaint completeness. Mr. Blair Leighton's scene (see illustration above) is



DUC D'ANJOU CONTEMPLATING THE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(*By Tito Conti.*)

from the usually more dressy than picturesque incidents of a modern wedding; he has, however, given his bride the graceful contour of a classic figure; she walks down the aisle on the arm of her moneyed lord and master, whose prosperity and respectability are well expressed without caricature; while a former admirer stands up in his place in the church to reproach the faithless fair with a look.

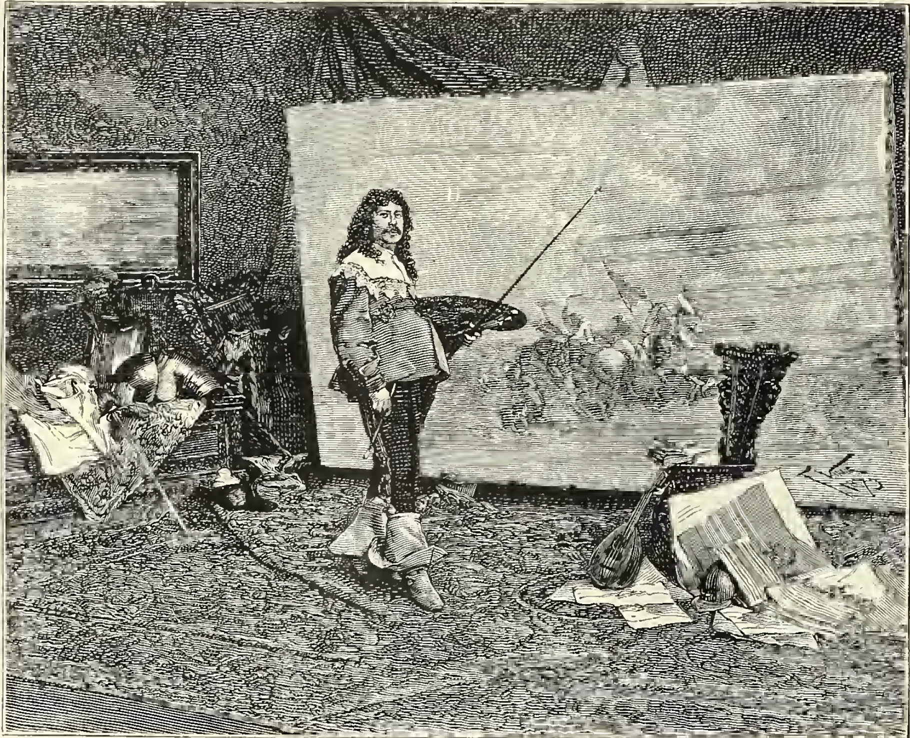
A young landscape-painter whose work is

GIL BLAS AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF GRANADA.
(*By W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A.*)

marked by its own *cachet* of elegance, harmony, and charm is Mr. Leslie Thomson, who is represented this year by several quiet and tender little landscapes. Mr. Adrian Stokes —also among those painters in whose hands lies the immediate future of English art, and whose work the President desires should be distinctive of this year's Academy—exhibits a strongly drawn and well-painted single female figure, illustrating Ben Jonson's lyric, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

There is a great deal of quiet humour with good technical execution in Signor Tito Conti's "Duc d'Anjou Contemplating the Portrait of Queen Elizabeth" (page 218). The suitor sits at his ease meditating on the features of the lady, with a mixed expression on his own face which is very well rendered. Mr. Ernest Parton's "Waning of the Year" (bought by the Academy) has taken rank as one of the landscapes of the season; it is singularly refined. In the same room, "The Gordon Riots," by Mr. Seymour Lucas, should be remarked for its sound drawing of the figure; the character of the heads, especially that of the mayor who holds the Riot Act, is very intelligently studied. Mr. Basil Bradley's "Blossom" is one of the most attractive works which we have seen from the brush of this accomplished artist; it represents an orchard in full flower, and the scene has a subdued brightness and charm of spring which are uncommonly pleasant. And one of the most excellent pictures of its class in the Academy is the "Water Frolic" of Mr. Hamilton Macallum, surprisingly luminous in tone, exquisite in colour, and having the figures of the bathing boys put in with the happiest skill. Of the many brilliant sea and shore pieces of this artist this delightful work is perhaps the best. In "Summer Breezes" Mr. Calderon has carried the cool, fresh, and positive colour which he has lately affected to a higher point than ever. The village girl whom he shows us buffeted by a strong sea-wind, with the colour in her cheeks, and her hair loosened, is a very pretty damsel indeed. The other examples of this artist's work are far slighter this year than usual. Mr. Robert Collinson is very badly placed. This is a misfortune which must be accepted by most of our artists now and then with what cheerfulness they may; but, considering that Mr. Collinson's "Light in the Cottage" belongs to that domestic school of which the Academy has made a *spécialité* ever since its foundation, and that it contains in its title that allusive double meaning which has always been found so attractive to the English public, and seeing that it shows executive qualities of a high order of imitative skill, it is hard to understand why it should be relegated to the sky-

line. If we remember right, the last time Mr. Collinson's pictures were hung within sight they were so greatly distinguished by Mr. Ruskin's praise that the matter is the more unintelligible. "Light in the Cottage" is a village interior; an old man reads to his old wife from that Sacred Page which sheds light into their home, while the rays of the bright daylight stream over the red-brick floor from the open doorway—all the excellent painting of these bricks and of the other accessories being, of course, out of sight. Mr. Herbert Schmalz, a young artist and a late student of the Academy, contributes two pictures—"I Cannot Mind my Wheel, Mother" and "Light and Shade," both careful and full of promise and conscientiousness.



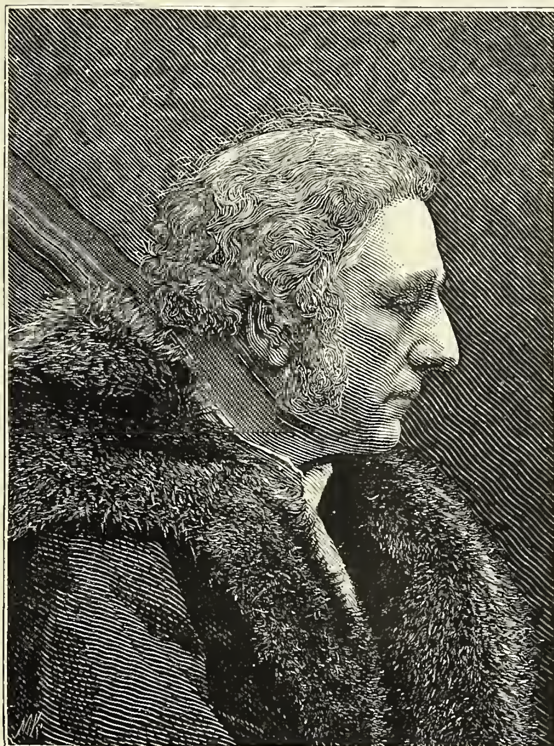
SALVATOR ROSA.

(*By Francesco Vinea.*)

In our final glance round the large gallery we must pause awhile to note the quiet and beautiful work in Mr. Val Davis's "Mirror of the Woods;" also a splendid landscape by one of the younger associates, Mr. MacWhirter, "A Valley by the Sea." The sunshine of this beautiful work is simply intense; the air flickers with it, all the foreground foliage is in the golden blaze; down below, the jetty of a little town and the few houses have taken that dark liquid tint which occurs so often in extreme light; and beyond stretches the expanse of sea, with a broad shining road of light sweeping away leagues upon leagues to the horizon. The execution is broad, yet full of charming detail. The fourth room contains a fine work by Mme. Henriette Browne, in which the drawing and painting are quietly excellent. In "A Student in Disgrace at Salamanca," Mr. Burgess has found a good subject. The dons of the Spanish university are sitting in conclave to judge the misdeeds of a good-looking young culprit, who looks seriously penitent or seriously afraid of the consequences; through a high window the austere chamber is effectively lighted. Mr. Burgess is the only painter who clings to that Spain which Phillip opened up to English art. For some time Mr. Long worked vigorously in the same field, but a fear of hackneyed repetitions caused him to forsake it.

MR. SEYMOUR HADEN ON ETCHING.

WE are now enabled to give a *resumé* of Mr. Haden's second lecture on etching at the Royal Institution, the first of which has already appeared in this magazine. We also, with his permission, present our readers with his portrait, engraved from a photograph taken about the year 1875. If the reader will refer back to page 219 of the first volume of this magazine, he will there find a short and accurate sketch of his life.



S. Haden

"My second lecture divides itself into three heads:—

"1. The art of engraving etching on copper.

"2. The chemistry of etching.

"3. The mechanics, or natural result of the process of etching.

"Engraving on copper may be subdivided into—

"(*a*.) Engraving *proper*, where a portion of the metal is removed by directly delving into the surface of the plate with a triangular tool known as a burin.

"(*b*.) Etching *proper*, where the metal is removed by a mordant.

"(*c*.) Dry-point etching, where an effect is produced by incising, roughing, and disturbing

the surface by a sharp style, but without removing any portion of its surface.

"As I showed in my first lecture, I am no advocate of engraving, a laborious, slow, and inartistic method, even when used by such men as Dürer, Marc Antonio, or Lucas Van Leyden. I shall therefore, for the present, leave the first and third processes, and confine myself to 'etching *proper*.' Even as regards that, my object in coming here was not to describe or eulogise the ordinary process, but an unknown one, of which I, with some truth, might be called the inventor.

"In the ordinary process the results are produced by first drawing the whole of the desired object on a metal plate, previously protected by a resinous coating, taking care that the needle does not wound the copper; then, as a second stage, removing portions of the copper so laid bare, by an acid capable of biting—usually hydrochloric acid. This may be called the 'interrupted' method—as contradistinguished to mine, which I call the 'continuous' method—and which consists of drawing in and biting at one and the same time.

"The 'interrupted' process takes place thus: —The drawing upon the plate is made in its entirety with lines of equal thickness, the strokes in the extreme distance being of equal thickness to those in the foreground; the plate is then placed in the mordant bath, and when one part, say the extreme distance, is thought to be sufficiently bitten, it is taken out of the bath, and protected from further biting by a coating of varnish of Brunswick black, and so on by interrupted bitings until those parts which require to be most enforced are bitten sufficiently. It will be apparent what a delicate and hazardous process this is.

"The 'continuous' process is the entire reverse of this. The plate is inserted in a glass bath, with four bits of wax in each corner of the bottom to fix it, and the whole etching is done, or can be done, without removing the plate from the bath. The lines which require to be the broadest and deepest are drawn in first, and so are longest subject to the action of the mordant; these generally represent the foreground; then the middle, then the extreme distance, and lastly the sky is drawn. Thus the picture is carried through in successive planes, and a gradation of values and aërial perspective is obtained by the action of the mordant. It will never be found difficult to draw in the mordant in the open air or in an ordinarily lighted room.

"Opinions differ as to what is the best metal on which to etch. Steel is never used by etchers; it is entirely an engraver's material. It makes too strong and wiry a line for etchers. Copper is usually used, but I prefer zinc. Copper is sometimes soft, sometimes hard, and this very materially affects the execution, the biting in, and the endurance of the plate. An etching on copper is perhaps more delicate and refined, but one on zinc gives a more painter-like and artistic impression, is richer in colour, and is bolder and bigger; it has besides the advantage of being more easily bitten.

"Then as to the mordants.

"The following are what I recommend:—

"FOR COPPER.

(*a*)		(*b*)	
Nitrous acid ...	$33\frac{1}{3}$	Hydrochloric acid...	20
Water	$66\frac{2}{3}$	Chlorate of potash...	3
		Water	77
	100		100

1. Dissolve the chlorate of potash in 38 parts of boiling water. 2. Mix the hydrochloric acid with remaining 39 parts of cold water. 3. Add the two solutions together.

"FOR ZINC.

(*a*)		(*b*)	
Nitric acid	25	Hydrochloric acid...	10
Water	75	Chlorate of potash...	2
		Water	88
	100		100

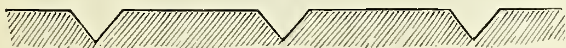
Make the solution as for copper.

"The 'biting in' of the etching is, though it may hardly be thought so, the most important part of the whole process; it corresponds to the painting of the picture—on it depends all the colour and effect of the work. It is astonishing how few of our etchers possess the two essentials to a good etching—the power of drawing and 'biting in.' Many have one without the other. Samuel Palmer and Meryon, Herkomer and Hook, combine both. Turner possessed the power of 'biting in' to a

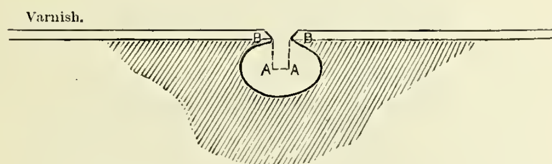
marvellous degree. His biting of some of the plates of the Liber is a thing to be studied as a model of power and mastery. They should also be most carefully examined for another remarkable trait, that they never have a line too much or too little.

"Passing on to the mechanics, or the natural results of the process of etching, first on the plate, and secondly on the impression taken from it, I have been at the trouble to make some long, and I believe accurate, investigations on the subject, with the result of showing the great difference made upon the plate by the etched, the engraved, and the dry-point lines.

"The engraved line cut out by the burin makes a trench in shape like a V, separated by untouched portions of the flat metal, thus—



"The etched line, or rather the *sulcus* formed by the mordant, is very different in shape. The copper is attacked by the mordant at first vertically to the extent of the dotted lines A, A; it then eats round until it forms an almost circular hole, leaving above it on either side a narrow and thin pent of copper at the points B, B.



"The dry-point line, on the other hand, is similar to that produced by a plough in a furrow, thus—

a certain portion of the copper being tilted over in the same way as the earth by the action of the ploughshare.

"Two things will at once have been seen from an inspection of these diagrams—

"1. That the impressions produced from *sulci* such as the foregoing must vary very considerably one from another.

"2. That the durability of plates acted on in these different manners must vary very considerably.

"As to the impressions. A cast of the line produced by the engraver is naturally merely the reverse of the V-shaped trenches, thick at the bottom, thin at the top; that of the etched line is very different, coming out in form like the round head of a nail, thus—

whilst the dry-point line catches and retains a certain portion of ink under the lee of its ridge, thus—

"It must be remembered, too, that the effect is not confined to the impression of the cast of one line, but to the shadow of that cast. Such a thing is apt not to be thought of, but it adds very considerably to the effect. In fact, much of what may be termed the colour of the picture arises from the shadow.

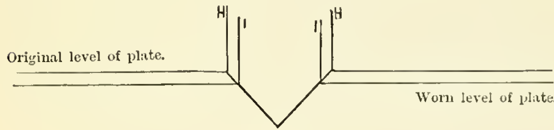
"The variety in the shadow cast by the three forms just described are very varied, being rich and great in the etching, thin and grey in the engraving, rich at first but soon effaced in the dry-point.

"Before passing on to the durability of plates acted on in these manners, I should like to add a word as to the effect, so little thought upon, of pressure when brought to bear on these delicate casts.

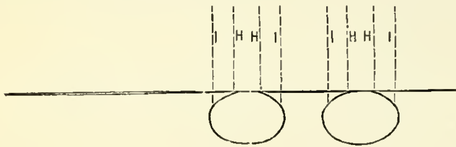
"In the ordinary printing of engravings they are, as they come from the press, superimposed in a wet condition one on the other, oftentimes to the extent of hundreds. It can readily be imagined what the effect upon such fine-pointed casts as those I have pointed out would be. When we come to the printing of etchings I shall show how the old printers avoided this injury to their work, and how it can be as easily avoided now.

"And now as to the durability of plates. The effect of printing upon the engraved plate, in spite of the rough handling of the printer, is infinitesimally small compared with that in the case of the other two processes. The *sulcus*

is merely encroached upon, and the cast produced is narrowed and it gets paler and more wiry, the breadth of the cast being narrowed, say from H, H to I, I, by considerable wear.



But in the etching the exact reverse is the case; the pents being weak at last fall in, and blackness and muddiness are the result of the casts becoming larger and nearer together.



H, H being the original breadth of the base of the line, I, I the breadth after wear.

"Dry-point is by far the most delicate of the three methods, and the durability of dry-point plates is extremely small. The ridge which is the product of the incision of the style into the plate soon yields to the friction and wear caused by the lightest hand, and the ridge once broken away, the 'burr,' a velvety deposit of ink, disappears, and the plate becomes grey and worn out. This oftentimes occurs before a dozen impressions have been taken off.

"It is curious to trace the history of dry-point. Dividing Rembrandt's art life into three decades, it was evident that in the first he had no knowledge of that branch of etching, in the second period he mixed the two styles, and in the third he never troubled to bite a plate at all; he attacked the plate at once, his mind being made up. As examples of this may be noted the last but two of his etchings, "The Presentation to the People" and "The Crucifixion"—a gigantic labour, the means used showing the great force of his character no less than the power of his hand.

"No one in France practises dry-point; it is not understood. In England it was first used by Wilkie, but he had no success with it. In a pecuniary sense it was never again taken up until of late by Whistler, but in startling contrast to Rembrandt—the one carrying out his idea from end to end, the other's attempts being only fragmentary and disconnected. Still, what there is of Whistler's work is artistic, and even fine.

"The following tables give the material and artistic properties of the three lines—the engraved, the etched, and the dry-point—and the variations in their form, their capacity, and their durability:—

"Material and Artistic Properties of Engraved, Etched, and Dry-point Lines.

"1. Engraved Line:—

As to *Form*—follows the shape of the instrument that produces it—it is V-*shaped*.

Capacity for containing ink—exemplified by the cast it gives: Λ—*moderate*.

Colour—depends on the shape and volume of the cast and on the shadow projected by it—*grey*.

Durability—depends on form and extent of metallic surface left to resist the forces employed to wear it, which are, inking of plates, friction of printer's hand, action of press—*great*.

Sum of Artistic Properties: greyness, constraint.

Sum of Physical Properties: great durability.

"2. Etched Line:—

As to *Form*—determined by action and strength of mordant—*irregular*.

Capacity for holding ink—exemplified by cast it gives—*great*.

Colour—depending on shape and volume of cast and on the shadow it gives—*considerable*.

Durability—depending on form and amount of metal left to resist wear—*small*.

Sum of Artistic Qualities: colour, accent, freedom.

Sum of Physical Properties: low degree of durability.

"3. Dry-point Line:—

As to *Form*—depending on action of style and direction of impact—*flat and extended*.

Capacity for holding ink—depending on force employed, the burr raised, and depth of *sulcus* made—*great only at first*.

Colour—depending on cast of *sulcus* and extent of surface disturbed by style—*rich at first, but soon grey*.

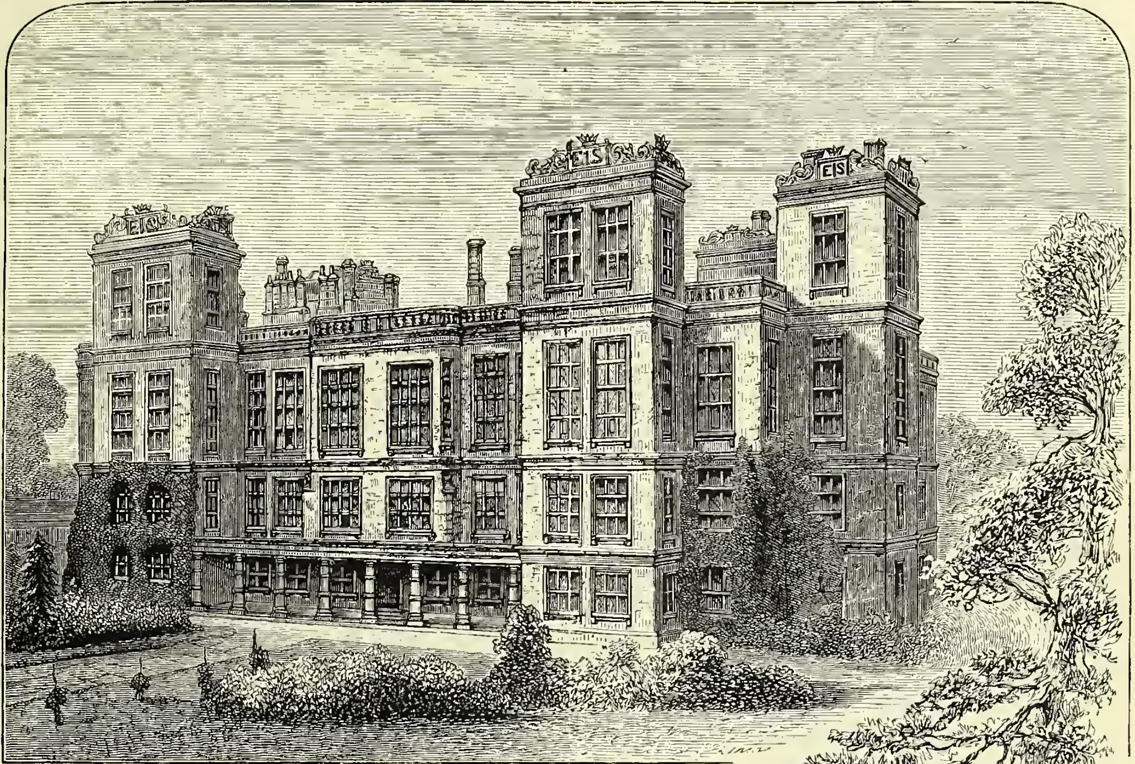
Durability—depending on power of resistance to pressure and friction—*extremely small*.

Sum of Artistic Properties: richness of colour, suggesting velvet pile, absence of freedom.

Physical Properties: no durability."

We shall hope to give Mr. Haden's third and concluding lecture next month.

ON SOME PICTORIAL ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH SECULAR ARCHITECTURE.—III.



HARDWICKE HALL.

It is difficult to bring within the compass of a magazine article a reasonably complete treatment of the domestic architecture of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., looked at from its pictorial side alone; and it is impossible to treat of the subject at all, without a glance at the idiosyncracies of the age of which it is so eloquent an exponent—an age so versatile, so intensely active, so grandly serious, so passionately gay, expressing itself unconsciously in an architecture so fantastic, so dignified, and withal so pre-eminently picturesque, an architecture which is, moreover, distinctively and peculiarly English. It had absolutely no counterpart among the Continental nations of Europe. It rose spontaneously on the ruins of an older system, and although indebted in great measure to foreign artists and foreign influences, it preserved to the last its identity with the country of its birth; and after holding unchallenged possession for three-fourths of a century, it disappeared silently, but completely, before the imported art of Italy.

By one of those paradoxes with which history abounds, we owe the development of this, our distinctively English style, mainly to an Italian, John of Padua, and for the Italian mode which displaced it, an Englishman, Inigo Jones, is responsible. The subject presents endless sources of attraction, but a consideration of the many phenomena involved in its study would lead one into by-paths of history, politics, religion, and philosophy, whither I have no skill to follow it. I can but throw together a few random notes upon its more prominent and obvious characteristics, and only hint at those lines of inquiry which point to the subtle

but close connection between the last phase of our national architecture, and the strange intellectual and social activities of our English Renaissance.

The latter half of the sixteenth century passes across the stage of history like a splendid masque or pageant—a set scene in the world's drama, luminous and clear, in which the characters stand out sharply with the form and lineaments of familiar friends. We see the noble of the time "in his habit as he lived," and note his tricks of speech and manner, the affected gravity of his behaviour, the elaborate magnificence of his attire; Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, the courtly Leicester, the "civil demeanour" of Shakespeare, the stately gravity of the "young Lord Keeper." At no period has the national life been brought out by contemporary literature into higher relief. The past and present were focussed for us, so to speak, into one incomparable whole, and the fictions of the great dramatist take their places beside the statesmen and poets, who are to us scarcely more real than they. It was a halting-place between the old order of things and the new, between an effete mediævalism and an incipient classicalism, equally removed from the austere asceticism of the one and the pedantic formalism of the other, but reflecting some features of both. It was a time of uncertainty, of experiment, of lingering traditions of an older world, and of earnest yearnings for a new one, of which glimpses only were revealed.

The distinguishing note of the period was restlessness and affectation, and in nothing was this more clearly apparent than in its domestic buildings. The traditions of centuries had worked themselves out. The mediæval builders had pushed their constructive principles to the extremest limits. In the decline and decrepitude of their art, they amused themselves by a display of mechanical dexterity, and sought to astonish by *tours de force*. But the vital principle which informed the older work had departed never to return. Church building was at an end. The legacy of churches left by the preceding ages was in excess of the nation's wants. The destruction of the monastic system had enriched the courtiers. The queen's habit of making "progresses" through the country rendered it imperative upon her hosts to make provision for a worthy reception of the royal guest. The wealthy nobles responded to the call, and rivalled each other in the magnificence of their displays. Domestic architecture in England received a new and unprecedented impulse; and well did the architects of the day use their opportunity. The fortified manor-house, with its primitive system of defence, was powerless against the artillery of the time—toys and playthings though they appear now to us. The builders promptly realised the fact, and the feudal character of the English mansion was at once and for ever abandoned. No longer were the windows of its halls and bowers turned inwards upon the dreary court, stealing but furtive glimpses over the open landscape. The restraint and solitude of the quasi-castle was a thing of the past. The light of day was let into the dwelling, and the house was literally "turned inside out." Its solid and gloomy walls became, by a natural reaction, so full of glass, and the intervening supports were so attenuated, that Bacon's well-known complaint that "one could not tell where to come to be out of the sun or the cold" was not without reason. Nevertheless our English idea of comfort dates from this time. The ascetic theory of life was gradually laid aside, and whether men strove "to make the best of both worlds" or no, they at least flung themselves with excessive earnestness into making the most of the possibilities of the present. Then rose in quick succession, "as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand," that lordly series of English mansions unsurpassed for stately grace, for homely charms, for varied if fantastic beauty—Longleat, Wollaton, Burleigh, Audley End; Hardwicke and Aston Hall (of which illustrations are here given); and many others too well known to every Englishman to need minute description. The awakening of the nation's life found expression in an architecture which reflected its earnestness, its gravity, its passionate gaiety—and with traces of an obsolete past gave glimpses of a dawning future.

One evidence of the spontaneity of this new phase of our national architecture, and

its identity with the idiosyncracies of the age, may (I think) be found in the fact that the noble buildings which were rising in such numbers over the length and breadth of the land at such a prodigal expenditure of wealth, awoke no feeling of surprise or admiration in the writers of the day. They seem to have taken it all as a matter of course. No doubt the buildings we admire, invested with all the adventitious charms of age, and hallowed by the associations of three eventful centuries, told with diminished effect when new and crude they left their builders' hands. It may be that they were felt by the builders to fall short of the models upon which much that characterises them was based. In any case no admiration of them is traceable in the literature of the age at all commensurate with the complacent satisfaction with which the writers of a succeeding century beheld the realisations of their efforts.

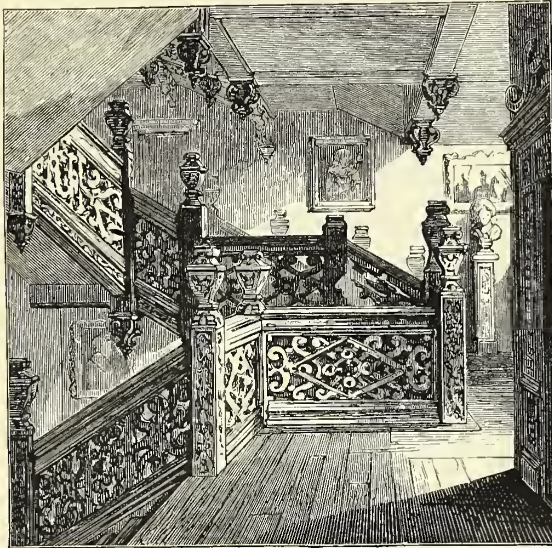
Shakespeare, whose life is almost conterminous with the great house-building movement above adverted to, is silent on the subject of architecture, or nearly so. So far as one can gather from his writings, he was destitute of any feeling, certainly of any enthusiasm, for the art. It is the only subject, perhaps, upon which some theory as to his personality has not been based. Volumes have been written to prove, from the internal evidence afforded by his works, that he was a lawyer, a doctor, and so forth. A recent effort has been made to show, from his intimate and varied acquaintance with the sea, and the lore of those that "do business in great waters," that he must have been a sailor. But of all the crowd of speculators on the ever-new problem of his identity and career, no one has claimed him as an architect. Prospero's solitary reference to the "Cloud capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces" is a mere flight of rhetoric, and in spite of stray allusions to the internal decorations and fittings of those great mansions with which he must have been familiar, one is compelled reluctantly to conclude that the glorious achievements of the builders of a past age, and the lordly piles which his contemporaries have left for our admiration, alike failed to awaken any response in that capacious and many-sided genius.

If we look a little closely at the principal characteristics of the buildings under notice, we shall see at once the fundamental differences which distinguish them from the structures of preceding ages. Before the commencement of the sixteenth century the mere appearance of a building may be said to have been—in a certain sense—a matter of accident. It was the natural outcome of an exact compliance with given requirements of plan, and a vigorous application of settled principles of construction honestly worked out by an artistic instinct, which touched nothing which it did not adorn. It charmed us by a naïve simplicity, which may be likened to the unstudied graces of childhood, and its comeliness was mainly due, so to speak, to a healthy constitution and an entire absence of affectation. The Elizabethan and Jacobean architects "changed all that." They were nothing, if not affected. Their buildings possess distinctively pictorial excellences of the highest order, but they were arranged on quite different principles. A desire to produce an attractive exterior holds the first place in the mind of their designers, or takes equal rank with some childish conceit, such as that of Thorpe's in making the initials of his name the ground-plan of his own house. This kind of conceit was rampant in the literature of the day, which, like the architecture, was full of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles."

In direct contravention of the wholesome mediæval rule so aptly formulated by Pugin, construction was disguised or falsified, and ornament and ornamental features were *constructed*. The simplicity of childhood—to use a former figure—had given place to the conscious arts of the maiden, or the airs and blandishments of the coquette.

Another noticeable point in the work of the period is that absence of all evidence of "man's delight in God's work," in which Ruskin sees—and no doubt rightly—all really fine and great art. The loving skill with which the mediæval mason traced in the hollows of his mouldings every flower of the field finds no place in the Elizabethan scheme. The cunning of the carver had disappeared with the love of natural beauty. The art of the sculptor had fallen in England beneath the level of contempt, while in Italy it

was compelling the admiration of the world. We must go back to Chaucer for this intense feeling for the beauties of inanimate nature.



STAIRCASE, ELIZABETHAN PERIOD.

It breaks out in Shakespeare now and then in a stray song or allusion, but only as accessories to his main figures; with him and his age "the proper study of mankind was man." The architecture, according to rule, reflected the temper of the time. It was scenic, dramatic, artificial; built, as the scenes of a theatre are, for effect, and unable like them to bear a scrutiny in detail. It lacked the loving skill with which the likeness of natural objects was reproduced in the discarded mediæval system, and it had not acquired the precision and perfect finish of the monotonous ornamentation of the Italian types which it emulated. Ornament of a kind it had in abundance, and must have to satisfy the absorbing craving for effect, but in all things it strove to "catch the nearest way;" and its long array of pierced parapets, the terminals which mark the broad flights of steps, its grotesque alcoves and summer-houses, and the involved medley of stone twists and tangles which crown its pavilions and give piquancy to its sky-lines, are coarse and mechanical in design and workmanship, and give no hint of the individuality or delight of the workman.

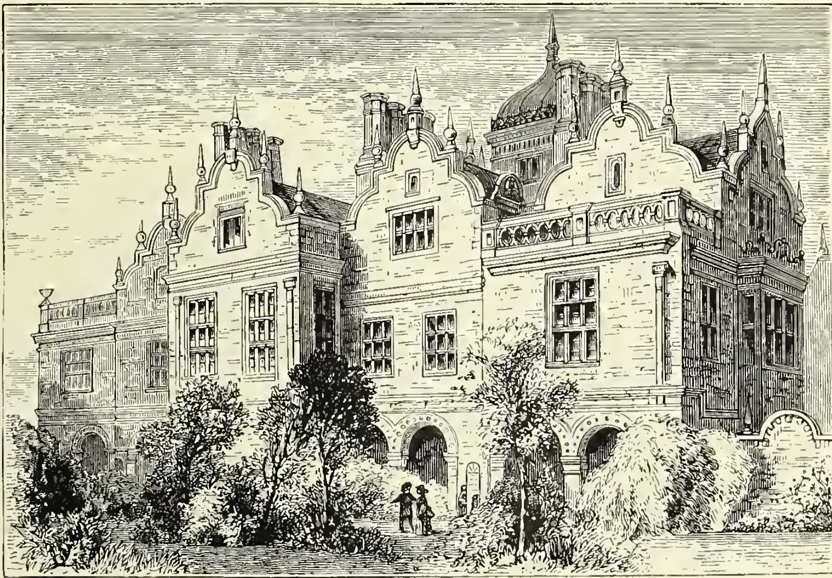
Still, in spite of this, nay, perhaps because of this, the class of buildings we refer to are in a special and peculiar sense picturesque and suited to the purposes of the painter, until, indeed, one is tempted to conclude that the pictorial quality in architecture is inversely as its structural propriety and its conformity with the requirements of good taste.

Never had the science of building been so bent to the exigencies of a mere longing for display; never had the purely pictorial side of building been so persistently pursued. Yet, notwithstanding their absurdities, their many conceits and caprices, their indefensible solecisms, their cumbrous and ridiculous classicalisms, and the grotesque feebleness of their sculpture, they form a series of mansions of incomparable and unique magnificence. "And still," to use the appropriate and appreciative words of a modern historian—"still we gaze with pleasure on their picturesque line of gables, their fretted fronts, their gilded turrets and fanciful vanes; the jutting oriel from which the great noble looked down on his new Italian garden, its stately terraces and broad flight of steps, its vases and fountains, its quaint mazes, its formal walks, its lines of yews cut into grotesque shapes in hopeless rivalry of the cypress avenues of the south."

"THE GALLERY OF THE PRESENCE," ASTON HALL.

The most rigorous purist must allow that there is about these odd, incongruous, charming buildings an air of decorum, of lordly gravity, of "cultivated leisure," which goes far to restrain and harmonise their freaks and caprices, their wild outbursts of erratic ornamentation, and their fantastic attempts at adornment. The dignity of Malvolio is triumphant over the foppery of his yellow hose and cross gartering.

It would be foreign to my present purpose to enter into the question of the cause of that alteration in the Elizabethan plan, which gave to the houses of the time one of their distinctive charms; I refer to the removal of the principal apartments to an upper floor, and the consequent development of the staircase, which became in the hands of their builders one of the most successful features of the designs (see staircase on page 228). Nor need I dwell upon the abandonment of the "great hall," consequent upon the decline of feudalism, and the substitution for it of that specially Elizabethan feature, the "gallery of the presence," of which Aston Hall furnishes a noble example. Long, broad, illumined by windows along one side, deeply embayed for retirement and conversation, the walls lined with wainscot and embellished with portraits of "Lord, or squire, or knight of the shire," and the frequent fireplaces adorned with quaint armorial devices, and the ceilings studded here and there with quaintest monograms and rebuses. An apartment of singular charm, suited not only to those stately dances for which it was originally designed, but for conversation and all social purposes.



GARDEN FRONT OF ASTON HALL.

During the closing years of Elizabeth's reign an important change was silently taking place in the temper of the people, and the distinctive architecture with which her name is associated gradually gave way before a more and more exact imitation of the Italian palace, a model with which the rapidly developing passion for foreign travel had made the wealthier part of the nation familiar. The older mode still lingered in outlying parts of the kingdom, but the force of the current was steadily onwards. The change had been foreshadowed not alone by the revival of classical learning, but also in the writings of Bacon. Six years before the death of the great queen, he drew with a firm hand his ideal structure. "You *cannot*," he says in his "Essay on Building," "have a *perfect* palace, except you have two several sides: a side for the Banquet *as it is spoken of in the Book of Esther*, and a side for the Household. I understand both sides to be not only returns, but parts of the front, and to be *uniform without, though severally partitioned within*, and to be on both sides of a great stately tower in the midst of the front. Further, I would have on the side of the banquet, in front one only good room above stairs some forty foot high," and so on. The above receipt for a perfect palace strikes at the root of the national and indeed of all *rational* systems of design. "To be *uniform without, though severally partitioned within*." As Petruchio says, "There's the villainy."

Two points in the quoted passage seem especially noteworthy—first, the evidence afforded of the growing tendency to look for sanction and direction for every article of human conduct in the Scriptures; and secondly, a proof of the maturing of a foreign system of design, an architectural prescription, so to speak, for a building in which a symmetrical exterior with balanced wings and a central feature is to be devised on fixed rules—a mask, in fact, behind which the several rooms are to be adjusted as best they may, the "one good room forty foot high" being undistinguishable in that outward uniformity with which all was to be clothed.

There is no need to insist upon the wide departure from the mediæval system of building which this arrangement suggests, where the one good room, the hall, stood out clearly in the design, its accessories falling into their respective places in due subordination. The superior pictorial value of the older plan is too apparent for comment. Bacon bequeathed his name and fame to the next age; and thoroughly indeed did the next age adopt his precept and better the instruction, until at last the outward uniformity system was given to us in such perfection that—in the case of Holkham, to wit—we are, as Fergusson says, "left to conjecture whether the noble host and hostess sleep in a bedroom forty feet high, or are relegated like their guests to a garret or outhouse, or perhaps may have their bedroom windows turned inwards on a lead flat."

Such houses were said to be "monumental," and so perhaps they were, but I for one should think a monument the *last* thing to associate with the notion of a home.

Thackeray has sketched for us one of these monumental achievements, "the upper part by Inigo Jones, the lower part altered by the eminent Dutch architect, Vanderputty," and has hit off with two or three masterly touches "the dismal old place," with its moss-grown steps, and its "*vast, melancholy portico.*"

With the Italian mode and the monumental theory of house-building, the pictorial element in our architecture ceased; and for a hundred years no secular building of any importance was erected in England which could by any stretch of the fancy be called picturesque.

I have no heart to follow them through their various manifestations of ugliness. There are plenty of them, staring blank and comfortless out of the setting of dark elms. They look like strangers and aliens in the land, and have no affinity with the sweet English landscape. No artist would ever think of trying to get a subject out of them. But I will not loiter over them to call them names.

I propose in another paper to trace the revival of the earlier manner, and see what of the picturesque is left for us in the village almshouse, the wayside inn, the peasant's cottage, and the never-failing charm of the quiet English homestead. E. Ingress Bell.

THREE ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS.—III.

LAWRENCE (*continued from page* 133).

LAWRENCE painted for George IV. the "First Gentleman in Europe," a master of pomposity and—though we must never forget that he had some great and noble purposes to which we have borne witness—the professor of "deportment" in his day. Lawrence appreciated and admired these signs of greatness. Much of this appreciation is discernible in his portraits. As he proposed to paint people either wearing their company smiles, or in attitudes becoming "full dress," or state occasions, he took great pains to study his subjects in lighted rooms, where few or no shadows fall upon the face, to show either the ruggedness that is natural to it, or that which has fallen on it from age. He went much to evening parties of all kinds, showing himself off as a master of the proprieties which

became a court painter to whom emperors and kings had sat. He dined out often, and rarely entertained his friends at home, saying he had no wife, and no one to do the honours of his house or his table.

He painted slowly. The early ease with which he had seized likenesses as a child did not remain when he had to master laboriously the technical difficulties of his art. Such a gift requires an early, careful, and systematic course of study to give it real strength and bring it to maturity. This was what Lawrence never really had. Some of his sitters sat very often; the Emperors of Russia and Austria, for instance, seven times, the King of Prussia six, Pius VII. nine, and the sittings were ordinarily of two hours each. One distinguished sitter sat forty times. George IV. had twenty sittings for his legs alone. His Majesty was proud of those members, and it may safely be gathered from that alone that Lawrence could not draw well.

Some of his men are better paintings than others—notably a half-length of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, belonging to Lord Aveland, and exhibited at Kensington in 1868. There is power in the drawing, and some fire and nobility in the eyes and the intensity of the expression. One might see it without recognising it as a picture by Lawrence. Generals, lawyers, and divines fared well in his hands. The wig, a stiff but not an unbecoming head-dress, saved the latter class of personages from the mannerism of the painter. The three heads of the Barings, those of Sir Walter Scott and of Abernethy, of the Duchess of Richmond, of Lady Peel and of Lord Melbourne, are among his best heads. The full-lengths in uniforms, naturally stiff and conventional dresses, are not the least successful, those in the Waterloo Gallery especially. A small painting of the Duke of York in uniform, reading a dispatch, is an excellent likeness, well posed and drawn. So is the head of the Duke of Wellington writing his Waterloo report. Unfortunately, owing to the glazing of the dark parts of this picture with bitumen, nothing but the head of the duke remains. No portrait remains by him of the Duchess of York, so far as we know. Mr. Greville, in his memoirs, declares that in that ill-managed household there was not the means to pay for one. The gardeners at Oatlands, the servants, physicians, and tradespeople were unpaid; and a party of gentlemen on a visit to that house, Mr. Greville amongst them, subscribed their names to pay for a portrait of the Duchess by Lawrence, but we believe she did not live to sit for it. The portrait of Cardinal Gonsalvi is more popular than the portrait of Pius VII., but not with justice. A fine head of Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, has been engraved.

Lawrence fell into ill-health at the close of 1829. He wrote to his sister at Bath, whom he loved tenderly, promising to spend the Christmas of that year with her. The visit was put off from day to day by unavoidable delays. He was invited to dine with Sir Robert Peel on the 2nd of January, 1830. He hesitated, but at last accepted the invitation. It was there remarked that he looked wretchedly ill. Whether the exertion had been imprudent, or the weather too severe for his condition, we are not told by his biographers; but he went home shattered and exhausted, and died the following day.

Large as the sums were which Lawrence received for his pictures, he did not die rich. He lived expensively, though not in giving entertainments to his friends. He bought drawings by Michael Angelo, Raphael, and other old masters, and left a large and very valuable collection behind him. Many of these may have been bought during his visits to Germany and Italy. It is said that he spent £60,000 upon them, and that they did not fetch more than £20,000 after his death. Many of these drawings, however, have since been bought by the King of Holland, by King Louis Philippe, and other royal persons, and at large prices. Efforts were made some years after his death to buy for the country, and at the public expense, the finest of those not already sold, but the consent of the Government could not be obtained. At length a number of them were bought, partly by subscriptions raised in the University of Oxford, partly by the generosity of a single contributor, and this remnant of the collection is now in the

MASTER LAMBTON.

(From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. By kind permission of Messrs H. Graves & Co.)

Randolph Gallery, at Oxford. The rest have been dispersed.

Altogether, it may be said of Lawrence that he was the painter suited to his generation—a generation changing its manners, somewhat boastful, unsettled, and ill at ease. The dignity and simplicity of the last century, with its old-world notions and principles, were gone. Half the countries of Europe had been turned upside down. Nothing had yet become stable or quite natural. The old nobility of France had been impoverished, and then decimated on the scaffold; the century had neither the grandeur of the days of Louis XIV. nor the brilliance of those of his two next successors. Our own aristocracy was erazed by the fury of political factions and by the military spirit, which enlisted the able-bodied of every county in the kingdom either in the army, the militia, or the volunteers. Noise, swagger, and coarseness were pardoned, if not encouraged, by society as the harmless extravagances of martial ardour. If the wildness of ideas and manners to which the French Revolution had given rise excited horror and sometimes ridicule north of the Channel, it influenced manners in England notwithstanding, and not favourably. George IV., as king, had changed his politics, and tried, under a pompous exterior, to put out of sight qualities and conduct for which he was held in contempt by a large majority of his subjects. He and the society of his day had to bear the burden of greatness which the glories of a successful war and the position of Englishmen in Europe entailed. These honours sat awkwardly, in some instances, on the society of the time. Manners were artificial, and Lawrence had no gifts by which he could hide or refine the popular sentiments of the day as they found expression on the faces of his sitters.

It would be unjust to the painter to lose sight of the great disadvantage with which he was forced to contend in the dresses, male and female, of his day. The men who had brought about a new order of things were not attractive in their costume. In Lawrence's day this aspect of mankind had become outrageous. Never since the days of Richard II.—and not then—had both sexes contrived such wonderful clothing. The *Incroyables* of Paris, the indecent feminine classicalism of the Empire, and the sporting costume of our own island, borrowed mutually from each other. Leather breeches, top-boots, and "riding-coats" (or "redingotes") found their way to France; turbans, waists under the armpit, Cossack pantaloons, furred collars, frogs, and Brandenburgs were adopted in England. A glance at the caricatures of the Regency and the fifteen years succeeding the peace of 1815 will give the reader some notion of the absurdities of these fashions. There remains plentiful illustration in more formal diagrams of the actual oddities which furnished matter for those lively satires. In its most sober form dress was ugly. High, tight cravats were introduced by the king to cover unsightly defects of the neck; coat-collars were raised in proportion. French *citoyennes* of the beginning of the century adopted the short waist for a patriotic "idea," but it hardly added to the dignity of the ladies whom Lawrence painted. As regards men's dress, we doubt whether portrait painters have yet mastered the ugliness of it, except in rare instances. Hunting-coats and shooting-jackets are a refuge for despairing artists of our own time. Lawrence had an exceptional dictatorship as the portrait painter of his day, but he could make no impression on this capital difficulty. Perhaps he was not aware of how greatly it might stand in the way of his future fame. His contemporaries were not, probably, inclined to regret, as we do, the suits of silk and velvet, the lofty powdered head-dresses, the swords and pigtails of an earlier generation; and perhaps Lawrence was not inclined to look beyond his immediate surroundings.

In this respect some of his most happy efforts have been his portraits of children. Costumes that sit awkwardly enough on full-grown men and women are quaint and becoming to children. The simplicity and grace that are natural to their years are not easily hidden, even under absurd feats of the scissors, nor do children often put on affectations, nor when they do is affectation in children what it is in the full-grown. Children were not altogether ill-dressed in his time; and the velvet suit, frilled and turn-down collar, and neatly

brushed hair help to make up a very charming picture of Master Lambton, of which we give an engraving.

The picture of the king, of his wig, and of the legs, for which he gave so many sittings, is perhaps, after all, the truest expression of Lawrence's powers as the diligent painter of the fashionable world round him. He saw his subjects in drawing-room attitudes and "company" smiles, as the aristocratic world saw them; he could see no deeper. He painted conscientiously what he saw, but it is not probable that his reputation will maintain hereafter the grandeur it reached during his life. J. H. P.

MODERN ART IN FLORENCE.—II.

HERE are yet a few more paintings to be noticed in the *salone* of the Società Artistica before we leave it for private studios.

Signor Cassioli, the Alma-Tadema of the Florentine school, has two or three light Pompeian subjects. In one is a lady on a classically formed chair, playing with a rabbit to amuse two lovely children. The drawing of the human form is singularly good, the flesh-tints soft and round, the colouring peculiarly cool and bright, being chiefly confined to rose tints and creamy white, with cool shadows. The second is also a Pompeian interior, two young girls and a pet peacock. The details of the bedroom furniture, the standing bronze lamp, &c., are all in perfect keeping, and the painting is highly finished.

Signor Tito Conti, though a very clever painter, has got into a mannerism that palls on one's taste after constant repetition. His subjects always seem to be suggested by his store of Cavalier and Roundhead costumes. From this era he never departs, and the "Going out" now before us is no exception to the rule. It represents a Cavalier, in all the glories of plumed hat and buff doublet, drawing on his gauntlet glove as he goes out, followed by a staghound. The handling is artificial, like the subject, and shows more high finish than artistic freedom.

Signor G. Costa is particularly happy in his "Last Flowers of Spring." It is only the half-length portrait of a girl holding some flowers in her hand, but the feeling is intense. As you recognise that the flowers are full-blown to the verge of falling, so you feel from the thoughtful face of the maiden that she is leaving young girlhood behind her.

Signor Chierici has a large painting called "The Veteran." It is a home scene—a child playing at soldiers, and his grandfather, an old soldier, is looking on, and fighting his battles again for the benefit of a group of grandchildren round his knees. The motive is good, though not original, but the composition and *chiaroscuro* are alike wanting. Though the detail is good, yet the effect, as a whole, is crude, spotty, and inharmonious.

In another work, "The Spinner," this artist is more successful, perhaps because the subject is more simple. It is a young girl sitting at her hearth watching the *pentola* on the fire as she spins lazily, the kitten meanwhile playing with the thread.

Herr Laevering, an Italo-Tedesco painter, has a delicious bit of peasant life, entitled "A Family Bath"—an elder sister with a crowd of younger children at their ablutions. A chubby baby is splashing delightedly; another, in his little shirt, with pretty dimpled feet, is eager to enter too. The traditional naughty boy stands aloof, crying at the prospect. Every child is a study both of form and of character.

Signor Saltini is also good in domestic subjects. His "Family Joys" is truly Tuscan in motive. A mother holds a bunch of grapes as an inducement to a tiny child, in one of those "walking cages" of wicker-work which are a speciality in Tuscany. It is prettily drawn, the half-tints extremely well managed.

We have left Professor Ciseri's "Entombment" till last; it is the most telling picture in the room. Joseph of Arimathea and three disciples are carrying the Saviour to the tomb,

followed by the group of Maries. The conception is quite unconventional, and though so full of nature, is most intensely religious. The painting of the corpse, which, though in perfect death, yet seems to have the idea of life in it; the earnest faces of the men in which hope and sorrow are mysteriously blended; the noble womanly form of the Madonna with her face of anguish not bowed down as usual, but uplifted to heaven, as though she feels He is there; the dishevelled figure of the Magdalen with her yellow robe falling off her shoulders, and her wavy hair veiling her face, which is half hidden in her hands, are all most eloquent. The handling is masterly; the figures stand out full in a flood of pure moonlight, which brings out the delicate features of Mary with a sharp light, and casts the more heavy countenance of Joseph into a stern shadow. The drawing of textures, too, is very clever; the sheet in which the body is carried, with the moonlight shining through its strained folds, has a most transparent effect.

Professor Ciseri is a bold and earnest artist. In an age when religion, once the life and soul of Italian art, has entirely vanished from it, he has set himself to restore it, and in his devotion has produced works which must impress even the most unthinking. There are in his studio at present three great pictures, intended for the Church of the Foundlings. In the largest, a nun adoring a vision of the Saviour, he has tried the experiment of simplicity on the grandest scale. The painting is thirty or forty feet high. There are absolutely no accessories save the book of the nun thrown on the ground, as if useless in the presence of the Great Teacher. The full-length Christ, draped only in a floating cloud-like garment, appears with outspread hands against a background of yellow light. Expression and attitude seem to say, "I give myself wholly for you." The second subject, "The Madonna of Lourdes," is exquisite for the purity of exaltation in the face of the Virgin, and the simple awe in that of the peasant girl. In the third, "The Conception," Professor Ciseri has treated an old subject in quite a new manner. The Madonna, robed in blue, stands on the world, the serpent coiled in the shadow at her feet. A faint crescent moon, rising beneath her, gives, in conjunction with her figure, the suggestion of an anchor, symbol of hope. The crescent is repeated more strongly above by a circle of angels' heads in the celestial background. In all three compositions the feeling and colouring symbolise heavenly light above earthly shadow.

An interesting studio has been lately open to the public, that of Ferdinando Andreini, a young sculptor who has, as it were, risen from the ranks. The son of a workman in artists' studios, his talent was recognised and encouraged by some English artists with such success that he has won prizes and found purchasers in several exhibitions. There is in his studio a charming little blindfolded Eros, well modelled and graceful, the groping attitude being especially suggestive. A pair of statuettes of Neapolitan children, bought by an English patron at the Paris Exhibition, are very spirited, the dancing girl full of vivacity, and the flute-playing boy very truthful. The hands of the latter are remarkably beautiful. Signor Andreini has a career before him if he keeps steadfast to true art, and does not debase it by pandering to false taste, in which rank might be placed the mincing little girl going to school in a long-waisted dress and knitted shawl.

A great deal might be said of American art, which has taken a high standing of its own in Florence. Mr. Ball has several very beautiful statues in his tasteful studio. Mr. Gould has made his name by a lovely airy "West Wind," so light and floating that he seems to have taken all sense of weight out of the marble. His "Timon of Athens" is a fine and grandly modelled statue, while the medallion "Head of Satan" is a masterpiece, with its wonderful blending of beauty and wickedness.

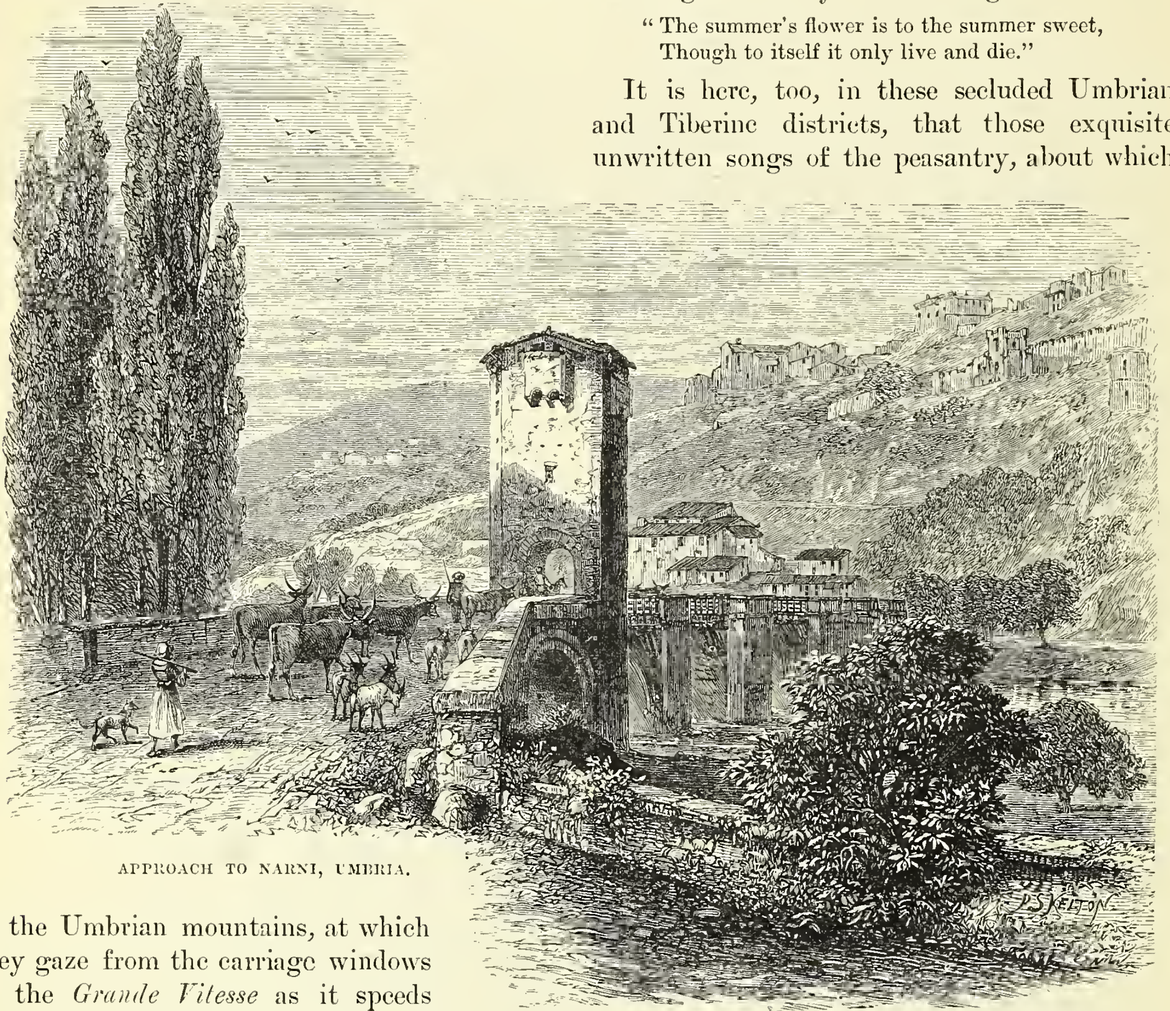
Mr. Craig has some charming pictures, of which "The Easter Hymn" and "Peace" are careful studies of child-life, while in "Isaac Meditating in the Fields" we have a more suggestive motive truthfully worked out—a warm Eastern figure standing up rich and dark against a sky from which the after-glow is just beginning to fade. The landscapes of this artist in *chiaroscuro* are very free and forcible.

LEADER SCOTT.

SKETCHING GROUNDS: UMBRIAN VALLEYS.

By Stephen Thompson.

HOW many of the numerous travellers who, in the chill October days, hurry by railway through Florence to Rome, dream of the world of beauty hidden among the slopes of the Umbrian mountains, at which they gaze from the carriage windows of the *Grande Vitesse* as it speeds on past remains of old Etruscan towns, and square mediæval towers, to the Eternal City—the lovely country intersected by the Velino, the Nar, the reaches of the upper Tiber—the vast forests, the wealth of vegetation and richness of colour, the fruitful farms, stately cattle, and all the finest and most characteristic features of Italian scenery which flourish unheeded in the central provinces?



APPROACH TO NARNI, UMBRIA.

Perhaps it is better thus. At least, there are fewer of the discordant associations and other evils which seem to accompany the advent of tourists in these almost untrodden ways. Self-sufficing is the beauty of nature, and we have high authority for believing

> "The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
> Though to itself it only live and die."

It is here, too, in these secluded Umbrian and Tiberine districts, that those exquisite unwritten songs of the peasantry, about which we have heard so much, had their birth. Songs, so delicate, so tender, so sweet, that one is beyond measure startled by hearing such "native wood-notes wild sung" by peasant-lovers in words they cannot write or read. It is the home of the *improvisatore,* who, in the midst of these natural beauties, cannot choose but sing—what wonder!—blossoming into verse as spontaneously as flowers into bloom. Love-songs breathing a refined delicacy of sentiment,

pure as the sunshine, the soft wind, or the fresh wild flowers, though oftentimes contrasting strangely with rude domestic surroundings. Far behind in all that pertains to modern civilisation, they yet are an old race; the descendants and inheritors of an earlier civilisation than ours, for the country around is pre-eminently the Italy of classical times. What may we say to an unlettered peasant girl who can thus address her lover—

> "O bocca d'oro fra pomi d'argento,
> Ora lo vedo che tu vuoi partire,
> Pártine pure, e vattenë contento;
> Ricórdati, idol mio, del ben servire;"

rendered by the author of the "Pilgrimage of the Tiber" into

> "O golden mouth in silver apples set,
> I know the time is come when you must go.
> Go, then; your parting with contentment met;
> Remember, dear, the service that you owe;"

or do aught but listen to such a lyric as that commencing, "Vanne, sospiro mio, vanne a trovare," of which we can only give a portion—

> "Go forth, my sigh, go sadly forth, and find
> Her who doth feed my heart with sorrow's flow,
> And if thou reach her tell her all my mind,
> Recount my griefs, and paint my wasting woe"?

When you have heard many of these compositions, it is easy to understand that in mediæval times "spirituality" and "deep religious feeling" were the characteristics of Umbrian Art.

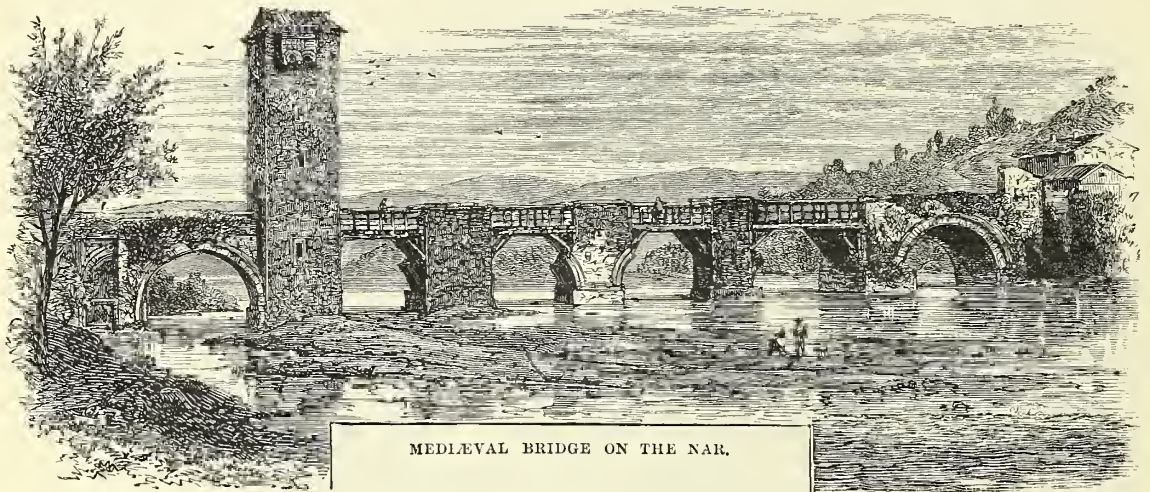
One sultry day in full summertide, when Rome, deserted by even the most case-hardened, seemed to be handed over to burning fire, I found myself threading the rocky gorge through which the heat-wasted Nar—the sulphurous Nar of Virgil—whose source is at the foot of Monte Sibilla, after flowing through the plains, joined at one point by the Velino, forces its way to a junction with the Tiber below Orte. It is some fifty miles from Rome. Hills clothed with the ilex, the chestnut, and the olive fill up the distance; around, upland slopes of yellow corn stand ready for the reaper's hand, and bullocks yoked to rudely-fashioned country carts dawdle down dusty roads, shaded by tall trees, between which the fierce sun darts slanting wedges of dazzling light. On the summit of a lofty hill, past which the river flows, stands the old Umbrian city of Narni, the Narnia of the Romans. Across the stream rest the grand ruins of the Roman bridge, built by Augustus for the purpose of continuing the Flaminian Way. Its massive fragments—one arch still entire—span the river at the foot of the precipitous steep on the least assailable side below the old towers and castle. Few things are finer, in their way, than this noble relic of imperial times.

CONVENT OF SAN CASCIANO, FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE RIVER.

Sixty years ago, Turner, at the height of his great powers, sat down before this opening of the defile through which the Nar flows, and made a finished drawing of the scene. That drawing (the property of Professor Ruskin) has recently been made familiar to the art-loving public at the exhibition of Turner's works, by their appreciative possessor. So

close is its topographical accuracy, that we can to-day be almost certain of the exact spot where Turner pitched his tent, or sketching-stool, by the river-side in those bygone days when Italy was yet a geographical expression, and no railway had invaded these solitudes. But the single line of Roman railway is almost hidden by the inequality of the ground, and scarce alters the landscape, or betrays its presence, except by a few puffs of smoke twice or thrice each day. How unaltered the subject is may be seen by our illustration made on this occasion. The mediæval bridge close by, old as it is, seems but of yesterday beside the huge relic over which the Roman legions life in the way he leads the eye by the bright trees to the convent on the hill, seen through the ruined Roman arch."

There are many other subjects worthy of the pencil along the banks of the stream, and you will certainly be quite alone. The old city, seemingly so far away on the lofty elevation above, appears to have done with the world. Not a sound, or any indication whatever of interest or connection with the earth below, is to be heard or seen. So far as outward appearances go, it may be still asleep, as when surprised by the Consul Apuleius (B.C. 300), who introduced his legionaries by a subterranean way, and made it henceforth a Roman city.



MEDIÆVAL BRIDGE ON THE NAR.

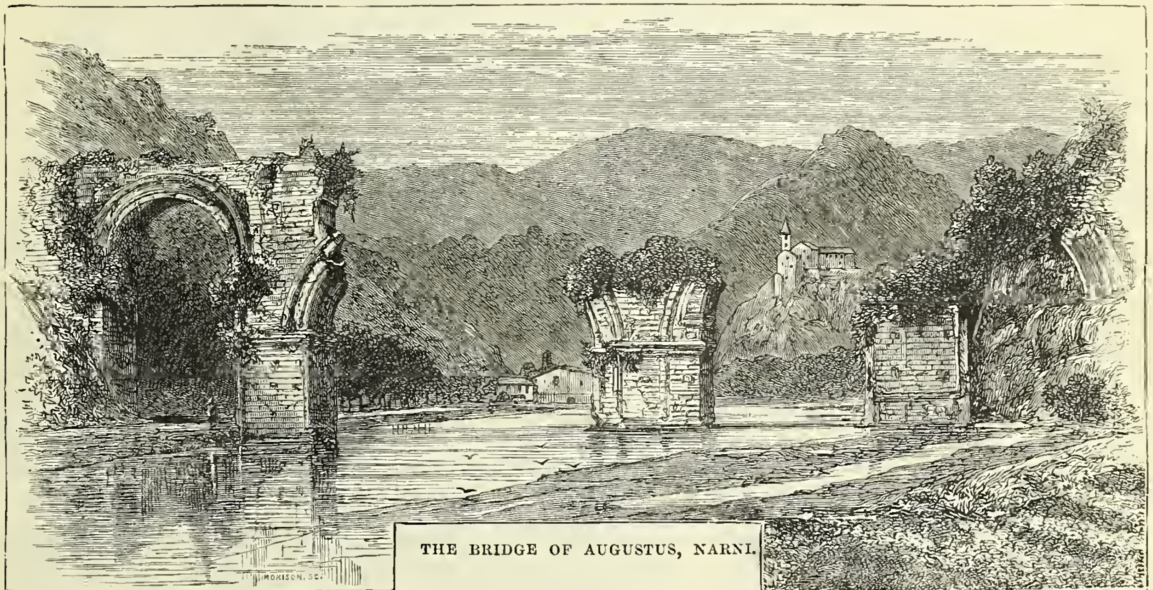
passed. The sandy river-bed glows white in the hot noonday sun, and long-legged Tiberine sheep cluster together here and there, as though to present as little surface as possible to the untempered rays. Perched on the well-wooded hill above peeps out the picturesque convent of San Casciano, but no vesper-bell may be heard at close of day as in Turner's time, for the conventual establishment has been suppressed.

Of Turner's drawing, known as "The Bridge of Narni," Mr. Ruskin writes, "Turner's mind at this time was in such quiet joy of power, that he not so much wilfully, as inevitably, ignored all but the loveliness in every scene he drew. This river is, in truth, here neither calm nor pure. . . . . Assuming, however, that the stream is to be calm and clear, a more lovely study of water-surface does not exist. Note, again, Turner's sympathy with monastic

But there *is* life in the aged city—such lethargic, unambitious existence as is too common in old Italian towns far removed from the great centres of business—and on festivals all the picturesque finery of the surrounding district may be seen converging to the zigzag slopes leading to the curious narrow streets, above which stands the ancient cathedral. To-day, however, it makes no sign; all is stationary, save the moving shadows of the great white clouds sailing overhead. All silent but the shrill rattle of the *cicala*, the murmur of the shallow stream, and the echoes of the songs of the reapers in the distant harvest-fields. There is an idyllic charm spread over all this which "leads the hours in dance," and the ray of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday.

The day wears away, until the lengthening shadows remind one that it is time to seek

some shelter for the night, or, satyr-like, be content with a hollow tree; for we know, by past experience, that it is useless to make the toilsome ascent to the mediæval city above in search of the Albergo, which exists only in the pages of Murray as "good, but dear." It has long since been closed for want of guests. Come, then, in imagination, with me, and let us see what the interior of an Umbrian *Osteria* is like. We turn our back upon the fading magnificence of a sunset all living purple and gold, plunge into the deepening gloom of a path along which the heavy acacias droop



THE BRIDGE OF AUGUSTUS, NARNI.

in the heated air and the fire-flies dart in eccentric flight. The gleam of a bright light through the trees indicates the way. It is only a roadside *Osteria*, primitive enough, but profoundly welcome. Such humble fare as the place affords is soon in preparation. One is not perplexed with choice, and while it is cooking we can survey our halting-place for the night. Mother Earth, in picturesque undulations, composes the floor, and a wooden stool has to be made usable by the levelling aid of a wedge of red tufa. In one corner is stacked the stock of carbon, the other is filled up with a similar one of wood. The farther end of the apartment is partially screened off for the mysteries of the cuisine. One wooden table is appropriated to the *forestieri;* the other is surrounded by *contadini,* playing dominoes. The *zuppa minestra* and macaroni, accompanied by native wine, exhaust the resources of the innkeeper; and when the eggs, that I had ordered to be boiled, at length appeared, no egg-cup or wine-glass was procurable; but a hole scooped in a hunch of bread soon disposed of the difficulty, and formed the necessary support. Italians rarely use eggs except for frying. Later in the evening, one by one, all the occupants of the inn found their way outside, and sat about in the bright moonlight, smoking or chatting. Even the corpulent landlady, who had all the evening been energetically driving her two black-haired and almost equally fat domestics, at length commanded a halt. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat!" we mentally exclaimed, as she seated her too-expansive person on a wooden settle beneath a tree outside, and drawing from her pocket a handful of cigars, lighted one of the largest, and smoked herself into the repose of a Vere de Vere. Knowing beforehand that my bedroom would probably be little better than a kind of caravanserai, ascended by a ladder, and of which I should not be the only occupant—for the pursuit of the picturesque "acquainteth a man with strange bedfellows," yet that it would not be the less necessary to have a clear understanding as to the tariff as in all out-of-the-way travelling

in Italy—I carelessly inquired of the *padróne* the price of my sleeping-place. "*Dieci lire, Signore*" (ten francs), he at once answered. Playfully complimenting him on the modesty of asking a higher price than that of the best hotel in Rome, both he and the *padróna* replied in one breath, without any consultation, "*cinque lire*" (five francs), to which I still objected, as too high for such an establishment. "*Due lire*" was the unhesitating response, in which sum I acquiesced. These pleasant people have their "ways," but when one is familiar with them—well, it doesn't matter.

The room proved to be better than I anticipated; the refreshing coolness of the still night air effaced the memory of the sultry hours; the full moon shone through the open casement, and flooded the chamber with light. From a neighbouring villa came the sound of a mandolina exquisitely played by some deft hand, and so closed, not unpleasantly, a sketching day in Umbria.

STREET SKETCHES.

THE charming illustrations that we reproduce in this number are scraps from the portfolio of a German artist, who might aptly be called a peregrinating philosopher. Such infinite variety of observation and subtle sense of humour (witness the boy tickling with a straw the ear of the unconscious sleeper on the bench) are seldom found in the artist *pur et simple*.

Hugo Kauffmann must have travelled much, and with eyes that knew how to see.

So many benighted mortals go through the world with eyes wide open, and yet, alas! they see not. Ask them about their wanderings; what they have seen. They are nonplussed. They have retained absolutely no impression of what has passed before their eyes. The year in its changing beauties tells no stories to them. The tender green of spring, the grey heats of summer, the full, rich colouring of autumn, do not penetrate to their inner sense of vision. They know it is winter because the ground is white, but can they perceive the subtle beauty that lies hidden in the snowy covering; the delicate tracery of the leafless branches, "bare, ruined choirs where once the sweet birds sang," against the leaden sky; the sky whose neutrality of colour frames so perfectly the vivid, intense streaks of yellow-red the sun in his setting leaves across his path? Mr. Kauffmann cannot be ranked amongst such Philistines as these. With quick appreciative glance he has noticed the blind man under the portico, with hand outstretched to prove by sense of touch whether it be fair o'er head or not. Rain!

A BIT OF MISCHIEF.

It is still raining, so the well-worn umbrella

"DOES IT RAIN?"

carefully held in the other hand must be again unfurled. Notice the *seeking* look the blind so often have impressed upon their countenances. How well one perceives that he does not see. We cannot help regretting that in the composition of the groups a greater sense of proportion had been observed. The heads and figures of all the children placed in the foreground are far too small. Nevertheless there is a surprising amount of animation and "go" in the scenes depicted—scenes at which we feel assured the artist was an on-looker. Can you not see the poor organ-grinder with the dancing figures that the children know so well shut up in the box behind him? He also is blind. Mr. Kauffmann, no doubt, because he can so well appreciate the blessings of sight, seems to possess a delicate sense of sympathy for those whose enjoyments in this world are even sadly curtailed. How tenderly the "guid wife" leads with gentle touch the poor man's steps. She, trudging by his side, carries the camp-stool that represents may be all their household goods. What do they want with more? Do they not often get a night's lodging free at the village inn, where the dancing marionettes have attracted a large audience, who gape and wonder, and then moisten their open mouths with the landlord's watery beer? And the poodle demurely walking by the side of his master, calmly disdainful of the yelping attentions of the stranger dog, who vainly endeavours to attract his notice. To see him now, with tongue hanging loosely out, and sober, measured tread, you would scarcely recognise him as the whilom "observed of all observers." Ah! he is a sly dog. He knows he can afford to wait; his time will come. Then he will proudly exhibit all the tricks his master is never tired of teaching him; for to the odd couple this dog is as their child. Then there are the

A STREET CORNER.

bewildered country people lost in the mazes of a large city. How often one has seen them at the corners of streets, helplessly listening to the voluble string of directions the good-natured passer-by pours in a volley upon them. They are too timid to ask for clearer directions, and so we are safe to meet them at the further end of the street again listening to the intricate instructions of how "to keep straight on, taking the third turning to the right, and then the fourth to the left," and so on, until their poor tired brains get more addle-pated than before, and one is induced to wonder whether they really will ever reach their destination.

WELCOME ARRIVALS.

Mr. Kauffmann's portfolio teems with clever and characteristic drawings, of which the four we have selected may be taken as fair specimens. It will repay a careful observation, and nothing more interesting and diverting could be found to while away a wet afternoon in a country house.

L. J.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—V.

ONE of our large engravings this month (page 245) reproduces Mr. S. E. Waller's striking and pathetic picture, "The Empty Saddle." War is best treated in its accessory incidents. It is not the clash of armies, or a column on the march, or the *pêle-mêle* of flight and pursuit, which supplies the artist with subjects for his pencil, for there the human interest is lost by diffusion; the machinery of an army is more apparent than the soldier. It is in the side-scenes,

in the before and after of a battle, in the wake of an army, and in the soldier's home, that the heroism, the pathos, and the humanity of war offer their inspiration to the artist. War is not picturesque on the field in time

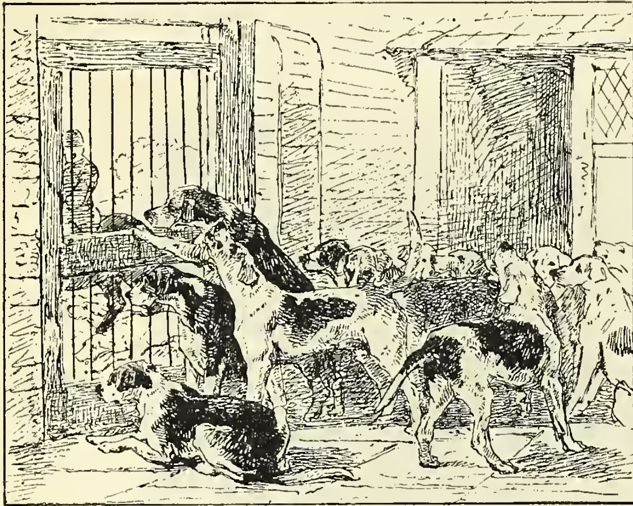
A NARROW WAY, CAIRO.
(*By Walter C. Horsley.*)

of action, but infinitely so in the pauses, in the accessory episodes, in that circle of ever-widening emotions which spreads through the people of a country at war, as the ripple from a fallen stone widens through the waters of a lake. Mr. Waller has hit upon one of these side-incidents, as suggestive as it is simple; the beautiful old country-house of his picture and the last century costumes lend a grace to the conception.

"Fear," by Mr. J. T. Nettleship, is a work of very remarkable power (page 246). The scene is apparently from the Biblical deluge. On a floating log a tiger and a serpent find refuge together in the friendship of a common terror; a waste of waters stretches to the horizon; the expression of the tiger's face is forcibly pathetic.

Mr. J. S. Noble's "Freedom and Im-

prisonment" (page 244) is an admirably painted study of harriers—an important picture of large size, in which the wild impatience of the dogs imprisoned in the kennel on a hunting morning is excellently rendered.



FREEDOM AND IMPRISONMENT.
(*By J. S. Noble.*)

Signor Gaetano Chierici has this year a little bit of quiet humour, thoroughly Italian in character, "Adding Insult to Injury" (page 246). The action of the boy who is defying the cat to attack the little downy chickens feeding from his plate is fully intelligible to those only who know the children of Italy and Switzerland well. In both of these countries no greater insult can be offered than that of "making horns," which is done by extending the index and the little finger, and closing the rest. This action, once a serious insult between adults, is now confined to "vulgar little boys." The protruded tongue of Signor Chierici's capital urchin needs no explanation, being a sign of derision and defiance in universal use.

The subjects of two other of our illustrations, Mr. W. B. Wollen's "Football," and Mr. W. C. Horsley's "Narrow Way, Cairo," speak for themselves. Mr. Wollen, as a figure painter, cannot do better than study our national sports, which give as fine scope for the expression of strength and beauty as any of the Greek games. Mr. Horsley makes the fullest use of his visit to the East by putting his reminiscences on canvas; and his composition in the present instance is, as usual, admirable. Mr. Lucas's "Gordon Riots" we have already noticed, although the publication of the sketch has been delayed until now.

Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., in giving a quasi-comic reading of a passage in the Old Testament, has, with questionable taste, made a hazardous experiment. His "Gehazi, the Servant of Elisha," is a very realistic and very modern rascal, gloating cunningly over the good idea of embezzling the two talents

FOOTBALL.
(*By W. B. Wollen.*)

of silver and two changes of garments; his expression is decidedly funny, and no better picture of a roguish Oriental could be imagined.

Mr. Crofts returns to the ever-interesting a habit, which was observable in Maclise, of giving the eyes a circle of white all round the pupil by way of conveying emotion. Such a device cannot take the place of true

THE EMPTY SADDLE.

(*By S. E. Waller.*)

Waterloo. He shows us the defeated Napoleon in the act of quitting his carriage to take horse. It must be owned that, though the canvas interests from the multitude of figures in action, there is throughout a certain lack of expressiveness. The artist has rather caught expression, and it weakens rather than assists the dramatic effect. Mr. Crofts always composes well and paints with facility, and his picture has been one of the marked attractions of the year. Further on in the same room is another Waterloo incident, treated in

this case by a French artist, M. Philippoteaux. Work from his brush always shows a thorough training, and the drawing is more complete than can often be found in an English gallery. The passage of the great battle which he illustrates is a peculiarly noble one. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, the Colonel of the 13th Light Dragoons, relates how, wounded in the head and both arms, he was carried by his charger into the ranks of the enemy, where he was again severely hit and laid half dead on the ground. He was succoured in this terrible strait by a French officer, who has never been identified, and who placed a knapsack under his head and gave him a drink out of his own flask. These are the incidents of war which, as we have already said, are more glorious in history and more beautiful in art than panoramas of battle in the "grand style." Mr. R. C. Woodville's "Before Leuthen: December 3rd, 1757," is also a noteworthy military picture, in which character is well expressed.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.
(*By Gaetano Chierici.*)

It is seldom that two artists choose the same subject with the same title for their contributions to one year's Academy. "The Return of the Penitent" of Mr. Fildes and "The Return of the Penitent" of Mrs. C. Amyot (*née* Engelhart), the latter of which forms the frontispiece to our present issue, are alike, however, only in the leading motive; the incidents are totally

FEAR.
(*By J. T. Nettleship.*)

THE RETURN OF THE PENITENT.

(From the Painting by C. Amyot, in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879.)

dissimilar, and it is to be noted that the lady's intention has been to convey a meaning entirely contrary to that of the couplet quoted by Mr. Fildes in the Academy catalogue :—

> "Every woe a tear may claim
> Except an erring sister's shame."

In Mrs. Amyot's composition the women are all forgiveness and compassion. The mother stretches out her hands eagerly to the kneeling daughter, the sister hangs entreatingly on her father's arm ; but he is obdurate, and the brother hesitates to forgive and be reconciled. The poor girl's city dress is an offence to the simple household of peasants to which she has wandered back ; it makes a striking contrast to the homely garments of her virtuous sister ; yet this prodigal meets no jealous rivalry on her return. The grouping of this striking picture is uncommonly good, the accessories are picturesque, and the low tone of the colour is pleasant. The latter peculiarity and the quality of the painting give it a somewhat foreign aspect. "The Return of the Penitent" has been exhibited in the Paris Salon as well as at Burlington House.

Mrs. E. M. Ward has painted this year, quite against her usual custom, a picture of a single figure—a young lady in modern "æsthetic" attire playing the violin. The figure is remarkably pleasing and graceful, and accords so well with the idea of music that it is appropriately named "Melody." In the execution, this work is at variance with the artist's habitual and well-known manner. The subject is so excessively simple that it cannot be expected to excite any such public interest as did the "Mrs. Fry Visiting Newgate," exhibited a few years ago—a memorable work, an engraving of which, executed by Mr. Atkinson, has just been published by Mr. Edmund Hewson, and dedicated by command to the Queen. If Mrs. Ward never before aimed at so elaborate a work as the last mentioned, she certainly never had such an inspiring subject. The incident as it actually occurred was characterised by Sidney Smith as "the most solemn, the most Christian, the most affecting, which any human being ever witnessed. . . . This is the sight," he adds, "which breaks down the pageant of the world ; which tells us that the short hour of life is passing away,

THE GORDON RIOTS.

(By Seymour Lucas.)

that we must prepare by some good deeds to meet our God." These are solemn words spoken

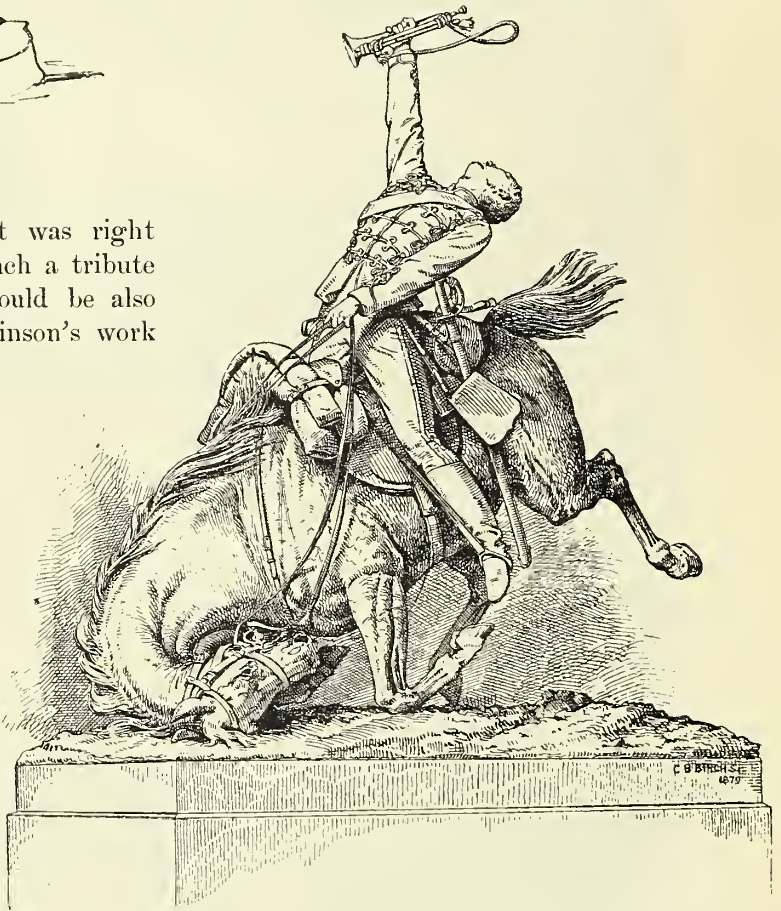
IONE.
(*By J. N. MacLean.*)

straight from the heart; and it was right that a good deed which earned such a tribute of enthusiasm from literature should be also commemorated by art. Mr. Atkinson's work is an admirable specimen of the engraver's art, and it may well be classed with "pictures of the year"—others in black and white we hope to notice in a future article.

Before closing this notice of the Academy pictures of 1879—a notice which is now a reminiscence—we have attempted to retrieve our almost inevitable neglect of canvases of great merit, but of lesser note—bearing names which have not escaped the unprejudiced critic in former years, but which are not on the lips of the crowd. Among these we desire to give our closing praises to Mr. F. Barnard's clever "At the Pantomime;" to Mr. R. W. Macbeth's shining "Sardine Fishery;" to Mr. William Bright Morris's "Temptation," which represents with exquisite touch a Spanish courtyard, where a seller of silks is exhibiting tantalising wares to two ladies; to two sea-pieces, by Mr. Walter Shaw, "On the Doombar," and its companion, admirable for the quite exceptional excellence of the wave-drawing; and to Mr. Eugene Benson's "Sunday Morning in Titian's Country," an original and very charming little work representing a procession entering a church door in the cool-coloured yet intense sunshine of early morning, while the mountains are still quite blue, without details, and the heads of the people are shining in the light.

SCULPTURE.

Leaving pictures behind, we give sketches of two pieces of sculpture of a very dif-



THE LAST CALL.
(*By C. B. Birch.*)

ferent subject and character—the "Ione" of Mr. MacLean, and "The Last Call" of Mr. C. B. Birch, whose "Retaliation," which

we engraved last year, has gone to represent English sculpture at Sydney. The commendable ambition which led the last-named sculptor to choose this year one of the most difficult subjects within the reach of art has been rewarded with an astonishing success. Mr. Birch has seized one of those instantaneous and intense actions which are hazardous to treat in the monumental calm of marble or bronze; but the event has proved that he has not attempted too much. One shell has simultaneously struck man and horse, the "last call" of the dying trumpeter is still ringing suspended in the air like a man's soul in the act of flight; very finely has the sculptor combined the images of vivid movement and of the pause of death. Whether "Ione" be intended as a fancy figure or as an illustration we know not; we imagine the latter to be more probably the case, the only Ione popular in fiction being Bulwer Lytton's stately Greek, who would be hardly realised by the charming young maiden of Mr. MacLean. He gives us great ease and repose, and the face, though regular, is not severely so—nay, it inclines to the more piquant modern type.

LACE.

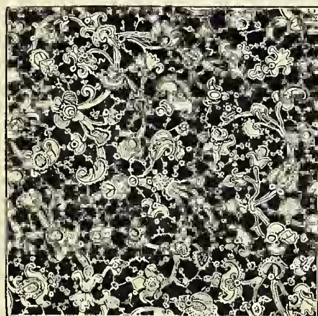


Fig. 1.—ROSE-POINT, NEEDLE-POINT LACE. VENETIAN, 17TH CENTURY.

A GOOD many books have been written about lace and the incidents of its history and manufacture. Some are considerable in size, and some comparatively small. The illustrations are often numerous and attractive-looking; they are generally successful in showing the picturesque appearance of lace. It is to be feared, however, that amateurs rely to too great an extent upon them. The knowledge picked up from the study of such books cannot, on the face of it, result in a real acquaintanceship with the materials used, or with the way in which they are used. On this account we propose to say a few words on the importance of studying actual specimens—that is, if a real knowledge of methods of lace-making be desired.

Everything has its proper use, and the more intimately acquainted a wearer of lace becomes with the facts concerning its production, the more will she be influenced to put lace to its proper use. She will be able to understand how discordances arise when machine and hand-made laces are mixed in the adornment of a *coiffure* or a *fichu*; or when, say, needle-point lace is mixed with pillow-made lace in the ornamentation of a *polonaise* or *corsage*. She will not be at the mercy of the vendor of laces, who blandly declares that such and such a specimen is a splendid "Point de Malines," or such a one is a rare piece of "Point de Neige." She will learn to be wary of full-sounding, well-rounded forms of lace nomenclature. She will reduce the mystification of varieties of laces to some simple matter-of-fact classification. Arrived at this stage of knowledge, she finds

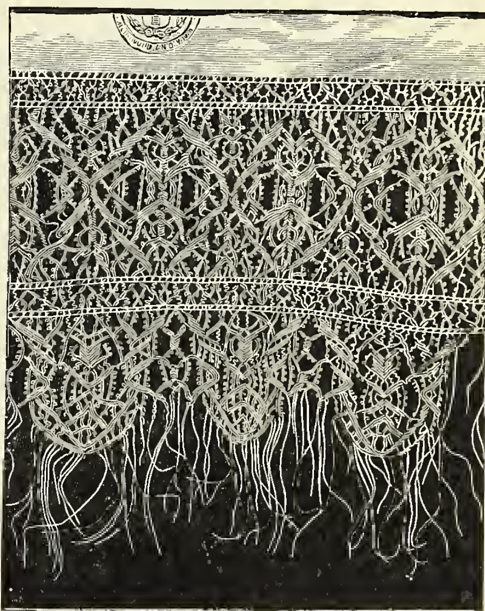


Fig. 2.—MACRAMÉ OR PUNT A GROPPO TWISTED THREAD LACE. ITALIAN.

herself privileged to turn her attention to the historical and romantic side of the question, and to learn how to soften her unimpeachable utterances upon the twisting or looping of threads with anecdotes of the convents and churches of Italy and Spain, of the Court of Louis XIV., with appropriate references to portraits by Holbein, by Franz Hals, by Vandyck, or with happy reminiscences of delicate sculptured tracery on rarely mentioned ancestral tombs, to say nothing of apt quotations from the gentle-minded poets who have extolled the art of fairy-like works inherited from Arachne.

Fig. 3.—TAPE LACE, WITH FILLINGS-IN OF NEEDLE-POINT WORK. ITALIAN, 17TH CENTURY.

Unfortunately, it is frequently the rule to reverse this order of things, and glib talk about the designs of Vinciolo, the intrigues of Colbert in the establishment of the great Alençon lace manufactory, the successful feats of smuggling lengths of lace wound round a Dutch boer's body, or packed inside the cranium of some plaster of Paris Venus, passes for knowledge about lace.

To one who wishes to know certain distinguishing features of lace, a magnifying-glass of pretty high power is necessary. As a preliminary practice in the use of the glass, it will be well to try and trace the course of a single thread in a piece of work, and to find out by this means if the thread be merely twisted and plaited, or if it be looped up, twisted, looped up again, and so on. In suggesting what may seem to be a rather tedious process, a caution is necessary against the insidious fascination of tracing the course of a single thread in a complex weaving, which so infatuated some unfortunate creature as to drive him or her into a condition of melancholy, because the end of the thread could never be discovered.

Twisted or plaited threads are a chief feature of pillow-made lace; recurrent loopings-up, twistings and loopings-up, &c., of needle-point lace. But ladies accustomed to use their needles would instantly find out what sort of stitch is employed in such a work, as, say, the thick white filling-in of flowers and stems in a piece of Venetian point lace. And having once fixed a fact of this kind in their minds, the detection of points of difference between pillow and needle-point laces would soon become a matter of certainty. The next step to be taken might be to examine under the glass a piece of pillow-made lace and a piece of machine-made lace. In the latter would be discovered, as a rule, a wiry, hard regularity of appearance, very unlike the soft lay of the threads intertwined on the pillow. From this stage one might proceed to studying the sorts of ground net-works, or, as they are technically known, the *réseaux*. Here would be found two kinds of workmanship, the one resembling the twistings and plaitings, the other the loopings-up and twistings already mentioned as characteristics of the two broad classes of lace. Varieties in grounds arise from the use of one, two, three, four, or more threads, looped-up or plaited to form a single mesh of the groundwork. Each variety belongs to a certain section of lace. Thus the mesh in the needle-point lace, known as "point d'Alençon," is composed of a series of single-thread loops, cast on to one another, and kept in position by lines of thread running transversely to the loops; in fine Venetian laces, with a *réseau*—which, by the way, are rare—the *réseau* is made in the same way, but the loops of the meshes are arranged perpendicularly to the length of the piece of lace,

whilst in point d'Alençon they are horizontal—that is, parallel to the length of the piece. In pillow lace one finds many fanciful varieties of twistings to form the *réseau*. Lille lace has the simplest form of *réseau*. The most elaborate *réseaux* are those belonging to the class of Valenciennes laces, which is called "fausses Valenciennes" in contradistinction to that of the "vrais Valenciennes;" though amongst the buyers and sellers of lace these works are as often as not called Mechlin laces. Mechlin, however, has a perfectly distinctive *réseau*, and so has Brussels. The relationship existing between these finer laces and the coarse provincial laces may easily be traced. As soon as it is apparent that laces have a rational development to be traced more easily than those of various natural growths, the interest in acquiring definite knowledge on the subject increases.

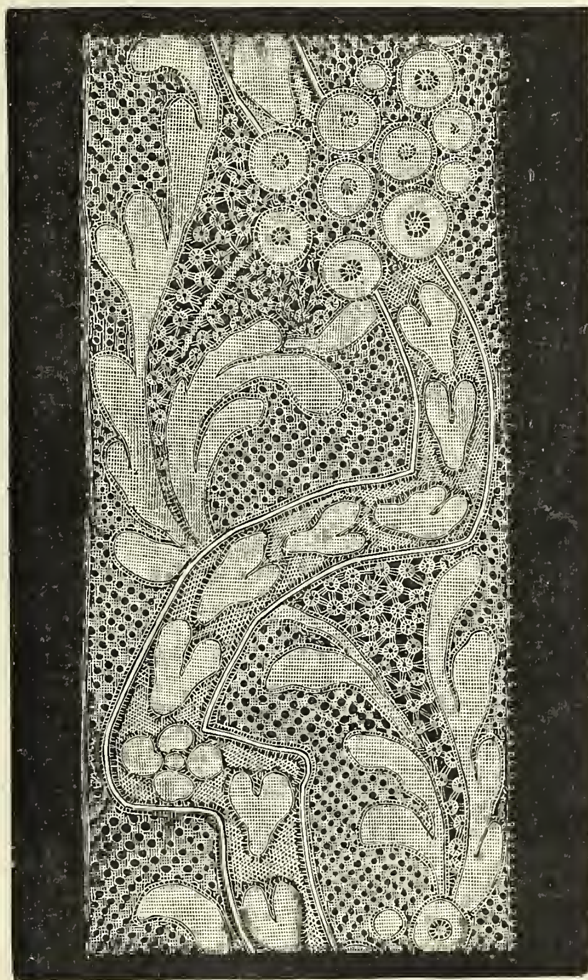


Fig. 4.—FLEMISH PILLOW LACE. 18TH CENTURY.

Of the four specimens selected to illustrate this paper, two are of kinds of lace which are often worked successfully at the present day. Fig. 2, of twisted thick threads (cord may be used with equally good effect), passes under the name of "Macramé work;" an earlier name dating from the sixteenth century is *punt a groppo*. Effective mantelpiece borders and fringes may be made in this manner. Although the name implies an Italian origin for this lace, the twisting of coarse threads in this fashion was as likely as not to have been known to the earliest fine art practisers of whom we have any history. Fringed cloths of the Egyptians were ornamented in the manner of this *punt a groppo*, though not in the same pattern. The plaited fibres of South American and African workmanship are analogous to the *punt a groppo*. Fig. 1 is a reduced copy of some delicate Venetian rose-point lace—a needle-point lace which was developed from handsome, flat, needle-made lace, figured in pattern books of the sixteenth century under names such as *punt in aria*, *punto tagliato a foliami*. Fig. 3 is a mixed lace—Italian, seventeenth century. The main stem is a woven tape, whilst the filled-in ornaments are worked with a needle. This is a lace which is still made, and in the execution of which there are no such subtle difficulties to overcome as would be found in the production of such a lace as that of Fig. 2. Fig. 4 is a piece of Flemish pillow lace, with a groundwork of two sorts of devices in the plaiting of the threads.

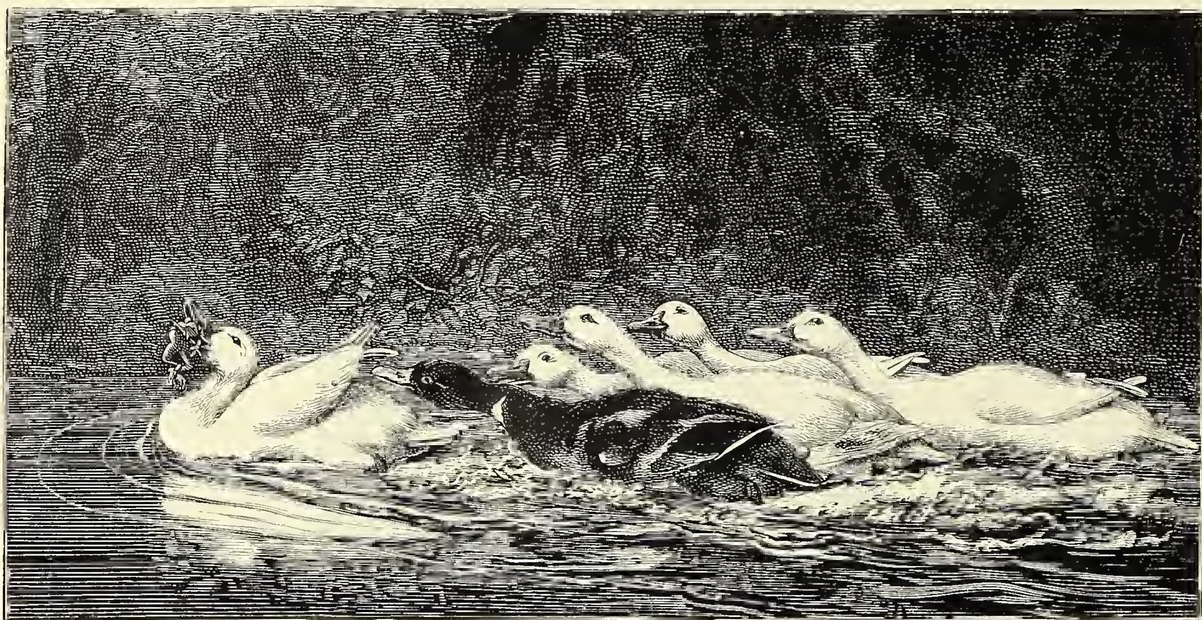
These few remarks on characteristics of certain laces may, it is hoped, sufficiently interest the readers of them to cause them to adopt the use of a magnifying-glass as a means of ready detection between needle-point and pillow-made lace. Engravings of lace specimens are useful to the student of design in lace. Design, however, is an important branch in the general study of the subject. Its study involves more time than the acquirement of skill to distinguish the comparatively few kinds of workmanship employed in the production of lace.

ALAN S. COLE.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

BRITON RIVIÈRE, A.R.A.

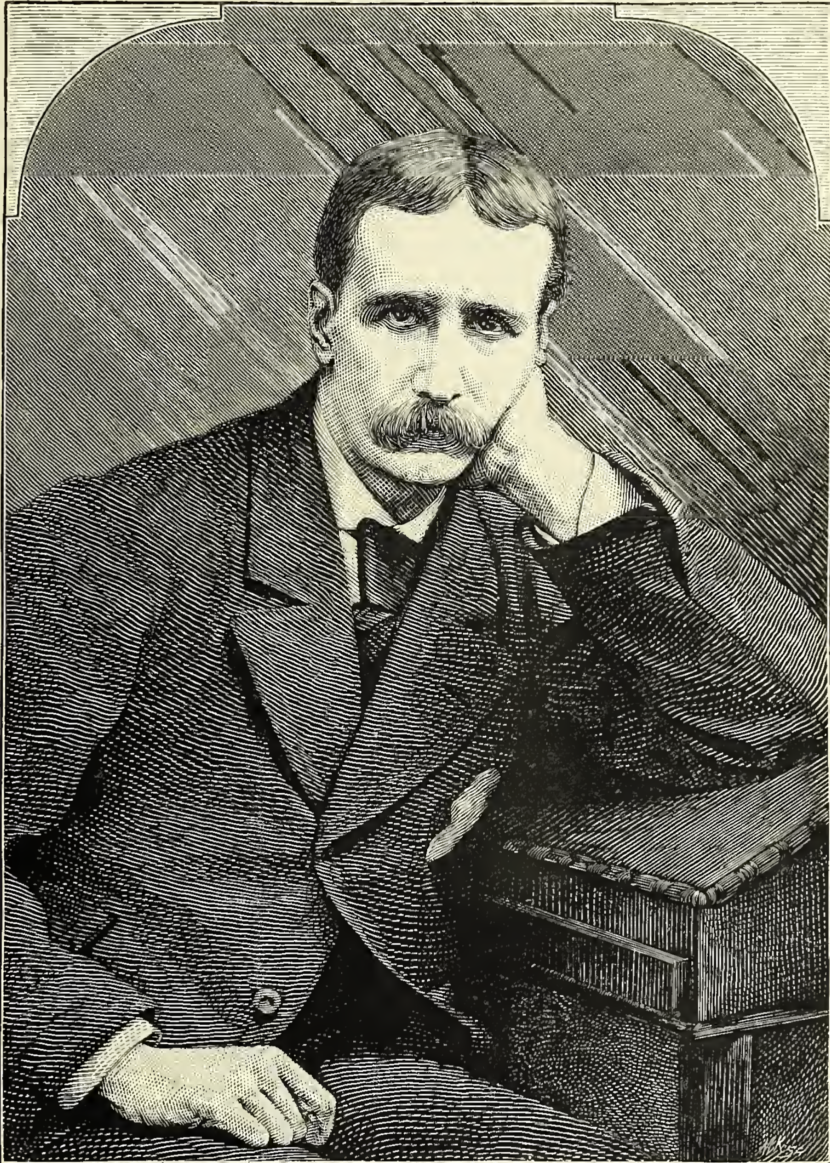
THAT the name of Briton Rivière should suggest to some minds that our present subject is a Frenchman is not strange. It has, however, only the remotest foundation in fact, and it would perhaps be difficult to find a better or more thorough specimen of an Englishman than the eminent artist himself. The circumstance that he is a descendant of an old Huguenot family, which emigrated to and settled in this country two hundred years ago on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., is the whole and sole plea that could be set up by France for claiming him as her son—a plea surely entirely invalid. His grandfather, Mr. D. V. Rivière, was a student at the Royal Academy, where he gained a medal, and exhibited later on many works of great merit in water-colour. William, son of this gentleman (and brother of H. P. Rivière, of the "Old Water-colour"), born in London in 1806, and father of Mr. Briton Rivière, following the footsteps of his sire, eventually became the head of the drawing school at Cheltenham College, and later on, by his zeal and energy at Oxford, managed to get art introduced into the curriculum of the university. Prior to this he had been favourably known in London through his works for the competition for decorating the Houses of Parliament. Thus the present inheritor of the honoured name found in his father the most natural and the fittest of masters, and he tells me that from an early age (he was born in London, August 14th, 1840) he studied drawing and painting; first during the nine years he was at Cheltenham, and then at Oxford. The classic influence of the latter place was not without its effect on the young artist. He became a member of the university, graduating B.A. in 1867, and M.A. in 1873. This distinction, however, in nowise tempted him from his devotion to art, nor did it at first lead him to search, as might have



"A STERN CHASE IS ALWAYS A LONG CHASE."

(From the Picture by Briton Rivière, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1876. By kind permission of Messrs. Agnew & Sons.)

been expected, in the pages of Greek and Roman literature for his pictorial themes. In the years 1858 and 1859 he exhibited at the Royal Academy pictures entitled "Rest from Labour," "Sheep on the Cotswolds," and "On the Road to Gloucester Fair," but it was not until 1866 that his work obtained much recognition, or was so hung as to allow of its critical examination. "The Poacher's Nurse," a dog licking his sick master's hand, was sufficiently



(*From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle*).

well placed to show the excellent promise which its execution gave; and in the following year, 1867, one at least of the compositions exhibited by the artist fulfilled this promise, and at once gained for him a large meed of public approbation. It was entitled "The Long Sleep" (hung at the oil exhibition of the Dudley), and though extremely painful in sentiment, it left no doubt of his powers. An old man, having died sitting in his chair, is watched with wondering disquiet by his two faithful dogs, whose intelligence, displayed in the expression of their eyes, already evidently divines that all is not right, and hints plainly at the depths of sorrow into which they will be plunged when they have realised the sad truth.

A water-colour drawing, now in the collection at South Kensington, called "A Game of Fox and Geese," originally exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1868, carried Mr. Rivière's reputation prosperously on, until the Royal Academy's first year at Burlington House in 1869 found him represented again by a pathetic subject simply named "Prisoners," a dog and his master with the indissoluble bond of sympathy between them under misfortune being the prominent sentiment expressed. An important engraving by Stacpoole has made everybody familiar with the chief work of the painter in 1870. We have all been touched by "Charity," and have regarded, with a lump in our throats, the outcast child upon the street-doorstep sharing her last crust with two equally outcast dogs. This picture was awarded a medal at the International Exhibition of Vienna. Continuing to devote some time to water-colour, Mr. Rivière showed, as in the "Fox and Geese," that, notwithstanding his tendency to the pathetic, he could still on occasions be mightily humorous, and in "Suspicion," two sparrows in the snow eyeing doubtfully a fallen apple, hung at the Dudley in 1871, we had a rare specimen among others of this side of his genius. The first classical theme which he treated was also the one with which he made his first unmistakable score, and "Circe and the Friends of Ulysses" (1871) may be said now to be world-renowned, having obtained for its painter a medal at Philadelphia, and having been engraved, as he himself declares, "by Stacpoole, in a manner to give me the greatest delight." "Come Back," likewise exhibited in 1871 at the Royal Academy, offered a striking contrast to the "Circe," being again a domestic drama in which a prodigal daughter, returning to the home whence she has strayed, is recognised by the old dog. "Daniel," in 1872, offered an entirely suitable subject, and the large and original treatment of it won for our artist a vast increase of renown, as may be imagined from our engraving.

The climax of Mr. Rivière's pathos was perhaps reached in 1873 in "All that was left of the Homeward Bound;" and if I were criticising instead of recording, I might be induced to question whether it is fair for an artist, endowed with powers like his, so to wring our hearts, as he does, by the perpetuation of such a scene as this, of the young shipwrecked girl lashed to a spar floating with a starving dog clinging to her away upon the wide world of waters.

A contrast to this picture was offered in the very noble canvas of "Argus"—a most happy combination of classic lore and animal painting. Induced, no doubt, by the success attending his efforts in the region of ancient literature, the painter next caught a suggestion from Euripides. In 1874 "Apollo" became one of *the* pictures at the Royal Academy, and admirably adapted was the situation selected for exhibiting the cunning of our artist's hand. Very apt too were the lines from "Alcestis" taken for the catalogue description, and in reprinting them we shall convey perhaps the best idea of the picture possible where space is brief:—

> "Apollo's self
> Deigned to become a shepherd in thine halls
> And tune his lays along the woodland slopes;
> Whereat entranced the spotted lynxes came
> To mingle with thy flocks; from Othry's glen
> Trooped tawny lions; e'en the dappled fawn
> Forth from the shelter of her pinewood haunts
> Tripped, to the music of the sun-god's lyre."

The sleeping lioness at the mouth of her cave, under the name of "Genius Loci," was the second canvas of that year. Alternating his mood once more to modern tragedy and everyday life, the limner in 1875 gave us "War Time," "The Last of the Garrison," and a portrait, "E. Mansel Lewis, Esq." (life size,

with horse and dogs upon the sea-shore), familiar doubtless in the memory of most observers of art progress. The first of these three took a medal at Philadelphia.

Versatile always, the very humorous picture which we reproduce, of "A Stern Chase is always a Long Chase," was one of the most striking of Briton Rivière's works in 1876, and it came in charming opposition to the second of the same year, "Pallas Athene and the Swineherd's Dogs."

"A Legend of St. Patrick" spoke for itself, and in 1877 added another commentary on the versatility of the artist's mind. "Lazarus," exhibited the same season, was a further mark made by the rising tide which bore onward our subject's fortunes and lifted him into his Associateship (January, 1878).

So little time has elapsed since, in 1878, everybody was commenting with admiration on the work described in the Royal Academy catalogue as—

> "They say the lion and the lizard keep
> The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep—

that I may be forgiven for not drawing the reader's attention more directly to such a noble and remarkable production.

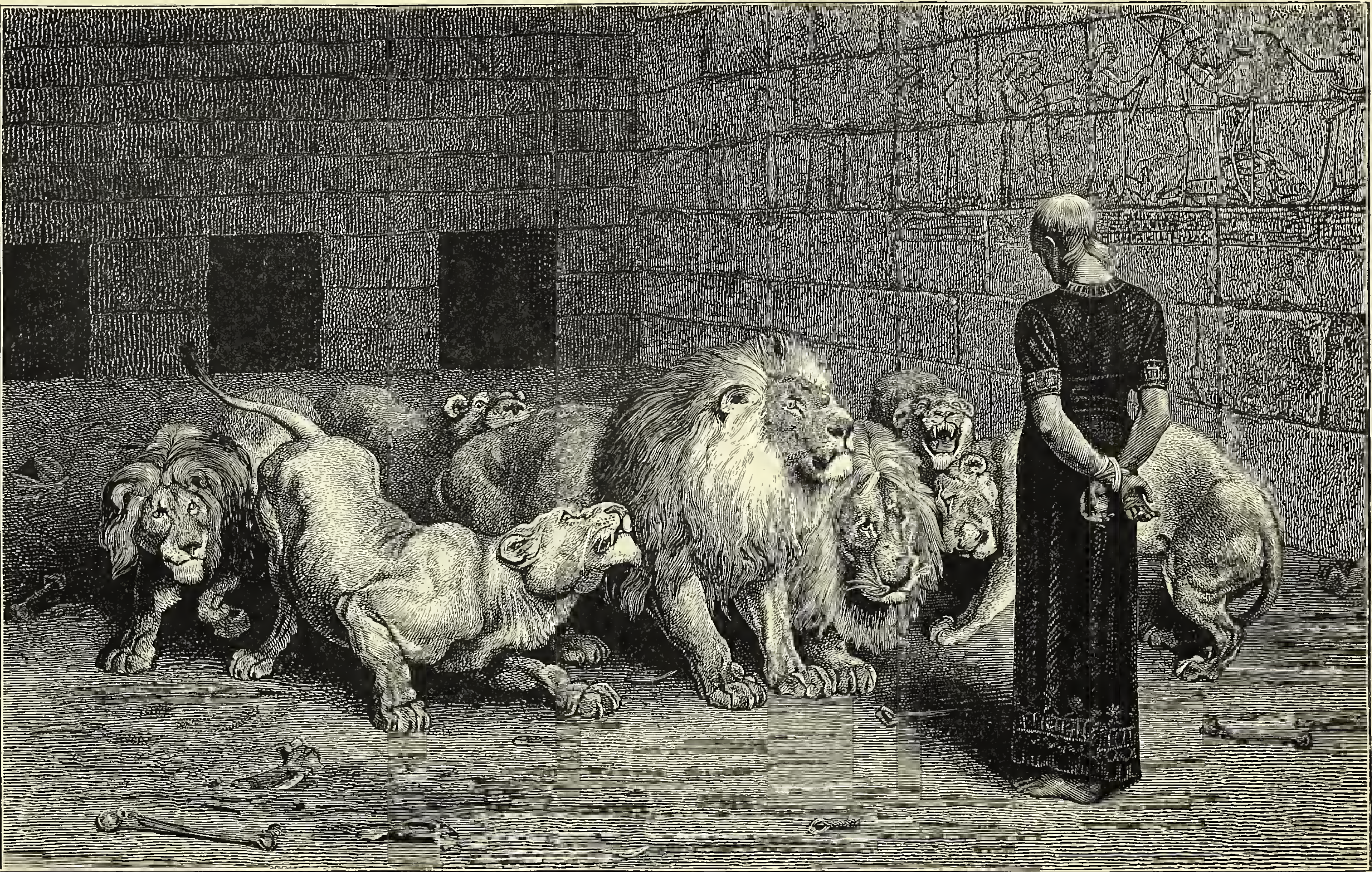
Animal painting will ever claim in this country a high regard from all classes. The Englishman's love for dumb creatures (as, in our arrogance, we are pleased to call them) is certain in itself to secure a fair field for the artist who makes them his study; and we may assuredly congratulate ourselves that, conspicuous in the front rank of the able and talented successors to the honoured — I had almost written deeply reverenced—position held by Edwin Landseer, we can number so entirely original a genius as Briton Rivière. Each mood of mind to which he gives expression tells how capable he is, for it would be difficult to say in which he shows at his best, and whether we see him dealing with such subjects as that just mentioned, or with the three others from his brush that same year, viz., "An Anxious Moment," "Sympathy," and "Victims," we discover him to be equally at home.

In passing, for instance, in the present year of grace, 1879, from, say, "The Poacher's Widow" to that picture of his hung in an adjacent gallery called "In Manus Tuas, Domine," there was something very significant in the large range of thought and idea which they indicated on the part of the artist. One was struck instantly by the fact of what inestimable price to a painter are high culture and a wide and liberal education. By their means his natural gifts are increased a thousand-fold in value, and his mind stored with poetic and classic memories and associations.

Briton Rivière's scholarly attainments tell with marked effect in the practice of his profession. But for them his genius could scarcely have been developed to its full capabilities; and though, no doubt, he would always have made his mark as an artist no matter what his early surroundings had been, it is surely quite clear that to the cultivation of his mind is due, in great part, the completeness and refinement which, amongst other qualities, especially distinguish his work.

Who shall say how much more elevated and noble might not be the English school of painting were a university education (or something approaching it) considered as indispensably requisite to fit a painter for his career as it is for those who follow medicine, law, or divinity?

W. W. Fenn.

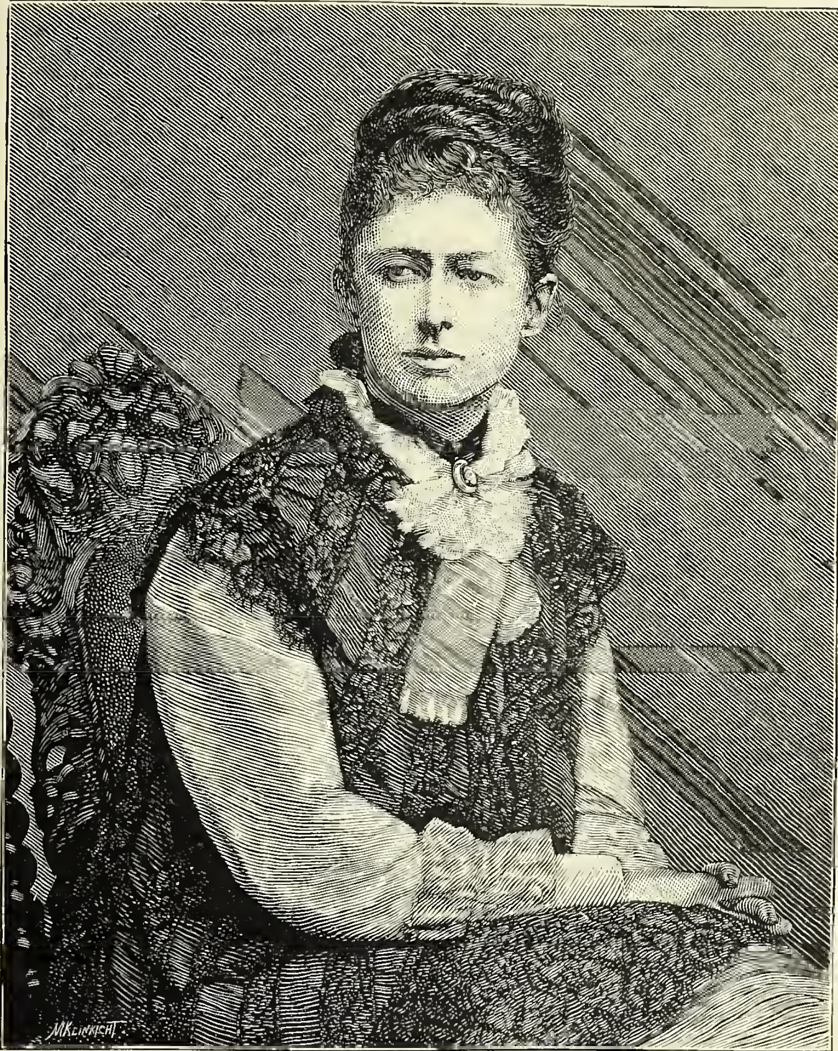


DANIEL.

(From the Picture by Briton Rivière, A.R.A., in the Royal Acad.my Exhibition of 1872. By kind permission of Messrs. Agnew & Sons.)

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

ELIZABETH BUTLER (NÉE THOMPSON).



Very sincerely yours
Elizth. Butler

(*From a Photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey*).

MRS. ELIZABETH BUTLER undoubtedly owes her exceptional success not only to her abilities as a painter, but to that felicitous perception (itself an accompaniment of the more effective order of genius) by which the right, opportune, and successful

course is seen, understood, and energetically pursued. Such a course was a battle-painter's career at the time this lady resolved to follow it. She might have confined herself to animals, or historical works, or portraits, or she might have indulged all the *finesse* of a woman's taste in the fascinating pursuit of *genre* painting; but there was one field which had remained in England absolutely empty of worthy labourers — the field of military painting. Miss Thompson saw at a glance that by the good luck of genius this field lay awaiting her; and this perception has undoubtedly been the foundation of her successes.

A little knot of painters in France, among whom the names of De Neuville and Detaille are the best known here, though it comprises others of almost equal distinction, had recently revolutionised military painting in their native land. From the most conventional, heartless, insincere, and inhuman of arts they made it the most human, the most intensely true, the most realistic. And nowhere is realism better placed than on the canvas of the battle-painter. The situations and emotions of history, of romance, and of actual life need idealising; but the situations and the emotions of war, on the contrary, are so great, so dramatic, so strong—being matters of life and death—that they only need realisation to be the highest objects of the highest art. Elsewhere give place to the illusion, the dream, the convention if you will; in military painting make way for the man. You cannot go beyond the man—noble, devoted, wretched, pathetic, commonplace even. All the little every-day physical miseries of a campaign are supreme in interest, provided they be given as they are—not smuggled away in unrealities. "All the glories of France," rampant in the halls of Versailles, are not so glorious as a group of De Neuville's soldiers keeping one another warm under a bank of snow. If art thought proper to go further (but it is right that she should pause), and show us the dead as they really die on the field, with their undignified attitudes "*like broken marionnettes*," as M. de Neuville has described them to the present writer, there would be more pathos, and probably even more dignity, in the half-grotesque truth, than in the heroic *poses* of conventional death—but the painfulness would be too great. And to these young French reformers — men eminently of their age — the English lady joined herself in aims and method. She threw off falsity, and studied the soldier for herself, with the aid of an almost Shakespearian dramatic imagination. Animal painting, landscape, and portraiture became for her accessory arts, to be loved and sedulously cultivated as her military subjects should require them, but no longer to be pursued for their own sake. There is no probability that her resolution, wisely and firmly taken, will ever be cast off.

Miss Thompson was born at Lausanne, on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. Her mother, during the winter of her daughter's birth, cultivated her favourite art of landscape painting, and the natural pictures of the snowy mountains and the ice-bound lake, set as they often were in magnificent sunsets, were the first objects that caught the child's eyes. Charles Dickens, the close friend of Elizabeth Thompson's father, was the companion of this Swiss sojourn. All her early years were divided between Italy and England, the almost uninterrupted sunshine of the Eastern Riviera of Genoa brightening her winter quarters, while the heart of the English country was usually her summer residence. Country life, with the companionship of a sister, and with perfect freedom to run about on the hills of Nervi, or in the fields of Kent, to watch the horses at their farm-house work, and even, it is whispered, to play cricket on the village green, formed a healthy contrast to the studies which were vigorously pursued from the age of five to that of seventeen, under the sole tutorship of Mr. Thompson, who (himself educated at Cambridge, and possessed of an independent fortune) entirely devoted himself to the training of his two daughters. That they should be good swimmers, good billiard-players, and good markswomen with a pistol, entered into the scheme of "accomplishments" which he resolved to give them. The familiarity with animal life was peculiarly favourable to the Rosa-Bonheur aspirations of the little girl, while the free, demonstrative, and expressive character of the Italian peasantry stimulated

her singularly keen power of observation. Her father was early struck by this power, and developed it watchfully and constantly, drawing the child's attention especially to outward manifestations of character. There is much that is dramatic in Italian life, and nowhere could the faculty peculiarly belonging to the artistic, as apart from that which pertains to the more meditative literary talent—the faculty of objective observation — find greater scope than there. The dramatic power which was afterwards shown in the faces of the men in "The Roll-Call" and "Quatre Bras" germinated in those early days.

Drawing was the child's daily occupation. While history was read aloud by her father in the school-room, she worked with her pencil. Steeplechases, battles, and stampedes of wild horses were her constant subjects at the most tender age—not that she had ever seen any such incidents, but descriptions fired her young imagination. This distinctive taste was constant and undeviating. Happily there was no one to be shocked at this natural tendency as "unladylike;" so sketch-book after sketch-book was filled with childishly drawn horses, which nevertheless ran with an unmistakable motion, and by soldiers engaged in deadly warfare, who somehow seemed to fight with a will. Intensity of action and firmness of bearing were always found in these early attempts; anything might be remarked in them *except* weakness, uncertainty, and infirmity.

The united family life continued from year to year; at the age of fifteen the young artist of the little circle, whose future success was already foretold by dozens of friends, first took lessons in painting. A short trial of the elementary rooms at the South Kensington art-schools persuaded her that the routine of "design" was not fitted to her development. She therefore took instruction in oil-painting during one winter from her first master, Mr. Standish. Then came a residence of three years at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, after which the travels of the family, irresistibly attracted to the countries nearer the sun, began again. Later, during a rather lengthened sojourn in London, Miss Thompson re-entered South Kensington—not as an "elementary" student, whose daily task would be the copying of equal-sided scrolls—but as an advanced draughtswoman in the "life-class." This wise suspension of the usual regulations was the work of Mr. Burchett, the late lamented head-master, whose wide culture, benevolence, and conscientiousness endeared him to the little knot of pupils in whom he saw evidences of power and goodwill in art. Miss Thompson impressed him by her industry, thoroughness, and perseverance; and she also gained distinction in a sketching-club got up among the students. Indeed, nothing in the shape of amusement or distraction had power to wean her from the delights of daily work.

During this time her first attempts at exhibition were made — and unsuccessfully. Her first water-colours were rejected by the Society of British Artists; but a year later the Dudley Gallery accepted a spirited water-colour, "Bavarian Artillery going into Action." It won a good word from a writer, who, long before the days of "The Roll-Call," never failed to encourage the young aspirant's efforts—Mr. Tom Taylor, the art-critic of the *Times*. From this date she continued sending her military drawings to the water-colour Dudley. At the age of two-and-twenty the training to which she attributes the most solid successes of her art began at Florence, under the eye of a masterly draughtsman and a great teacher, Signor Bellucci. With zest and delight the young pupil worked in his studio in one of the quietest paved streets of the incomparable city—Via Santa Reparata; and occasionally she copied the fine frescoes of Andrea del Sarto and Franciabigio, in the cloisters of the great popular church, the Santissima Annunziata. In the following autumn Miss Thompson completed at Rome her first subject picture in oils. It represented the "Visitation," and when exhibited in that city received "honourable mention." Its after-adventures were noteworthy. Being sent in the following year to the Royal Academy, it was rejected, and not only rejected, but returned with a hole through the sky. Nothing daunted, the young artist tried Burlington House again on the succeeding year, and was again unsuccessful; the next season saw her third attempt at obtaining an

entry at the obdurate Academy, and this time her picture, "Missing" (which forms the subject of our full-page engraving), was hung almost out of sight. Meanwhile the press had by no means overlooked her work; and those who speak of the sudden fame of "The Roll-Call" are apt to ignore the fact that several of the leading critics spoke with even greater warmth of the military water-colour drawings which she produced before 1874 than they did afterwards of her popular *chef-d'œuvre*. The art-patrons of the North were especially quick to recognise the new military painter, and it was from the North that she received her first commission—the commission for "The Roll-Call."

The acceptance of a commission by a young lady marked what she had always intended, and her father had freely permitted—the frank adoption of painting as a profession. That a woman, whatever her station in life, should utilise her talents, and should enter into that equal competition with other professors of her art which can never be attained by amateur aloofness, was a principle dear to her heart. It was only, she felt, by entering simply and ingenuously into the market of sale and purchase that she could fairly measure herself with her brothers of the brush; besides, though never an advocate of women's right to vote or to legislate, Miss Thompson has always strenuously upheld women's right to work; and though personal conspicuousness and public appearance have always been repugnant to her nature, she confesses to the nobler ambition of fame through her labours.

The subject of "The Roll-Call" was of course the artist's own choice. It had long been in her mind, it was painted in buoyant confidence and hope, sent to the Academy, and —the rest is history. So far Miss Thompson's relations with Burlington House may be thus succinctly described :—First year, rejected with a rent in the canvas; second year, rejected without a rent; third year, skyed; fourth year, "The Roll-Call" on the line. The first intimation received by the artist, in her suspense, of the astonishing success of her work, came from the interior of the Academy. The selecting committee had hailed the picture on its presentation for judgment with a round of cheers—a generous and cordial recognition which took the artist fairly by surprise. Then came the Royal speeches at the banquet, then the newspaper shout of congratulation, and then the "public" spoke. It is not given to many, even among great geniuses, to move the heart of the million. Masters in literature, in painting, in music, have been fain to content themselves with an audience "fit though few." But an audience of the whole people listened to this young girl's story of "Calling the Roll after an Engagement in the Crimea." The people, by the way, would have none of this Academy-catalogue title; as usual with the things it really cares for, it gave the picture a name of its own. During the excitement created by the work, and literally unparalleled since Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" occasioned a similar *furore*, the artist who had set the town in a ferment never relaxed labour for a week. Yet she had not only public applause, but the caresses of London society to tempt her from her easel. The public press was full of her. Wild stories were set afloat as to her origin and history; a quarter of a million of her photographs were sold within a few weeks; the retirement and quiet of her private life fostered the public curiosity, and she became, in spite of herself and wholly through her work, a lion. An incident without precedent in the annals of the Academy occurred: her picture was removed from its place on the walls in the height of the season by the Queen's command, and taken to Windsor for her inspection; and so greatly was Her Majesty, whose interest in her army is intense, pleased with the work, that she intimated her wish to become its purchaser. The owner, whose happy commission had given it being, loyally ceded it to her supreme claim.

In 1875 "Quatre Bras" was exhibited at the Academy—a picture containing perhaps more of the artist's dramatic imagination in the realisation of masculine character than any of her works. This season it chanced that Mr. Ruskin resumed the "Notes" on pictures of the year, which had been so important a feature of the artistic seasons of the past. Of "Quatre Bras" he wrote :—"I never approached a picture with more iniquitous prejudice against it than

"MISSING."

(*From the Picture by Mrs. Elizabeth Butler.*)

I did Miss Thompson's, partly because I have always said that no woman could paint, and secondly because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing. But it is Amazon's work, this, no doubt of it, and the first fine pre-Raphaelite picture of battle we have had, profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. The sky is most tenderly painted, and with the truest outline of cloud of all in the Exhibition; and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme left, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse, seen through the smoke below, is wrought through all the truth of its frantic passion with gradations of colour and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death." In 1875, too, Miss Thompson used her pencil—which had already contributed occasional sketches to the illustrated papers—to illustrate with six drawings the volume of poems published by her younger sister under the title of "Preludes." More recently Miss

A GRENADIER GUARD FROM "THE ROLL-CALL."
(By permission of the Directors of the Fine Art Society.)

Thompson has illustrated several ballads of Thackeray's; and ever since the exhibition of black and white opened at the Dudley Gallery she has been among its contributors.

"Balaklava"—the return of a handful of the Light Brigade up the brow of a hill after the famous charge—was her next picture; upon this followed "Inkermann," which was exhibited at the Paris International; one year's interruption, in 1878, was compensated by the exhibition of two works in the present season. Miss Thompson's marriage with Major Butler, C.B., which took place in 1877, only served to stimulate still more her attachment to military art. She learnt to love with even greater fervour the soldier whose humanity she had so intimately understood, and whose sufferings, sorrows, and valour she had drawn with so much insight. The high poetic imagination of the author of the "Great Lone Land" gives her the sympathy of a different yet kindred art. Her career is still in its early stages; with every year technical improvement in the methods of her work is observable, and we are certain that if she wields the brush at sixty, as we hope she may do, she will be then, as she is now, and as she desires to be always—a student.

John Oldcastle.

MR. SEYMOUR HADEN ON ETCHING.

WE now present our readers with Mr. Seymour Haden's final paper on the subject of Etching—dealing as it does with the more matter-of-fact processes of printing and its auxiliaries.

"As to the printing of etchings. It resembles in no respect the printing of steel plates—indeed, a steel-plate printer cannot print an etching, for he has been educated to handle everything with roughness and without delicacy, and so he soon loses any artistic feeling that he may have for his work. As an instance of this, the most exquisite series of plates which Whistler ever did—his sixteen Thames subjects—were originally printed by a steel-plate printer, and so badly, that the owner thought the plates were worn out, and sold them for a small sum in comparison to their real worth. The purchaser took them to Goulding, the best printer of etchings in England, and it was found that they were not only perfect, but that they produced impressions which had never before been approached, even by Delatre. I need hardly here impress upon the etcher the advisability of printing his etchings himself. It is at first a troublesome process, and the expense at starting is considerable, but in the end it effects a saving of time, and the work becomes much more genuinely the etcher's own, as no one who has not seen the improvements a good printer can make in the appearance of an impression could believe what a difference can be effected by skilful printing. If, however, he cannot print his own works, he should choose a finely organised man, with the palm of a duchess, to do it for him, first showing him a specimen proof. Under any circumstances he should never let the plate go out of his sight, but, standing by the press, watch every impression as it issues from it, for he may rest assured that hardly a single one will be passed by without its conveying suggestions, which then and there resolve themselves into imperative alterations, probably very slight, but still of a beneficial character. It is these alterations, often merely a single scratch, which are ferreted out by ingenious persons, and forthwith exalted into states—of which hereafter. I well remember that this occurred to me during the printing of my large plate of 'Calais Pier' (an etching after the Turner in the National Gallery). Were the impressions of that plate compared, hardly half a dozen would be found to be alike, so often did I feel called upon to make amendments. Considerable importance attaches to the *paper* upon which etchings should be printed. Most of the paper made now-a-days is full of lime

and plaster of Paris, and so is sure to come out sooner or later with spots. The finest paper is old vergé paper, which can only now be collected sheet by sheet, seldom quire by quire, and very rarely ream by ream, in Holland and Spain. Old French paper is very good, and Turner used it for the 'Liber Studiorum.' Rembrandt used old 'papier du soie de Japan,' but it is not to be had now. There is a moderate Japanese paper now procurable, the colour of which is good, but it takes dry impressions. It is made of the fibre of the *Broassonetra papyrefere,* and the whole process of its manufacture may be seen depicted on Japanese drawings which have come over here. Lastly, there is a good paper called 'vellum,' made by Whatman, its thickness being its only disadvantage.

"As to ink. Old Frankfort black is the best; when too cold, tempered by burnt sienna, umber, or sepia. These should be mixed with oil, strong or weak, according as strength or the reverse is required. The selection of ink is as great a part of the art of the printer as the biting-in of the plate is to the artist, his object being to get the paper to quit the plate easily without too much friction.

"As to the press. The one now exhibited is an old one, and the same as was in use in 1600, as we may see from the old engravings by Abraham Bosse of 'The Engraver's Studio' and 'The Printing House.' In these, too, you will see the correct way of drying etchings after printing, not by superimposing them as the printer does, and thereby flattening the pyramids caused by the ink, but by hanging each separately over a pole, or over a string—the old etchers used a string, and their etchings generally show the mark of it. I use a series of horizontal racks one above another, and over these I lay the impressions side by side.

"Lastly, I would say a few words as to 'proofs' and 'states,' their nomenclature and their comparative value. If I had my way I would do away with the word 'proofs' as regards etchings. In deference to usage, however, I will retain the name, and tell you what I would call 'proofs.' From time to time in the course of taking the first trial impressions from his plate, the etcher discovers conditions which require amendment or alteration; so he probably takes from five to ten impressions before he considers it satisfactory enough for him to inscribe on the last the words 'bon à tirer.' These trial impressions he calls his 'artist's' or his 'trial' proofs. The 'bon à tirer' is then handed to the printer with instructions to print the number of good impressions that the artist thinks the plate will bear. These, if dry-point, never exceed twenty-five; it cannot possibly be more, unless the plate is steeled—of which hereafter. These twenty-five then would be called 'proofs,' and if any more were subsequently printed they would be called 'prints;' but the etcher does not usually recognise any difference between the two, but calls them all 'impressions.' As to the word 'states,' of which so much is made, it is simply this—a 'state' is the condition in which a plate happens to be at each printing. Between the 'first' and 'second' state of an etched plate, a distinct interval of time must be supposed to have elapsed, during which the spirit on which the work was undertaken must have had time to cool, or at all events undergo a change. The earlier the state, as a rule, the better the impression, but not necessarily so, and upon this I wish to lay particular stress. As a practical etcher and printer of etchings, I should like to impress upon every purchaser and collector of etchings this much, that it is not every addition to a plate which properly constitutes a 'state.' What really happens when the etcher either takes his plate to the printers, or prints from it himself, is this—let us take the case of Rembrandt and his portrait of the Burgomaster Six. He strikes, or has struck, off an impression, or possibly two, when it appears to him that the height of the window-sill comes too near the shoulder of the Burgomaster, and its so doing affects unfavourably the freedom of the picture, so—the plate being a 'dry-point,' which will yield but few impressions, and perhaps a precious plate on other accounts—he takes it home at once, removes the objectionable window-sill, as well as a false line on the contour of the face, and adds his name and the date in the corner. This done, he goes again with it to the printer, and while at the press-side he

rectifies first a misplacement of one of the numbers comprising the date, and, after an impression or two, thinks he should have added the name and age of Six, the subject of the portrait; and this he does. Now, Rembrandt would tell us, as I have myself ventured to suggest to the collector, that these four or five unsettled impressions, anterior to the main tirage, were but *trial* proofs, and the printer will go further and state that they were not *good* proofs. But two or three centuries later come the biographers and the cataloguers, and they tell us something quite different, and endeavour to persuade us that all these alterations, never mind how slight they are, constitute different 'states.' Ignorance or wilfulness in regard to this has made catalogues of great etchers' work a mass of confusion. My hearers may rest assured that the really good impressions do not begin until the plate has, in technical phrase, 'begun to print;' that is to say, not until the ink has fairly begun to enter the deeper lines, and the printer has had time to get acquainted with his plate, and this will not usually happen until towards the eighth or tenth impression.

"The steeling or acierage of a plate is the depositing thereon of a hard coating of steel by means of a galvanic process. Thus the printer is enabled to take off a large number of impressions, and at the first blush it would seem to furnish the etcher with new powers; but it has one great objection, the ink quits a plate so treated too easily, with the result of making the impressions dry, hard, and cold; besides, an etcher does not want a large number of impressions, for he has no market for them.

"Lastly, the profession of art, for it is but a profession, and not a learned one, is too closely allied to trade and combinations in connection therewith; and whilst it is thus trammelled it will never regain its independence and self-respect. At present its gains are even out of all proportion to those of other learned professions. When I hear of £2,000 for a portrait, and £3,000 for a landscape, I rub my eyes and ask myself whether I ought not to receive £4,000 for curing a fever, £10,000 for a pleurisy, and £50,000 for saving a life. Depend upon it, such a state of things is not normal, is not right, and I am told that it cannot long go on, and that the bubble, now so inflated, wants but a touch to be gone. I would that these words could supply that touch, and that the days of art, for art's sake, were back with us again."

"TOUCHED."

"Mournfully twangs the youth the low-toned strings of the zither.
Surely 'tis nought but Love can give such skill to his fingers."
Franz Von Kobell.

Drawn and Etched by Hubert Herkomer.

Mr. HERKOMER, in the etching which forms our frontispiece, has sought a subject once more among the hills and valleys of that beautiful Bavaria which his pencil has so often illustrated. Nowhere, probably, in this hackneyed world is the dignity of labouring life so unimpaired as in those happy islands. There is also to be found among such primitive peasants as those who have so often served Mr. Herkomer for models a peculiar harmony with their surroundings which is eminently picturesque. Type of face, build of figure, quaintness of costume—all are in exquisite keeping with the gabled roofs, the mountain distances, the hill-side vegetation. The love of music adds also a charm, otherwise unattainable, to the people's simplicity; and their music is eminently characteristic of them and their surroundings. No wonder, then, the maiden's heart is touched by the tones of the zither, through the sweet notes of which the young peasant is wooing a charming bride.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY AND GLASGOW INSTITUTE EXHIBITIONS.—II.

IN examples of the artists who have in recent years become identified with the Grosvenor Gallery, the Institute was, as we have said (page 184), especially rich. Among those the interest naturally centred in a "Nocturne in Snow and Silver," by Mr. Whistler, representing a stretch of the river Thames, with shipping and boats looming out darkly against a reach of frozen snow. In the background the lights of the houses glimmer and dance in the water like will o' the wisps. As usual, the picture was a somewhat puzzling one. Form was quite sacrificed to the colour-effects, and Etty's *dictum*, "drawing is the soul of art," was neglected, along with all the other conventional rules. A direct contrast in aim and treatment to Mr. Whistler's picture is seen in the canvases of his friend, Mr. Albert Moore. The specimens of the latter's work consisted of two of the exquisitely graceful figure subjects to which he has, in recent years, confined himself. The design was not, in either case, strikingly original—indeed, they were mere variations of the Venus of Milo—but the perfect simplicity of style and delicate harmonies of colour were sufficient in themselves to make the little pictures objects of special attraction. Mr. Tissot, that prince of frill and flounce painters, sent his "Gala Day," in which a young lady, in very wonderfully painted muslin costume, marches homeward, her purchases on her arm, casting reluctant glances the while at the temptations offered in the shop windows which she passes. The picture is a curious and original one, though it has faults both in colour and drawing, and deserves more than passing notice. Even more curious and original, not to say eccentric, was Mr. Rossetti's "Spring," a water-colour study of a quaint female figure culling spring flowers. The subject is treated decoratively in colour of singular depth and strength, but the little picture generally is too "imperiously original" to be very pleasant. Despite Mr. Rossetti's reputation as poet and artist, he walks in the crooked paths of painting. His work impresses us with an affectation of archaism, which takes from it all its subtlety. On the same wall as Mr. Rossetti's study were a few specially delightful little water-colour

"THE ADVERSARY."

(*By Sir Noël Paton, R.S.A.*)

drawings by a young Edinburgh artist, Mr. Robert Anderson, one of which we illustrate (page 267).

To turn to works more particularly the product of native genius. The Scottish Academy has never been very strong in figure-drawing, though it has had its David Scott (whom Rossetti classes amongst the greatest of painters), its Dyce, and its Lauders, and naturally enough for a school nurtured in "the land of the mountain and the flood" has been instinctively moulded to landscape. The rugged mountain-tops and fertile straths and glens offer too favourable inducements to the painter to be lightly passed over, and a great proportion of the Scotch school is absorbed in their representation. At the same time the picturesque annals of the country also furnish favourable materials to the figure-painter. In the latter class, Mr. Pettie is the acknowledged chief, though, in different styles, there are others who occupy positions very close to his. Among those is Mr. Robert Herdman, R.S.A., whose chief work this year at the Academy, "Charles Edward Seeking Shelter in the House of an Adherent," we have already illustrated (page 185).

Mr. Herdman further exhibited four canvases, painted for the Glasgow Art Union —two in each exhibition—illustrative of the poems of Robert Campbell, himself, by the way, a native of Glasgow. Of the most striking of these, "Lochiel's Warning," we gave a small engraving on page 186.

"THE END OF THE '45."
(*By W. B. Ho'e, A.R.S.A.*)

Another episode of the rebellion, painted by a young artist who has recently been elected to the Academy, was "The End of the '45," by Mr. W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A. Here we have a batch of Jacobite prisoners, of various degrees of importance, marching under guard along a wet roadway.

Were it necessary to select from the Academy a successor to the late G. Paul Chalmers, the choice would probably fall on Mr. William McTaggart, R.S.A., and after him on Mr. W. D. McKay, A.R.S.A. The former is a painter of breezy sea-pieces and sunny peeps of homely cottage life, brightened by the

presence of childish figures, and echoing almost with their innocent prattle. His chief work

THE WRECK.
(*By William Small.*)

at the Royal Scottish Academy, "The Bait-Gatherers," showed us a stretch of glistening water in which some fisher-children wade in search of bait. Mr. McKay also deals largely in the representation of child-life, but he wanders, too, among the pasture lands of the south country, and now and then gives us a glimpse of the quiet homestead, or the labourers at work in the harvest-field.

The popular painters of representative Scottish scenery, however, are Mr. Waller Paton, Mr. John Smart, and Mr. Alexander Fraser. Each of these has thoroughly identified himself with his theme, all are alike in subject, and yet it would be difficult to find painters more dissimilar. When the crimson light of sunset is stealing over the landscape, and hill and dale are dyed in one rich purple hue, Mr. Waller Paton gives us a pure, if in some respects idealised rendering of his landscape, such as "The Dhulochan—on the Black Water," notable for the absence of local colour, but true still to Nature in this her most romantic mood. To Mr. John Smart, again, the landscape is most attractive when the coming storm rustles among the leaves, when the cattle cluster below the trees, and the heavy rain mists creep up the valley, and hide the mountain tops from view. Mr. Alexander Fraser sees none of these effects, but chooses, as his time, the glitter of a bright summer's sunlight, when the landscape lies still beneath the sweltering heat of a noonday sun, and the glassy river reflects back each leaf and branch upon its banks. Sir Noël Paton's only contribution to the Academy, "The Adversary," is illustrated on page 265.

Space prevents the mention of numerous other works, in both exhibitions, worthy of detailed notice. The rising generation of artists is especially full of promise, and many young men—Mr. David Murray, of Glasgow, and Mr. Lawton Wingate, and Mr. Robert Gibb, of Edinburgh, for example—show work which ensures a future for Scottish art as notable as its past. Blemishes and shortcomings it may have; narrow aims and want of catholic sympathy are still apparent, no doubt; but the present tendencies of the school all point to a time when it shall be broader and more liberal in its principles and its practices,

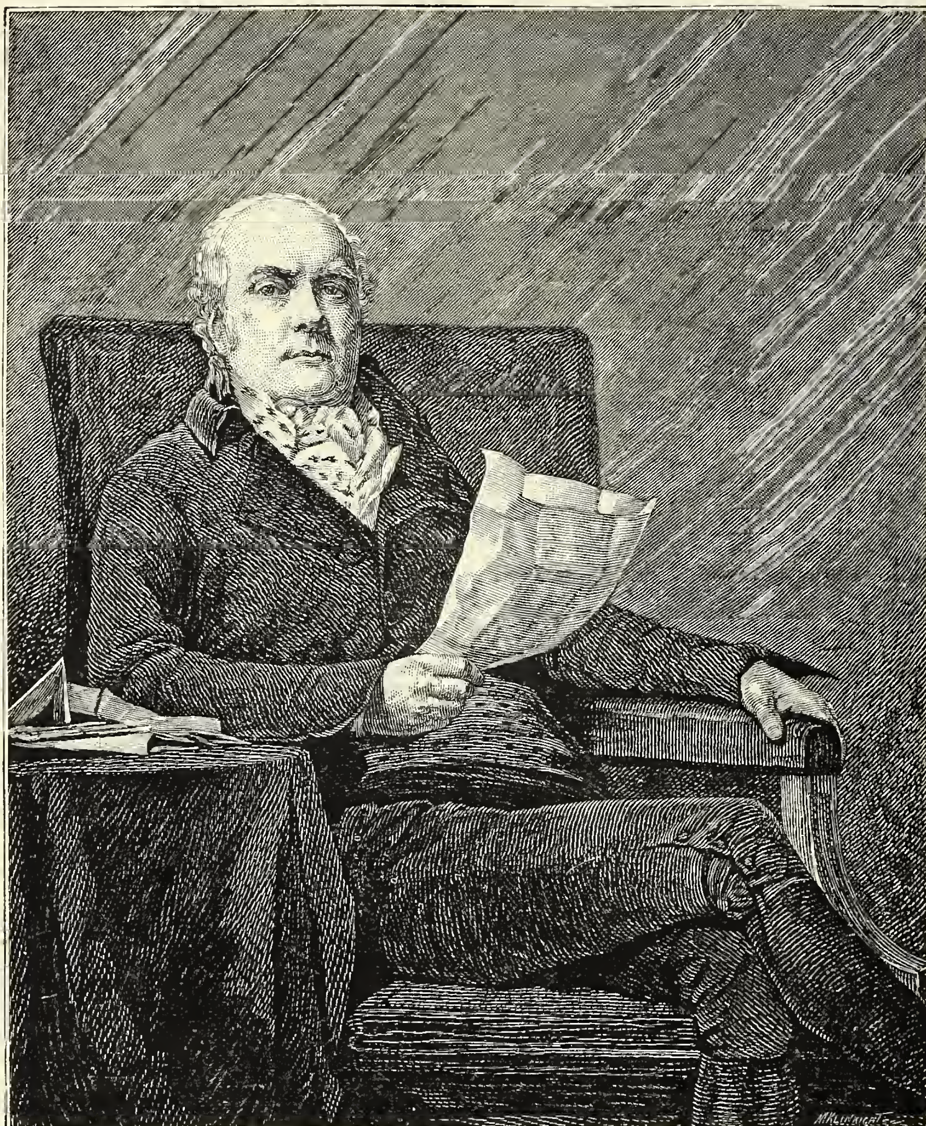
THE EVENING OF LIFE.
(*By Robert Anderson.*)

and shall partake more of the freedom of the mountain air in which it has its life and being.

George R. Halkett.

RAEBURN'S PORTRAIT OF MR. ALLAN.

IN the Royal Academy's Old Master Exhibition of 1879, foremost among the works of extraordinary excellence was Sir Henry effective. Although it does not aspire to be a brilliant masterpiece of colour, yet in this respect, as well as in its draughtsmanship and



PORTRAIT OF MR. ALLAN.

(By Sir Henry Raeburn. From the "Old Masters' Exhibition," Burlington House, 1879.)

Raeburn's portrait of Robert Allan, one of the finest specimens of the noble Scotch school of portrait-painting to be found in any collection. Nothing could exceed the solidity of the modelling of this head—a sculptor could make a bust from it—and the light and shade are sharp and lighting, it is admirable. Its colouring, indeed, is exactly such as dignified portraiture demands—strong, reserved, harmonious; a golden-brown background is relieved by the cool passages of the accessories. Nature and science, and the artist's honesty, combine in this masterly work.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ON CHINA

IT is a gratifying task to us who are deeply interested in the success of a branch of art, which has only recently taken root in this country, to have to chronicle so decided an advance in the present exhibition over that of last year. We were compelled, in our notice on a previous occasion (vol. i., p. 176), to point out many faults and imperfections both in design and workmanship, and to show how we believed it was possible that improvements might be introduced; and we were agreeably surprised, on our recent visit to Messrs. Howell and James's galleries, to find that many of the weaknesses we had formerly to signalise have now disappeared, and that a marked numerical increase in the objects exhibited is accompanied by a most real and decided improvement in the quality and execution of the works.

Fig. 1.—CHRYSANTHEMUMS.
(*By Miss Florence Lewis.*)

Ladies and amateurs have, indeed, every reason to strive for the numerous and valuable prizes freely offered by royalty, and for the opportunity of having their works so admirably displayed as they are in the well-arranged galleries in Regent Street. The list of patrons on the present occasion includes nearly every member of the Royal family, and Messrs. E. W. Cooke, R.A., and F. Goodall, R.A., have again acted as judges. The works of the principal

amateur prize-winners have been separated from those of their companions, and are shown in a gallery on the first floor. The gold medal presented by the Crown Princess of Germany, a most zealous supporter of the exhibition, has been fairly earned by the Viscountess Hood for two clever portraits of her children. The Hon. Mabel Hood is a well-posed and graceful figure, inserted in a square panel in the centre of a willow-pattern plate; the painting is very quiet in tone, and there is a quaintness both in this plate and in the plaque containing the portrait of the Hon. Neville Hood (Fig. 2), which cannot fail to attract attention. There must, we think, have been a strong competition for the chief prize, as the portrait-painting is excellent, and in painter-like qualities Lady Nicholson's charming head of a girl, entitled "Flowers in Winter," leaves little to be desired. Lady Rawlinson sends an admirable portrait of Sir Henry Rawlinson, and a pair of plates the decoration of which is founded upon Persian examples. The ornament has been adapted with great skill, and the beautiful blending of the different shades of blue, so characteristic of Persian work, has been well attained. A "Classical Head," by Mr. Percy Anderson, a swarthy beauty holding a fan, secures the first prize for heads (amateurs).

Fig 2.—THE HON NEVILLE HOOD.
(*By the Viscountess Hood.*)

The flower-paintings constitute, as they always have done, the great strength of the exhibition. We hardly know whether to award the palm to plants treated naturally, or to the many graceful and elegant conventional arrangements of flowers and foliage to be found in the collection. Miss Edith S. Hall has been awarded the Princess Alice prize for her "Daffodil" plate, an example of a simple conventional treatment excellent both in colour and design. Miss Hall has two other plates which are included in the award. Mrs. Bourdin's "Mountain-ash Berries" are well handled, and the "Sunflowers" and "Nasturtiums," by Mrs. G. Stapleton, are boldly and vigorously painted on a dark ground. Messrs. Hancock, of Worcester, have offered a series of prizes, and the chief of them, a five-guinea box of colours, falls to Miss E. Loch for a most beautifully painted "Cardoon Thistle." Nothing could be better than the series of tiles decorated with naturally treated "Lilies," by Miss Ada Beard, who has received for this work and for another study of lilies the silver badge designed and presented by the Princess Christian. There is much freshness and originality in the work of Mme. Camille Moreau, who for her two plates has been awarded the first prize for ornament (amateur). The former plate, the motive of which is Japanese, is admirable in point of colour, and the other, which represents some little birds quarrelling "under the mistletoe," is cleverly painted. Miss Everett Green groups her birds and flowers very prettily, and for her two plates, "Birds of a Feather flock together" and "Is he Dead?" she has obtained the prize offered by Lady Olive Guinness.

The prizes are divided into two series, so that amateur works may be kept distinct from those by professional artists. There are many reasons in favour of this course, though we should like to see a few prizes thrown open promiscuously to both ranks of competitors, for we can confidently predict that in not a few of the subjects the works of amateurs would fairly hold their own. The

first prize for heads by professional artists falls to Miss C. H. Spiers for a well-painted study entitled "Diana Vernon," and the same talented artist has secured the first prize for ornaments for her two plates painted respectively with "Chrysanthemums" and "Hollyhocks." The former subject is admirably handled, and is an excellent example of flower-painting. Perhaps the most successful specimen in this class in the exhibition is a plateau painted with Chrysanthemums by Miss Florence Lewis, which, in addition to gaining her a Princess Alice prize, has been purchased by the Empress of Germany (see our illustration, Fig. 1). The silver medal presented by the Crown Princess of Germany is worthily awarded to Miss Linnie Watt for one of the most charming little pictures in the collection, entitled "Gathering Spring Flowers." It will be remembered that Miss Watt obtained the first prize last year, and her little rustic scenes have a grace peculiarly their own. We have selected this plate for illustration (Fig. 4). The second prize for heads competed for by professional artists falls to Miss Ellen Welby for a well-modelled and expressive portrait on a background of apple blossoms. For perfection of workmanship and complete mastery of her art, Miss Ada Hanbury has few rivals, and the special prize of ten guineas for the best professional work has been awarded to four studies of "Sycamore," "Apple Blossom," "Portugal Laurel," and "Plane," which remind us of the delicate paintings by this lady in last year's exhibition, on which occasion she also secured the special prize. The second prize for ornament goes to Miss Kate Hammond for two plates painted with "Almond Blossoms" and "Jonquils."

Fig. 3.—TIGER'S HEAD.
(*By Miss E. O. Verner.*)

The list of prize works is such a lengthy one that the mere enumeration of the awards absorbs the chief part of our space, and, in addition to the prizes, we find a list which occupies three pages of the handy little catalogue containing the names of amateurs and professionals, divided into the three categories of "Very highly commended," "Highly commended," and "Commended," to each of whom a diploma is awarded.

In addition to the works competing for prizes there are a number of paintings of rare merit by foreign artists, and by professionals who do not compete, but whose works support and enhance the efforts of their amateur rivals. Some of these artists are already well known in this country. M. Leonce, who is a large contributor, is a prince among flower-painters; and for the beauty of his portraits and landscapes, M. Clair is a great acquisition to the ranks of the exhibition.

It is somewhat surprising to find how large a proportion of the ladies have attempted portraiture, by far the most difficult branch of art be it remembered; it is not to be wondered, therefore, that in the works of this class there are many failures. There are so few animal-paintings in the collection that it is only just to praise the large measure of success attained by Miss E. O. Verner, whose "Tiger's Head" (Fig. 3) has been thought worthy of being commended. The tile-paintings and plaques contain a number of works of great merit, and there are signs that some of our

manufacturers are alive to the advantages of art workmanship in eeramie deeoration. Many of the tiles are painted with subjects from some of the familiar nursery story-books, and the illustrations of the old nursery rhymes have inspired not a few of the amateur tile-decorators. Miss Isabel Rogers sends some tiles of admirable design.

We find it impossible to mention all the works we had noted, but we must not forget to call attention to the cleverly-designed figures by Mr. H. Thomas, the studies of heads by Mrs. Bristowe, the "Pompeian" design by Mr. C. E. Willis, whieh seems to be founded upon some old Flemish example, and is novel and praiseworthy. A portrait of G. Startin, Esq., by Miss A. Saltmer, is exeellently painted. Mrs. Shearman sends a well-exeeuted panel of "The Christian Martyr." The two figure subjects, "Peter Snellinx" and "Helen Fremont," by Miss C. Haucke, are well painted. Among the flower-paintings we noted were M. Leonce's "Group of Sunflowers, Pansies, &c.;" "Ox-eye Daisies," by Miss H. S. Bishop; "Chrysanthemums," by Miss G. Swears; and "Dog Roses," a pretty design in blue and white, by Miss M. Voss. Among so many works of great merit it seems invidious, however, to single out thus only one or two for special mention. The eolleetion is full of interest and promise.

Fig. 4.—GATHERING SPRING FLOWERS.
(*By Miss Linnie Watt.*)

AMERICAN ARTISTS AND AMERICAN ART.—V.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

IT would be impossible in these papers to treat the history of Ameriean art with anything like that partieularity or completeness with which, for instanee, the history of American literature has reeently been treated. In the spaee at our disposal we have only been able to glance eursorily baekward at the beginnings of the cultivation and praetiee of the Fine Arts on the other side of the Atlantie, and to piek out from the roll of Ameriea's past painters a few names, known equally both here and there, as belonging to representative men, whose individual history is, in some measure, the history of the profession they adorned. Before finally taking our leave of the past in these sketches, it is not neeessary to say that no disrespeet has been intended towards great reputations, whieh we have been obliged to pass over without a word, or with only a word, but whieh are indelibly ehronicled on the art annals of the world; nor eould we, in coming down to the present, write at the head of our initiatory article the name of an American artist more widely interesting than that of William Wetmore Story. Born at Salem, Massaehusetts, he is one of the

brilliant company whose achievements have done New England honour. Genius, rare in the middle States, in the West, and in the South, is strangely common in the rugged and simple north-eastern country. Where life is perhaps less graceful, less easy, less characteristic, less interesting than elsewhere in the great continent, there the divine spark is most rife. No wonder the true "Yankee" is proud of a race which, if, in comparison with others in the same country, it is less fully coloured in character and somewhat English in its reserve, is so active, original, and fresh in its intellectual life. Mr. Story's father was, according to the strict definition, a New Englander, having sprung from the oldest stock in the young country—that of the earliest colonists. And proud of his country and her achievements we know the great sculptor to be, in spite of the fact that Italy is emphatically the land of his adoption. Whatever he does in art comes, he tells his friends, from his American blood; and not even long exile has weakened the instincts of his patriotism.

"THE SIBYL."
(From the Statue by W. W. Story.)

Several of Mr. Story's ancestors were well-known and eloquent jurists; and his father—whose biography was written by his son in 1851—was Judge of the Supreme Court. The

future sculptor also was destined for the bar. After leaving the University of Harvard, he studied with his father and Professor Greenleaf for three years; and then taking his degree of LL.B., he entered on the practice of his profession at Boston. For five years he devoted himself with that wonderful assiduity, which is the keystone of success, to his legal labours, becoming a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, a Commissioner of the U.S. Courts, a Reporter of the Circuit Court, arguing cases, compiling many volumes of treatises on such matter-of-fact mundane affairs as "contracts" and "sales;" and, as if all this were not enough, composing poems and contributing stories and essays to the magazines. A complete break-down of health was not unnaturally the result of effort and assiduity out of all proportion to the strength of one man. The busy young lawyer was the victim of a violent typhoid and brain fever, from which he had only just recovered when his father died; and here follows one of those little incidents which are so often recorded as turning-points in the history of men of genius. Had Judge Story lived longer, his son would have grown up a lawyer, learned perhaps, and famous in his own land, but a sculptor for ever in embryo. It so happened, however, that the bar determined to erect a statue to his father, and they commissioned the son to execute the work. Hitherto he had handled the chisel only as an amateur, in the early morning and the unoccupied evening, when painting and modelling and music divided his leisure. But now he undertook a serious task, making the condition that he should first qualify himself for its performance by a visit to Europe of two or three years' duration, in order to study great works of art. His health, no doubt, was a consideration in making this change, which entailed at any rate a temporary abandonment of a profession in which he had established himself with success; but, in spite of this success, his heart, as he acknowledged to himself, was not in the law, but in art and letters.

His first visit to Rome was an important event in William Story's career, for it decided for ever the place, nature, and pursuits of his after-days. Rome is a powerful enchantress; every one who has known her has known more or less of her spell. Somewhat disappointing for a few first days, more melancholy, damper, darker, less southern as to light, life, and colour than the shining cities of Tuscany and the Lombard plains, more silent and less intense as to the disposition of her people, Rome seems to many of us; we hesitate for a month whether she will ever appear as charming as Genoa, Florence, Siena, Parma. Florentines, indeed, are amusingly perplexed that any one who has ever enjoyed the supreme antique elegance of their "gentle" city should find fascination in the mildews of Rome. What would Rome be, they ask besides, without the Neapolitan Bernini, the Florentine Michelangiolo? Rome without her monuments and her St. Peter's! Insensibly, however, the potent charm begins to work; it is more or less irresistible as it asserts itself in different natures—it is most irresistible to the artist. And for the artist who had lived, though in his native land, yet expatriated, whose early years had not even been blessed with such participation in the life and art of the great past as belongs to an Englishman, the spell was at its strongest. William Story once in Rome, never forsook it again for any length of time.

The changes which have passed over the eternal city during his habitation there can but be estimated by comparing the place and the life described in his own chatty Roman books with the aspect of things to-day. It had begun even before the adoption of this capital of the world as the capital of a kingdom; the extreme quaintness of the state kept up by the Cardinals and other grandees of the Papal Court had already given place to something more modern and less barbaric; the Cardinals' carriages and the Cardinals' servants, so dear to the humorous intelligence of M. Heilbuth, and so familiar in his pictures, were fast disappearing, and since the final unification of the country and the establishment of Rome as the seat of government, the modernisation of manners has been completed. Mr. Story, however, has done his best to secure to himself at least something of the past by fixing a delightful residence in the historic palace of the Barberini. *Quod non fecerunt*

barbari fecerunt Barberini, ran the saying in mediæval Rome, for the family house was built of stones filched from the ruins of the Cæsars. High on one of the seven hills, perhaps the freshest and sunniest of them all, with the whole city in front, the pleasaunces of the Pincian to the right, and the grand solitudes (or what were a few years ago the solitudes) stretching away towards the Lateran on the left, the Palazzo Barberini is situated ideally well. One of the most celebrated galleries in Rome, moreover, is contained within its chambers; the Beatrice Cenci of Guido Reni is there, hackneyed by copies and engravings, so that the traveller fancies he is weary of it before he sees it—yet the first sight of it is a fresh, unexpected, and pathetic pleasure; there also is a very different and equally renowned work, attributed to Raphael by all except a few—and those few the greatest lovers of Raphael—the coarse, hard, and repulsive Fornarina. In the courtyard of the palace plays one of the fountains which make Rome so peculiarly a city of living waters; this one is of very grand and noble renaissance design. Above the galleries, in the sunniest apartments, Mr. Story has made his happy Roman home.

All England, as well as all America, read Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Transformation" when it appeared some twenty years ago; and all marked with keen interest the words describing a great statue—the Cleopatra attributed in the novel to the young American sculptor, Kenyon. "The sitting figure of a woman was seen. She was draped from head to foot in a costume minutely and scrupulously studied from that of ancient Egypt . . . Even the stiff Egyptian head-dress was adhered to, but had been softened into a rich feminine adornment, without losing a particle of its truth. Difficulties that might well have seemed unsurmountable had been courageously encountered, and made flexible to purposes of grace and dignity; so that Cleopatra sat attired in a garb proper to her historic and queenly state, as a daughter of the Ptolemies, and yet such as the beautiful woman would have put on as best adapted to heighten the magnificence of her charms, and kindle a tropic fire in the cold eyes of Octavius. A marvellous repose . . . was diffused throughout the figure. The spectator felt that Cleopatra had sunk down out of the fever and turmoil of her life, and for one instant . . . was resting throughout every vein and muscle." Happy the artist, whatever his art, who has so sympathetically enthusiastic an interpreter! When the writer goes on to describe not only the repose of the statue, but the latent and potential "energy and fierceness" which the sculptor has included in it, the reader feels that he has before him, for once, criticism which is fulfilling its true end—the aid supplied by literature, which "looks before and after," to art which can only show the moment.

Spoken of wherever "Transformation" was read, the great statue had been eagerly expected in England when the International Exhibition of 1862 gave it to the public of London and of the world. The "Cleopatra" drew all who entered that brilliant place to the quiet "Roman Court," devoted amid a very world of noise and colour to the silence, whiteness, and repose of sculpture. The companion statue to the "Cleopatra" was the "Sibyl," which also bears it company in the illustrations to the present article. The motive is somewhat similar in these works. In both are expressed repose and thought; in both the Greek ideal is entirely set aside, and in both the features are massive and the forms full in flesh, and large in bone. There is a peculiar solemnity in the meditative Sibyl's face and pose which renders this a more effective work than the more celebrated statue, and would have made it, we imagine, a more popular one, had not the pen of the great writer been devoted to the "Cleopatra."

We have lingered long over these celebrated figures, but Mr. Story's life has been and is full of work, and the catalogue of his labours is a long one. Ideal groups, portrait-busts, and portrait-statues have by turns occupied his chisel. Among these are a "Saul," a "Sappho," a "Delilah," a "Judith," a "Medea;" statues of "Edward Everett" and of "George Peabody," the latter executed for the Corporation of London; a colossal "Jerusalem in her

Desolation," exhibited in London in 1873; and a "Sardanapalus," which was modelled only last winter. Let it also be remembered that it was not for art only, but for letters, that the young William Story left the law. "The

"CLEOPATRA."
(From the Statue by W. W. Story.)

Life and Letters of Joseph Story" dates as far back as 1851. Some ten years after followed the best known of the great sculptor's literary works, "Roba di Roma," and the "American Question," written in the midst of the Civil War. Versatile beyond all common versatility, William Story next produced a purely artistic book, "The Proportions of the Human Figure," in 1866, and in 1869 a volume of verse about Italy, entitled "Graffiti d'Italia." In poetry his labours have been strikingly varied. Fugitive lyrics, antiquarian tragedies, poems of modern life have, by turns, occupied his many-sided mind. A life so full of beauty and of work can hardly fail to be a happy one. Art is happy and labour is happy. William Story has chosen for himself constant and full labour in the loveliest arts, and in the city of the ages. In so choosing he has done wisely and well, as many millions can aver.

SKETCHING GROUNDS: THE PEAK (*continued*).

By Edward Bradbury.

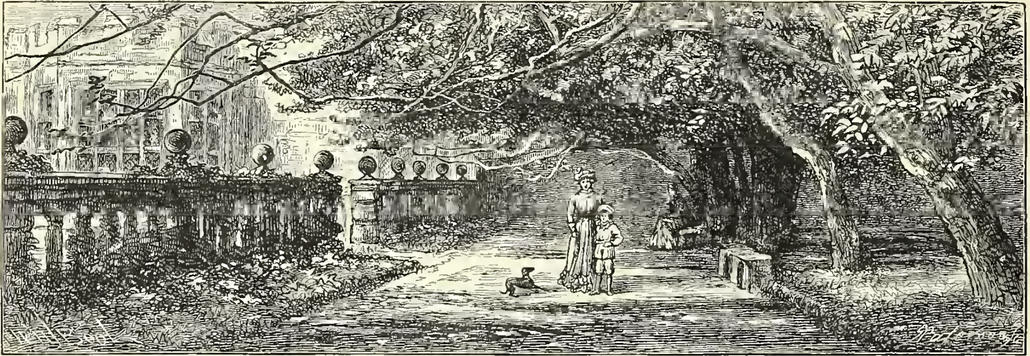
THE "PEACOCK," FROM THE ROAD.

THE famous "Peacock" at Rowsley is no gay and showy building, like the priggish bird to which it is indebted for its sign. It is an ideal hostel, old, picturesque, sequestered. With its projecting porch and high Elizabethan gables, its quaint mullioned windows, its wealth of glossy ivy, tapping at the diamond panes; its clustering chimneys; its green lawn stretching down a gentle slope to the Derwent, that is in a hurry to embrace the Wye, which is waiting for it beyond the sturdy stone bridge that admires its own old grey-grown outlines in the clear water—the Rowsley hotel is simply a picture in architecture, framed with wooded hills as poetical as itself. It bears the ancient repose of a roadside inn stolen from one of Sir Walter Scott's romances; or it is Charles Dickens's "Maypole," transported from the borders of Epping Forest, and you half expect to see John Willet and Tom Cobb talking about Lord George Gordon and "No Popery" in the porch. Its sign might be the "Tabard." Half a dozen writers have called it the "Bear and Ragged Staff," and pictured a troop of Leicester's parched cavaliers quaffing nut-brown ale at the door. The "Peacock" is no mediæval pretender. It is genuinely old. It dates back to the fifteenth century. The name of a bygone Boniface, "John Stevenson," is carved over the portal, with the date 1652. Above the inscription is a stone peacock, the crest of the Manners family. The house is loved by artists and anglers. Landseer, Stanfield, Cattermole, Creswick, Oakley, Nash, and other men of repute were wont to meet in its old-world rooms.

HADDON HALL, FROM THE WYE.

The porch this summer's morning is a Penelope's web of fishing-nets, an armoury of rods, a piscatorial panoply. Chatsworth, with its art-glories, is near. Haddon Hall is about a mile and a half away, but it is only a yard off in our private gallery, being the very next picture.

Haddon Hall! The Peak district is rich in historic piles. If it be true that Mr. Ruskin said he could not get along in a country where there were no castles, Derbyshire should be his delight. There is William Peveril's crumbling fortress at Castleton; the old abbey ruin at Deepdale; while Hardwicke Hall, Bolsover Castle, and Wingfield Manor may be said to be neighbours. But Haddon Hall stands pre-eminent among these histories in stone. Behold its grey battlements and turrets and towers, half-smothered in fading foliage, looking over the windings of the Wye. It is a September afternoon, and the autumn-time is, perhaps, the best of all periods of the year to see Haddon Hall. The colour of the woods is now in harmony with the pensive grey stone of the baronial battlements. The foliage is a study of intense tints. The tresses of the lady-birch are spangled with yellow. Bronzes and russets and coppery reds are mixed up with the dark green of the solemn yews. The beech-trees gleam with rose-colour. The woods are silent. A solitary robin's note on the terrace intensifies the stillness. Faded leaves fall at our feet with a musical sigh. The river is running away with argosies of yellow leaves. The autumnal sadness suits the deserted old towers of Haddon. The castle itself is almost as perfect now as in the feudal days of chivalry, when its walls echoed the noisy revelry of retainers, and the wassail-cup went its merry round. The place seems as if Sir George Vernon, "the King of the Peake," and his retinue had just left it for a day's hunting in the woods, and would be back again anon. The marks of their whittles, and the stains of their trenchers, are on the massive tables in the old banqueting hall. One of the huntsmen has left his horn behind him in yonder little room. The modern tourist could no more sound it than bend Ulysses' bow. There are also a gigantic pair of jack-boots, and a thick leathern doublet, should you wish to follow Sir George's party into the forest. That fireplace in the kitchen, with its incalculable capacity for fuel, is ready to deal summarily with a fat stirk, but coals are now, alas! twenty shillings a ton, and steaks are at famine price. In the state bed-room, where Queen Elizabeth slept, the bed seems to have just been made. The old ball-room, with its oaken floor and big window recesses, is deserted; but it does not need a wild imagination to people it with the guests of the past. I can hear the echo of the bygone revelry. The minstrel is tuning his harp in praise of a "ladye faire." Young squires and country belles are dancing, who have been dust these two hundred years. The sun shines on the silent terrace, where the mind's eye sees a peacock spreading the rainbow glories of its tail, and beholds a garden party that might have lent inspiration to Watteau. In the quadrangle yonder, to which that vassal in buff jerkin is hurrying,



THE TERRACE, HADDON HALL.

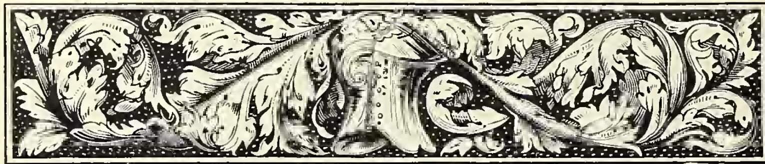
is a hunting group that Wouvermans might have immortalised. Dorothy Vernon has just stolen past to have a whispered interview with John Manners. Here is the spreading elm, under whose leafy gloom he used to wait at night for a hushed word of love, or a warning wave of the hand, from the little oriel window in the tower above. He is cutting her initials on the bark, just as Rosalind's name was carved on the trees by a man who haunted the forest. A pretty "bit" for an artist is Dorothy Vernon's doorway from whence she escaped.

"Into the night, and the arms of love." A painter has placed his easel in front of it, and the heavy old oaken door, and eleven worn stone steps, are having their picturesque sadness thrown on the canvas. Haddon Hall is indeed haunted by painters. I never pay it a visit but some artists are breathing the ancient air of the place. To-day, a lady of the easel has found a fascinating study in the old tapestry of "My Lady's Chamber;" another artist is sketching an old doorway, with quaint stone carvings, and bleached timber, studded with nails red with rust. A third painter is in love with the avenue of lime-trees forming the upper terrace, and known as "Dorothy Vernon's Walk." Haddon Hall does not depend upon a love legend for its fame, but the story of Dorothy Vernon gives it a human interest that still more endears the baronial mansion to followers of the picturesque. We are told that there is no foundation for the tender tradition; and even so respectable an antiquarian as Mr. John Charles Cox is of opinion that Dorothy "never eloped at all, but was married after the usual humdrum fashion." This is the age of unbelief. Robin Hood is regarded as a myth; Shakespeare is voted a humbug; and, of course, the sweet old romance of Haddon Hall must be duly dispelled, Mr. Gradgrind, by "facts, sir, facts." But, nevertheless, the archæological Goths and Vandals will not quite destroy the old romance. It is one of the poems we must not willingly let die. Three hundred chequered years have passed, but still the legend is charming and new; and many budding springs shall bloom into summer, and the summers soften into autumn, and the autumns wither into winters wild and cold, before we discredit the sweet story of John Manners donning the woodman's garb, and sleeping with the hinds of the forest, in order that he might be near his Dorothy; of the midnight elopement from the brilliant ball-room; of the runaway ride through the black night, and of the marriage in Leicester Forest, where Dorothy's heart promised far more than was demanded by the Prayer Book.

PEVERIL CASTLE, CASTLETON.

Before we say good-bye to Haddon, let us leave our cards at the picturesque cottage adjoining the Hall. We may there behold some of the finest old carved oak furniture to be seen in a long day's march. Among other relics appealing specially to the artistic eye is an oil-painting of Dorothy Vernon. The Duke of Rutland—a direct descendant from Dorothy—in a letter to the present writer, regards this picture as the only authentic portrait of the heroine of his noble house. It is evidently a contemporaneous likeness. Dorothy has here noble features, but the Elizabethan dress does not increase her beauty.

It is a pleasant walk by the Wye side to Bakewell. In the fine old church Dorothy Vernon sleeps. Sir George Vernon, and his two wives, the Dames Margaret and Maud, are buried together, and beside them are "Sir John Manners, of Haddon, Knight," and "Dame Dorothie, his loving wife." The runaway daughter awaits the Resurrection morning at her father's side, and the proud step-mother and the proscribed lover are reconciled in death.



PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—VI.

OF the Royal Academy of 1879 we give this month a final reminiscence in our full-page engraving, "A Justice in 1500." Mr. Chester Loomis is happy in his subject. There is something especially pretty and pleasant in certain anomalies, and the anomaly of a child bearing the dignities of majesty and power is perhaps the most takingly quaint of all. Mr. Calderon took the public fancy captive some years ago by a fascinating picture, "Her Most High, Mighty, and Puissant Grace," in which a solemn little queen of four years old was seen on her way to her throne, while the bowed heads of the entire court, their sweeping reverences and supple backs, lined her passage. The idea has since been repeated with still fresh variations; and to Mr. Loomis has occurred the thought of adding the terrors of justice to the awe of royalty on a childish brow. The perfect seriousness and good faith of all concerned, including the well-drilled infant himself, form an important part of the little drama, which is nothing if not ingenuous. It is to be hoped that the counsels of this young lord of the soil, assisted as they are by a lady and a priest, will be tempered by mercy; for the potentate's mother sits on the left side of the throne, and to the right stands a white-haired friar, the keeper probably of the little judge's conscience. The crime, besides, is comparatively a venial one — venison is plentiful, and a cross-bow chanced to be in a needy hand.

A SPINNING WHEEL IN CYPRUS.
(From the Sketch by Tristram Ellis.)

Among the fugitive exhibitions of the year, a special and lasting remembrance may well remain of a series of military pictures painted by Mr. Basil Vereschagin during the disastrous

A JUSTICE IN 1500.

(From the Picture by Chester Loomis, in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879.)

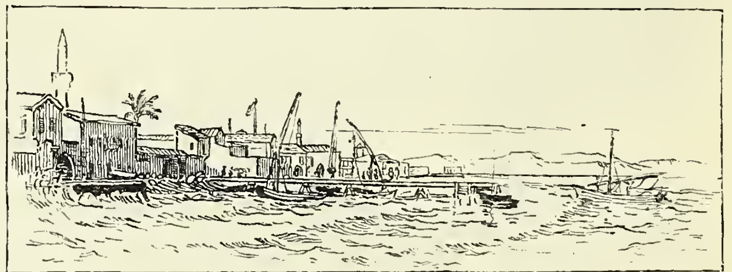
and sanguinary Russo-Turkish War, and particularly illustrating the siege and the fall of Plevna. Mr. Vereschagin paints war literally;

NICOSIA.

(From the Sketch by Tristram Ellis.)

if field operations were—as they so frequently are—enveloped in a smoke which rendered the fortunes of the day a mystery to all but the initiated, he frankly painted them so, and obtained a far more moving and vivid impression of the truth than if he had brought out every manœuvre with the knowledge of after-study. If after the fall of the unfortunate fortress a long road of monotonous snow was lined with two rows of slowly-freezing Turkish soldiers for miles, the artist painted the ugly, miserable, unpicturesque, and unvaried scene exactly as it was, introducing no melodrama, nothing of the theatre, no incidents save those utterly unimaginable touches of fact in which consist all that is valuable, all that is precious, in pictures of war. Mr. Vereschagin had the inestimable advantage of taking a personal part in the campaign; he has the soldier's feeling joined to the artist's eye, and with these a rare and simple intelligence. His power as an artist is of very fine quality; some deficiencies, especially in the matter of colour, his warmest admirers allow him. With these pictures of the war he exhibited a large number of Indian subjects painted during the visit of the Prince of Wales to the East; these betray an extraordinary inequality, some of the passages of architectural painting being admirable in light and shade, and even in colour, while sunshine and a blue sky seem to contain an unpronounceable Shibboleth for the Russian artist. Even, however, where defects appear, they are always atoned for by some unmistakable bit of intelligence and truth. He possesses humour also, as well as the quiet pathos shown in so many of his works, some sketches among the remoter inhabitants of the regions between Tartary and India—people whose customs are as curious as their faces—being full of amusing character. This exhibition was not by any means the first held by Mr. Vereschagin in England; a number of his pictures were collected at the Crystal Palace some time ago. The occasion of a national war, however, has given his latest works an added interest.

M. de Nittis, a well-known painter of Neapolitan birth, also united a large number of his finished pictures, sketches, and studies in a separate exhibition. He is as realistic in treating the events of every-day street life as the artist above mentioned is in depicting the incidents of a campaign. M. de Nittis is nothing if not true, but he is also an elegant draughtsman and a skilful composer. So literally, indeed, are his street groups arranged that all seems as accidental as the composition of a photographer's instantaneously taken "picture." It is only the artist's technical eye which can detect with how much more than fortuitous felicity that truck of oranges lights up the little grey street,



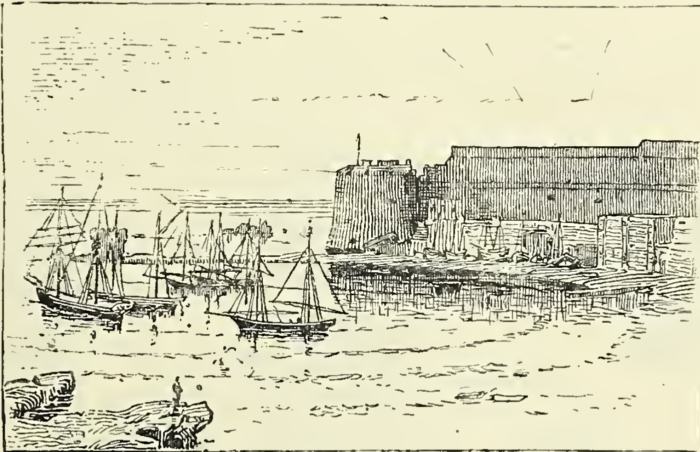
THE MARINA, LARNACA.

(From the Sketch by Tristram Ellis.)

or that lady's blue draperies flash a response to the summer sky, or the white of that omnibus horse accentuates the light of a carefully arranged scale of "values." The incidents are all such as have been, and will be again, selected

a thousand times; they are all in truth and in nature; the artist has merely chosen them, and has chosen them with inimitable skill. Art was never more quietly or more completely veiled by art.

Turning to the light and attractive regions of water-colour art, we have to record a season productive of the usual excellence in the principal exhibitions of the year, and enriched by a very unique and memorable little show—that of Mr. Tristram Ellis's Cyprus drawings at the Belgian Gallery in Bond Street. Artistic work, which is aided by the adventitious interest of subject—whether as illustrating literature or memorable scenes of nature—runs some risk of losing that recognition which is due to it as art. If such has been the case in the present instance, Mr. Ellis's work has suffered a grievous injustice. It is to be hoped that of the many who were interested in seeing pictures of Famagusta, Larnaka, and Nicosia, and the other often-mentioned places of our latest national acquisition, some were even more keenly concerned with the painter-like and executive merits of the sincerest, freshest, and most attractive water-colour art that has been seen in London for some time. Mr. Ellis works with sufficient individuality, but with the single purpose of fidelity to nature. His science is considerable, but perfectly unobtrusive, and he has especially well conquered the difficulty, not to be shirked in such a climate, of combining light and colour; his suns shine, not with the easier brightness of white, but with the full tints of golden noon and rosy evenings. The views are thoroughly representative, the artist having chosen to paint all the diversities of a very various country. Nowhere is natural beauty particularly striking—the abrupt and fine forms of the mountains being the best feature of the place; yet the scenery is nevertheless singularly paintable; for it is by no means the most conventionally fine landscape which makes the most charming picture. Water-colour art especially is more felicitously suited with accidental passages of nature or architecture, happily lighted. The buildings in Cyprus are full of suggestions of Italy; so are the multitudes of olives which temper the intense and vivid green of the caroub trees. The sketches we engrave convey mere suggestions of the originals. Kyrenia, as Mr. Ellis explains in his catalogue, is the northern port and town of the island. It was once the scene of considerable commercial activity, and has still a fair trade as an export harbour for caroubs (locust beans) and olive oil. Our third sketch illustrates the charmingly fresh drawing of the Marina at Larnaca, which is the principal port of Cyprus, and in direct communication with Nicosia, the inland capital. The countless minarets of the latter city, interspersed with palms, appear in our second sketch. Mr. Ellis has a peculiarly fine and firm hand in the drawing of delicate forms; in the lines of perspective he is exquisitely accurate. Historical and legendary interest of no slight kind attaches to the drawings of the great Christian ruins of Famagusta, and to the ancient port of Paphos with the perpetual white foam upon its shore, for it was from this foam rose Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty. Some characteristic figure sketches vary the delightful panorama of nature—one of them is the drawing of the spinning-girl, from which our first illustration is taken. Mr. Ellis went to Cyprus immediately on the annexation, and worked there for several months.



THE PORT OF KYRENIA.
(From the Sketch by Tristram Ellis.)

WOOD ENGRAVING.—V.

IT is time to enforce these remarks by some examples, and a comparison of a small piece of Bewick's foliage with corresponding pieces in the fac-simile style may not be uninteresting. Fig. 1 is a portion of the background to "The Hart and the Vine," from Bewick's "Æsop's Fables." Figs. 2 and 3 are from fac-simile cuts of drawings by two artists of deservedly high reputation, who have drawn perhaps more for wood than any others in this country.

It can hardly be necessary to say anything as to the respective merits of these three fragments; and if the reader will remember that in all three the white spaces have been cut away and the blacks left, it will not surprise him to learn that the Bewick actually costs less time to execute than the other two. The time which Bewick spent in cutting his exquisite leaves, grass, umbelliferous plants, &c., is in the others spent in cutting out minute triangles, rhomboids, squares, trapezoids, and all kinds of polygons—these being the forms of the interstices produced by the cross-hatching.

Fig. 1.

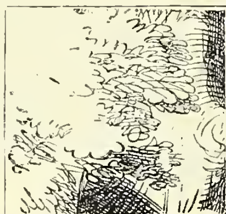


Fig. 2.

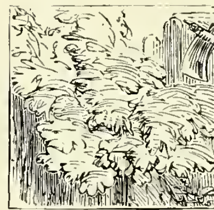
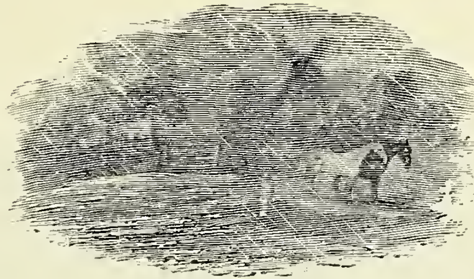


Fig. 3.

In working with the pen, the obvious way of darkening the white ground is by series of lines, and, if the tint thus given must be still further darkened in parts, this is most simply effected by crossing these lines with others—*i.e,* by cross-hatching; but on wood the engraver starts with pure black, and has nothing whatever to do with modes of darkening. With the pen cross-hatching is a means to an end; on wood it is by fac-similists regarded as an end in itself, which, being quite unattainable on their material, is to be simulated at great cost of labour by the execution of a sufficient number of small white triangles, rhomboids, &c. &c., so disposed as to present the *appearance* of cross-hatching. What is there in cross-hatching so valuable that we should go out of our way to produce this elaborate and yet clumsy imitation of it? In Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker," the Dutchman, landing on a low swampy shore, remarks to his companions what a beautiful place it is for making dams and dykes. The cross-hatchers on wood go further; they make imitation dams and dykes on dry land rather than go without them. On the whole, no simpler and truer test than this can be offered for distinguishing wood engraving proper from imitations on wood of something else. No wood engraver in his senses, unless fettered by the necessity of imitating another art, would express a tint by the cutting out small white triangles, rhomboids, &c. &c., with the childish object of making the result resemble cross-hatching. Let the reader remember, therefore, at what time he sees the cutting of small triangles, rhomboids, squares, trapezoids, and all kinds of polygons, *not* to fall down and worship, for it is a false image that has been set up. I hope we may here write *Q.E.D.*, and, having cleared away this cross-bar work in which the engravers had imprisoned us, we can now get at nature, and see what can be done with white lines and spaces cut on a black ground.

This lovely drawing of the yellow-hammer is a copy from Bewick, and, thanks to the skill of the engraver, is no whit inferior to the original. Examine this carefully, and see how nature is here immediately interpreted

on the wood-block, and what astonishing capacities the material possesses for the purpose, so soon as the artist abandons the imitation of black-netting and gives himself a chance of imitating natural objects, whether these be birds, feathers, twisted fences, branches with their delicate foliage, weeds, or grasses. These are all here to the life, and withal a general silvery effect delightful to look on. As a contrast to this drawing we give one of Bewick's tail-pieces, also from the "Birds"—two horses standing in a field in the rain. Here he has, with singular felicity, conveyed the misty effect of the rain by cutting the tint right across the block, expressing the various depths of tone only by the varying thickness of the lines, so that the objects seem to have no defined outline. As a method this has become common recently. It has been much used by French wood engravers, especially in the cutting of many of Doré's drawings, and often where there seems no particular reason for its adoption, unless that it offers an easy mode of cutting a sketchy drawing washed in in water-colour. But in Bewick's time I do not suppose such a thing had been tried, and here it is no question of sketchy drawing, the indistinct outlines have a meaning, and, if we look carefully, we find an amazing amount of detail included in what seems at first to be a nearly flat tint. The body of the windmill is scarcely visible, and yet light and shade on it can be detected; the sails present their surfaces at different angles to the light, and differ in depth accordingly. If I mistake not, the small revolving vanes which cause the top of the mill to turn with the wind are just discernible between the two upper sails. The drawing of the two horses is full of character, and in the gate we detect the diagonal bar and the bent upright to which it is attached. Tints are often cut now consisting of finer and more regular lines than Bewick seems to have attempted, but it would hardly be possible to express a subtle natural effect with greater delicacy than Bewick has done in this instance by means of simple tint cutting.

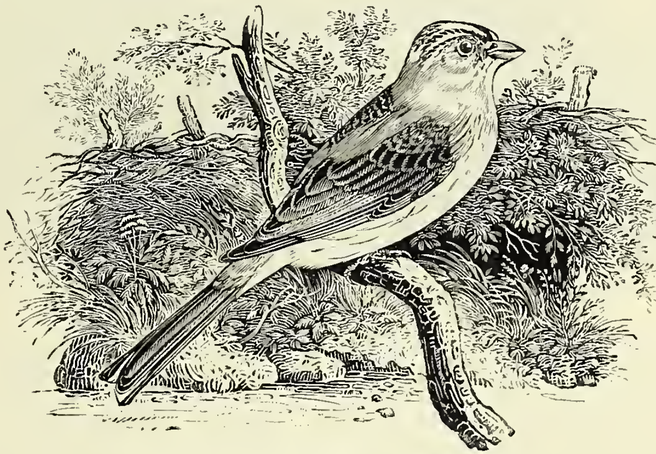


TAIL-PIECE FROM BEWICK'S "BIRDS."

If these examples have interested the reader in their gifted author, it may be convenient here to say a few words about Bewick's career, but space will allow only a very few.

Thomas Bewick was born in August, 1753, at Cherryburn-on-the-Tyne, near Newcastle.

It is said that he sometimes as a boy worked in a coal-pit rented by his father. He was sent to school to the Rev. Mr. Gregson's, at Ovingham, on the north side of the river—Cherryburn being on the south — in the neighbourhood of which school may be found many scenes which Bewick has introduced into his drawings. In the year 1767 he was apprenticed for a term of seven years to Mr. Ralph Beilby, an engraver, but one whose work was not exclusively artistic, as it included the engraving of names on brass plates for front doors, of numerals on brass clock-faces, &c. Bewick's first attempts on wood were the illustrations to a work on mensuration, about 1768, when he was fifteen years old. When he returned to Cherryburn, on the expiration of his appren-



THE YELLOW-HAMMER, AFTER BEWICK.

ticeship, he began to devote himself to wood engraving, and in 1775 he executed a small cut of "The Huntsman and the Old Hound," for which he obtained a prize of seven guineas from the Society of Arts.

In 1776 he visited the Lake district of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and in October of the same year went to London, where he stayed about a year; but with regard to his occupations during that year he always maintained a certain mystery. Whatever he may have done in London, he did not like living there, and declared he would not live in London, although for doing so he were made premier of England. Any one familiar with Bewick's works, and the evident delight in the country which they evince, will easily believe in the genuineness of this sentiment.

WOOD-CUT FROM PARNELL'S "HERMIT," AFTER BEWICK.

Returning to Newcastle in 1777, Bewick and Beilby entered into partnership, and took John, the younger brother of the former, as an apprentice. In 1779 Bewick executed the cuts for an edition of Gay's "Fables," and in 1784 for one of "Select Fables." In the latter he began to show his originality by the simple and direct way in which he obtained his effects, but the cuts are hardly comparable to his later work. In 1789 he engraved "The Chillingham Bull," one of his largest cuts, a fine and spirited work, in which his characteristic excellences appear in a very marked degree. He never perhaps surpassed the drawing of the grasses and weeds in the foreground, and the foliage is excellent, though not equal to that of the later "Fables" (1818) or of the "Birds." The chief superiority of the later works consists in their greater refinement and delicacy of execution. The principle is clearly established in this Bull of cutting out lights so as best to express that which he is representing, without any foolish attempt to make it look as if it had been executed in another material.

After taking six impressions, the block warped and split, owing to some careless workman having left it on a window-sill in the sun, and it remained useless till recently, when it was clamped together in a frame of gun-

metal for Mr. Robinson, of Newcastle, who had some fine proofs struck off, one of which I obtained from him. The split shows slightly as a white line across the bull.

Bewick's next work was his "General History of Quadrupeds," which appeared in 1790, and was a great success. A second and a third edition appeared in the two succeeding years.

In 1795 was published a quarto volume, consisting of a few selected poems by Goldsmith, Parnell, and Somerville, illustrated by cuts, all of which are by Thomas Bewick, except those in the "Deserted Village," which are by his brother John. All the blocks of this book are in the possession of Mr. Robinson, of Newcastle, a great collector of Bewick's work, who was kind enough to show them to me, and thus I was enabled, by comparing each block with the proof, to see how certain effects were obtained, and especially to how great an extent Bewick sometimes lowered the surface of his block, by scraping it down before he engraved, so as to make the lowered part print lighter in colour from its being more lightly pressed upon the paper. On page 286 is a fac-simile of the first cut in Parnell's "Hermit," executed by Bewick from a drawing by J. Johnson, in which the reader will perceive some foliage which can hardly be excelled for delicacy. Take the bank of grass and weeds in the left-hand corner, the ferns and wild rose above it, the grass in half tone under the hermit's seat, or the bramble overhanging the rock in the upper right-hand corner. What can be more perfect than these passages? We seem to see the leaves themselves, and hardly miss the colours. But if the beauty of the actual result is very striking, surely the simplicity of the means by which it is obtained is hardly less so. It is scarcely necessary to point out, what must be evident at a glance, that each leaf is cut out of the block in the most direct manner, and I think it will be felt that the peculiar charm of this work is not to be imitated in any other material. If the black had to be filled in and the white left, many parts would be impossible, and none could be even approximately rendered except at a far greater expenditure of labour. Other advantages may be claimed by the etcher, and it will not be questioned that certain inimitable beauties belong to copper, and copper only; but this of cutting lights of unequalled delicacy out of dark grounds, a power of such infinite value in representing foliage, belongs to wood, and to wood only. It is a matter for wonder that this was not discovered before Bewick's time, but it is something more than wonderful that, when the discovery was once made, wood engravers should ignore it and go on executing cross-hatched lines, as though everything in nature consisted of fishing-nets and cobwebs.

THE OWL, AFTER BEWICK.

The rocks in this drawing are not particularly interesting, and it must be remembered that the design was not his own, though, for reasons to be given presently, I think we may fairly ascribe the beauty of detail to Bewick rather than to Johnson.

To go on with the brief memoir. In 1797 appeared the first volume of the famous

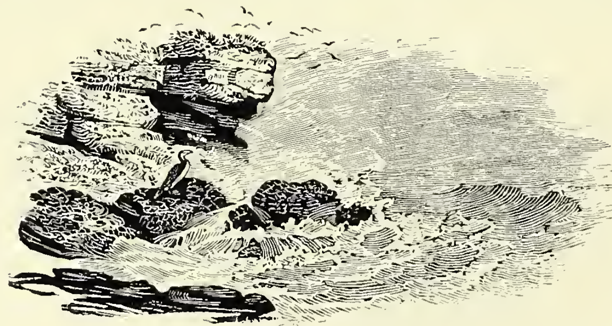
"Birds," and the second in 1804. This must be considered as the greatest of Bewick's many and admirable works. To those who have not examined the work itself, the specimens already given, namely, "The Egret" at the commencement of this essay, "The Yellow-hammer," and the tail-piece of the two horses in the rain, will give a fair idea of the extreme beauty of the execution.

To these I now add "The Owl" (page 287), as a contrast to all three. In "The Egret," the manner in which the graceful form of the bird, with its snow-white plumage, is relieved against the deep shade of the foliage overhanging the pool, forms the most striking feature in the drawing. In "The Yellow-hammer," the eye is chiefly caught by the bright, fresh, crisp character of the whole (I am not now speaking of the truth of detail, which is so abundant in all the drawings), while in "The Owl" the manner in which the soft downy texture of the bird is conveyed is truly wonderful. The coarseness of the bark of the tree may be exaggerated, but at any rate it has the effect of enhancing the marvellous softness of the bird's plumage.

Before leaving "The Birds," I give one more of the tail-pieces, which contrasts well with that of the "Rainy Day." In his representations of the sea, Bewick's execution was often coarse, but they were always full of life, and here there is no lack of delicacy. In 1818 Bewick published his "Æsop's Fables," from which is taken the piece of foliage at the beginning of this chapter. I have no space for any other specimens from this charming work, and must content myself with saying that, if Mr. Chatto is right in supposing that the cuts are mostly engraved by Bewick's pupils, W. Temple and William Harvey, it shows how completely he had imbued them with his own spirit.

Bewick died November 8th, 1828, at the age of seventy-five, leaving unfinished a fine cut of an old horse, "Waiting for Death," as he entitled it. He had intended engraving this on two blocks, in order to obtain some new effects unattainable on one, but the first block was unfinished when he died. On seeing the first proof from this block, he said, "I wish I was but twenty years younger"—conveying certainly the idea that he anticipated important results from the experiment. Bewick's daughters have been so kind as to show me some of his original drawings for his wood-cuts, and to these I shall have to refer in my next paper, in which I hope to commence some practical conclusions from the considerations that have already occupied us, with a few critical remarks on specimens of wood engraving of the present day.

HENRY HOLIDAY.



TAIL PIECE FROM BEWICK'S "BIRDS."

*** *The Editor has much pleasure in informing his readers that the success of THE MAGAZINE OF ART has been such as to justify its enlargement, which the Proprietors have determined to do without increase of price. Full particulars will be found in the Announcements.*

Magazine of Art Vol III.

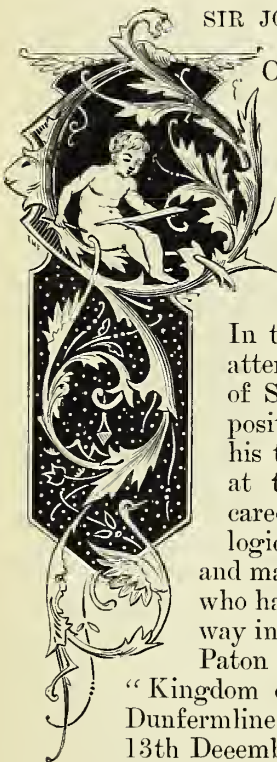
Cassell Petter, Galpin & Co.

"Don't Cry."

The Magazine of Art.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

SIR JOSEPH NOËL PATON, R.S.A., LL.D., *Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland.*



O attempt a just estimate of a painter still living and working amongst us is like criticising one of his unfinished pictures. This is especially so while the hand shows no symptoms of weakness and the vigour of the mind is unimpaired. In the present paper we do not attempt to give a critical notice of Sir Noël Paton, or to fix his position among the painters of his time, but can merely glance at the main incidents of his career in some sort of chronological order. Like David Wilkie, and many other shrewd Scotchmen who have successfully elbowed their way in the world, Sir Joseph Noël Paton is a native of the ancient "Kingdom of Fife," and was born in Dunfermline, its western capital, on the 13th December, 1821. Than Dunfermline few places are more favourable to the growth of poetry and romance. Its history is the history of Scotland in its days of chivalry and of regal and ecclesiastical magnificence. Here were born King David II., James I., and Charles I., the unfortunate "anointed king" of England; here, in the abbey, are buried King Malcolm Canmore, his Queen St. Margaret, King Robert the Bruce, and many others among the kings and chieftains of Scotland, and on the great square tower one can yet read, as a sort of historical signboard, the name of "King Robert the Bruce" in open capital letters, visible miles away. The ruined abbey and palace are pregnant with romantic associations of its founders, the Benedictines from Canterbury, and of King Edward I. of England, who wintered here in 1303–4. In young Paton's imaginative mind those shadowy reminiscences of cowled monks, rough warriors, and stately dames must have taken definite shape, and had, as will be shown, peculiar significance to him. His father was connected with the damask manufactures of the town, but was better known as a learned antiquary, a Fellow of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, and a zealous collector of old books and pictures, old casts, and relics of all descriptions. In 1819 he had married a Highland lady, directly descended from some of the most famous clans of the north. From her, no doubt, the young painter and poet had many deeply interesting recitals of traditionary lore—tales which must have fired his imagination, and made him long for the time when he could embody them in definite shape. Through her also he could claim kinship with the long line of kings and queens that, in his mind's eye, still peopled the old palace and abbey under the shadows of which he lived. Through a noble record of Highlanders and chieftains she could trace her ancestors to King Robert II.—the progenitor of the Stuart line—and from him to Robert the Bruce, and so backwards, through two centuries of kings, to Malcolm Canmore.

What wonder that the heir of such a history should have been instinctively moulded to painting and poetry! The daring and chivalrous deeds of his Jacobite ancestors furnished him, doubtless, with subjects for his pencil as a child, and we can well imagine the enthusiastic young student, surrounded by old books and musty armour, within hearing of the abbey bell and the cawing rooks that circled about the ruined walls, poring earnestly over his drawing, or composing verses to the prowess of Sir Angus or Sir Duncan, or to the fierce chiefs of Athol.

His first work of any importance was the natural outcome of this training, and in 1838 he completed a water-colour drawing of "The Combat between Bothwell and Balfour," from Scott's "Old Mortality." In the following year he illustrated another subject from Scott's novels, "Annot Lyle Playing," from "The Legend of Montrose," and during the next three years we find him busily engaged with drawings and verses for the *Renfrewshire Annual* (supplied gratuitously), and with outline designs in illustration of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" and Milton's "Comus."

So far our artist had been his own tutor, and, indeed, the problem of Sir Noël's career is how he could have become possessed of his comprehensive knowledge of form and drawing without the academical training usually considered indispensable. In 1843 he came to London, and for a few months attended the schools of the Royal Academy, then under the superintendence of Mr. Jones, R.A., from whom he received much kindness and advice. In this year was held the first of the famous cartoon competitions at Westminster Hall, won by "that young pupil of Delaroche" against whom poor Haydon so bitterly and unjustly inveighed, and here, probably, young Paton was a frequent visitor, and made inward vows to measure himself in future contests against the great spirits whose works he saw upon the walls.

In 1844 he is back again in Scotland, and sends his first picture to the Royal Scottish Academy—"Ruth Gleaning"—which is well hung in the exhibition and brings him much credit.

Next year gives him his first great success, and must have been a period of much hard work and anxiety. At the Royal Scottish Academy he exhibits "Rachel Weeping for her Children," and "The Holy Family." Besides these he executes a series of etchings on copper, illustrating Wilson's poem of "Silent Love," a literary effort which has long since departed into well-merited obscurity; and, lastly, he sends a bold and ambitious work, "The Spirit of Religion," to Westminster Hall. We have seen what training he had at this period, and it says much for his natural genius, still more for his technical knowledge and manipulative power, that the Commissioners awarded him one of the three premiums of two hundred guineas. The other two prizes went to Armitage and Tenniel.

In 1846 we have the first of the series of those charming conceptions of fairy-land in which Sir Noël Paton is still without a rival. It is in such works as these that the poet, as well as the painter, has full scope for his imagination, untrammelled by rude conventionalities; and every inch of the canvas is rich with some quaint conceit or delicate play of fancy. His first two works of this class were "The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," and "Puck and Fairy," both exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1846. To the competition in Westminster Hall, in the following year, he sent another of these subjects, "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania," and along with it a large work, containing many life-sized figures and evincing great strength of design and beauty of drawing, "Christ Bearing the Cross." The fame of the artist was by this time fairly established, and, when the Royal Commissioners decided for the second time to award a prize to him, honours showered in from all sides. The Royal Scottish Academy promptly elected him an Associate of their body, and handsomely purchased his "Reconciliation" for a good round sum. In hot haste, but too late by a post, the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts wrote, offering him £100 more than the Academy for his picture. To Sir Noël's credit be it written, that he did not hesitate for a moment, and, although it was quite within his power to close with the Association, he held to his bargain with the Academy. The competition for the work was not yet exhausted, however, and last of all, and much too late, of course, the then King of the Belgians expressed a strong desire, through Sir Charles Eastlake, the Secretary to the Commissioners, to obtain the picture for his collection. Seldom has a British artist received such spontaneous and hearty approbation at the outset of his career, and from this date Sir Noël Paton's history is a chronicle of uninterrupted success.

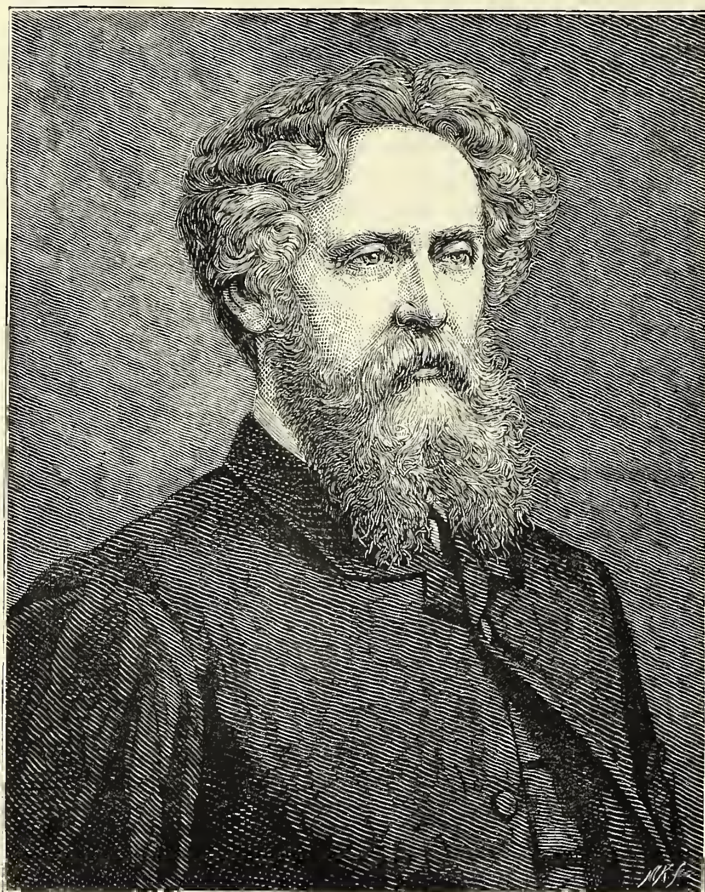
For the next three years our artist's energy was unabated. The Royal Scottish Academy elected him an Academician in 1850, and the following year he sent four important pictures to the gallery; these were "Thomas the Rhymer," "The Father Confessor," "Death of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini," and "Nimrod the Mighty Hunter." During the following years we have a large number of works, among them "Dante Meditating the Episode of Francesca da Rimini," "Eve of St. Agnes," "The Dead Lady" (engraved on page 5), and "Faust and Margaret Reading." In 1855 his picture of "The Pursuit of Pleasure" (well known through the medium of engraving) was finished, and was sent to the Royal Scottish Academy, where it elicited an almost unanimous chorus of praise as a work of very exceptional merit and displaying high imaginative power. At this time also he executed a sketch for a picture of "Vanity Fair," introducing many hundreds of figures, which, had it ever seen the light, would probably have ranked among the noblest conceptions of modern art. To those who have had the privilege of examining this very wonderful sketch, it appears far to excel in depth of thought any of the artist's published works, and it cannot but be cause for regret that, partly through Mr. Ruskin's dissuasion, partly through the length of time it would have involved, and the consequent severance from other work, Sir Noël Paton was reluctantly compelled to abandon his design. His next work of importance, this time exhibited in London, at the Royal Academy in 1856, was particularly appropriate to the year of its exhibition, and came upon the public with peculiar force, while the harrowing details of the Crimean campaign were yet fresh in its recollection. This picture—"Home"—represents a soldier of the Guards returned to his wife and child. He has lost one of his arms on the battle-field, and the hard lines of his face tell of the sufferings he has undergone. The work is replete with homely pathos, and tells its story with unaffected simplicity. Its success at the Academy was immense. Mr. Ruskin accepted it as "a most pathetic and precious picture," and the artist was commanded by the Queen to furnish her with a replica for the Royal Collection at Windsor. In the following year the chief picture was "Hesperus," and at the same time he exhibited two exquisitely finished landscapes in water-colour—studies in the Highlands of Scotland—which would have gone far to ensure his success in that branch of art.

As the Crimean War evoked "Home," so the Indian Mutiny called forth "In Memoriam" (a title, by the way, somewhat misleading; the picture should have been called "The Rescue," and, indeed, was so named by the artist). The scene is laid in a dark cell, in some Indian city over which the storm of revolt has burst. Here a number of the wives and families of the European officers have sought shelter from the bloodthirsty sepoys, and the dangers of the fight that yet rages overhead. While unconscious how the battle goes, the door is opened by a brave and stalwart Highlander of the 78th, a messenger of good tidings, and the first of the rescuers. The theme is an intensely dramatic one, and the fevered anguish and helplessness of the unhappy refugees is depicted with almost heartrending force. From such earnest work as this the painter must have turned, almost with a sense of relief, to a further series of fairy-land—"Oberon and Titania," "The Song of Silenus," and "Oberon and the Seamaid."

In 1859 our artist fairly surprised his friends with a striking work of sculpture, and plainly demonstrated that his powers had not yet been fully gauged. In one of those outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm which periodically agitate all communities, it had been decided in Scotland to erect a national monument to Scotia's favourite—if somewhat fictional—hero, Sir William Wallace. The site selected was the top of a wooded hill—the Abbey Craig near Stirling—which commands a majestic view of the valley of the Forth. Plaster models were submitted, and, after much serious deliberation, the Acting Committee at Stirling selected the design bearing the name of Sir Noël Paton, "A Lion struggling with a Typhon," which we illustrate on page 6. The idea was a magnificent one, and we can well imagine the effect of a colossal group such as this, capping the rugged outlines of the hill and lending a vivid interest to the scene around it. But the Committee were not at all confident of their power of artistic selection, though it has since been verified by the opinions of such men as Holman Hunt and Dante Rossetti. And Sir Noël was respectfully asked to allow the Committee the privilege of changing its mind; and a conventional tower, partly Gothic and wholly barbarous, was selected in its stead.

From this date there follows a long list of important oil paintings, designs on wood, and sketches of all descriptions—among them, in

1860, "Silenus Singing," "The Entombment," and "Gethsemane;" in 1861 (the year of a visit to Rome), "Dawn—Luther at Erfürt," one of the artist's most popular works, and which received the Heyward Gold Medal at Manchester; in 1862, a series of illustrations to the old Scottish ballad, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," painted for the Fine Art Association, and another graceful design, "Poems by a Painter," to be succeeded four years after by another volume, "Spindrift." Here again we have the elegant fancy which forms so great an attraction in his lighter works. The verse is always graceful—not very deep perhaps, nor quite true to the rougher side of life—but affecting us with its gentle melody like fragrant perfume. In 1865, to return to



Very truthfully yours
Noël Paton

especially executed by command of the Queen, this time for a national monument to Prince Albert. In the succeeding year he designed a series from the "Ancient Mariner," for the Art Union of London, and at Windsor he painted a small picture of the Queen in the death chamber of the Prince Consort, now in the private collection of her Majesty. During this period Sir Noël Paton's first volume of poems was published, under the title of pictures, we have "Fact and Fancy" and "The Death Barge of King Arthur;" in 1866, "Mors Janua Vitæ;" in 1867, "The Fairy Raid;" and since then many other notable pictures—"Satan watching the Sleep of Christ," "The Man of Sorrows," "The Spirit of the Twilight," "Christ the Great Shepherd," "The Man with the Muck Rake," and "Thy Will be Done." In 1867 Sir Noël Paton attended at Windsor, by command of her Majesty, and

THE DEAD LADY.

(From the Picture by Sir J. Noël Paton, R.S.A. By permission of Messrs. Paton and Sons, Edinburgh.)

received the honour of knighthood—he had in the previous year been appointed "Limner for Scotland"—and, in 1876, the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

Thus far, in outline, we have endeavoured to trace the chief incidents in the career of our "living painter." The character of the man is best sought in his works, and few painters have as completely made their canvases the mirror of themselves. A key to the formation of his style is found in one of his earlier poems, worthy of a place in these pages.

> "No, Buonarroti, thou shalt not subdue
> My mind with thy Thor-hammer! All that play
> Of ponderous science with Titanic thew
> And spastic tendon—marvellous, 'tis true—
> Says nothing to my soul. Thy 'terrible way'
> Has led enow of worshippers astray;
> I will not walk therein! Nor yet shalt thou,
> Majestic Raphael—though before thee bow
> The nations, with their tribute of renown—
> Lead my heart captive. Great thou art, I own—
> Great, but a Pagan still. But here—breathe low,
> The place is hallowed—here, Angelico!
> Heart, mind, and soul, with reverent love confess
> The Christian Painter, sent to purify and bless."

And, indeed, in more respects than one, the sincerity and purity of the Florentine Frate are present in the life of his modern disciple. The success of Sir Noël's scriptural subjects is due mainly to their thoroughly devout and reverent sentiment, and, even in those works which we are least inclined to praise on technical grounds, we are insensibly disarmed by the depth and purity of thought and by the genuine earnestness of intention. Had Sir Noël Paton devoted himself more exclusively to sculpture, it might have been that on the marble he would have found a more ready outlet for the eminently sympathetic characteristics of his mind and the poetic refinement of his hand. Among the recollections one bears of a visit to his studios, the brightest is that which hangs about some tender little studies in wax—"The Bathers," a child clinging furtively to his mother's side for protection, and a bright group of sea-nymphs disporting themselves on the waves.

THE LION AND TYPHON.

(From the Group by Sir J. Noël Paton, R.S.A.)

Of Sir Noël Paton's private life it becomes us to speak with extreme diffidence. It is not for us, in a paper such as this, to pass the threshold of the family circle—our business is rather with the *artistic* life of an eminent painter — but those who have that privilege can tell of a loyal friend who regards friendship's bond neither lightly nor capriciously.

GEORGE R. HALKETT.

ON SOME OF THE "SIGHTS" OF LONDON.

AMONGST the characteristics of this remarkable age at which posterity will "stare and gasp" we may safely assign a prominent place to our public statues and our chimney-tops. They mark, so to speak, the base and summit of our home and art life, and resemble each other as a class in more respects than one—in the weird diversity of their outline and their uniform griminess of feature. Upon the unique character of these twin embellishments of our centre of civilisation let the nation take its stand, and it may, in the fine commercial phrase of the day, defy competition.

As the chimneys and their terminals reflect somewhat on my own profession, I will take them first, and as the only probable cure for them I would respectfully but earnestly suggest that not another penny of the nation's money should be spent upon its so-called art-education until the authorities get at the bottom, or rather at the top, of this crying abomination. Oh! for an official Asmodeus, who should not content himself with peeping down the chimneys of a Christian people, but should carry away and clear from the sky the reeking array of horrors which are now everywhere rampant. What cultivation of national taste is *possible* while a whole people sit complacently under this nightmare of cowls and the numberless and nameless abominations of the ubiquitous smoke doctor? Is it not a mockery to pretend to sensitiveness in art-matters, whilst we accept without complaint so degrading a domination? How can we discuss with a grave face niceties of lines and contours, and subtle refinements of colour, form, and proportion, while we allow our noblest buildings to be crowned with these indefensible excrescences—these loathsome "arrangements" in zinc and soot? They lie, metaphorically speaking, at the root of the architecture of the day, and would that they could be literally buried beneath the lowest foundation pit. The disease, like some forms of fever, appears to attack the wealthier classes first. There is hardly a cowl on the whole of the Shaftesbury Park estate, while on the other hand scarcely a building of any importance escapes them. Only the other day I observed with sorrow their incipient appearance on the otherwise noble mansions which have lately adorned the Chelsea Embankment. They are shooting like young horns from the Duke of Buccleugh's mansion in Whitehall. The new Foreign Office—that palatial pile costing the nation hundreds of thousands of pounds—has mounted its row of oscillating cowls and wavering vanes, feebly nodding, "nid-nid nodding" all day long, waggling with provoking imbecility against the wind, and calling to each other in piteous creaking wails.

Our greatest living painter builds himself a "lordly pleasure-house" in the old court suburb, when, lo! it is instantly crowned by these fool's-caps of hideous mien and preposterous altitude. Nay, the Royal Castle at Windsor itself bristles with cowls and such contrivances in every form of ugliness. In those fashionable quarters for which the speculating builder is alone responsible such things might be expected, though even there they should no longer be patiently borne. We know what is coming, and acquiesce supinely in the inevitable. As the bill comes down from the window, up go the cowls. But with the mansions of the very rich, built by this eminent architect or the other, such a disgrace to our skill should not be tolerated for a moment. It is a standing confession of an inability to meet one of the first necessities of our boasted home comforts. Least of all should the noble structures bequeathed to us by our ancestors be rendered ridiculous by such additions.

The universality of the affliction is not more disheartening than the apathy with which it is regarded even in quarters where better things might have been expected. The public sight appears to have been so demoralised that it fails to perceive the evil. If the art-feeling of the nation can be so far touched as to lead it to revolt against the ugliness of its sky lines, there may be some hope: South Kensington will have a *point d'appui*, and the nineteenth century may set about its art-training in earnest. But if the public still prove apathetic, let the authorities look to it. By all means let us revert to a chimney tax in a new form—a tax on cowls.

We have not as yet let out the surfaces of our public buildings to advertising contractors; but the smoke nuisance is a warning. The familiarity of the public with the efforts of the commercial world to find tongues in stones will

gradually accustom us to the habit, and render us callous to the sight; and we may hereafter see the Foreign Office and the surfaces of St. Paul's covered with vulgar placards.

Our abhorrence of the fantastic horrors of the sky has carried us away, and all the while the statues have been kept waiting. "What are these so withered and so wild in their attire? They look not like the inhabitants of the earth, and yet are on't." A motley throng surely. Still, one can't but confess to a tenderness for them. They are many of them old acquaintances, and "seen too oft, familiar with their face, we pity first." They have been so often the butt of the critic that it seems almost cruel to join in the hunt and run them down. They are, moreover, outcasts. They have no friends. They are the deserted children of this great city. Let us at least hear what is said in mitigation of their grotesque appearance and their woe-begone and forlorn condition generally.

Their authors plead the costume of the time. The climate. Admitted. The absence of out-door life in ennobling forms. The tendency of the pursuits of the age to perpetuate ignoble traits. All of these are no doubt difficulties. But have the sculptors made the most of the opportunities left to them? Are there not some points in their *practice* capable of improvement, even if the improvement of their *subjects* is beyond their reach? The bulk of our sculpture will in future probably answer to the painter's easel pictures, and will be portrait sculpture in some shape, and of this portrait statues to our public men will form a considerable proportion.

We have hitherto apparently felt no incongruity in placing Nelson and the Duke of York out of mortal view, adding a finish to them by way of a spiky lightning conductor, looking as though the peril of their position had set their hair on end. There may be some excuse for thus getting the duke out of sight, but why on earth should the admiral be mastheaded? Thanks to the purer ether and diviner air of cloudland, and to the bleaching sun and rain, Nelson's statue is not so hopelessly begrimed as some of lowlier place. But when near enough to be seen in detail it is from its position foreshortened out of all possible appreciation of whatever artistic merits it may possess. Seen from a distance it is only a dark mass against the luminous sky, in which the sculptor's work goes for nothing.

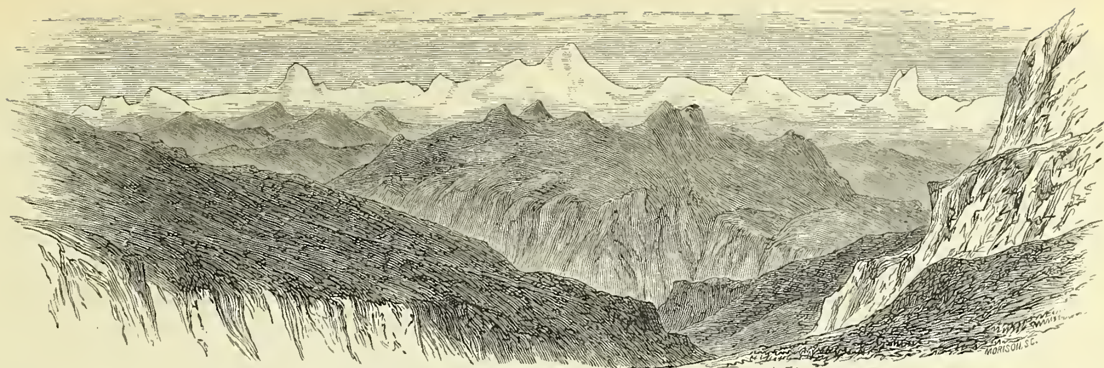
The public have, however, long since accepted the conditions with aggravating equanimity, and the puzzled foreigner is informed—"That? That is the Duke of York's *column*. That is Nelson's *column*!"

The above anomalies are happily too costly to be often repeated, still a little ingenuity has contrived to invest less costly mistakes with an almost equal absurdity. Our military heroes are scandalously treated. Take the statue of Lord Clyde in Waterloo Place, or that of Sir George Outram in the Embankment gardens. As statues, and in their sculptors' studios, no doubt well enough. But it was felt essential to their exhibition in public to provide them with pedestals, or something to raise them into public observation, and to show them off to the best advantage. Of course the less obtrusive and self-assertive the pedestal, the more the attention would be directed to the statue. And how has this necessary accessory been provided? These heroes have been hoisted upon blocks of *polished* granite. The material in which the figures themselves are cast speedily assumes in our sooty atmosphere a sombre grey, which obliterates all the delicate work of the sculptor, and the closest scrutiny from the nearest accessible point scarcely suffices to reveal the lineaments of the great men whose deeds we honour *in the dust*. But the pedestal is a brilliant object far and near. Observation, whether with extensive view or not, cannot escape the blinding sheen of the obtrusive pedestal. Worse still—one of these pedestals is actually cylindrical in figure, and carries a line of white light from top to bottom. The "highest light" in the picture falls necessarily and permanently on the unimportant accessory, and carries off the eye from the modest figure, which should be the only thing about it which the eye *could not choose but see*. There was no need to further dilute the effect by the aid of the lion and the lady at the base. The distraction was complete without them.

The pedestal is the rock upon which the sculptors split. They desire to give something of an architectural character to it and its surroundings, and in few cases do they succeed. The best way is to leave it quite plain, bearing only names and dates. The best material is unpolished *grey* granite, which both in tint and texture gives preciousness to the costlier material and finish of the statue. Long ago Mr. Ruskin besought us to leave a "little architectural silence" about our statues, and every day the wisdom of the advice becomes more and more apparent.

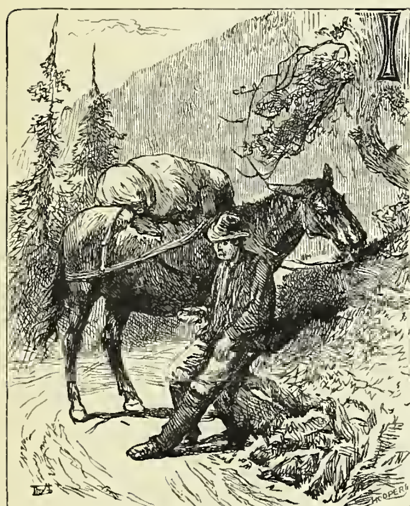
E. Ingress Bell.

(*To be continued.*)



VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE GEMMI.

SKETCHING GROUNDS: THE OESCHINEN SEE AND THE GEMMI PASS.



A MOUTHFUL BY THE WAY.

In passing Mr. Spooner's shop in the Strand one day, my eyes happened to light upon a large photograph of the Oeschinen See, near Kandersteg, the beauty of which struck me so much that I immediately resolved to make it the chief object of my next sketching excursion.

Within a week or two I was on my way, *viâ* the Rhine and Basle. Some pleasant travelling companions, whose acquaintance I had made on board the Rhine steamer, accompanied me as far as Berne, where we parted, as I thought, for good: their route being towards Chamouni, and mine towards Kandersteg.

At Thun I caught the afternoon boat for Interlaken, in which I proceeded as far as Spiez. Here I landed, and, shouldering my knapsack, set out with the virtuous intention of walking to Frutigen that evening. My way lay under the magnificent slope of the Niesen, that beautiful mountain which overhangs the Lake of Thun, and which is seen to such especial advantage from the neighbourhood of Interlaken.

I had not gone more than a mile or two, when I was overtaken by an omnibus which plies between Thun and Frutigen. It occurred to me that if I took advantage of the conveyance as far as the latter place, I might manage to get a trap on to Kandersteg the same night, and thus be enabled to reach the main object of my journey—the Oeschinen See—early the next morning.

We arrived at Frutigen at about six o'clock. There I was fortunate enough to find the proprietor of the Bear Inn, at Kandersteg, about to start in a return carriage. I therefore arranged to accompany him.

The night was very fine. As we drew near Kandersteg the moon came up over the magnificent snows of the Weiss Frau, which closed the valley to the left. Wonderful rays of silver light cast their long arms across the silent mists, and weird shadows from the intervening mountain crags here and there enwrapped our path in gloom.

While walking up a long hill to ease the horse, I overtook a young German, who was also pursuing his way to Kandersteg. We fell into conversation, and while skirting the banks of the Kander I noticed that peculiar effect of the water appearing to run up-hill, which I had once or twice before observed in Switzerland. We were, of course, meeting the stream, which was here flowing over a comparatively level bed. I wondered if my companion would notice the effect, and waited to see. Presently he exclaimed, "The water is running up-hill!" and paused in amazement. I told him I had seen the same thing while journeying to Chamouni one night, and also in the Lauterbrunnen Valley. We vainly endeavoured to account for it, and could only conclude that it was in some way referable to the fact that the extreme height of the

surrounding mountains confuses to some extent one's idea of the horizontal line.

As I was travelling with mine host of the Bear—a most intelligent man, who had spent some years in England—I, of course, took up my quarters at that hotel, which lies close under the slope of the Gemmi. The morning following my arrival was magnificent. Looking from my window soon after sunrise, the bare rocky summit of the Gellihorn was before me, its sharp peak, tinted with the rosy light, soaring into the pure blue ether. It is impossible to be a laggard in Switzerland. The crimson tint of morning on the mountain tops, the tinkle of the cattle-bells, the loud voices of the hurrying streams, and, above all, the fresh pure scent of the pine forests all combine to call one forth, hours before the dwellers in cities open their eyes to the dull, smoky light. By six o'clock, therefore, I was working rapidly up the Oeschinen Thal, which runs eastward from the valley of the Kander, at about a mile from the Bear Hotel.

Exquisite views opened on every side as my path rose higher and higher. Behind me was Kandersteg, with its green pastures and rich brown châlets. In front was the glorious Weiss-Frau, crowned with everlasting snows. To the right, in a deep gorge, the stream from the Oeschinen See rushed and tumbled over its rocky bed with a low thunder, which came up to me in a clear monotone through the still air. Away across the stream to the right, a thin cascade came over a buttress of the Doldenhorn, dropping a thousand feet perpendicularly into the gorge below.

As I ascended the last slope, and approached the point from which I expected to get my first view of the lake, I felt some anxiety as to the result. Having come so far almost exclusively to see it, the disappointment would have been great had it failed to come up to my anticipations. My anxiety proved to be groundless. Never in my life had I looked upon a more wondrous scene than that which lay before me on surmounting the summit of the path. In the immediate foreground was a stretch of rich grass, intermingled with grey rocks and riven stumps of pines. A little to the left the broken ground rose abruptly to a pine forest, which stretched for a thousand feet up the mountain side. A few solitary trees—out-lying pickets of the main body as it were—rose on the other side of the grassy foreground, and beyond these lay the lake itself, locked in the arms of the mighty mountains, as still as a sleeping child. The unruffled surface was of that exquisite blue which we get in the hedge-sparrow's egg, and sometimes in the evening sky. Beyond its glassy surface was a scene of splendour which held one breathless. The precipices and snows of the Weiss-Frau soared upwards, in almost interminable slopes and crags, to the height of twelve thousand feet. Glaciers stretched their mighty arms far down the dim blue gorges, and from their beds of glistening ice, streams, like silver threads, wound downwards to the precipices which overhung the lake, and then dropped in one straight plunge into its placid waters. To the right, pines and bluffs and slopes of grass stretched upward to the Doldenhorn. To the left, the purple crags above the pine-forest quite shut in the view. It was an amphitheatre of wonder and beauty, with the lovely lake sleeping in the midst. There was not a sight or sound of man to disturb the magical solitude of the spot. One seemed to be locked in the very bosom of the mountains ; to be in actual intercourse with the mighty mysteries of nature which surrounded one on every side.

It was long before I could bring myself to the seemingly prosaic task of endeavouring to carry away some slight record of the spot. The whole scene was so awe-inspiring, so overwhelming, that it seemed almost like desecration to attempt it. The hours flew by in contemplation of the lovely scene, and the afternoon sun was declining before I commenced the descent.

I left the Oeschinen See with great reluctance. It dwells in my memory as one of the most enchanting spots it was ever my lot to behold. It is but little invaded by tourists. Only one party arrived during the day, and they soon departed, leaving me to my task, and to the companionship of the peasant in charge of the cattle in the high pastures, who came and watched me as I worked, and was put into a seventh heaven of delight at being presented with a franc in return for some delicious milk which he brought me from a châlet, hidden somewhere up among the pines.

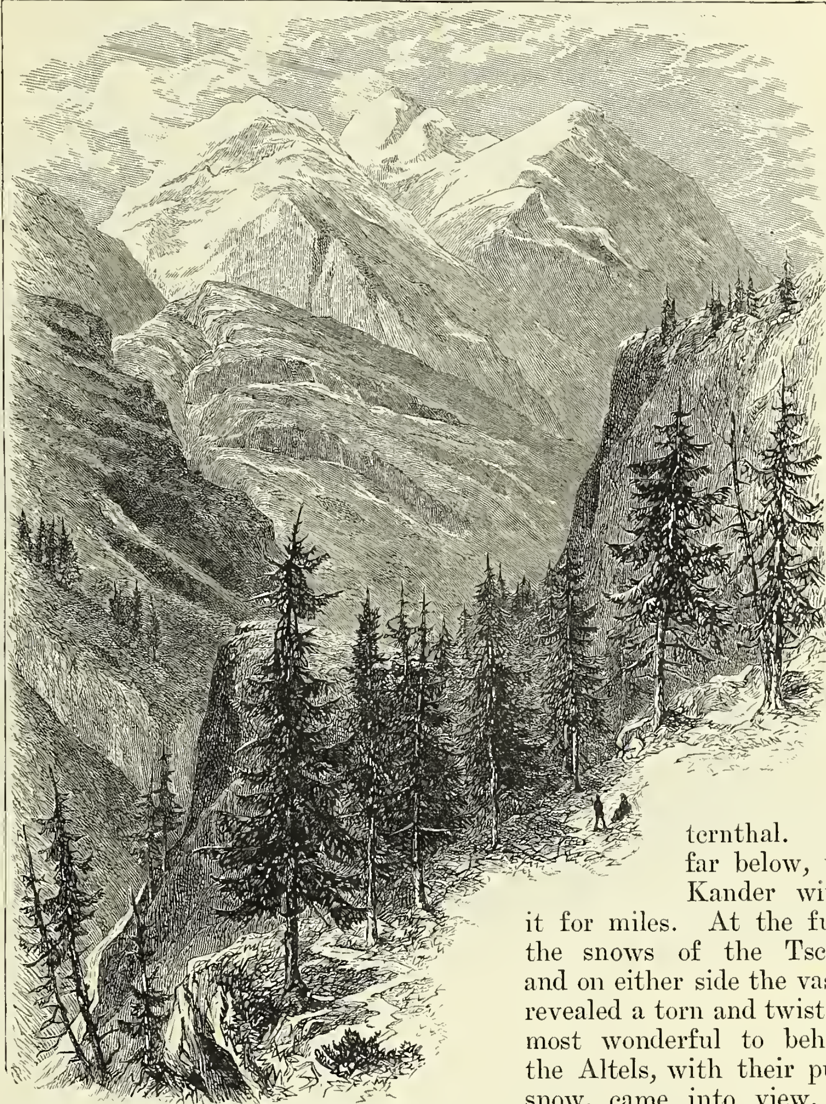
I secured another slight sketch on my way back to Kandersteg, bringing in the cascade to the right, to which I have before referred. Before it was finished, however, down came the rain from some huge thunder-clouds, which had been long threatening overhead. I sought shelter beneath a broad-eaved châlet, and for upwards of half an hour stood and watched a thunder-storm such as I have never seen equalled elsewhere. The heavens were lit up by such ruddy lightning, that the mountains

seemed transformed to volcanoes. At times I was literally enveloped in sheets of fire, while the thunder shook the very earth. Never did I realise so forcibly that grand line of Homer's—

"Heaven opened, roared the mountains, thundered all the ground."

As I was studying my Bædeker that evening, a hand was placed on my shoulder, and a familiar voice addressed me. I looked up, and there were my travelling acquaintances whom I had left the day before at Berne. They had changed their minds about going to Chamouni, and had come on for the purpose of walking over the Gemmi with me. It was a pleasant surprise, and added much to the enjoyment of my trip.

We were away early next morning. The weather was glorious, and that indescribable freshness and beauty which pertains to these mountain heights was over everything. We wound up through the delicious pine forest for an hour or more, and then reached the almost level pathway which skirts the glorious Gasternthal. The valley lay far below, with the silver Kander winding through it for miles. At the further end rose the snows of the Tschingel glacier, and on either side the vast walls of rock revealed a torn and twisted stratification most wonderful to behold. Presently the Altels, with their pure summits of snow, came into view, and then the dark pyramid of the Rinderhorn. We made a two hours' halt here for the purpose of sketching, and then pursued our way steadily up the high pastures, until we reached the inn of Schwarenbach, 6,778 feet above the sea.



THE RINDERHORN AND THE ALTELS, GEMMI PASS.

After a rest of half an hour, we proceeded on our way towards the summit. Patches of snow now began to appear, and here and there the purple gentian raised its exquisite bells from its snowy bed. We skirted the banks of the

melancholy Daubensee, and in a short time stood on the highest point of the pass.

There is no greater surprise in all Switzerland than that which awaits the tourist on the summit of the Gemmi. The ascent from the north is comparatively gradual, but on the south side the pass drops sheer down some three thousand feet, almost perpendicularly. The village of Leukerbad lies at a giddy depth below. You fancy you could throw a stone on to its roofs. The bare precipices of the Daubenhorn rise to the right. Away to the left lies the Torrenthorn, and the pastures about Albinen, while far away in front, one may look for the glorious range of the Pennine Alps beyond the Rhone Valley. We were, however, doomed to disappointment in this respect, for gathering clouds rendered them only just dimly visible for a few moments, and then a storm, which had been threatening for some time, broke upon us with indescribable fury.

A thunder-storm on the summit of the Gemmi is a thing to be remembered for a lifetime. We found shelter in the little stone hut just below the highest point of the pass. For upwards of an hour we stood there watching the lightning far below us, and listening to the reverberations of the thunder among those magnificent crags. By-and-by the storm cleared, and was succeeded by a splendid rainbow, which spread an almost perfect circle before our astonished gaze. As it arched to the left, its curve corresponded exactly to the curve of the rocky pinnacle of the Rinderhorn, which it transformed to a vivid opal of almost unimaginable beauty. The rain-clouds cleared, and, as the darkness was coming on apace, we hastened on our way down the precipitous pathway, which is here cut in the perpendicular face of the rock. This pathway is one of the marvels of Switzerland. In places, one portion of it actually overhangs another, and, from the abrupt angles, you may look down thousands of feet into the gloomy gorges below.

THE WEISS-FRAU.

I was determined, if possible, to see the view of the Pennine Alps from the summit. The next morning, therefore, I started from Leukerbad before six, and made my way to the foot of the ascent. The weather was glorious; but

even at this hour the sun was beating with unusual power on the southern face of the rocks. It was warm work surmounting the steep and apparently interminable zig-zags, but I stuck to my self-imposed task, and at eight o'clock stood on the highest point, with the keen mountain air playing on my heated forehead, and a prospect of unsurpassable beauty before me. The whole range of the central Alps was visible, including the giant pyramid of the Matterhorn. The clear air was palpitating in the sunny radiance. The cool breeze from the Lämmeren glacier, close to me on the right, acted like a refreshing draught, and stretching myself on the short grass, I enjoyed, in contemplating the wondrous scene before me, half an hour of the purest delight the world can give.

THE OESCHINEN SEE.

I was back at the hotel by half-past nine, and, on entering the *salle-à-manger*, found my companions of the day before at breakfast. They were somewhat astonished to learn I had been to the summit of the pass and back; though I verily believe the rapidity with which I caused the viands to disappear from the breakfast table astonished them still more.

SYDNEY HODGES.

DANNECKER.

A STUDY OF MODERN SCULPTURE (1758—1841).

SINCE sculpture is an art the limits of which are narrower than those of the sister art of painting, and since from this characteristic there is no room for the widely differing schools which may legitimately exist among painters, all sculptors should, as far as possible, be equally studied, without regard to their nationality. One reason, indeed, why modern Rome is so attractive to any sculptor of ambition, is that he there finds himself surrounded by men of all nationalities, from the artist whose birthplace was the sunny slopes of southern Italy, to him whose home was once among the distant villages by the side of the Ohio or the Mississippi, who are striving side by side in one common arena. But, generally speaking, it may be doubted whether those in England who are not wholly indifferent to art, sufficiently consider the merits and the faults of the sculptors who, though they are members of the modern European school, are now dead, and whose works alone remain for criticism. But if what we have said be true, that sculpture has no bounds in the frontiers of kingdoms and in the difference of races, then it is obvious that we in England are encompassed by a very evil insularity if we do not now and again approach

for a short study the works of sculptors who have created for themselves a widespread European reputation.

Among those whose name stands high on the Continent, Johann Heinrich Dannecker, who was born at Stuttgart, October 15th, 1758, is worthy of study, though we cannot hold that he should be ranked so highly as foreign critics usually estimate him. "Dannecker," says Lübke, in his "History of Sculpture" (ii., 437), "has the merit of having conceived the beauty of the antique with noble feeling, and of having partly expressed it in graceful works." It is true that this is hardly so clear and incisive a criticism as one could desire, but read with the succeeding remarks, it evidently points to the fact that Dannecker had imbued his works with the Greek spirit, and had executed them in forms of delicate beauty. But we doubt if Dannecker had thoroughly grasped that spirit, and the work which is cited by Lübke as an example—the Cupid in the Rosenstein Palace—appears to us to be in the highest degree artificial in conception and execution, though it is undoubtedly a very graceful work. But it should be remembered that Dannecker lived at a time when there was much that was vicious in sculpture to be contended against. It is true he spent five years in Rome, from 1785 to 1790, but Canova was then justly attaining his rank as the first of modern sculptors, and in spite of many excellences, he was a master whose example was not the best which a young sculptor could follow.

None of Dannecker's works exhibit any strong individual imagination, and in nearly all of them there is a kind of artificialness apparent, which may not improbably have been caused by the influence of Canova. There is his large and powerful statue of "Hector"—depicted at the moment when he reproaches Paris for his cowardice in refusing to do battle with Menelaus—

"This when Hector beheld with reproachful words he assailed him,
'Paris too fatally fair! Seducer of women, deceiver!
Would thou hadst never been born, or died ere thine ill-omened nuptials!
That would I rather have seen, and that for thyself had been better
Than to stand forth the scandal and scorn of the hosts who behold thee.
Well may the long-haired Greeks break forth in these shouts of derision,
Looking for martial deeds from so gay, so handsome a hero:
Looking in vain! for strength thou hast none, nor spirit within thee.'"

Iliad, Book iii., 38.

The passion of the brave Trojan is finely shown, especially in the delineation of the muscular action of the left arm and violently clenched hand. But, at the same time, there is, especially in the attitude of the head, something unnatural and strained, which prevents this work from being ranked so highly as would otherwise be the case. To our mind, the two works in which Dannecker was most successful are his statue of "Faith," and his fine bust of Schiller.* The latter is really a masterpiece—there is no want of generalisation about it; we are not attracted by details, and yet the face is admirably rendered. The mind of a great poet is visible in every feature, and in this work there is more of the spirit of Greek art in all its largeness, its simplicity, and its perfection of execution, than in a dozen Cupids brandishing the arrow of love.

The statue of "Faith" pleases because it is also characterised by the same qualities, and shows a purity and yet a strength of imagination which are very noticeable. "Faith" is a young woman, finely proportioned, indeed of a most womanly form, kneeling and looking up to heaven. Over her head is a long robe, which descends in ample folds, whilst she rests partially on a Bible. Simplicity is the characteristic of this composition, though the gentle fervour of the praying woman is well portrayed. But, as we have said, it is pleasing because it possesses the elements of true art, and bears witness to the imagination which its author clearly possessed.

In the most ambitious effort which Dannecker made, his life-size statue of "Christ," which stands in the mortuary chapel of the Abbey Church of Ratisbon,† whilst the statue is a successful work as a study of man, the great subject is not fully worked out. The expression on the face of Christ, who is supposed to be uttering the words, "Durch Mich zum Vater" ("through me must you approach my Father"), is finely and delicately rendered. His right hand pointing to his bosom intensifies the idea, whilst his uplifted left hand shows that he is exhorting the surrounding crowds. But the face and the form want ideal beauty, and the long lines of the clinging drapery, through which the limbs of Christ are seen, detract from the beauty of form, and add in no way to the impressiveness of the delineation. But, on the other hand, we must remember how exceedingly difficult a subject this is, and we shall be

* At Stuttgart.

† A cast of this statue is in the chancel of the Spitalkirche, in Stuttgart.

inclined to rank this statue higher than Thorwaldsen's well-known colossal figure of "Christ," for the Frauenkirche in Copenhagen, which is more commonplace though more powerful, and far less delicate and refined than Dannecker's smaller work. There are several other works to which allusion might be made for the purpose of further exemplifying the qualities which characterise Dannecker as a sculptor. Such, for instance, is the creation by which he is perhaps best known to Englishmen, the "Ariadne" at Frankfort. But they would do little more than add unnecessarily to what has been already said.

Dannecker was not an artist of prolific genius; he had none of that fertility and freshness of imagination which so distinguished his great Bavarian contemporary, Schwanthaler. When he died, in 1841, he had spent the last forty years of his life almost wholly at Stuttgart, and during a large part of that time had been Professor of Sculpture in the School of Art. In Stuttgart, the artistic life and energy which Ludwig I. has done so much to stimulate in the neighbouring capital of Munich, did not exist, so that Dannecker lived in an atmosphere where the afternoon of life would naturally be passed in professorial repose rather than in professional labour. But if he did not produce a strong effect on sculpture in Germany by creating vivid examples of the art, yet his works always displayed a refined taste, rising, as in the statue of "Faith," to quite a noble delicacy. Sometimes, as in this instance, he showed more original intellectual power than his works from classical subjects exhibit, and sometimes, as in his "Christ," he ventures to grapple with a subject the greatness of which would surely appal most artists. But these works, though, in considering the result of his labours, they must cause him to be ranked high among modern European sculptors, yet do not give him the great place to which a generally loftier class of work would assuredly entitle him, for they must be regarded as exceptions to the general tenor of his labours. Dannecker, taken all in all, may be considered an artist gifted with a very pure taste, with very considerable knowledge of the limits of his art, and with a great deal of technical power, who, from time to time did work much above the level of that which he usually executed. He is superior to most modern artists who were his contemporaries, but assuredly both Flaxman and Schwanthaler take rank above him. Dannecker, in short, can only be ranked in the second grade of sculptors, but he, at any rate, has one merit—that he never is exaggerated in his conceptions, or extravagant and flashy in his execution, and if he is oftentimes wanting in originality and power, he never offends by gross faults either in the choice or the treatment of his subjects.* E. S. Roscoe.

* Casts of several of Dannecker's principal statues are exhibited among the works of art in the Royal Museum at Stuttgart.

OLD KEYS.—II.

HAVING already traced the earlier history of keys in Roman and mediæval times, we now propose to consider their character and treatment during that great period of the revival of art which almost coincides with the reign of our Tudor sovereigns in England.

But it is right, in passing, to allude to the so-called "Gothic" keys of the fifteenth century, which, as the name suggests, owe their origin to the influence that architecture has always exercised on the industrial arts. They are often of beautiful workmanship and of most elegant design, but instead of being cut in the solid steel, like those of the following period, their open-work tracery is formed in detached pieces, afterwards soldered together into the required shape. Their handles are wont to assume the form of a rose window, or some pattern appropriate to the character of the carved door or coffer that they were intended to secure. These were the immediate predecessors of the keys of the Renaissance.

It may seem at first sight not a little remarkable that such common and necessary implements should have been chosen for the elaborate manipulation of the great workmen of the sixteenth century; but if we examine the long catalogue of household utensils of that age which figure in our museums as exemplary works of art, we should rather wonder at the absence of decoration in any object of every-day use that was capable of being transformed into

a thing of beauty. The passion for decoration, indeed, was so strong that nothing seems to have been tolerated that had not been fashioned in the artistic manner of the time, and nothing was too trivial to engage the attention of accomplished craftsmen. One need only glance at the wondrous door-knockers, bells, candlesticks, lamps, fountain - spouts, ink-stands, fire-dogs, hammer-heads, snuffers, handles, escutcheons, stirrups, clasps, buckles, book-mounts, knives, forks, spoons, fire-irons, bellows, mirrors, and furniture of every kind—not to mention the finer work in more precious substances—produced in Italy in the sixteenth century to understand the art-spirit which there prevailed, and was thence handed on to other countries. This spirit, it is needless to say, derived its impulse from an appreciative study of the antique, so that the forms and conceits which found favour in the days of ancient Greece and Rome were now applied to every kind of domestic object. Nor were the artists of the Renaissance content with mere imitation of the old designs, but they displayed a power of the most exuberant fancy in the flowing and graceful variations that they practised on their original models.

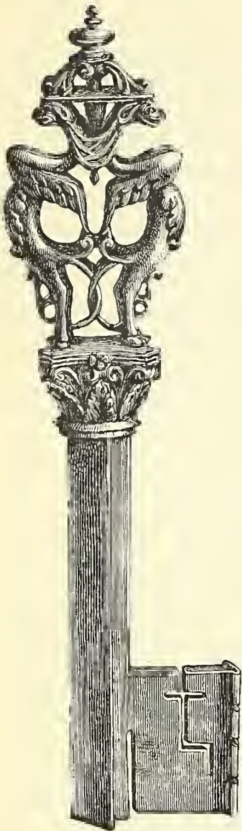


Fig. 1.

It should also be remembered that before the close of the fifteenth century the artistic locksmith—himself quite as much an artist as a smith—found a rival in the person of the armourer, who was now beginning to apply very high skill to his craft, and to execute work of the greatest richness and luxury. The cuirass and other armour of elaborate design had now superseded the plain coat of mail, and thus it came to pass that not only the most apt workmen, but the most distinguished artists, applied their talents to this branch of industry, which was made to include other kinds of steel-work. The guilds, too, that were formed for the protection and cultivation of each particular manufacture assisted greatly in stimulating excellence of workmanship. As none but qualified members were admitted to these corporations, emulation naturally arose, coupled with a personal interest in work that was regulated and supervised by competent judges. Production remained in the hands of a choice few, and had not yet passed into the broad road of wholesale manufacture.

It was usual for an apprentice who sought admission as a master to his guild to offer a *chef-d'œuvre* of his work in proof of his qualification, and some of the more elaborate specimens of the locksmith's art which have come down to us may be traced to such an origin. It would be impossible otherwise to account for the infinite amount of hand labour with file and graver bestowed on those massive locks, transformed into pieces of sculpture, with statuettes, or even groups, standing out in full relief under richly-ornamented canopies or framework of scrolls and foliage. The magnificent cabinets of the sixteenth century are also accountable for the existence of many of the most costly keys of this time. The specimens chosen for illustration (Figs. 1 and 2) represent not uncommon types of the Renaissance keys, showing a marked change from the superseded Gothic patterns. The stem becomes a miniature column ending in a Corinthian capital, and this is surmounted by some classical design, in the shape of dolphins, mermaids, syrens, or griffins, placed back to back, with wings or tails interlaced to form a handle. In a specimen preserved in the Louvre, little figures of St. Peter and St. Paul have replaced the dolphins, resting daintily on the Grecian capital in the midst of arabesques and acanthus leaves. The stems are hollow, and frequently triangular or barrelled, and they seem to have been objects of such tender care

Fig. 2.

that many were fitted with steel cases to protect them from the intrusion of foreign substances. A curious variety occurs in which the wards are made like a fine comb or the notes of a musical box, the handle having the shape of a lantern or dome with open-work cutting. Masks, too, are commonly introduced, and a favourite device was a handle formed of graceful curves and foliage supporting an armorial crown (Fig. 3), or surrounding a labyrinthine monogram. The great centres of the manufacture of these keys appear to have been Florence, Ghent, and Nuremburg.

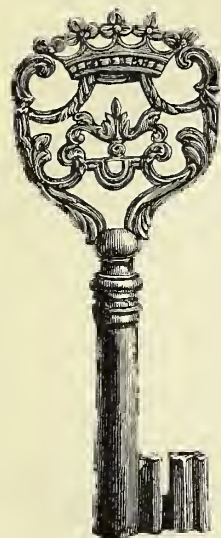


Fig. 3.

But the most striking example of the beauty and exquisite finish that a key can attain is one lately exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. It is known to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini, goldsmith, sculptor, engraver, and medallist, of Florence, the most celebrated designer and artist in metal-work the world has ever seen. This key has a pedigree such as few can boast, for it remained in the Strozzi family, for whom it was made, ever since its creation till, quite recently, it passed into the hands of Baron Adolphe de Rothschild for the sum of 35,000 francs. This seems indeed a "fancy" price, but it represents the market value of matchless art and consummate labour. The design is beautiful in the extreme. The sides of the "bow" consist of two goddess-like forms bending outward in flowing curves, above which rises a marvellous specimen of what Chaucer calls a "winking Cupid." Then, to add ornament to ornament, this again is surmounted by another *amorino*, whose uplifted wings meet high above the head, forming a grand crown to the whole. The stem has the more conventional form of the Corinthian column, of workmanship well worthy to support its burden, and the wards are of the kind already described, resembling the teeth of a fine comb. Every feather of the wings stands out in such sharp relief that the pointed tips seem as if they would pierce the hand of one who would rashly seize them—a proud threat from a veritable masterpiece of a champion artificer.

But the days of these great works were not to last for ever, and in the following century, keys, like other objects of art, suffered from the common decline of classical taste. A new style seems to have come in with the long wigs, but although the mermaids and masks and statuettes gradually disappeared, much lavish decoration was still bestowed on keys of cabinets and other luxurious furniture, the patterns becoming less graceful and more geometrical. Perhaps the chamberlains' keys of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are the most remarkable for the extravagant richness of their adornment. Fig. 4 represents one of these, made of gun-metal, gilt and highly chased, the handle exhibiting the royal monogram and crown of William and Mary, surrounded by complicated scroll-work.

Another not uncommon form of decorated handle in the seventeenth century is a shaped cross issuing from the end of the stem, and protected by three graceful curves. The stems of these keys are generally fluted or spiral. A design of ornamental piercings, having the appearance of net-work, is also peculiar to the same period, but after this time the bow gradually degenerated till it again assumed its primitive shape of the common ring.

Fig. 4.

It is worthy of notice that the history of old English spoons offers a curious analogy to that of keys. From the year 1500 till 1620 their handles, which are round or of baluster shape, are "knopped" (knobbed), with a Renaissance ornament, such as "the image of our lady," the bust or head of a boy or maiden, an owl, a pomegranate, a ball, an acorn, or a lion, while the well-known figures of Apostles occur as late as 1659. But from the time of the Restoration we find the fashion changed both as to stem and handle. The latter is divided into three cloven

points, while the stem becomes flat and broad, the bowl being strengthened by the well-known "rat-tail" at the back. This form lasted through the reigns of James II., William and Mary, and Anne, when a fresh change was introduced by making the end of the handle quite round, but turning what we call the wrong way, and with a sharp ridge running down the middle. It has been suggested* that the different fashions may have been imported with the plate of the respective courts of the second Charles and the first king of the House of Hanover. But, whatever the causes may have been, there are three distinct types of spoons for the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, corresponding in date more or less closely with equally distinct changes in the forms of keys.

Without going more fully into technical peculiarities, but having treated the subject entirely from an amateur's point of view, it may be sufficient to say that these keys, insignificant though they may appear when compared with the greater things of which they only form a part, do nevertheless, from their long and varied existence, afford most interesting evidence not only of the rise and progress, but, unfortunately, also of the decline of art.

T. W. Greene.

* Cripps's "Old English Plate," p. 229.

ART IN THE STREETS.—I.

ST. JAMES'S STREET TO PALL MALL.

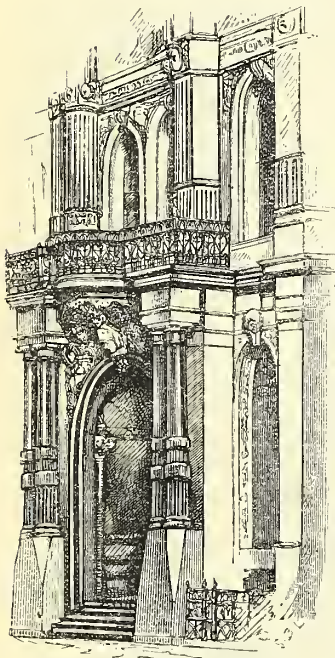


Fig. 1.—THE DOORWAY OF THE BEACONSFIELD CLUB.

A BUSY man passes a good section of the day in the streets, posting from one point to another; and the idle are forced to devote a far greater portion of time to this patrolling. With most persons walking the London streets is a mechanical function; and the daily progress to the Bank or Charing Cross is as indifferent a process as that of being shot to one's destination through the long tunnel that runs underground. Yet the street is infinitely and inexhaustibly entertaining, and the practised observer is certain, in the course of his day's or hour's walk, to have seen much that was novel and curious in the shape of faces and incidents that are profitable and amusing. But the man of artistic sympathies may even educate himself to a great degree as he walks. He can reprobate what is bad; and after many speculations, forced on him by repeatedly passing the object, at last hit on a satisfactory solution. He can wish some things to be better, and can fancy how he would work. He can compare—travel back to the past, and, in fact, carry out the "eyes and no eyes" principle; which little essay has done more valuable service than it has received credit for. Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, and many more have found the streets singularly suggestive, and any one constituting himself "Inspector of Public Buildings"—the only office, a poor spendthrift rather wittily said, which was open to him—will find plenty of æsthetic (ill-used word!) entertainment. "Sir, let us take a walk"—not down Fleet Street, *à la* Johnson, but along Pall Mall, which offers a certain platitude, and reputable dulness, which will test our "eyes and no eyes" principles pretty severely. We may, indeed, start from a little beyond, from that Land's End—or House End—which is found at the Green Park, by Stafford House.

I suppose no one ever passes this strange building without some curious reflections, and we would like to hear Mr. Ruskin expound on such a text—the general air and hue of it, the vast size yet meanness, the unintentional squalor, the total absence of any meaning or significance of its being a great nobleman's palace, stored with treasures, and scene of great State festivities, of its having cost great sums. This look could not have been successfully attained had it been sought after. The curious hulking air, the gross porch, the dirty stone, the mean air of approach, though there is ample space, all fill the mind with degrading

ideas, and makes us attach "a seamy side" to what is aristocratic. This is also owing to the ignoring of the pretty prospect of the greenery at its feet, which it turns away from in surly fashion; for we could conceive what a cheerful present to the public would have been a cheerful edifice, with a gay laughing façade. Some of this effect is owing to the longing in human nature to get cheap additional accommodation by encroaching on the air, and for which nothing is paid—*i.e.*, by adding a storey. Few think how a thing like this destroys the perfection of a building: for windows, doors, everything, are all proportioned to the original height, as well as the space between them, and they remain as they are. It is as though one added half a foot to a person's neck or legs. Yet this process is carried out all over the metropolis, as it were on *cela va sans dire* principles. In old prints of Stafford House—originally built or begun for one of the royal dukes—the roof is where the ponderous upper storey now is, and the effect is better. It may be noted in the case of one of its neighbours—the smiling, interesting Spencer House—that the statues that crown the pediment were vastly admired by a great artist on the ground of their being so beautifully proportioned to the building.

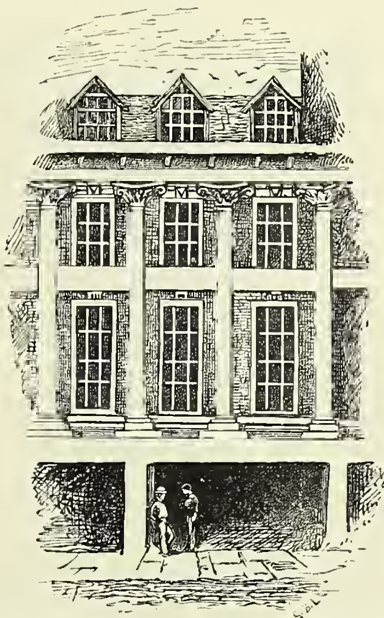


Fig. 2.—OLD HOUSE IN GREAT QUEEN STREET.

Then, Clarence House, altered and improved, and indeed the whole *congeries* within that sacred enclosure of St. James's Palace, leaves the æsthetic mind in a state of depression. Clarenee House has a curiously poor air, more emphasised by the recent "improvements," when a large room was built out over the porch of the hall. The general look of the whole is that of the wing of a decent infirmary. The palace adjoining has been sadly maimed by other improvements; witness the "skimpy" colonnade in its court. The really picturesque bit is the old-fashioned gateway (Fig. 3), with its towers of fine rubicund-brick, hard as stone, as ripe in colour and crusted as old port. It is a welcome, old familiar object, well proportioned, with a Dutch quaintness and effect in its belfry. How pleasant and satisfactory it is, may be conceived by imagining its absence from the bottom of St. James's Street. It will hardly be credited that some fifty years ago it was suggested to George IV., by his Minister, that the whole palace should be sold, and pulled down, to supply resources for building ugly Buckingham Palace. Mr. Whistler has done an etching of this lively view. Every passer-by avails himself of the services of the pleasant clock, and its agreeable unpretending chime. Our old friend is all for use, his tall cupola sheltering the bells, his gate being for passage, his dial for telling time. And what a right well-proportioned, conspicuous dial it is! It is seen at once that the building was intended for it, and it for the building; whereas in numberless so-called clock-towers, the clock face seems to have been merely "stuck on" as an afterthought, or a hole made, in which a dial was inserted. There is an art in so simple a thing as this. In Antwerp Cathedral, for instance, how effective is the dial of open-work, which cannot be overlooked, and yet does not disturb. In many a feeble clock-tower the dial would escape you altogether. Some are painted blue, with hideous effect. So the cheerful, honest dial of our St. James's clock should be, on all accounts, appreciated.

The palace, indeed, is in a very hopeless condition, and it is hard to point out what could be done to it to improve it. Every one would feel that a "Restoration" on the sacrilegious principles now being applied to cathedrals, would end in rebuilding. Even recently the builder has been at work, and has run up yellow brick additions, mueh as he would do at Brixton. The court is hopeless, half of it being built within living memory, and after modern principles. Still, if Mr. Street were given a small sum, if some honest red tiles were specially made, some touchings and edgings, with a few yards of honest brick added here and there, the façade might be judiciously improved. But it should be tenderly done.

Would we realise the "poker and tongs" sort of art that sways the breasts of Boards of Works and Vestries, we need only look at the zinc funnel or chimney which has been run up beside one of these towers, using it as a fungus would an old tree; and also at the singular lamp—

intended as a praiseworthy exertion—which stands as a half-way house of the crossing. Close by we have Marlborough House, whose ancient steep roof and genuine red, seen through the trees, was a pleasant object from the Mall. But, as the Prince of Wales's family increased, the architect was called in to add a storey, with the usual effect of destroying the proportion. The old mansion has now a modern roof—a hat of our day to a coat of a couple of centuries back. This trick cannot be done with the frail-built houses of the present day; but our honest ancestors have made the walls of their structures stout enough to bear several extra storeys, and suffer accordingly.

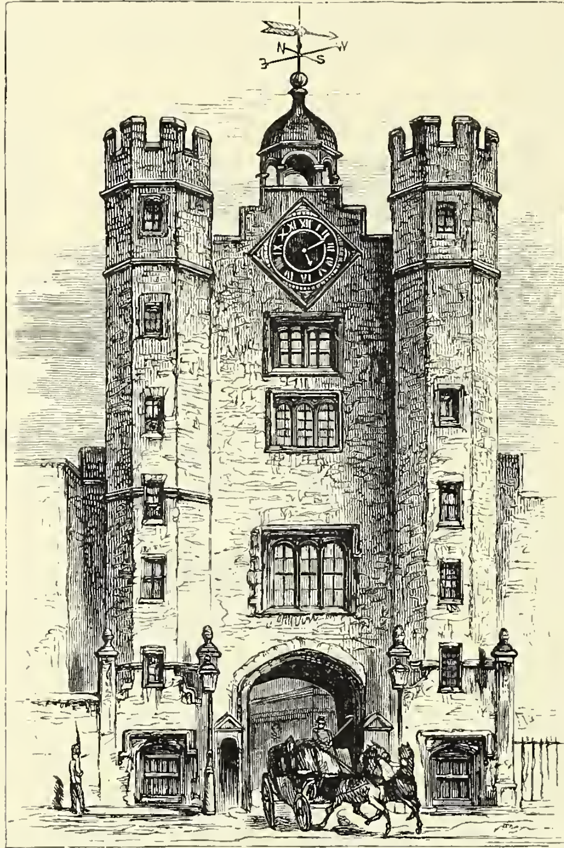


Fig. 3.—GATEWAY OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

Before going further, we can glance up the line of club-houses in St. James's Street. These buildings are in all styles, and after all patterns. We may note the newly "skinned" Conservative Club-house—a singular and even barbarous process for cleaning stone, namely, by chipping away the surface. There is a colour which brick and stone acquires from age and the rough usage of the elements, and which is akin to the "bronzing" of the face from climate. To presume that this is "dirt" would surely be as much ignorance in the one case as in the other. Scouring—not flaying—would be the remedy, and any impartial judge would prefer the dark shadows and mellowness of the old state to the ghastly spick-and-span air of the new. There will be noted in the case of "White's," and "Brooks's," that graceful and old-fashioned style which the Brothers Adam introduced so largely into London, and gentlemen's seats in the country, and which consists in decorating plain surfaces with garlands and festoons, medallions, bands, and very flat pilasters, good specimens of which will be found in the Adelphi, Strand, and especially in the house of the Society of Arts. There is a certain grace in this mode, which almost seems suggested by that Grecian style of ladies' dress, which came into favour a little later, during the Empire: for here we have the festooning over the chest, the belt round the waist, the classical drooping folds in the waist, and the fillet round the hair. The suggestion from the too massive façade of the Devonshire Club is, that there must be enormous buildings behind, with vast halls, which do not exist, and which is quite opposed to the conception of a Club. The University Club front, near it, is very stiff, gaunt, monastic, and uninviting; cheerless from the attempt to give too much window space.

After this glimpse up St. James's Street, we turn to that curious and elaborately decorated building next the gate of Marlborough House—the Beaconsfield Club-house (Fig. 1). It will be seen at once that it is too attenuated; but without noting other defects, two blemishes might furnish a sermon on the besetting sin of all architecture of our time. Over the doorway projects a semicircular cornice, sustained on the projected capitals of two pillars. As these furnished a sort of shelf beneath the drawing-room windows, they were fitted with a rail, and became a balcony. Thus the capital and cornice perform two functions—always a suggestion of feebleness. However, as by a sort of convention the porch generally supplies a balcony, it might be tolerated in this case; if the rail were not continued over the pillars the effect would be improved. The idea of a guest coming out to enjoy his cigar, and standing, *à la Stylites,* on the top of a pillar, with a railing in front of him, is a *bizarre* notion. And the doorway! It is an imposing semicircular archway; but it has been divided into segments, one to the left being the entrance,

the other forming the window of the smoking-room! But this may not be the architect's fault.

We pass on to the great Tory halls of the Carlton, with its costly and elaborate *façade* of yellow stone, set off with Aberdeen granite columns. Next to it rises the grander Reform Club, one of the most successful structures in London, owing, no doubt, to its being a close copy of a famous Italian palace. It would be a good exercise to study these two buildings, and our "artist in the streets," as he passes them, say twice a day, might work out for himself the problem how it is the one impresses with an air of majesty, exciting respect and even awe, much as if we were in the company of some wise statesman who speaks little but exacts respect; while the other leaves an idea of meretricious dandyism, and of something that is volatile. In the one case, there is a sense of unity and purpose; in the other, that of a collection and combination of objects. One is simple, and but little adorned, full of majestic shadows; the other all surface and apertures; and, though elaborately adorned, like a bride-cake, somehow has not the effect of decoration. Further observation will show to what these effects are owing. In the Reform Club, note that it is a wall surface pierced with windows; in the Carlton, the idea is of windows rather than wall. This gives the Carlton more an air of a glazed colonnade, whereas in the Reform the beautiful proportions of the windows must excite admiration. The noble cornice, too, seems to have a function, like eyebrows in the face, of sheltering and shielding. Then as to the granite columns in its companion, they have not the air of noble imperishable strength which an Aberdeen granite column should present, because each is made up of several pieces, which gives a weak dilapidated look. A column of polished granite, the hardest material known, should be of one piece, so as to get the full idea of its strength and value, otherwise any common stone would do as well. There is a waste of power. The granite, too, knows how to revenge itself for the fashion in which it has been treated; for as common stone combines with its fellow, and appears to become one mass, the granite on the other hand shows the joining by a perpetual, hard black line, and suggests the idea of dissolution. The colours, too, do not harmonise; the yellow background with the more faded yellow of the pillars. Indeed, the tone of this Aberdeen material, which now prevails so extensively, is not harmonious, and with age the rich reddish tone "flies," leaving a sort of poor yellow.

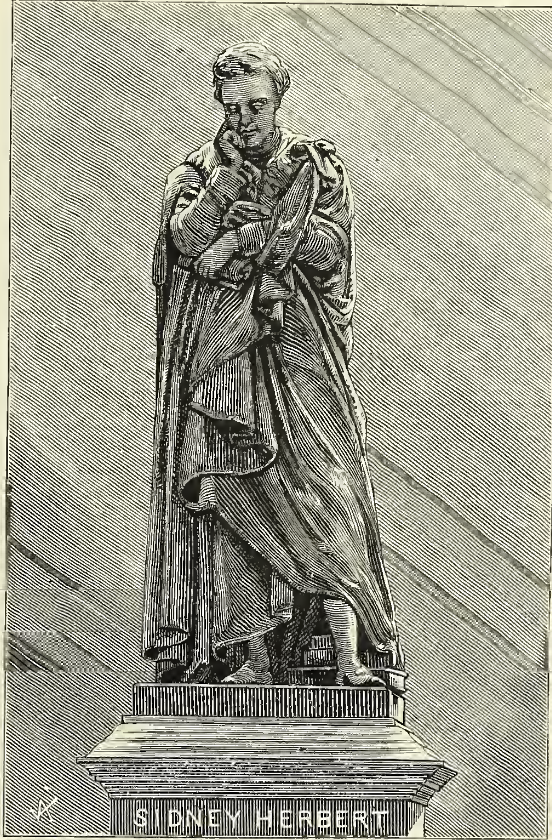


Fig. 4.—STATUE OF SIDNEY HERBERT.

A fault certainly in the Reform is the breadth of its flank, which seems to shorten the length, and impairs the sense of proportion. Many other matters bearing on the study of architecture could be suggested in these two buildings. We might compare, also, the *vis-à-vis*, the Junior Carlton, a large and pretentious building, with the Reform, and to the disadvantage of the former. Here there is size, an attempt at classical treatment and dignity; and yet for all this space and treatment, the result is a sense of poverty and flatness—insipid is, perhaps, the word. The length and height do not seem well proportioned. It is rather a decorated wall than a building: and we do not say, "What a grand whole!" It might be a bank, or barracks, or a hospital. It is certainly not a house. The same look or effect is evident in its neighbour, the Military Club, which, translated in its simplest expression, seems one huge roofed hall, so much emphasis is given to the one floor. The cornice, rich as it is, overloads the whole.

In Pall Mall we find a piece of Vandalism, which few pause to notice, or have ever noticed. All the world knows the row of buildings of all sizes and shapes which make up the War Office. Among them is a tall old Queen Anne's mansion, of brick (Fig. 5), with a quaint pediment, one wing, and gay with many windows. The other wing was demolished, and a decent modern thing set up. The maimed edifice is left standing, looking ridiculous, with an attempt to preserve its dignity. Anything so barbarous and stupid as this proceeding it is impossible to conceive; for the old mansion had historical traditions, and was a quaint ornament to the street—as rare as it was quaint. If the lost wing was dilapidated, it should have been rebuilt in the same style. The worthy who did this "job," may be classed with the sapient being who levelled Bacon's fine old mansion because he did not like the style, and erected what was more suitable to his taste.

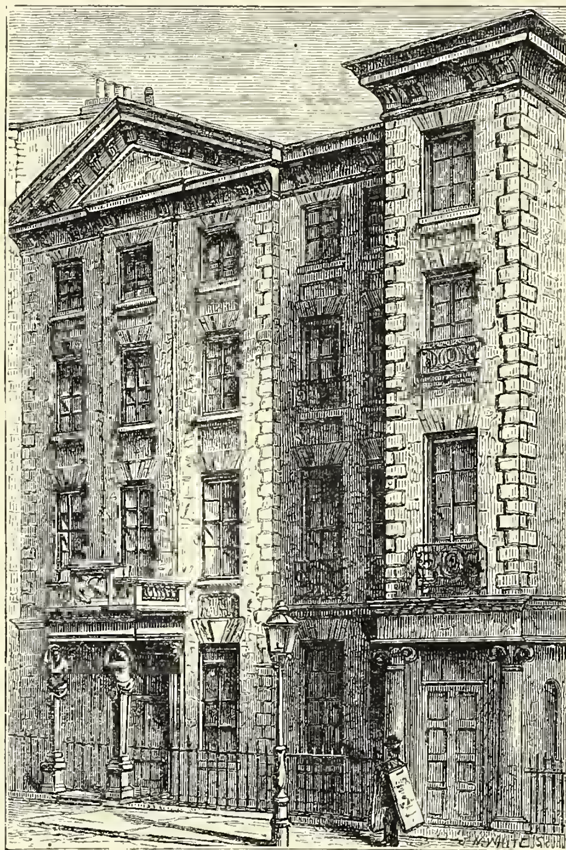


Fig. 5.—SCHOMBERG HOUSE.

It may be added—though to see it we have to fly from Pall Mall to Long Acre—that the most beautiful old brick house in London is a coachmaker's in Great Queen Street (Fig. 2), not very far from the Freemasons' Tavern. This piece of work is said to bear marks of Inigo Jones' design, and is in perfect order, with its rich cornice and capitals to its pilasters and sound old brick. How it has escaped so long is a mystery, but one trembles lest the coachmaker, by-and-by, should want increased loft accommodation. Such a house would be a worthy model for a modern structure.

But here, in Pall Mall, we come on what is sufficient to thrill with pleasure the artistic mind —Foley's statue of Sidney Herbert (Fig. 4); this will illustrate fairly what is to be gained by him who runs and would read as he runs. For a good statue, like a good human being, takes his part in aiding and comforting his fellows. A bad statue is like a churl, an annoyance to all that see him. Havelock and Napier, at Charing Cross, gallant men as they were, have, we may be sure, never excited a single emotion of curiosity, admiration, or liking in the crowds that pass. They might as well be any Colonel Smith or General Brown, though the names on the pedestals may cause emotion of some sort. In this case, indeed, a large placard or huge tablet set on high, with "Havelock" or "Napier," would be about as effective. But with a good statue, having sentiment, how different—how strong the effect! A stranger passing sees this figure of Sidney Herbert: the head drooped sadly or reflectively, the general air of heavy responsibility and thought. He is told that is the image of a war minister, conscientious, borne down by the weight of his office, of a man who was the soldiers' friend, and who was cut off prematurely. The stranger at once sees the statue answers to this description. No one, indeed, could ever pass this pensive figure without his attention or sympathy being roused, and few of artistic sense could pass it without being more or less refined, or being drawn to the man it represented. Such is the service a good statue does to the memory of the person it represents. In Dublin, on the contrary, a city which has many fine statues, there is one of Moore, so prosaic and gross that it is insensibly, though no one is conscious of the process, assailing his memory with all that is degrading. The judicious turn their eyes away and try to forget him and his statue altogether.

But here we are at Charing Cross. It may be fairly asked, have we not in so short a stroll started something to furnish food for speculation, and taken an "eyes and no eyes" walk?

PERCY FITZGERALD.

FRANCIS SNYDERS.

RANCIS SNYDERS was born at Antwerp in 1579. He painted during the first half of the seventeenth century, and lived till the year 1657. Of his early life nothing has been said by his biographers. He studied the art of painting under Henry van Balen, and worked with and for the great Flemish painters of his time. The influence of the Italian masters of the sixteenth century had been felt throughout the German empire, Flanders, France, and Spain. This was a natural consequence of the wide extent of the dominions of Charles V., and of the wealth of many of his subject states. As the arts of the fifteenth century had been encouraged in the splendid court of the princes of Burgundy, so were those of the Renaissance. No states in Europe contained, in proportion to the space they occupied, so many wealthy cities, corporations, and religious establishments. Antwerp, a rich and important seaport, in the centre of a fertile and productive country, was the money-making eentre of the commerce of northern Europe. Painters and sculptors, goldsmiths and metal-workers found constant employment in such a capital. It contained a school of painters, of whom we may name Peter Paul Rubens as the supreme master. Francis Snyders belonged to this school. He found frequent employment in the work-rooms of Rubens. Much of his vigorous handling he had, without doubt, acquired from that master. Rubens occasionally helped his pupil in his pictures, and executed more than one of the figures introduced into his paintings of dead game and other subjeets studied in the market-place. Snyders seems to have shown from the first a singular power of painting animal and vegetable life, and to have taken heartily to subjects of this kind. In some respects he was unequal to the Flemish artists of his day, who treated the human figure in painting and sculpture with great ease and power, as may be seen even in the architectural decoration, church stalls, furniture and wood carving of that time. He either could not master the study of the human figure, or he had no aspiration for the higher subjects which attracted most of his contemporaries. The persons occasionally represented in his pictures were put in by friends; oftenest, perhaps, by Jordaens and Martin de Vos. Owing to his reputation as a painter of animals he was engaged by Philip III., who had seen one of his hunting pieces when making peace with the United Provinces, to decorate his palace of Buon Retiro in Spain.

F Sneyders 1632   F. Snyders inv

The truest record, however, of Snyders, is to be gathered from his works. He was above all things a student of nature, and worked when he could in the open air. If his canvases were often too large to be carried about, as they probably were, he must have been the most unwearied of sketchers. His most important works are his hunting pieces. Such paintings were popular with men of rank and wealth in his time, and from the excellence of his handling they are prized as masterpieces in ours. In his treatment of hunting subjects he stands alone. He represents the actual hunting of wild animals by dogs, or of one wild beast by another. Rubens occasionally painted a hunt, but his hunts are the exciting diversion of sportsmen, with riders, male and female, beaters, prickers, gamekeepers, horses and dogs, the brute members of which, possibly enough, he owed to his friend and pupil. But generally incidents of sporting life with which the rank and means of Rubens

made him well acquainted, are worked up into decorative compositions. The great landscape in the National Gallery in which he has painted his own *château* or country-house has such an incident in the foreground; a sportsman with his dog and gun is stalking a covey of partridges, the action of the man and the dog and birds showing how careful a student he also was of out-door nature, and with how great a facility he painted every sort of object, animal or vegetable, that came in his way. Other painters, Flemish and Dutch, devoted their talent to animal painting and to hunting compositions in proportion to their powers of treating horses, dogs, and the human figure. Wouvermann has left many such pictures behind him. In the National Gallery (975, Winn Ellis collection) a picture of Wouvermann represents hounds and huntsmen closing round a stag in a wooded landscape, in which the chase is only a decorative composition of figures, poor and tame when compared with the work of Snyders. Or he represents gentlemen and ladies starting on hawking or hunting parties, trim, neat, and well dressed; or sportsmen refreshing themselves after their labours at the tavern door, with tall glasses of Flanders beer—incidents common enough no doubt. These pictures are well painted, and are decorative and agreeable compositions, with considerable sameness about most of them.

THE GAME-DEALER'S STALL.

(*From a Painting by Snyders in the Brussels Museum.*)

Snyders had no taste for dresses or proprieties, nor for such incidents as might equally well be illustrative of common country life. Nor would he have had much sympathy with those modern artists who represent the lunch, or the gipsy details of hunt and race meetings; still less the gallops of ladies and gentlemen in dresses of a by-gone time, adopted in order to add to the incidental

THE BOAR HUNT. *(From the Painting by Snyders.)*

splendour or romance of hunting. To the hunting-men of his day, that diversion was the excitement of a sort of passion, a mimic war, and Snyders seized upon the actual struggle for life and death as the main interest to which other incidents should be subordinate. The wood-cut (page 25) from one of his pictures represents a wild boar fiercely attacked by a pack of boar-hounds, but fighting hard to the last. Fire gleams in the eyes, and life and energy in every limb of the animals. The painter was familiar with the boar, which was hunted and occasionally brought to market from the forests of Flanders and Brabant. Another famous picture of his represents a lioness attacking a wild boar. What he knew of lions was what he could see in menageries at Antwerp and Brussels, or in the hunting-lodges of feudal princes, where wild beasts were kept for show, and for occasional baiting with dogs. There he could see such animals teased to fury, and fed when ravenous with hunger. To represent with truth this violent action, this ferocious excitement of brutes driven to desperation, is a test of the painter's power and knowledge, and few have ever made the attempt. He must have been often in at the death of dangerous game and observed them closely, not without considerable personal risk.

One cannot but remark in this class of his pictures a want—more properly a total disregard—of those rules of composition which had been so carefully observed by the generation of great painters and sculptors of Italy, the forefathers of the artists of Flanders and other countries exterior to themselves. These laws are of great importance in all decorative painting and sculpture: and decorative treatment was then the aim of painters, sculptors, and architects. Compositions of either kind should look harmonious, orderly, and complete when submitted to the eye from a distance, before their details can be examined. The larger the work the more serious will be the want of such a defined structural idea or figure, even when it can be no more than a proportional division of parts balanced with each other, as in architecture. When we come close we appreciate the beauty and excellence of numerous details that can only be guessed at from a distance; while the general harmony, though present, is no longer equally apparent. It is lost sight of, to be recovered again as we recede. This capacity of satisfying the judgment, whether a work of art be seen from far or near, makes up a great aspect of its perfection. It gives us endless contentment with the work of the Creator in the panorama of the natural world. The leading lines, divisions, and continuity of distant mountains and gullies; their connection with water-courses, valleys, and rivers, under cover of woods and trees, are lost when the traveller is close to them. These great arrangements are broken into endless variety of detail, which is then unfolded to the eye; beautiful, tender, and captivating, in proportion to the completeness and subtlety of shapes and colours that are then discernible. If laws of composition are so universally observed in nature, they cannot be less imperative for the painter, the sculptor, or the architect.

Such perfection was wanting, and such laws were not thought of by Snyders. His wild boars, his roebucks, his hounds are dashed on the canvas as he happened to see them, or as his hand happened to set them down, without any regard to the rest of the space over which his design was to run. The various parts of his pictures have often no balance with each other, nor is the chief object always in the middle of the canvas. But the animals are life-like, and all details studied straight from nature. As hunting-pictures, they are not probably as popular now as they were in the painter's day. Manners are changed. Modern hunting is more thought of as an invigorating ride with the spice of some moderate risk of accident, to the cry of the hounds and the notes of the horn. The savage onslaughts of Snyders are barbarous to modern eyes; but they were not so much opposed to the hunter's instinct of the seventeenth century. Hunting is sometimes a cruel sport, and in the Flemish forests, two centuries ago, it was often dangerous. With the advantage of reflection and experience, numbers and weapons, the sportsman hunts the beast that is too swift to be caught, or too fierce to be met single-handed. Snyders, with his vigorous courage, liked to grapple with the difficulties of his subject without affecting admiration for the courage, or compassion for the weakness of the victim, however harmless and beautiful a creature. In mimic as in real war natural instinct leads men to hunt out, break down, and destroy the creatures that oppose them; the greater the destruction the "finer the style" of such actions. Snyders chooses the culminating point—the supreme moment when the hounds are on the very haunches of the quarry, not forgetting the disembowelling of the dogs when the quarry is a boar. Subordinate details of soil or herbage, banks, bushes, heath, or brambles stand out like creations on his canvas.

Besides his living animals Snyders has left behind him a number of powerful paintings of dead game, butcher's meat, poultry, fish, and vegetables of all sorts. What he had not time to look for in the forest he could find ready to his hand in the city. The markets of Antwerp were well supplied. Beef and mutton, poultry and venison were sent to the butcher's stalls, and were painted by Snyders as they lay, with astonishing power and rapidity (see page 24). Fish from the ocean and the neighbouring estuaries—lobsters, oysters, crabs, salmon, pike, eels from ponds and moats deep with the mud of centuries—all were taken as they happened to come, and painted with delight. The more ungainly in shape, such as the turbot and skate; the more weird and rugged, such as the oyster and the lobster; the less "picturesque" and beautiful, the more he seems to have enjoyed mastering the creature before him. Though these paintings are without the pictorial effect, such as it is, and the dignity of his hunting pieces, many of them are among the most powerful and best executed of his works. If there is a want of "composition" in his more historical subjects, this fault is still more apparent in the class just described. Except a rough bench or table on which the dealer exposed his goods for sale, with the shaded space that naturally falls below it, there is scarcely any attempt at arrangement. The figures of a dealer or purchaser add little to the interest of any of these works as a whole. It is the detail of growth, colour, or texture in which the painter's strength lies.

Four admirable examples, all large and of one size, belonging to the Duke of Newcastle, were exhibited this year (1879) in the Royal Academy. One represents a poultry stall, another a meat, a third a fish, and a fourth a vegetable stall. Most unfortunately one of these paintings has suffered serious injury in the recent fire at Clumber. It is to be regretted that no painting by Snyders is as yet included in the collections of the National Gallery. Seven of his pictures are in the Louvre, others at Madrid, Munich, Dresden, Florence; and a valuable collection in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. He is best known in this country by examples in private hands, and by numerous copies, so far as copies can illustrate a painter whose excellence lies not so much in his choice of subject as in the masterly handling of his detail. The few strokes of the brush firmly laid on, with which he brings up in relief of light and shadow broad masses or slight details—such as the outlines of animals, the legs and claws of shell-fish, the fluted lines of celery-stalks, stems of bushes or blades of grass, making them as if solid and tangible realities—can rarely be imitated; and scarcely now when firm, crisp, honest painting of such accessories seems, except to Mr. Millais and some few modern masters, a lost art. His colours are laid on broadly over his solid modelling, but always with great subtlety, and with nature before him. He never uses tricks of the brush to represent furs, bristles, plumage, mosses, or other surfaces which from their delicacy or subtlety require special care, patience, and observation. A fine portrait of him by Vandyck is preserved at Petworth House, Sussex.

If we compare Snyders with other painters of animals of his century—Hondekooter for instance, and Weenix, whose power lay rather in birds and poultry—we shall find their painting smoother, but not more finished. Many of their canvases were intended for covering defined spaces of wall. They are scenic, and well arranged for their purpose. Garden architecture, such as balustrades and vases, sky, landscape, and trees are brought into their compositions, and their animals are broadly and powerfully painted. The animal painters of Flanders and Holland — of the latter country especially — were consummate masters of the use of oil as a vehicle. Their colours were pure and very carefully ground. The delicacy, lightness, and transparency of their shadows, the solid painting of their light, the even completeness of fine lines of colour in single hairs, feathers, and other thin strokes of the brush, they owe in some measure to these well-prepared materials which add such finish and charm to their workmanship. In our times we have had painters gifted with singular powers of observing the habits, and with insight into the tempers and dispositions of animals, but who have been wanting in this power of actual painting, and in mastery of material. It is the business of the painter *to paint*, not merely to sketch cleverly, whatever the particular order of nature with which his sympathies may be most keen. He may choose commonplace, even unlovely subjects, and yet produce beautiful pictures. But however poetic or noble his conceptions, weak treatment or want of command of his brushes or his pigments will not be redeemed by a lofty ideal. There are noted pictures in the world, works of famous masters, which may show deficiencies in certain kinds of knowledge, but rarely in the skilful management of the materials in use during the painter's day. J. H. P.

THE LITTLE ROBBERS. *(From a Painting by M. ten Kate.)*

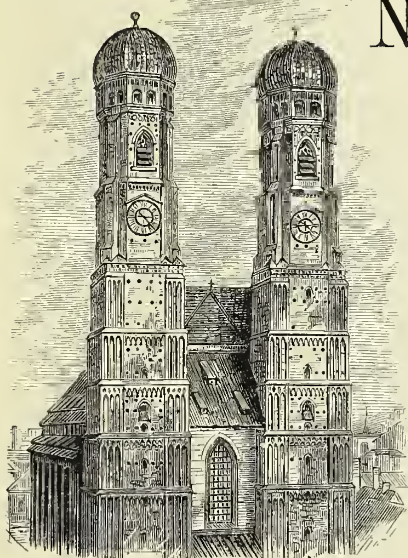
"THE LITTLE ROBBERS."

FROM A PAINTING BY M. TEN KATE.

DUTCH children are the most stolid little people to be met with among the races of Europe, though they are not without unlimited capacity for a certain silent but persistent curiosity which the wanderer among the boompjes of Rotterdam and on the dykes of the pearl-grey rivers and canals may find at times a little oppressive. But even Dutch infantile solemnity is not proof against the excitement of discovering a pic-nic dinner spread unguarded in the absence of its owners, as the sturdy young urchins of both sexes seem to have done in M. ten Kate's picture. The small marauders have lost no time in attacking the simple and substantial though no doubt sufficiently fascinating feast. A shady, homely garden is the site of the banquet; pastures stretch beyond in the sunshine; and in the distance rises a hill of unwonted height in Holland.

THE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION AT MUNICH.—I.

BY JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON.



MUNICH CATHEDRAL.

NEITHER the great bronze statue of "Bavaria," in whose head half a dozen people can easily ensconce themselves, nor the Glyptothek, nor the Pinakotheks, old and new, nor the Hall of Fame, nor any of those palatial edifices which make the Bavarian capital a pilgrim's shrine to the artist, give any visible sign to the traveller that he is approaching a great city. These classic temples, in which are housed so much that is artistically precious, both of the sixteenth and of the nineteenth century Renaissance, are only discoverable when Munich itself is entered. There is one architectural feature, however, which rises commandingly above its fellows and impressively beckons to the traveller, and that is the cathedral, the Frauenkirche, the Notre Dame of Munich. Its twin-towers, lofty as the cross of St. Paul's, rise curiously gaunt, and in cloudy weather almost grim, like two great Californian tree-trunks which the lightning has left featureless and stark. They are a conspicuous landmark to the whole of that vast peat-bog, now, happily, all but reclaimed, which forms the central plain of Europe. The traveller descries them from afar, and knows that yet a little while and he will alight in the art-capital of Germany.

For nearly four hundred years have the Bavarian Alps beheld these towers. When they were crowned, Albert Dürer was in the prime of his manhood, the Fugger family, in neighbouring Augsburg, were fast becoming the Medici of Germany, and the Renaissance in Italy was in the full flush and glow of what seemed an ever-increasing vitality. The baldness of these towers bespeaks the decrepitude of Gothic art, and they give here and there a hint of another growth; it is because they stand, as it were, between two worlds, and embrace in their own existence almost the whole active career of Munich, that we have chosen them, rather than any of the modern edifices, for our initial illustration.

Externally, the building in which the magnificent collection of international art of which we are about to speak is housed has the appearance of a reduced and rather worn copy of the great London Exhibition of 1851. It is situated in a by-street in the "Gallery quarter" of the town, and, except its high ridge-and-furrow roof of the Sir Joseph Paxton order, there is nothing about it to attract the eye of the stranger. Nevertheless, it is 800 feet long by 160 broad. Internally, however, it is not without architectural pretensions, the oblong entrance-hall, and the great square vestibule on

which it opens, and which may serve at times as an official reception *salon*, are in the richest style of the Renaissance. The architect is Albert Schmidt, and he has been assisted by the first painters and decorators in Munich.

In the centre of the great vestibule is a triple-jetted fountain, enclosed with greenery, and further enriched at commanding points with marble sculptures, mainly by Italian chisels. In the coved ceiling are colossal golden medallions of the world's famous artists, and round the cornice runs in large characters, which, not without aid, I deciphered in this fashion: "Favourable fortune allows us to rejoice here between the old and the new. We look back upon our progress from time to time, and the past teaches us to look forward with confidence."

After passing through the entrance-hall, which, like the great square *salon* to which it acts as ante-chamber, is decorated with statuary, and, instead of pictures, with immense panels of tapestry after designs of Raphael, we find ourselves before a colossal bust of the present King of Bavaria, which, placed high amidst the greenery of the fountain already mentioned, has a very imposing effect. Besides life-sized portraits of Bismarck and Moltke, by Lenbach—there is, by the way, no reference to them in the catalogue—there are, among others, the following: an originally treated "Perseus and Andromeda," by G. Wertheimer, in which the hero frightens the monster by holding towards it the Gorgon's head; the mythic warrior Hagen contemplating the daughters of the Rhine bathing, by J. Schmid, of Vienna; a powerfully rendered "Temptation of St. Anthony," by an artist whose name I could not ascertain; the "Interview between Francis I. and Charles V. at Madrid," by A. Treidler, of Berlin; and Cromwell's daughter, Mrs. Claypole, persuading him to eschew the crown, towards which she holds out her hand deprecatingly, by J. Schrader, of Berlin.

The same variety of subject pervades the sculpture, and history and mythology are alike the object of the chisel. Notwithstanding the many fine Italian works in this portion of the exhibition, I cannot resist calling special attention to two sculpture groups by German artists, viz., R. Ohmann, of Berlin, and R. Diez, of Dresden. The former sends a very touching life-sized subject in plaster of a seated man holding across his knees his drowned son, while with uplifted arm he appeals to heaven against so bitter a deprivation. The other, also in plaster, is called "The Goose Stealer," and represents in a humorous way the difficulty with which a wandering piper retains possession of a couple of obstreperous geese which he has requisitioned. The group is life-sized, and modelled with admirable facility and knowledge.

According to the latest edition of the catalogue, the exhibits, including engravings and book illustrations, as well as drawings in black and white and architectural designs, number roundly about 2,050. The left half of the building is devoted to Germany, but the plastic works, which adorn the various halls and apartments throughout the whole extent of the building, are arranged without any regard to nationality. The opposite half of the building,—*i.e.*, to the right of the square architectural hall in the centre already described—contains the works of foreign countries, of which the *facile princeps* in importance is France, and the most insignificant—in numbers at least—is England.

The last-named we may dismiss at once in a few words. Alma-Tadema's life-sized nude figure of "The Sculptor's Model" occupies the place of honour in one of the smaller rooms, flanked on one side by Sir Frederick Leighton's telling portrait of "Captain Burton," and on the other by the "Robert Browning" of G. F. Watts; and a little farther on there is, by the same artist, an equally masterly portrait of "Philip Calderon, R.A." Alma-Tadema has also one of his little Roman gems representing two young people conversing on a stone seat by the sea; and Frederick Goodall, R.A., a small finished study of Moses being hid away in the bulrushes. Above this hangs the powerful portrait of "Mrs. Bischoffsheim," by J. E. Millais, R.A., and in another room the same artist's gold-medal picture of "The Rape of the Sabines," painted when he was a youth of seventeen. Sir Frederick Leighton's only figure subject is that of a very sweet "Mignon," in pale green robe and white dress, leaning pensively by a wall. Marcus Stone, A.R.A., is represented by the French soldier embracing, on his return from the wars, his wife, who, during his brief absence, has to his great delight brought him a baby, as his little daughter tells him by pointing to the cradle. Hubert Herkomer has in the water-colour department some forcible heads and other drawings; but, with the brilliant exceptions named, the British school, as a school, goes unrepresented.

When we turn to Germany our respect is at once called forth by the magnitude of the effort made by the artists of that country, and by

the really high level of excellence they have attained. It is true, there is nothing from the pencil of Piloty, the greatest German artist, perhaps, which the century has produced; and nothing but a portrait from his illustrious pupil, Makart, of Vienna, the prince of decorative colourists, and whose "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp" will, in all probability, be exhibited in London next season by the famous Munich house of Fleischmann. Still, there are many men of mark remaining, and some of them, without entering into detailed criticism, we will name as we walk through the various rooms.

I may as well here premise—reverting for a moment to the first personal pronoun—that there is no longer the difference there used to be between the schools of Düsseldorf, Berlin, and Munich. These places of study are interchangeable, and none but one familiar to expertness with the characteristics of the various art-centres of Germany would presume to say whether a picture is in this school or in that. Dusseldorf, thirty years ago, from the homeliness and lowliness of its subjects, was to art much what Charles Dickens was to literature; and Munich, from its high aims and chivalric themes, was the Sir Walter Scott. Düsseldorf had no King Lewis I. to live, when Crown Prince, on terms of intimacy with German artists in Rome, and inspire their pencils by his intelligent presence. There can be no doubt that this man was the creator of modern Munich, and that, by his keen discernment and boundless expenditure, he was able to gather round him a body of the most eminent artists, who combined with him in making it a centre of excellence By the genius of Piloty, who is still in his prime—for he was born here in 1826, and has been till the other day, a professor of the Royal Academy ever since he was twenty-three years of age—Munich remains the art-capital of Germany. For many years Piloty, indeed, has been the chief director of the Academy; but since my arrival in Munich he has resigned.

Works in *genre*, then, as well as in history—in landscape as well as in sea or cattle pieces, are painted in Munich as in Dusseldorf, or any other German city; and it must always be remembered that, Munich being the dominating school, the old lines of demarcation are untraceable, unless by experts. There is one other remark I would make, and it is this, that I was particularly struck with the assimilative power of Munich artists. Whether it is the sparkle of Fortuny, the strong impasto of Dupré, the sweet smooth surface of Bouguereau, or the masterly brushwork of their own Piloty, the Munich men seem capable of appropriating advantageously the peculiarities of almost any school or period.

Entering the German side of the exhibition, one of the first pictures of a serious kind which catches the eye is "Oliver Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament," by M. Adamo, of Munich, a worthy pupil of Piloty. The composition is good, full of likely movement and sober colour. The next is a life-sized figure of "Sisyphus" with a leopard's skin round his loins, pushing the everlasting rock laboriously up the mountain. The artist is W. Bader, of Darmstadt. His tone is low, and his drawing and modelling sound without savouring too much of the Academy. A little farther on is a fine landscape with some cattle on the sunny side of a hill, worthy of Troyon, by H. Baisch, of Munich. Another very pleasing cattle picture is that by G. Bauernfeind, also of Munich, in which is seen in the foreground of the busy market-place of Verona, a rude dray with a mother and baby picturesquely enthroned on it, being pulled by a couple of fine bullocks. The whole scene is full of animation and brightness.

As an example of battle-pictures—a kind of subject in which German pencils are not especially happy—"King William at Gravelotte" may be cited. The artist is G. Bleithen, whose manner is rough, and possesses a certain coarse effectiveness. The King is seated by a dead horse, and is in the act of receiving a report at the hands of Moltke, while Bismarck stands respectfully behind his master. All are in the full, wild glare of some burning houses. An artist who conveys very completely the noise, confusion, and storm-like swiftness of battle, is J. F. Brandt, of Munich. His surprise of a Tartar encampment at the foot of some rocky heights, with screaming women, and tents overturned, and his cavalry attack in a wood during the Thirty Years' War, are both of them finely imagined and spiritedly carried out. The Historical Hall, as it is called, at the far end of the German wing of the exhibition, has several large canvases illustrating the Franco-German War; but they are more topographical than pictorial, and, though there is no lack of imaginative episodes in some of them, they will be referred to by the future historian more for their archæology than their art. Two are by E. Hünten, of Düsseldorf, and represent—the one, the Grand Ducal Hesse division at a railway cutting, with the Crown Prince and his

staff watching the play of artillery on a distant village; the other, the repulse of the French Cuirassiers at Wörth. Their diagonal sweep down the face of the hill, and the deadly reception they receive at the hands of the Prussians, are vigorous and truth-like. Two others are by J. Adam, of Munich, and show respectively the French cavalry attired in light blue jackets and red trousers, mounted on grey horses, attacking at Sedan an infantry division of the Prussians, who stand out in their dark blue uniforms, an impenetrable wall, and the Duke of Bavaria's Army Corps at the assault of Orleans. There is plenty of life and motion in all these; but there is an inclination to blackness in the last-named, a fault to which more than one section of the Munich school run the risk of too frequently yielding. At one end of this large room hangs a colossal portrait of the German Emperor in full career on his bay war-charger, with Moltke in attendance, while shells hiss through the air; the companion portrait at the opposite end is that of the Crown Prince seated quietly on a red horse. The author of the first is W. Camphausen, of Dusseldorf; and the second, O. von Faber du Faur, of Munich. The last-named is an example of one taking successfully to art rather late in life. He was a cavalry officer, and retiring from the army, became one of Piloty's pupils, and is now deservedly a fashionable portrait painter. The largest canvas here, or in any other part of the building, perhaps—it is about 30 feet by 20—is by A. von Werner, of Berlin, and represents the proclamation of King William as Emperor in the great hall of Versailles. The picture was subscribed for by the various potentates of Germany, and by them presented to his Imperial Majesty. He, his son, and the chief personages of the new empire stand on the left side of the picture on a raised dais, and the rest of the great hall is crowded with the dark blue uniforms of the heads of the army. In spite of the clever management of the light from the large windows, and the breaking up of the great mass of blue by scattering here and there a white, and sometimes a red, uniform, the general impression of the picture is sombre rather than joyous.

When we turn from this picture to the one opposite, which is nearly on as large a canvas, we feel that we have turned our back upon state pageantry, imperial etiquette, and all the pomp and circumstance of victorious war, and are back in the realms of art and imagination. Now, although "The Arrival in the Underworld," by C. Papperitz, showing Charon's boat in the darkling Styx crowded with woebegone humanity, can scarcely in one sense be called a relief to the eye, still it is in another, inasmuch as we feel that we are away from officially commissioned work, and are privileged to behold the spontaneous outcome of a purely artistic nature. The figures, chiefly those of semi-nude women, are rather more than life-size; and the variety given to their attitudes, which in every instance indicate poignant grief and despair—the foreshortening of limbs and the delineation of the human form generally, are all worthy of the Michael-Angelesque period of art. The threatening rocks, the eagle soaring in mid-air, the murky sky, the dark suicidal water, are all in grim keeping with the wailing women and children—the despairing crew—whom the fabled Charon has ferried across the fearful stream.

Turning to subjects of a simpler, gentler, and homelier kind, we would note the idyllic interest with which A. Braith, of Munich, has invested the boy looking dreamily down on the lake beneath him, while his goats rest quietly beside him on the rocky height, and the truthfulness of delineation with which A. Brendel has painted a sheep-stall in the higher regions of his native Weimar, or the peaceful impression which Dr. P. Burnitz by his fine landscape of "The Mill Valley near Frankfort," leaves on the mind of the beholder. For force in cattle delineation, by the way, H. Zügel perhaps bears away the palm. There is a fine luminous quality in L. Dill's "Venetian Fishers" as well as in his "Morning on the Venetian Lagoons;" and in "The First Roebuck" by A. Eberle, who is also of Munich, there is a happy directness not often found in works of *genre*. The little girl receiving her first lesson in spinning is daintily treated by A. Gabl; and his reverence playing the umpire in a dispute among Bavarian peasants who have been shooting with pegs at a target, is as truthful as it is serio-comic.

Our frontispiece is called "Geiz und Liebe" ("Avarice and Love"), and is from the pencil of L. Löfftz, one of the professors of painting in Munich. The picture, as a composition, fills the canvas fully and naturally, as was the manner of Giorgione and Titian. The grouping is excellent, and those composing it are admirably differentiated. This power of characterisation we regard as peculiarly belonging to the Munich school. Nothing could be finer than the head of the old man, who gloats over his golden pieces, or sweeter

A RESTING-PLACE.

(From the Painting by George H. Boughton, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879. By permission of Mr. Thomas H. Ismay.)

(See p. 34.)

than the face of his lovely daughter, as it sparkles up archly in the presence of her lover. Both colour and *chiaroscuro* are treated with a master's intelligence, and the picture may be regarded as a fair example of the capacity of the Munich school in *genre* of the higher kind. We are indebted to Mr. E. A. Fleischmann, of Munich, who has lent to the exhibition so many of his valuable pictures, for the privilege of being allowed to reduce "Avarice and Love" to black and white, and transfer it to our pages. Although the old man is avaricious, his avarice is dominated by a stronger passion—that of love for his daughter. The two have had a long chat about the young clerk before he entered; and her winning ways and sparkling eyes have made the old man relent. It is this delightful change that we see her telegraphing to her lover by means of the flower in her hand; and we feel, as we gaze on the picture, that all will end well, and that Avarice will own willing allegiance to Love. Let us wish the lovers happiness, and trust that their mutual confidence through life may always be as cordial as now.

"A RESTING-PLACE."

TO give an interest to the modern English life of the roads and streets is not altogether an easy matter. We are all familiar with the peasant of fictitious art; indeed, truth compels us to own that we are somewhat tired of him. On the other hand, many of the phases of contemporary agricultural life might hardly be supposed to bear reproduction in any emphatic or insistent manner. Nevertheless it is rather by sincerity than even by judicious selection or desirable omission that art must treat such phases, and render them both sympathetic and interesting. In "A Resting-Place" (page 33), Mr. Boughton has softened little or nothing, and yet his group of tired tramps is excessively poetical, with a far more intimate and real poetry than any facile idealisation of the facts could possibly have produced. The figure of the young "rough" to the left contains in type, character, and costume the most hazardous realism of the picture, but the elegance of hand with which Mr. Boughton draws even inelegant forms, without falsifying them, redeems the passage from so much as a hint of vulgarism. The women are far nobler in type, and are nobly treated. The perfectly unconscious and unaffected expression of melancholy and weariness is given with fine appreciation. In addition to this gravity of sentiment must be noted the graceful, firm, and scientific drawing of the forms, the charm of touch with which the vegetation is treated, and the tender beauty of the landscape passage, with its reticent suggestions of life and colour. This beautiful picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879.

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—III.

LAMBETH PALACE. By S. W. Kershaw, M.A.

IN continuation of the series of the "Treasure-Houses of Art," we now describe Lambeth Palace, illustrious as a building in which history, antiquity, and art have long been associated in varied and pleasing combination. The mansions of our land are deservedly famous; many of them were built by noted architects whose skill was supplemented by the aid of foreign workmen, who were chiefly introduced into England by Henry VIII. and his court. It is sufficient to mention Burleigh, Hatfield, Penshurst, Hever, Haddon, and others, as representative examples of such houses, which were further enriched with all the accessories of wood carvings, tapestry, and ancient decorative painting. These edifices, away from London, are in less danger of destruction or removal than are others in the heart almost of this great city, now remaining as a witness of much that is enduring in history, literature, and art. Such is Lambeth Palace, and by the kind permission of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait) we are enabled to give illustrations

"GEIZ UND LIEBE" ("AVARICE AND LOVE").

(From the Painting by L. Löfftz, in the Munich International Art Exhibition of 1879. By permission of Mr. E. A. Fleischmann, of Munich.)

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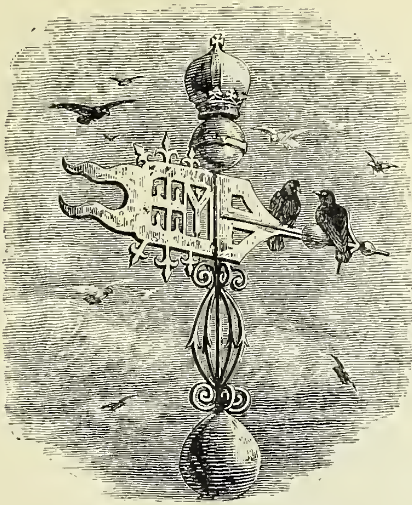
(See p. 34.)

of the distinctive features of this palace and its varied groups of buildings.

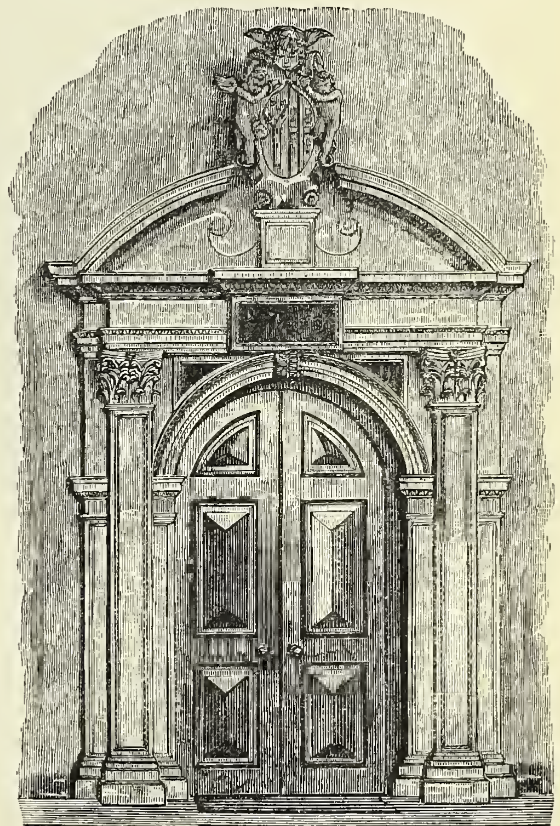
We seek for the early history of Lambeth in



VANE OVER LIBRARY.

the eleventh century, when the manor was given by Goda to the see of Rochester: the foundation of the present palace was laid by Archbishop Boniface about 1262.

From that period to the sixteenth century, some of its features have of necessity been altered, though the main portions of the building—the noble gateway, great hall (Juxon's), the chapel, and Lollards' Tower—outlive the varying fortunes of the day. Most of the Archbishops have been associated with the building or reconstruction of the palace. Archbishop Chichele erected the Lollards' Tower and rebuilt the great hall; Archbishop Stafford, about 1450, improved the building, but the fame of the beautiful entrance gateway rests with Cardinal Archbishop Morton, who erected the present, on the site of the ancient and earlier structure. Thus, the very additions and repairs to the palace, after so many hundred years of existence, cause a graceful and historical charm to be attached to all its parts. From the Thames, these portions are prominently seen: the hall (rebuilt by Archbishop Juxon, 1660), the gateway and Lollards' Tower, the mellowed brick of the one harmonising with the grey stonework of the other, thus forming a combination of much interest to the river scenery. Some parts of the building (since removed) would have added great interest to the present structure, as the cloisters, demolished about 1828, and the Water Tower, which tradition links with an ancient river-approach to this palace, when the silvery Thames was the great but silent highway of the world. History records this entrance to the palace, and representations in old prints further corroborate its existence. The Archbishops were accustomed to take their barge, which would carry them across to Westminster or London, for business or pleasure. This method of river transit is to be seen in old prints, and local names once and still existing, such as Horseferry Road, and Lambeth Stairs, point to the fact of a former entrance to the palace by water. We can almost picture, in those Tudor times, the approach of the royal barge, heralded by music, and Henry VIII. summoning his chaplain (as he was), Archbishop Cranmer, to attend him at Greenwich, or in later years we can recall the state visits of Queen Elizabeth to her Primates, Parker and Grindal. The river was then the great street of London, and from Westminster to the Tower the eye rested on a continuous line of houses or river palaces. Such was Lambeth in its mediæval glory, and the whole neighbourhood (then in the country) was very much the resort

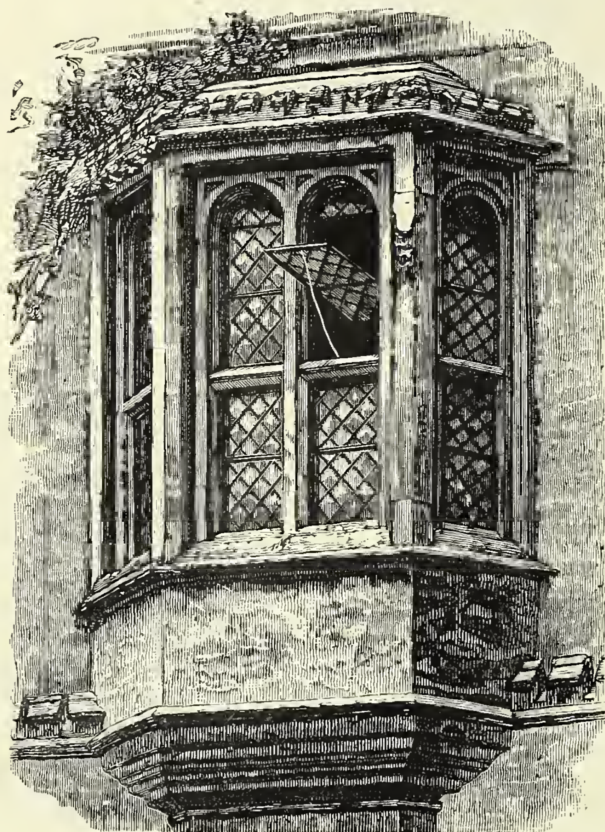


DOORWAY IN LIBRARY.

of the nobles of the Tudor court. The Civil War period made many an inroad on the palace. The chapel was turned into a stable for the

Parliamentary army, who attacked the building; the great hall was despoiled, and many other parts, which severely suffered at that time, were rebuilt after the Restoration (1660).

Then, the task of Archbishop Juxon in renewing the great hall (now library) was begun, and carved cornices and stone parapets, enriched with the ball flower or other ornament, bear his arms in memory of this grand work, afterwards completed by his successor, Archbishop Sheldon, in 1670. From that period to 1830 no important alterations were made, until the removal of the cloisters and the erection of the present dwelling apartments at the expense of Archbishop Howley. The latest work—the decoration of the chapel and the insertion of the stained-glass windows, from designs by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, at the instance of the present Archbishop—was completed in 1878. On entering the palace, we cannot but be struck with the imposing square towers of the battlemented gateway and their brickwork with stone dressings; the archway is pointed, and the roof beautifully groined. To Cardinal Morton the reconstruction is due, and with him we also associate other great ecclesiastical works in England. A fine chamber over this gateway is supposed to have been the chief or state apartment of that Archbishop, and we have only to notice the massive oaken roof and the doorway, so elaborately carved with the linen pattern, in order to establish the great importance of this room, the whole of which breathes the spirit of fifteenth century work. Outside this gateway tower and under the shelter of Lambeth Church, went forth, in 1688, Mary of Modena, as a fugitive, escaping for her life to the coast with her infant son, the Prince of Wales, the future "Pretender." The Queen afterwards arrived in safety at Gravesend.



ORIEL WINDOW OVERLOOKING COURTYARD.

Almost opposite to this gateway is the Lollards' Tower, one of the extreme portions of the palace, built of solid grey stone, by Archbishop Chichele. On the outer walls, and visible from the Embankment, is an elegant canopied niche, which formerly contained the figure of Thomas à Becket. The whole building is replete with historical memories, of which the most famous is that of the Lollards' prison, approached by a circular or newel staircase. The apartment, about 13 feet by 12, and 8 feet high, is entirely boarded over; iron rings are attached to the wainscot, and over the chimney-piece are various scratches, letters, and crosses, &c., supposed to have been written by the unfortunate persons confined here. That this tower was used as a prison both for ecclesiastical and political offenders is well known; here also the Earls of Essex, Southampton, and Lovelace the poet were, for a time, imprisoned. The view from the summit of the Lollards' Tower is indeed pleasing; the eye wanders over the distant buildings, massed and crowned by the great dome of St. Paul's, while the opposite Houses of Parliament, of graceful and elegant proportion, contrast forcibly with the ancient pile of Westminster Abbey.

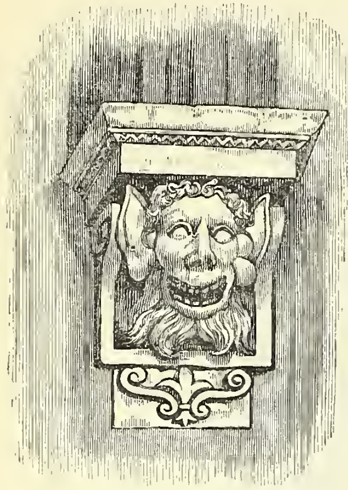
In another direction, the river can be traced to Chelsea, while the outlying suburban houses, so thickly studded, are at length closed in by the Surrey Hills and the Crystal Palace. On leaving the tower, we descend into the large room which forms a sort of vestibule or chief entrance to the private chapel. The flat panelled ceiling of this room is ornamented at the intersections, with many grotesque forms, angels bearing shields of arms and scrolls. An arched doorway, surmounted by the heraldic bearings of Archbishop Laud, gives a special interest to this part of the palace. Probably

commenced by Archbishop Boniface in 1216, this chapel resembles in general features, and is contemporary with, the choir of the Temple Church.

The roof was originally vaulted with stone, but the vaulting having disappeared, a flat ceiling, panelled and ornamented, was put over it by Archbishop Laud. This has since been replaced by a sham vaulting in lath and plaster. The fifteenth century windows, said to have been fitted with glass by Cardinal Morton, and representing Biblical history, were repaired by Archbishop Laud, and this act was imputed to him as one of the charges at his trial. The very elaborately carved late Renaissance screen was also erected by that Primate, and escaping the havoc of the Civil War, still remains to tell its original story. The chapel was repaired and refitted under Archbishop Juxon, and more lately by the Primates Howley and Sumner. The present elegant glass has been lately (1878) inserted from the designs of Messrs. Clayton and Bell. The original subjects of Morton's time (the scriptural types and antitypes) have been retained in the east window, and the vaulting of the sacrarium has been painted in fresco with figures of the heavenly hierarchies. New glass has also been inserted in the side lancet windows, one of which is specially designed as a memorial to the Rev. Crauford Tait, only son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The chapel communicates with the ancient guard-room by a long portrait-gallery. The existence of a guard-chamber, or room for the storage of arms, was a common feature of every important mediæval house, and churchmen specially in those troublous and feudal days were obliged to have a staff of "men-at-arms" to protect their person as well as their property. The coats of mail, which once hung, have all disappeared, and have been replaced by a series of portraits of the Archbishops: these pictures we shall describe in our next paper. With the exception of the noble roof (part of the original building), the room has been considerably altered. A short staircase conducts us to the great hall (Juxon's), converted about 1830 for the reception of that ancient and very valuable library, which (by the liberality of the Primate) has been freely opened to the public for some years. This, the grandest room in the palace, owes its reconstruction after demolition during the Commonwealth period to Archbishop Juxon, who specially directed the roof to be a copy of the earlier structure of Chichele, and to this day it remains a marvel of architectural beauty, rivalled only by that of Westminster Hall, Eltham, and Hampton Court Palace. From the centre rises an elegant *louvre,* or lantern, carrying a weather vane; carvings and grotesques profusely surround both the roof pendants and arch vaulting; the ornamental work generally is of a late character, and exhibits the true spirit of the seventeenth century. A beautiful example of "classical" design which characterised that period, is the doorway at the south-east angle of the library. The pilasters, richly ornamented, bear above them a kind of tablet, on which is sculptured the armorial bearings of the Primate Juxon, two cherub figures, of good execution, supporting

PORTION OF CARVED SCREEN FROM PRIVATE CHAPEL.

on either side this heraldic device. The subject is replete with historical and artistic interest, which is heightened by the tradition that the work was designed by Inigo Jones.

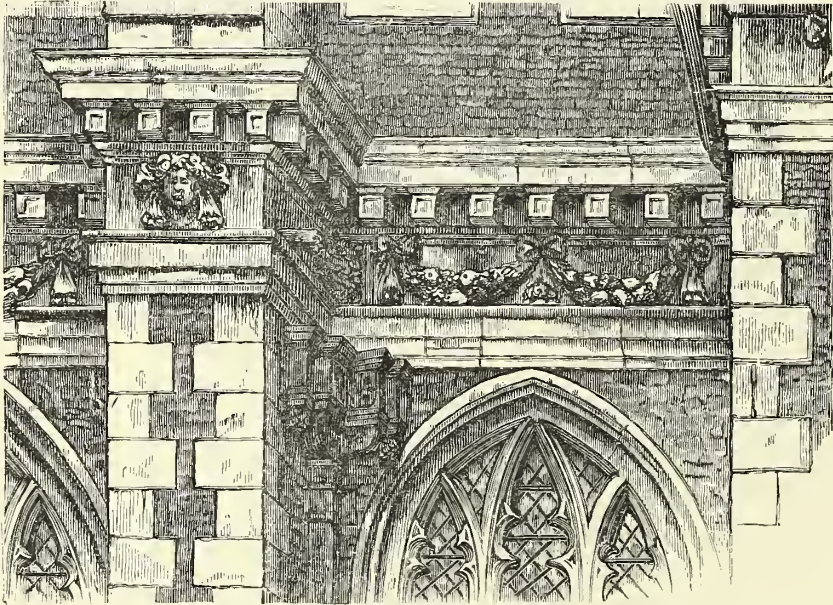

GROTESQUE FROM LIBRARY.

Opposite to this doorway is a large bay-window, containing various portions of ancient glass which escaped the spoliation of the palace during the Civil War. Here, along with the heraldic bearings of those Primates chiefly connected with the library, are portraits, designs, and other interesting subjects to be fully described in our next paper.

Throughout different portions of the palace many details of carving both in wood and stone can be noticed, which for variety and character are full of importance. The door leading to the large room over the gate-tower is carved with the well-known "linen" pattern; the inside of the *louvre*, or lantern, in the library is also enriched with grotesques; and in the chapel many small figure-subjects, adapted to scriptural treatment, are to be studied.

A CARVED BRACKET FROM LIBRARY.

Both historically and scientifically, English wood-work has much interest for us, for its employment in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is a matter of history, and the grand timber roofs which adorn our buildings are a marvel in scientific construction. In England, more than in other lands, the details of wood-work can be easily studied; the vast forests which formerly existed having provided abundance of timber, and having in consequence led to its cheapness and greater use. The adaptation of wood to the more decorative uses of furniture developed a taste and feeling which, strengthened by the customs of the Middle Ages, became universal and marked.


CORNICE OUTSIDE LIBRARY.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME ANACHRONISMS OF ART.

By John Oldcastle.

THE dictionary says that an anachronism is "an error in computing time by placing an event earlier or later than it really happened," and it refers in illustration to Virgil's famous mention of Æneas and Dido as contemporaries. This word, however, like so many others, bears a wider significance than that attached to it by the technical lexicographer, and comprehends a thousand and one tricks played by Time with men and their reputations, as well as those myriad miscalculations about principles and things of which the present convicts the past, and will itself be convicted by the future. Nor shall we find anywhere more abundant illustrations of such anachronisms as these than in the history of artists and of art.

In the first place, by what a cruel anachronism have some master spirits been born before their time, toiling in a world that did not comprehend their greatness, and passing poverty-stricken into a grave that posterity holds to be ground consecrated and holy indeed. The old story of the bard, conveyed in the couplet,—

"Seven rival towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread,"—

is an old, old story of the studio too, and one that in each successive generation is repeated.

Cruel anachronisms, for instance, were those by which the works of David Cox, now held priceless, were rejected five-and-thirty years ago—when the artist's hand was at its firmest and best—from the Academy; and by which, only the other day, Charles Meryon, whom Seymour Haden describes as "one of the greatest artists on copper that the world has produced, and whose work, like that of every true genius, resembles in no one feature the work of any one else," had his etchings unnoticed and unrewarded in the Salon year by year, was disowned by his father (a London physician), and wandered about the "stony-hearted" streets of that old Paris which hardly afforded him a shelter, until, starved and mad, he died. The history of genius contains hosts of passages such as these, written in blood. Too literally, alas, might many an artist have paraphrased the lines of Wordsworth—

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

Happy, indeed, the poet or the artist who expects nothing. For it is rare to read of eminent men what has been stated of Sir Rowland Hill, how he was often heard to say in later life that in the days of his youth he had denounced all titles and pensions, little dreaming that he would ever be made a knight, with a grant of £20,000, and a pension of £2,000 a year. Far oftener does it happen that the heart of youth *does* hope for, and eats itself away in hoping for, glories which maturity never attains.

Those are anachronisms, too, by which artists sell works to-day for a tithe of what they will fetch on the morrow, whether that morrow be a month, or a year, or a century later. Of such ill-requited toil a number of instances was recently given in an article in this magazine, entitled, "Fortunes Lost and Won over Works of Art," and, if needful, many more might be adduced. Gainsborough, while he lived, could not find any purchaser who would pay £100 for "The Woodman and his Dog in the Storm," one of his favourite compositions, yet, after his death, 500 guineas were given for it by Lord Gainsborough, and had it not been since destroyed by fire, it would fetch 5,000 now. For Wilkie's "Village Politicians," Lord Mansfield thought thirty guineas "a large sum," while "The Blind Fiddler" was painted in fulfilment of a commission for £52 10s. Let either work be put into the market now, and the figure it will fetch will illustrate the anachronisms constantly perpetrated in the sale-room.

Coming to anachronisms which are to be found on the canvases themselves, we find them in the works of almost every artist of every age. The aged Simeon has been painted with spectacles at the Circumcision; Tintoretto, in his picture of the children of Israel gathering manna, takes the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns; in a representation of Abraham offering up his son, the patriarch, instead of stretching forth his hand and taking his knife, holds to Isaac's head a blunderbuss; in Verrio's picture of Christ healing the sick, the lookers-on wear periwigs; the angel who expelled Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden is drawn by Dürer in a fashionable dress with flounces; and the same hand has depicted, in the scene of Peter denying Christ, a Roman soldier smoking his pipe; Rebecca has been represented at the well, with

Grecian architecture for a background. One painter has shown us *red* lobsters before, not after, they were boiled, listening to the preaching of the gentle Anthony of Padua; and Benjamin West exhibited in the Academy of 1812, a picture entitled "Saul before Samuel and the Prophets, an Historical Landscape," about which I find, in a contemporary journal, the following guarded declaration:—"The critic who should descend to minutiæ, would object against the introduction of the king's horse, that Solomon, long after Saul, was the first king of Israel who used a horse."

Before leaving the subject of religious pictures, it is well to observe that much mistaken criticism has been lavished on the old masters, for introducing personages belonging to widely different epochs into a single group. The fact is, however, that the habit of doing so denotes a very high theory of art as something which is in its noblest moments visionary rather than illustrative or realistic. Besides, a very clear distinction is made, in the religious art of the great painters, between *events* and *mysteries*, the same scene being treated, in different works, by the same master, as the one or the other, and nothing is more interesting to the student of mediæval art and thought than the division of historical from mystical compositions. Hardly one of the fathers of art has failed to leave distinctive and typical examples of both methods, though, as might be expected, a Perugino inclines to the mystical, and a Domenichino to the historical. The Crucifixion, for instance, is treated in both methods. When it is an event—bound by the unities of place and time—no anachronisms are introduced save such as must be attributed to the *naïveté*, ignorance, or disregard of local colour which has distinguished every age but ours; the two thieves are represented, and the group at the foot of the cross comprises only the persons who were present at the actual scene. When it is treated as a mystery, place and time cease to control the painter's imagination. Saints from far distant countries and other ages are introduced as witnesses of what they have so often contemplated by faith. St. Jerome in his ecclesiastical vestments and St. Sebastian transfixed with his arrows stand by the cross in a lovely Perugino at Rome; and St. Dominic is in Fra Angelico's great Crucifixion at St. Mark's, Florence.

In secular, as often as in religious subjects, whether by modern men or by old masters, anachronisms may be found. Every one knows the saying about the season for oysters, that they are only eaten when there is an *r* in the name of the month; yet Wilkie delineates "the succulent bivalve" in his "Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo" in June. Then there is a very typical story told about Dubufe's well-known paintings of Adam and Eve, and a remark made thereon by Mr. McNab, a curator of the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens, who was taken to see them, and asked for his opinion. "I think very little of them," said the great gardener. "Why, man, Eve's temptin' Adam wi' a pippin of a variety that wasna known until about twenty years ago." Our own living limners are not above availing themselves of some license in these matters. An instance or two may be taken at random. Mr. Birdwood, writing to the *Athenæum*, àpropos of the Academy exhibition of 1877, complains that in "The Egyptian Feast," Mr. Long, A.R.A., has introduced both the plantain and the aloe. Artists, he says, are always introducing the aloe and cactus and maize into their pictures of the ancient life of the Old World, though they were all three natives of the New World, and were unknown in the countries of the Mediterranean Sea before the discovery of America. Nor was the plantain probably known in Egypt before the Saracens introduced it, together with the orange and lemon, from India, between the seventh and twelfth centuries, and it is scarcely possible that it could have become naturalised in the Lower Nile Valley at the date of Mr. Long's picture. Then we are given nearly every year pictures of classical life into which oranges are introduced by a curious carelessness which contrasts with the learned accuracy displayed, for instance, by Mr. Watts, R.A., in the exhibition already referred to, where one of his works represented the dove from the ark resting on the broken ivy-clad trunk of an elm tree. It is the British elm and the British ivy, but both plants are also natives of Western Asia. And finally, those are anachronisms, to name no more, by which even Alma-Tadema, R.A., and other skilful painters, give us modern women, with Northern hair and eyes, in antique dress.

Whether anachronisms will be so common in the canvases of the future as they have been in the canvases of the past, may well be open to doubt. Science and criticism will be the flail and fan to all those incongruities which are the results of ignorance, and which offend sense and sensibility; while leaving liberty and teaching forbearance for those which answer the noble purposes of idealisation.

THE CASUALS.

(By Luke Fildes, A.R.A. From the Painting exhibited in 1874 at the Royal Academy. By permission of Thomas Taylor, Esq., of Aston Rowant.)

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—IV.

LAMBETH PALACE (*continued*). By S. W. Kershaw, M.A.

UNDER the friendly roof of the Archbishops of Canterbury many eminent persons and men of letters found shelter during the troublous times of evil and persecution in the Middle Ages, and there is no doubt that the collection of MSS. and objects of art in this ancient palace was largely increased by their grateful contributions.

We read of the early Reformers, Martyr and Bucer, finding here a safe retreat, and of the learned Bishop of Spalatro being entertained by Archbishop Abbot.

To the Primate, Matthew Parker, the palm of generosity must be awarded, for history relates that the engraver Hogenberg, several portrait-painters, John Daye, the illustrious printer, and others were employed in his service, and a rare work, brought out under the auspices of this Archbishop, was printed at Lambeth in 1572. This contains an early, if not unique likeness of that Primate by Hogenberg, in 1573. The grand series of oil portraits of the Archbishops hung in the Guard-chamber (now great dining-room) are of world-wide interest—showing an unbroken series of the representatives of the See of Canterbury for nearly four centuries.

It is much to be regretted that the Archbishops before the Reformation are scantily represented, but from that time to the present a succession of portraits is to be found which, in relation to the Church and history, cannot be rivalled in any of the more noted art-collections of Europe. Of Cardinal Chichele (1414–43), illustrious as a statesman, a patron of art and architecture, and the founder of All Souls', Oxford, an interesting painting on panel exists, and a counterpart on stained glass is in the large window of the library. We regret to find no portrait of Archbishop Morton, who, eminent as having built the gate-tower of this palace, and associated with the erection of some fine churches, was no less famed as a statesman and politician.

Chief in excellence is the portrait of the Primate Warham, an original (which we engrave on page 45), copies of which are at Lambeth, the Louvre, etc. Report pronounces it to have been one of the first portraits of importance painted by Holbein in England, and was probably acquired by his patron, Sir Thomas More.

There are portraits of the Primates Cranmer, Grindal, Whitgift, and Bancroft, though we cannot verify the artists. All are interesting, as they could not fail to be, of men who lived in such eventful times. Of Archbishop Cranmer there are portraits by English and foreign artists—also in the National Portrait Gallery, and at Jesus College, Cambridge. Of Archbishop Abbot, who founded the hospital of that name at Guildford, who attended James I. in his last illness, and took part in the coronation of Charles I., a portrait exists, remarkable for rich colouring and form of expression.

By Vandyke is a portrait of the Primate Laud, a picture of world-known interest. To this belongs a story which the Archbishop considered ominous, like other incidents in his life. "In 1640," he says, "in my study hung my picture taken from the life, and coming in, I found it fallen down upon the face, and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it was hanged against the wall." Archbishop Sheldon, famous as founding the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, and liberally assisting in the re-building of St. Paul's, is represented here in a portrait (a copy); there is another at Oxford. Of his successor, Sancroft, one of the "seven Bishops committed to the Tower," there is an oil painting, and a small crayon drawing on vellum. By Kneller we have Tillotson, and Tenison by Dubois, both Primates of known ability in the ecclesiastical world; another portrait of Archbishop Tillotson hangs in Clare College, Cambridge. Tenison is associated with many events in history; as Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields he attended Nell Gwynne in her dying moments, and as Archbishop of Canterbury was present at the death-bed of Mary, wife of William III.; the Grammar-school in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields was founded by him. By Hogarth is Archbishop Herring, who was Primate from 1747–57.

By Sir Joshua Reynolds is the portrait of Archbishop Secker. This work shows his too

common employment of some pigment, by which a most pallid hue was imparted to the complexion. By Romney is a striking likeness of Archbishop Moore, a face of intellectual vigour and handsome features.

Sir Martin Arthur Shee, a former President of the Royal Academy, painted the portrait of Dr. Howley, Primate from 1828–48, and who assisted at the coronation of our Queen. By G. Richmond, R.A., are portraits of Archbishops Sumner and Longley, the later occupants of the See; and of Archbishop Tait is one by J. Sant, R.A., hung, for want of room, in the private apartments. Another of Archbishop Tait, painted by Sydney Hodges, placed in the Bishop of London's Palace at Fulham, is more commanding.

There are several *copies* in this famous picture gallery, and the most noted of them is that of Cardinal Pole, from the original in the Barberini Palace, Rome. Cardinal Pole lived only for a short time in England, and it is said Queen Mary, who was his first cousin, had "Lambeth House" entirely fitted up for his reception. He died only a few hours after the queen. Archbishop Juxon's portrait (from the original at Longleat) is somewhat similar in appearance to that of Laud. Of Thomas Arundel, Archbishop (1396—1414), the original is at Penshurst among the other historical pictures of that noble collection. Archbishop Arundel was one of the constables of Queenboro' Castle, in the Isle of Sheppey, in the days when ecclesiastical and temporal dignity went hand in hand.

The long gallery adjoining the "Guard-room" contains portraits of much interest, though not so technically famous as those already described. Here are to be observed divines, statesmen, and *literati*, of whom we may distinguish, for historical and artistic prominence, the following:—Archbishops Tillotson, Abbot, Wake, Herring, and Potter, Bishop Lloyd, of Worcester (one of the seven Bishops committed to the Tower), Bishop Fox, of Winchester (author of the "Book of Martyrs"), Martin Luther, which is on panel, a Duchess of Devonshire (painter unknown), and many others, interspersed with engraved copies.

A few interesting landscapes and *replicas* from the old Masters complete this series. Among them we find a picture of the "Money Changers," two views in oil of Lambeth Palace by an unknown artist (1750), and Hollar's famous map of London, engraved in 1647, showing St. Paul's and the picturesquely grouped houses on old London Bridge. In the adjoining corridor is an oil painting of Canterbury Cathedral, presented to Archbishop Herring, and formerly belonging to the palace at Croydon. There are other pictures in the private apartments: "The Four Doctors of the Latin Church"—a fine work, probably a copy after the Flemish school; a full-length figure of Prince Henry, eldest son of James I.; and also one of Charles I., attributed to Vandyke. In the vestry is an elaborately carved chest, used for vestments; this served in all probability in olden times as a linen-chest.

These chests or coffers were carved with much beauty, and were treasured as heirlooms; among the Italians the name of "Cassoni" is given them, and in lieu of carving, all that was picturesque in early decoration was painted on the panels, frequently by great artists, for the noble families of Venice, Florence, and Genoa.

The illuminated MSS. and illustrated printed books are both various and excellent, and we can only describe the most characteristic of them. The earliest MS. (illuminated) is that known as the "Gospels of Mac Durnan" (ninth century), displaying the beauty and intricacies of Irish art in all its forms. Ornamentation of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS. is known to all art students through Professor Westwood's work and Sir Digby Wyatt's exhaustive treatise. The Lambeth "Mac Durnan" has all the prominent features of Irish art—the beautiful scroll and interlacing patterns, and the figures of the four Evangelists, the faces being somewhat after the Byzantine type. The traveller in Ireland or the west of Scotland will recall the wayside crosses—those of Iona being famous for their ornamentation—a counterpart to the designs of the Irish school of illumination.

Anglo-Saxon art, that interesting memorial of the times of the Norman Conquest, is exemplified in the Bayeux tapestry, preserved in the museum of that town. We know that in those early ages ladies employed themselves at home in needlework, which generally illustrated the daring exploits of their husbands. The illuminator of the Anglo-Saxon MSS. had his employment, though the examples are few and far between. Lambeth library possesses a drawing (in outline) of an abbess and her attendants receiving a copy of a treatise of Bishop Aldhelm. The drawing, valuable for the costume of the period, has been engraved by Strutt in his "Dress and Habits of the People of England." All who have visited the British Museum, and examined the "show cases" in the MS. department, will have

wondered at the choice examples produced by the skill of the artist and illuminator, and will have known that this long and patient work was chiefly accomplished in the monasteries of England and the continent. St. Albans, Tewkesbury, St. Edmunds Bury, Hyde Abbey, near Winchester, and several others, had their regular staff of persons employed in the writing and ornamentation of MSS. The outline of an initial letter is of itself an elegant design, and when aided by colour would reveal the glories of the miniaturist's skill. According to the period, the design of the letter embodied the passing spirit of the time, in the early ages somewhat formal, but full of meaning, while in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries possessing all the variety which could be found. Flowers and foliage, both natural and conventional, formed the enrichments of an initial letter, which, spreading over half the page, or combined with the border, made a graceful framework to the mediæval picture. Miniature paintings, often adapted from the schools of the Netherlands, were frequent in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and landscape backgrounds took the place of the burnished gold or earlier mosaic treatment. Every species of ornament found its way into the illuminated pages, which, through successive periods, are an excellent study for the artist

ARCHBISHOP WARHAM.

(From a Painting by Holbein in the Guard-chamber at Lambeth Palace.)

in design, affording many ideas for painting on china, for crewel work, or other material.

The service books of the Romish Church were richly embellished with sacred and legendary subjects, specially exemplified in the Missal or mass book, and the Breviary. "Books of Hours," often produced for royalty, had the most sumptuous art lavished on their pages; the office of illuminator being mentioned in early writings as a distinct and honourable post. In those days, before printing, pictures had a speech and meaning, and clasped and jewel-embossed volumes, replete with miniatures, formed the companion of the wealthy and learned, and were the reverential instructors of the less educated classes.

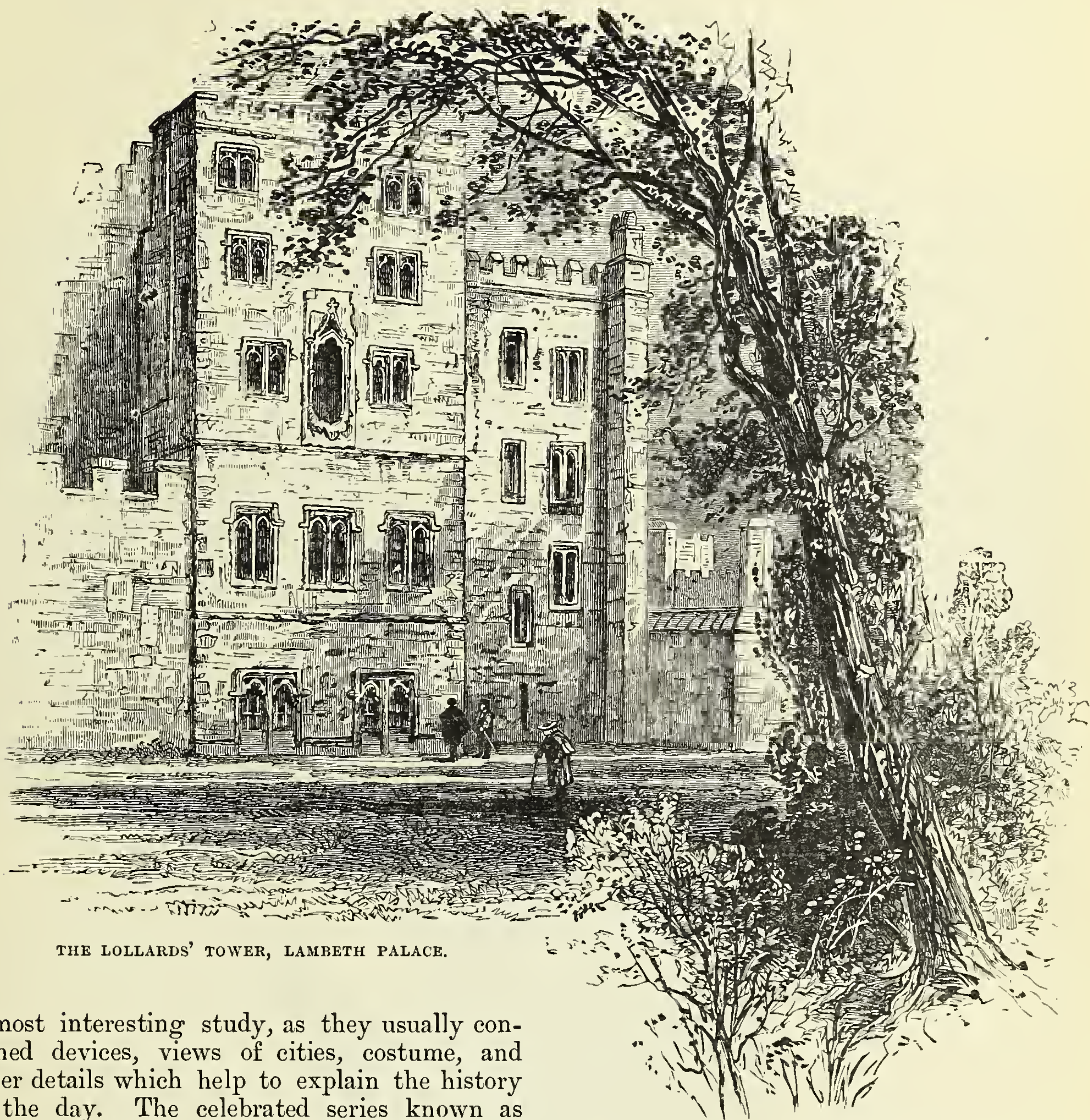
Lambeth library possesses several rare and artistic books; among them an Apocalypse of the end of the thirteenth century, ornamented with some seventy paintings from the story of the Revelation of St. John. Some of the paintings recall the figures of Fra Angelico, and the brilliant colouring, heightened by backgrounds of burnished gold or ultramarine, enhances the rare beauty of the volume.

The Psalter, or Book of Psalms, was choicely illuminated, as seen here, in fine examples; one, of the fourteenth century, is very remarkable, some of the letters displaying grotesques, figures playing on musical instruments, and other forms in endless variety. The principal painting is the design of the "Jesse Tree," often introduced in stained glass, and in this MS. having no less than fourteen small medallion pictures. The "Jesse Tree" has for a long time formed one of the principal subjects for the illuminator, and is sometimes adapted to secular work. As one of the recognised types of sacred art, it was also introduced into *printed* books long after it had been painted on vellum by the artist's hand. We have seen it applied to the modern decoration of wall spaces in a château in France, by the skilful interpretation of some legend converting the Scriptural design into its mediæval transcripts, taken from secular forms. Chronicles and legends, the favourite theme of the monkish writer and illuminator, are exemplified at Lambeth in an illuminated MS. known as the "St. Albans Chronicle" (fifteenth century), probably painted and written in the famous abbey of St. Albans. History and fiction blend their story both in the text and the picture: we have the fabled representations of King Arthur; the truthful pictures of the murder of Thomas à Becket; the citizens of Calais surrendering themselves to Queen Philippa; and the signing of several treaties. Architecture, landscape, and costume are all portrayed with much precision. There is, however, a Flemish expression in the faces which indicates that an illuminator or artist of that school was employed on the figure subjects. The Scriptures also formed a fertile subject for the illuminator; and even when printing superseded the work of the copyist, wood-cut illustrations from the pencil of such men as Holbein, Dürer, Beham, and others enriched title-page, border, and text.

We cannot, however, omit mention of a beautiful twelfth century MS. version of the Old Testament, an example of Rhenish art. Some of the initial letters, five or six inches in length, are filled with figures illustrating Bible history. "The Tree of Jesse" occurs in this MS.—medallions which contain figures of the prophets with their attributes, forming the supposed branches of the tree, the stem of which is represented by the figure of the Virgin. This fine allegorical subject occupies the entire page. The art of colouring printed books is shown in several of the Lambeth "treasures," specially in the unique "Book of Private Prayers" belonging to Queen Elizabeth, and printed by John Daye in 1572. Here the border designs are most numerous, exhibiting Tudor ornament, as the portcullis, the bear and ragged staff, the rose and *fleur-de-lis*. This book was given by Queen Anne to Archbishop Tillotson, and by him presented to the collection. A companion volume in artistic interest is "La Danse Macabre," or the realistic and solemn story of "The Dance of Death," told in rhymed verse, with coloured illustrations, printed at Paris, at the end of the fifteenth century. The subject is said to have been first portrayed in the sculptured work of the Church of the Innocents at Paris, and later in the churchyard of the Dominican convent at Basle. Visitors to the Campo Santo at Pisa will recall a similar painting by Andrea Orcagna in the cloisters of that place. The realistic spirit introduced by Holbein and others in England found its outcome in such representations of this moral picture, which existed in some part of old St. Paul's, and in portions of the Archiepiscopal palace at Croydon. As revealing the common religious idea of the age, it is not surprising to find this subject in tapestry, ancient glass, or other adornment of ecclesiastical and domestic work.

In Lambeth there are many objects which, under the general heading of "curiosities," claim certain artistic excellence. Such are the seals attached to some old charters, the

bindings of several works, enriched by gold and silver thread, the excellent designs of mediæval book-clasps, books of maps (hand-coloured), and engraved portraits. Early maps, the outcome of that spirit of discovery and enterprise under the "Tudor seamen," are



THE LOLLARDS' TOWER, LAMBETH PALACE.

a most interesting study, as they usually contained devices, views of cities, costume, and other details which help to explain the history of the day. The celebrated series known as "Saxton's Maps" is preserved at Lambeth, and contains a coloured frontispiece, with a full-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth. Christopher Saxton, who lived about 1580, compiled the first maps of England and Wales; he was assisted in this work by Hogenberg, the engraver, and others. Many such interesting maps and views will be found in the Crace collection (now being exhibited) at South Kensington. The well-known engravers, Faithorne and Hollar, carried on this work, and the large view of London by Hollar in 1647, which has been often copied, exists in the Lambeth picture gallery.

Early portraits on glass, in missals, wood-cut books, and in tapestry are curiously valuable as the forerunners of engraving on copper and other material. The missal painters often introduced likenesses of their patrons in the ornamental portions of the MS., and one at Lambeth, called "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," recalls this fashion. The painting represents the author of the MS. presenting a copy of his work to Edward IV., his queen, and Prince Edward, afterwards Edward V. The scene has been engraved, and the figure of

Edward V. is supposed to be the only drawing extant of that prinee. Portraits were abundant in early printed ehronieles—the heads were oeeasionally from life—and eostume is mueh introdueed. Of this "The Nuremberg Chroniele," printed in 1493, the wood-euts engraved by Pleydenwurff, the master of Albert Dürer, deserves attention.

The study of early portraiture is too vast a subjeet for this paper, and we ean only suggest to the student a seareh into sueh works which exist in this, as in all great colleetions—viz., ehronicles, rare Bibles, and histories. The old glass, onee in the eloisters and now removed to the great window in the north bay of the library, eontains a portrait of Cardinal Chiehele, also of the four Latin Doetors—besides armorial bearings of the Primates from Arehbishops Parker to Howley in 1848. Prominent among these are the arms of England and Spain, introdueed, as tradition says, by Cardinal Pole in eompliment to the mateh between Mary of England and Philip of Spain. There is also a singular deviee on glass of a globe with a serpent entwined round it, having a dove perehed on the head, and bearing Cardinal Pole's motto, "Wise as serpents, harmless as doves." The arts of the Middle Ages, whether metal-work, ivory-earving, stained glass, or other medium, had one eommon exeellenee of design, produeed in a great measure by unison of mind and heart of the workmen in an age when maehinery eould not foree on the publie its feeble imitations.

Bookbinding, in assoeiation with mueh elegant design, is fully illustrated by several examples at Lambeth. The riehest ornament was lavished on binding, and the use of preeious stones, gilding of leather, stamping-in deviees were some of the ordinary methods employed. Indeed, sueh was the exeellenee of the art, that we read of Holbein oeeasionally designing for book-eovers, of Catherine de Mediei having a staff of binders attached to her eourt, and of literary men in the Middle Ages whose employment was to supply emblems and deviees for binding. The armorial bearings on most of the ehoiee bindings are an interesting elue to their ownership—or assoeiation with the library. The royal arms of Queen Elizabeth, James and Charles I., Dudley, Earl of Leieester, and others appear on many an elegantly bound volume, and point to a eonneetion in the history of the eolleetion. A sumptuous example of binding in velvet is a work produeed at the expense of Arehbishop Laud, whose arms, surrounded by riehly silver-ehased bosses, are on the outside eover. The bindings of stamped leather with Seriptural seenes or legendary events are here in plenty; sueh work was occasionally the produetion of the aeeomplished printer of the day, who not uneommonly was master of many mediæval arts.

TERMINAL FROM A BENCH IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL OF LAMBETH PALACE.

It is eurious to note how the taste for illustrating MSS. and other doeuments lingered long after the work of the real illuminator and artist had eeased. Several eharters of the time of Charles I. and II. show a eertain element of design; the initial letter is often made to serve as the frame, as it were, to the likeness of some important person eonneeted with the eharter. As one proeess of illustration sueeeeded another, so the literature of eaeh period helped the artist, by the aid of his peneil, to refleet the spirit of the age, in religion, history, and other subjeets.

The Palaee and library afford so many sourees of intelligent researeh, that the latter has beeome to a great extent national in its eharaeter. As the exponent of eeelesiastieal history and literature, the library may fairly eompare with the Vatiean, revealing in the lighter studies of art many a varied and delightful theme.

As the path of the present is illuminated by the Lamp of the Past, so this aneient building and its eontents have been identified with events and assoeiations whieh will elaim for it a lasting and distinguished plaee in the annals of all time.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

WHEN Charles Dickens selected Mr. Luke Fildes to be the illustrator of the never-completed "Edwin Drood," the great novelist was only giving another instance of the marvellous insight he possessed into character. He saw at a glance, doubtless, that in our present subject he would find a genius that jumped precisely with his own. That he was right must be evident to all who have any knowledge of Mr. Fildes' work. The deep pathos, the dramatic realism, the power of close observation of simple but telling details, the intimate acquaintance with the motives, feelings, and emotions, stirring the heart of everyday common life which it displays, are in the very spirit of Dickens, and in the course of this brief sketch I shall refer to an anecdote fully confirmatory of my words. Admitting, for the moment, that they are justified by what the public know of our artist's ability as a draughtsman on wood, no less than as a painter on canvas; and looking back from the eminence to which he has attained, one hardly expects to see him at the outset of his career stirred by no loftier ambition than that of becoming an ornamental designer, as it is called, or at the most a designer of stained glass. Yet this was so, chiefly because in this comparatively mechanical line of art he probably saw the only loop-hole for the time being by which he could evade those commercial pursuits to which he was destined by his friends, for, born on the 14th of October, 1844, in the midst of a business community, he avers that, as far as he can look back, his ancestry were entirely devoid of artistic instincts. Thus we find him making a compromise by diligently sticking to his general education in the day, so long as he was allowed to attend the school of design in the evening at Chester, the city in which he was brought up, though Liverpool was his actual birthplace. In his seventeenth year, however, the sacred spark within him began to expand, and he tells me that the strong inclination which had always possessed him for watching nature animate and inanimate, in a solitary, absent, mooning sort of fashion, grew so confirmed that, looked upon by his friends at last as a hopeless dreamer, he was permitted to make his choice of a career.

FAIR, QUIET, AND SWEET REST.

(From the Painting by Luke Fildes, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1872. By permission of the Proprietors of the "Graphic.")

Discontented with the narrow round of mechanical work afforded by the Chester school,

he, now that he was free, sought one founded on a wider basis, then lately established at Warrington. Still, this did not yield sufficient scope and verge for the aspirations now developing in the young artist. Designing patterns for oil-cloth, wall-papers, etc., which was, as at Chester, the principal study followed at the Warrington school, was not likely to satisfy the heart and brain of a lad capable, eventually, of imagining and carrying out "The Casuals"

(which we engrave) and "The Widower." So, after two years more of ornamental designing, he came to London, and in 1863, at the age of nineteen, attached himself to the South Kensington Schools. Labouring diligently thenceforth, with the purpose of lifting himself into a higher position, he, by the time 1866 came round, succeeded in getting himself admitted a student of the Royal Academy; and having kept himself going while in London chiefly by wood-drawing, it can easily be understood that this branch of his profession by degrees opened up to him a fairly remunerative occupation. The editors of such magazines as the *Cornhill*, *London Society*, *Once-a-Week*, etc., when they got an inkling of the stuff that was in him, were glad to attach him to their staffs, and it would be amusing and encouraging to young aspirants were there space to recount some of the anecdotes he tells of the humble estimate he held in those days of the worth of his work. Somewhere about the early part of 1869 it was that he entered into an engagement with Dickens, through Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to illustrate "Edwin Drood," and this led to that close intimacy between artist and author which would have ripened into an affectionate friendship had it not been cut short all too soon by the lamented death of the latter. Very interesting is it to listen to Mr. Fildes' account of their interviews and consultations, and I happen to know that the twelve drawings for the new book gave the most unqualified satisfaction to its writer—as well they might. At the end of this same year, too, it was that the first number of the *Graphic* appeared, and its first page at once riveted the attention of all good judges of art, for on it figured conspicuously "The Casuals," the drawing which, five years later, was destined to be developed into the picture which established Mr. Fildes' reputation as an artist of the highest capabilities. Meanwhile, Dickens never lived to see the triumph of his young colleague, but most of us can remember how appropriately, but painfully, the association of the two was carried on, as it were, for a time, by the large wood-drawing which the artist made of the study at Gad's Hill, and called "The Empty Chair."

While thus pursuing his work on the illustrated paper, and ever claiming increased attention by his successive productions in it, such as the page engravings of "The Dead Napoleon," "The Bashful Model," etc., our artist was earnestly striving to master the *technique* of oil-colour. Hitherto, except through a few modest water-colour drawings (mostly landscapes) exhibited at the Dudley Gallery and elsewhere, no one knew him except by his work in "black and white," but in 1872 he rather astonished those who had only thus known of him by exhibiting at the Royal Academy his first oil picture, entitled "Fair, Quiet, and Sweet Rest," of which an engraving is given on page 49. This Watteau-like water party was followed the next year by a smaller canvas in a somewhat similar key, called "Simpletons." Scoring fairly with these, they nevertheless did not promise to lead to such a performance as that which in 1874 drove home and clenched the reputation the Lancashire lad had by degrees been winning.

There was no doubt about "Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward"—it was simply *the* picture of the year at Burlington House.

Whatever this work lacked in mere executive skill—and it was reasonable that there should be some evidence of a hand not entirely at home with the new medium—was more than atoned for by the nobility and power of the genius which it displayed, that genius to which I venture to refer to as Dickensian—and here is my confirmatory anecdote. Mr. John Forster, while this picture was in progress, was writing the life of Dickens, and it happened at the same time that he had some intercourse with Mr. Fildes. One day the painter was telling the biographer about the work he was engaged on, when the latter produced a letter from his deceased friend in which occurred a passage describing some "casuals" as Dickens had seen them somewhere "down Whitechapel way."

"Why!" cried Mr. Fildes, "those words absolutely represent my subject. May I quote them?"

"Assuredly," was the answer; "they will be public property by the time your picture is before the world."

Thus it was that in the catalogue we found against our artist's canvas the pungent and appropriate lines—"Dumb, wet, silent horrors, Sphinxes set up against that dead wall, and none likely to be at the pains of solving them until the *general overthrow*." *

Upon this, fatuous people concluded that the picture had been suggested by the biography, and that, tempted by his success with "Edwin Drood," the artist was further displaying his aptitude for illustrating the great author; whereas the circumstance only showed how the two minds, independently of each other, had been similarly impressed by the terrible spectacle.

* Charles Dickens. (Extract from a letter in the 3rd vol. of Forster's "Life of Dickens.")

Marrying, soon after the production of this work, the lady whose name has honourably figured in more than one Academy catalogue as a painter of *genre,* Mr. Fildes paid a lengthened visit to Paris, where, however, he was not closely engaged in actual work at the easel. Hence he was only represented in 1875 by the comparatively unimportant but still powerfully executed single figure of the buxom milkmaid "Betty." Mr. Fildes' next great effort was "The Widower," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876. Comment on this and on his last supreme effort, "The Return of a Penitent," lately before the public, is unnecessary. Riveting the attention and touching the hearts of all spectators, these two pictures have but served to fully establish his reputation on a high level amongst the younger artists of the day, and to more than justify the award of the medals at Vienna and Philadelphia, and the honour of the Associateship which was conferred upon him in May last (1879) by the Royal Academy.

Apropos of "The Penitent," I may say, as illustrative of the subtlety and depth of meaning he puts into the stories he tells, that he all along desired to call the picture "The Return of the Prodigal." For with this name, as he thinks, he would have conveyed more fully the grim cruelty of the fate which decrees that there shall be no forgiveness for the daughter, however penitent, whilst when the prodigal son returns the fatted calf is killed. Mr. Fildes was, however, assured by high authorities that he could not apply the word "prodigal" to a woman, and so he adopted "penitent," which he has nevertheless regretted ever since, as he believes it would have been permissible to strain this point. The lines of Byron he quoted in the catalogue—

> "And every woe a tear may claim,
> Except an erring sister's shame"—

were a compromise, and only partly indicated the painful truth on which it was his wish to insist as forcibly as possible.

It is not given to many men at the age of thirty-five to justly attain the eminence reached by our young painter, and if it be fair to predicate what he *will* do from what he *has* done, there can be little doubt that he is destined to add lustre to what may be called the purely English school, which, if it be anything, is essentially of the realistic and domestically dramatic order. That he still lacks that perfect hold over the use of oil colour which distinguishes the master in art, is but natural, and must be admitted. If we look at the way in which he paints, and compare it, as an example, with the mere brush-work of Hook, what I mean will be evident. This mastery can only be attained, as we know, by the most untiring and diligent practice; therefore it is gratifying to hear that, alive to his shortcoming, our painter is not ambitious to supply annually a strong sensational picture, but prefers devoting himself, as he is doing at present, to that sort of study which is the surest means of learning to paint perfectly, viz., incessant working at life-sized heads.

The subjects and *dramatis personæ* he deals with are obviously real. The country folk and the hapless waifs of our streets which he portrays are no theatrically ragged or smug dressed-up studio models; they are the people themselves done from the life. He sees and reveals the intense force with which general truths may be brought home by bestowing the utmost care on subtle facts, and by the sincerity and honesty of his work he carries out to the full Goethe's words so aptly used for the motto of the Academy catalogue, 1879. Luke Fildes, above all men, "is not afraid of the commonplace, for his very touch ennobles it." W. W. FENN.

FAVOURITE SKETCHING GROUNDS: SURREY COMMONS.

THE English are essentially a travelling people, and are so ardent in their endeavours after new and distant scenes, that they are in some danger of overlooking the pleasant pastures, breezy commons, and green lanes of their own land. How many of those tourists who "know Switzerland by heart," and can discuss learnedly the by-ways of Italy, are aware of the real picturesqueness and truly English beauty to be found in what they would contemptuously term the "cockney county"? Yet, in the heart of Surrey, not more than twenty-five miles away from busy London, there are many lovely spots, which happily, perhaps, are but little known except to the painters, who have now for some years frequented them, and, notwithstanding their white umbrellas, terrifying alike to cackling geese and to the farmers' market-trotting nags, have secured by their harmless ways the favour of the peasants of the neigh-

bourhood. If you take the train from Victoria one fine morning by the railway to Brighton, after leaving the intricacies and desolation of Clapham Junction behind, as uninteresting a country is passed for several miles as that of the banks of the famous Rhine from Cologne to Bonn, but once we have passed Leatherhead how changed is the scene! The train rushes through short tunnels, and the traveller gets glimpses of as charming a country as the eye, wearied with the monotony of London streets, need care to look upon. Travelling through Dorking, which nestles down surrounded by its hills and shoots up its pretty church spire always picturesquely against their wooded heights, you stop at the small station of Holmwood. Here leave the train, which, after all, is a poor means of showing or seeing the real beauties of a country, and has already whirled you past many delightful green glades, gloomy yew walks, neat lawns and fallows grey, past the village inn where Keats wrote the best part of his "Endymion," the lovely cottage named by Fanny Burney after her novel of "Camilla," and underneath the classic shades of Deepdene, where Disraeli wrote his "Coningsby," and the then owner, Mr. Hope, his "Anastasius." Once out of the station you are soon on Holmwood Common, formerly one of the wastes of the manor of Dorking, known as the Home Wood, and celebrated for its red deer. Here now, instead of deer, the donkeys graze, and in the summer-time herds of geese await the 29th of September, coming in excellently meanwhile along with the bushes, ferns, and furze of the common for what are termed in painters' language "foreground bits." Nor, indeed, as our illustration of the old dove-cote testifies, is the Holmwood wanting in many such foregrounds. Passing through the Redlands Wood, crowned by its tall silver fir, often mistaken in the distance for Leith Hill Tower, one reaches by a

WINTER IN THE REDLANDS WOOD.

THE OLD DOVE-COTE, HOLMWOOD PARK.

circuitous route the little village of Coldharbour. The Redlands rises to the west of Holmwood, when one is facing Dorking; and to the east many pretty peeps of the country towards Reigate are to be seen, while the view on the north is bounded by the long range of the chalk hills and the valley between Box Hill and Ranmore. The former hill is too well known to need description, but the latter, though it is a heavy toil up it for weary feet, repays the fatigue by the beauty of the view from its common quite as much as does its more frequented opposite neighbour Box Hill. We recollect a very fine Robson, in which Box Hill plays a prominent part, and comes in not at all amiss. The church on Ranmore, though a modern one, built by Sir Gilbert Scott, is quite worth a visit, while its tall spire is a landmark for all the surrounding country. The late John Varley, who knew this neighbourhood well (there is a picture of the millpool at Abinger by him now in the South Kensington collection of water-colours), said he always made a "*look there*" in his pictures, and a less eminent artist has acknowledged his preference for a "wista;" still, the views from the chalk hills are not as attractive to the painters generally as are the wooded glades, the rich hedgerows, and the brilliant varieties of wild flowers which flourish on the sandy soil of the country lying beyond the hills towards the south. But returning to the Holmwood, we give in the wood-cut above a very pretty little bit of close scenery in its winter dress taken in Holmwood Park. The road from hence to Coldharbour lies past the church, and diverges prettily through one or two park-like little estates, always mounting till the heather-covered slopes of Leith Hill are reached. Near Coldharbour is Anstiebury, once a Roman camp. This, with the silver fir on the Redlands, is seen in our engraving of "On the Surrey Hills, above Coldharbour," and cold indeed must the little village be when the winter winds blow, notwithstanding its sheltered position against the side of the hill. The firs of this neighbourhood weighed down with snow are certainly worth seeing, and the snow silted up by the strong winds is sometimes exceedingly deep in the middle of winter. Our first engraving, "Winter in the Redlands Wood," is a good example of the landscape under this aspect. Leith Hill, one of the highest hills in the south of England, towers above the village of Coldharbour and all the surrounding country. Its lines seen from a distance are extremely graceful in character; there is something precipitous in its shape, and mountainous in its outline, which distinguishes it among the more undulating forms of the surrounding hills. On the other hand, the view from the tower which crowns its summit, though more extensive than any other prospect—indeed, it is said that two hundred miles of country can be seen from it on a clear day—is to our mind less picturesque. It is map-like, and the country appears flat. John Linnell has made much use of this hill in his fine pictures, which seem to have assimilated the poetry of Surrey scenery without any of its prose details.

A SNOW SCENE IN HOLMWOOD PARK.

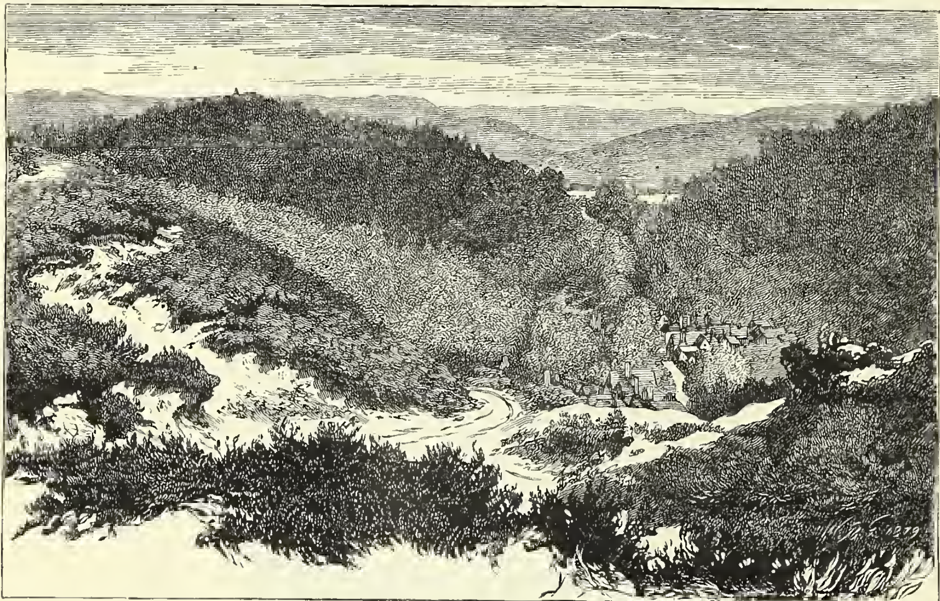
It is curious how many lovely valleys converge from the chalk towards Leith Hill between Dorking and Guildford; all different, yet all in their way perfect treasuries of varied beauties suited to the landscape-painter's art. To take but one, there are the romantic beech woods of Wotton, which, alas! diminish yearly. Seated sketching under their chequered shades, the artist may grow quite nervous in his

solitude, and listening to the weird and strange noises of the wood expect that Comus and all his rabble rout will suddenly rush past him, or perhaps in a milder mood may fancy the great John Evelyn, their planter, re-visiting the spot, walking through the woods and gathering material for another "Sylva, or Discourse of Forest Trees." The colour of beech foliage in late autumn is exceedingly beautiful, and here it is seen in perfection, while the ruthless cutting down of the woods sometimes discloses new beauties, for the trunks and branches are suddenly revealed standing out against the dark green of the trees in graceful and eloquent drawing, and of a pure and delicate grey colour, attained by their having been so long shut out from light and air. Beyond the beech woods is Friday Street, with its pretty pond and gurgling brook, which leads past a thick fir wood again out on to the Leith Hill heather. A still more retired valley is that of Tillingbourne, named after its winding stream. The road runs through a small property belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, and boasts a pretty waterfall and fountain; beyond these lies the retired hamlet of Broadmoor, also a wild upland farm facing the sunset, and then again the heather crowning the height. Or taking a road leading more to the left, one can reach the spot in the Redlands commanding the view of the downs above Reigate, from which our illustration is taken. Farther west, under the chalk hills, one comes upon the rough stone cross marking the spot where the lamented Bishop Wilberforce was thrown from his horse and killed; and passing beyond Abinger Hall and a bright and deep millpool, with its bordering of rushes and reeds bending backwards and forwards in the breeze, one can turn along another valley ending in Leith Hill on the left and Holmbury on the right, the scenery suggesting some of Vicat Cole's best pictures. The walk may also be extended through Abinger Hammer towards Guildford to Shere, a model village teeming with prosperous and flowery cottages, boasting a rushing stream and a quaint old church. The name "Hammer" reminds us that this part of Surrey was once famous for its iron works, and while the wood lasted some of the best charcoal iron was made in the district. This, however, is quite a thing of the past. The group of cottages here and the wheelwright's shop come in picturesquely enough, while the common quite sustains the reputation of Surrey commons by its beauty. We saw some lovely little drawings, by Mrs. Allingham, in the Old Water-colour Society's Exhibition this spring, which had been painted about here. In Shere the artists have so congregated lately that it promises to become in time a second Bettws-y-Coed, and there seems no reason to doubt that the painters may each for many years to come succeed in making "a matter of fifty pund a year out of the country," as a rather grudging rustic once remarked after gazing at an artist hard at work, on a sultry morning, upon a large canvas.

LOOKING TOWARDS REIGATE FROM THE REDLANDS.

Above Shere a walk of about two miles, first through a deep lane with branching hazel-trees overhead, and then across the open moorland, brings you to Ewhurst windmill, a very prominent feature in the landscape. The view from the top of this hill over the Weald of Sussex is very fine. The village of Ewhurst is more to the south below the hill, but still much above the country beyond; it is a pleasant, sleepy-looking place, with a trim green, and some comfortable cottages. There are some pretty lanes round both Ewhurst and Shere; indeed, though we have been more intent on mentioning the commons, the lanes in Surrey are not to be despised, even when compared with those of Devonshire. Somehow, though so beautiful, they are not very paintable. Chart Lane, leading to the Holmwood from Dorking, and separating the two estates of Deepdene and Betchworth, is a charming specimen of the

lanes hereabouts. High banks rise on each side, and the trees join overhead. In walking along it on a bright day the glint of the sunlight through the leaves is very enchanting to the eyes, while the song of the birds in the branches is equally delightful to the ears. The singing of birds, though, does not always please; an acquaintance of ours living near the Redlands Wood, where nightingales abound, complained that they sang so much he could not sleep at night. There is a beautiful walk from Ewhurst to Albury, where the famous ponds have so often afforded fine subjects to the painters. The climate of the valleys about here has been passing showers supplied Constable with his best subjects, and Turner's atmospheric effects form part of the most admirable things in his pictures. From the hill-tops what wonderful changes of rolling clouds may be studied, what interesting bits of country are first revealed by the sun, and then hidden by cloud shadows. Nothing can be more delightful than to stand on the place from which our illustration on this page is drawn, on a fine day in early autumn, and to note the clouds passing rapidly over the scene. In the foreground the rich heather in its purple bloom, the gorse with its golden blossoms; in the middle distance the hamlet of



ON THE SURREY HILLS, ABOVE COLDHARBOUR.

sometimes considered unhealthy, owing to the mists which creep up as evening closes in; this point we will not dispute, but the artistic value of the mists cannot be denied, they give such glorious effects in the low evening light that we often wonder whether a painter will ever be found to do justice to the perpetual surprises they spread over the landscape. These changes, induced by the moisture of our climate, are, after all, what an English landscape painter should aim at. The skill of an artist really lies in reproducing what he sees, though the originality of his work does not consist in mere imitation, but in the reproduction of what he has observed filtered through his mind to his hand. Continual sunshine may appear to us, wearied by our changeful climate, a very blessed thing, but after a time there is a good deal of dreariness in it, and very little variety. A cloudy day with

Coldharbour, with its cottages covered with weather-tiling—a method of building, by the way, which is characteristic of this part of the world, and which combines well with sandstone and red brick; beyond, the dark fir wood and the grey downs. Scenes somewhat similar to those which Charles Kingsley has described with such a loving pen in his "Miscellanies," calling himself a "minute philosopher." It is a self-evident fact, that vast space and immense size are not absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of a view; that though in certain cases they enhance the feelings of wonder and amazement with which we gaze, they are not always conducive to pleasant and home-like sensations; but the landscape of Surrey, while not overwhelming in its grandeur, or unattainable by its distance, like so much foreign scenery, is always charming from its thoroughly English character.

A VISIT TO RUSKIN'S MUSEUM.

"A MUSEUM is, be it first observed, primarily, not at all a place of entertainment, but a place of education. And a museum is, be it secondly observed, not a place of elementary education, but for that of already far-advanced scholars. And it is by no means the same thing as a parish school, or a Sunday school, or day school, or even—the Brighton Aquarium. Be it observed, in the third place, that the word 'school' means 'leisure,' and that the word 'museum' means 'belonging to the Muses,' and that all schools and museums whatsoever can only be what they claim to be and ought to be, places of noble instruction, when the persons who have a mind to use them can obtain so much relief from the work, or exert so much abstinence from the dissipation of the outside world, as may enable them to devote a certain portion of secluded, laborious, reverent life to the attainment of the Divine wisdom, which the Greeks supposed to be the gift of Apollo, or the Sun, but which the Christian knows to be the gift of Christ."

So reads an extract from Letter No. 59 of *Fors Clavigera*, which is printed under the heading of "St. George's Museum," and attached to the garden-door of a little house at Upper Walkley, a hilly suburb of Sheffield. This legend-bearing wicket gives access to a garden-plot of about an acre in extent, with a miniature apple-orchard, and bushes of evergreens and old-fashioned flowers, and to a detached stone house that might be the residence of a country schoolmaster or a rural rector with a little living. Externally there is nothing remarkable about the house. It is, in fact, very plain and commonplace in appearance; it has not even the picturesque advantage of age in its favour. It boasts no Gothic graces of architecture, none of the quaint beauty of the Elizabethan period, or the ornamental interest of the Anglo-Italian or Swiss styles. It is not artistic; only square, grey, bleak, ugly, English, and comfortable. But the landscape it commands is a painter's dream of scenic loveliness. Built on the brow of a hill, the house overlooks the Rivelin Valley, or rather a series of converging valleys, that in their wild uncultivated beauty are suggestive of the Alps. We are here only two miles away from the black heart of the grimy kingdom of industry, from the poisonous river and the Cimmerian sky; almost within sight of the furnace fires, almost within hearing of the hammers and anvils at work. Yet here the sky is blue, the air is elastic in its freshness, the laughing rivulet flashes in the sunlight, and there is the song of birds, and the scent of heather, and scenic surroundings of hanging wood and mountain slope that take the artistic eye captive.

There would seem at first sight some incongruity in Mr. Ruskin selecting Sheffield as the locale for the Museum of St. George. It is not easy to discover the immediate connection of the depressing town with art. Indeed, what George II. called "boetry and bainting" appear crushed out of existence amid the flame and smoke and sordid ugliness of Steelopolis. "Gin and steam hammers" obliterate all that is beautiful, extinguish all that is ideal. The dolorous city of the dirty Don would seem to be the grave rather than the cradle of artistic hopes. Fact—hard, grinding, and repellent—crushes out fancy, beautiful, ennobling, and graceful. Mr. Gradgrind should be the patron saint of the cutlery capital, not Mr. Ruskin. Yet, after all, the association of Sheffield with the chivalrous aims of the Guild of St. George is very close and apposite. Sheffield is the centre of trade tragedies, the home of trades-union terrorism, the birthplace and ingle-nook of Broadheadism. It is from the corrupt thraldom of such social heathenism that the religion of Ruskin would deliver us. Despite its ugliness, too, Sheffield is in one sense very comely. Horace Walpole described it as the foulest town in the fairest country he had ever seen. It is a dirty picture in a beautiful frame, the most prosaic of towns in the most poetical of pretty neighbourhoods. Mr. Ruskin has placed his museum just where the contrast between town and country, between the work of God and that of man, is seen in most effective contrast. Walkley is a tranquil haven on the very edge of a throbbing whirlpool of giant forces. The museum stands on an eminence, yet it is surrounded by hills. Down

below you in front is the romantic Rivelin Valley, stretching out westward to the Peak of Derbyshire. In the hollow behind, encompassed with smoke, beats the metallic heart of Sheffield.

> "There draws the grinder his laborious breath ;
> There, coughing, at his deadly trade he bends ;"

and there monster armour-plates for floating leviathans are being welded at flashing forges, and steel rails are being drawn out of the fire like incandescent serpents, and ringing hammers are falling on noisy anvils. The ferruginous fog is not so dense to-day; indeed, it is but a dingy haze of smoke—a sadly significant sign this of the acute depression of industry in Hallamshire. The thicker the smoke, unfortunately, the higher the wages; the dirtier the streets, the more prosperous the town. Silent forges spell empty cupboards. The heavy thud of the Nasmyth hammer, and the sharp hiss of escaping steam, is sweet music to the Sheffield soul. Across there is the valley of the Don, where the Don is crystal in its innocent purity, before it wanders astray to the steel Erebus, and becomes as impure as the Styx. Beyond are the waving woods of Wharncliffe, the view from which Lady Mary Montagu, writing from Avignon, placed before the landscape at the junction of the Rhone and Durance, the beauty of which she was describing. Nearer at hand, and almost at our feet, is the tiny tributary stream, the Loxley, which flows by Loxley Chase, the Locksley of the Robin Hood ballads.

When you have let the striking beauty of this Rivelin romance sketch itself on the sensitive plates of memory, an unfading mental photograph, we will, if you please, enter the museum itself. First impressions of the museum, like first impressions of most things, including Niagara, St. Peter's, Raphael's "Transfiguration," and the "Venus de Medici," are disappointing. It is so small. It is a mere bandbox of a place; a cupboard of curiosities. It is so *petit*, that you are reminded of the description of King Pippin's Palace, which is "just too small to live in, and too large to wear on a watch-chain." But one must not measure museums by their immensity, or pictures by the superficial yard. Mr. Ruskin has explained that the Sheffield museum is not intended to be used as a place to which nursemaids may take children to see stuffed lions, but at which students may derive advantage and profit. In his *Deucalion* he further remarks:—"In all museums intended for popular teaching, there are two great evils to be avoided. The first is, superabundance; the second, disorder. The first is having too much of everything. You will find in your own work that the less you have to look at, the better you attend. You can no more see twenty things worth seeing in an hour, than you can read twenty books worth reading in a day. Give little, but that little good and beautiful, and explain it thoroughly." One small room at the house at Walkley contains Mr. Ruskin's collection, which must not be regarded as complete, but rather in process of formation; the rest of the building is used for residential purposes by the intelligent curator, Mr. Swan. But this single apartment comprises much that is notable. Everything in the room bears an obvious impress of earnest art. There is nothing sham or showy; all is honest, thorough-going, and valuable. The one window overlooks the Rivelin Valley. Mention a table, one or two chairs, a couple of cabinets, a glass show-case, and a few nests of drawers, and the furniture of the room is described.

The contents of the museum may be divided into precious stones, pictures, and books. The minerals are, indeed, a choice collection. Many of them were collected by Mr. Ruskin. Note, I beg of you, that magnificent specimen of crystal of topaz from the Ural Mountains. It is nine or ten inches long, and is one of the biggest pieces of topaz it is the lot of the ordinary Englishman to see. There is a grand group of amethysts, along with a specimen of the same stone cut in two to show the sections. Here is a piece of emerald in quartzite; there fine and large specimens of pure crystal. That is a precious beryl. Notice these specimens of translucent or chalcedonic agate, with defined bands; of opaque or jasperine agate; these agates of various classes; that piece of chalcedony, and those illustrations of stalactitic chalcedony becoming agate by development of the interior zones; together with examples of quartz, emerald, opal, ruby, silver, and virgin gold. Very beautiful are these minerals. They are an artist's ideal of colour, the process of burnishing having brought out their delicate tints in the richest profusion. Note, too, that the stones are placed upon such silken texture as is best suited to bring out their delicate lustre. This attention to minute detail, indeed, strikes the intelligent observer in all the arrangements of the room. In the drawers, under the glass show-case, are specimens of the different varieties and qualities of the same stones, mostly collected by Mr. Ruskin during his continental explorations.

Those two little dirty marble slabs are real "stones of Venice," brought from St. Mark's, when the cathedral was restored.

Among the pictures are some very fine etchings by Albert Dürer from the original plates. These impressions, executed with marvellous detail and truthfulness, include "Melancholia;" "Knight and Death," described in "Modern Painters" (De la Motte Fouqué wrote the story of "Sintram and his Companions" on seeing this etching); and "Erasmus." Smaller etchings by the same artist comprise "St. George on Foot" (two impressions, one somewhat superior to the other) and "St. George on Horseback;" "Pilate Washing his Hands as Jesus is being led away to Calvary," with its exquisite delineation of the weak judge, who has condemned the victim against his own judgment; and "Jesus before the High Priest." A number of other etchings by Dürer are in Mr. Ruskin's possession, and will be added to the Sheffield collection. There are a large number of Mr. Ruskin's sketches. Prominent among these is an instructive picture of a chain of Alpine peaks, with snow-swathed spurs and gaping chasms. It is painted in five divisions, and hung along the entire wall. Mr. Ruskin has described the circumstances under which the picture was painted. Hear him: "I took this path because I wanted first to climb the green wooded mass of the hill rising directly over the valley, so as to enfilade the entire profiles of the opposite chain, and length of the valley of the Rhone, from its brow. By mid-day I had mastered it, and got up half as high again, on the barren ridge above it, commanding a little tarn; whence, in one panorama, are seen the Simplon and Saas Alps on the south, with the Matterhorn closing the avenue of the valley of St. Nicolas; and the Aletsch Alps on the north, with all the lower reach of the Aletsch glacier. This panorama I drew carefully, and slightly coloured afterwards, in such crude way as I was then able; and fortunately not having lost this, I place it in the Sheffield Museum, for a perfectly trustworthy witness to the extent of snow on the Breithorn, Fletschhorn, and Montagne De Saas, thirty years ago." Among the other contributions of Mr. Ruskin's pencil are a number of drawings, some partially coloured, to show the various stages of drawing and painting, for the use of students, including coloured sketches of peacock's feathers, of odd bits of sculpture, and of Venetian pictures. We find also a number of birds, of the same inchoate character, drawn for the same instructive purpose by Mr. H. Stacy Marks. Then we examine a capital sketch in colours of the head of St. George as he is about to assail the dragon—an amplification from a complete copy in sepia taken by Mr. Ruskin from Carpaccio's work in Venice.

All Ruskin readers are already familiar with the description of this picture in the second supplement of "St. Mark's Rest," given under the heading of "The Place of Dragons." Next to challenge our criticism are three fine paintings, though copies, illustrating the "Legend of St. Ursula," executed by Mr. Fairfax Murray, one of Mr. Ruskin's pupils. The original pictures are Carpaccio's. Two other sketches from the same master by Mr. Murray deal with St. Jerome. Then we are shown a "Madonna and Child," executed by the same copyist, from Fra Lippo Lippi's picture at Florence; also an *original* "Madonna and Child" by Andrea Verrocchio, the master of Leonardo da Vinci, "given to me," said Mr. Ruskin to Prince Leopold the other day, "in Venice by a gracious fortune to show the people of Sheffield," since the artist was not only a painter, but a great worker in iron. The picture has somewhat suffered from the process of re-mounting.

Over the modest fireplace is a copy by Mr. Severn (Mr. Ruskin's cousin) of Turner's "Ehrenbreitstein, with Coblentz in the distance." The landscape swims in a golden richness of atmospheric glamour, and the copy is unworthy of the great original. Hung close by is a large water-colour replica of Mr. Small's celebrated "Wreck," a very graphic group on the storm-swept beach. In its dramatic earnestness it leads one's imagination away to the storm scene in "David Copperfield." This is the beach at Yarmouth. There is Ham; that is, of course, Peggotty.

Look we now at the library. There are one or two picture-books. There is a wonderful "Insect Book" by E. Donovan. The artist was a quarter of a century engaged in collecting the insects to make the drawings of them which appear in these pages. *Entre nous*, Mr. Ruskin paid £100 for the volume. Another book contains coloured sketches of fresh-water fish, with letterpress description. It is the work of Mrs. Bowditch, and the illustrations are beyond the reach of criticism. Here is a large folio Bible — Cambridge — Baskerville — MDCCLXIII.; here a MS. illuminated copy of the Scriptures, bearing the date of the thirteenth century; there is a smaller MS. Bible bearing the same date. Claiming special attention is a perfect copy of Holbein's renowned "Dance of Death."

On the shelves we recognise Bacon, and salute Chaucer. We bow to Dr. Johnson, and recognise Pope. Here is "John Guillim's Heritorie," and Richard Hakluyt's "Voyages;" A. J. and E. Le Blunt's "Histoire de la Porcelaine," and Joseph Marryatt's "History of Pottery," together with several volumes of "Natural History." Our attention is now drawn to a splendid edition of books bound in brave green morocco. They are a complete set of the works of Mr. Ruskin's comrade, Thomas Carlyle, who, like his friend, refuses to "bow before the Baals of the world, the sham captains, solemn human shams, phantasies, supreme quacks, dead sea-apes, and dull and dreary humbugs." There are drawerfuls of Mr. Ruskin's own writings. There is a covetable collection of his standard books, an *édition de luxe*, bound in blue. The edition is a model of typographical excellence; it is a positive luxury to peruse such type, and revel in such paper. What queer names are bestowed upon some of the books. Here is that volume on the discipline of the Church, entitled "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," which a gentleman-farmer bought and took down to his farm just before the lambing season, under the delusion that it was a book on bucolic architecture. Here are pamphlets without end. There is every number of *Fors Clavigera*. Indeed, Ruskin and Carlyle monopolise the little library. In the corner there behold a striking bust, executed by a Sheffield "grinder." The face is small, the nose without special character, and the hair disorderly; but it is a refined, sensitive, nervous countenance, with a mobile mouth and magnetic eyes that burn with the fire of genius. That is Professor Ruskin, M.A., D.C.L., the master of the Guild of St. George. Mr. Swan produces the Memorandum of Association of the Guild. It implicitly epitomises Mr. Ruskin's ethics. St. George and the Dragon! Don Quixote and the Windmill, you think; his schemes are Utopian, you say. Perhaps so. But they will do no harm, and have a potentiality for good. In a world of shams Mr. Ruskin is sincere. In an age of apathy he is in earnest. It will not, perhaps, be as the political economist that his name will reach posterity—rather as *the* art-critic of the Victorian era—but with him art and social reform are so closely allied that it is difficult to divide the two, or speak of Mr. Ruskin the poet without thinking of Mr. Ruskin the politician.

The Museum of St. George appears to be appreciated. It was the place of all others in Sheffield that Prince Leopold, during his recent visit to that wonderful town, specially selected for a personal visit. The curator gives a good account of its practical success. You will notice that three or four students are seated at the table to-day absorbed in æsthetics. The room is open to students on each day of the week, except Thursday, from nine to nine, and, by appointment only, from two p.m. till six p.m. on Sundays. Students' tickets are obtainable, free of cost, on application. The landed property of the Guild consists of four other estates besides the one at Sheffield. One at Mickley, in the county of Derby, which is placed under cultivation, with the object of showing the best methods of managing fruit-trees in the climate of Northern England, with greenhouses attached, and botanic garden for the orderly display of all interesting European plants. Another estate of the Guild is at Bewdley, which Mr. Ruskin is content should remain in pasture or wood, a part of the healthy, lovely landscape that is now almost obliterated in the Midlands. There is likewise the Barmouth estate, and a small estate at Cloughton, belonging to the Guild. But the Sheffield estate is the only one to which the master has given special personal attention, and it is the only one where a museum has been established.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

OUR LORD AND MARY MAGDALENE NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE SEPULCHRE.

THE little picture by Albano, in Earl Spencer's collection, which we engrave, illustrates one of the most suggestive and poetical passages in the New Testament with some little of the conventionality which belongs to a stock subject of the painter's time. Nevertheless, if the Christ is wanting in spirituality and somewhat commonplace in attitude, and if the trees are so generalised as to be indefinable in species, the Magdalene's pose and expression are more spontaneous and true, and the breaking morning in the sky is beautiful in feeling and tone. It is, in effect, generally agreed that Albano, who had a beautiful wife and children for his habitual models, was more successful in feminine and infantine than in masculine figures.

OUR LORD AND MARY MAGDALENE NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE SEPULCHRE.

(From the Painting by Albano in Earl Spencer's Collection.)

SUGGESTIONS FROM GROWING PLANTS FOR ART DECORATION IN IRON.

Fig. 1.

At first thought it might appear that the forms of flowers and foliage could be but very imperfectly imitated in so tough a material as malleable iron; yet we all know how tractable it becomes in the hands of the skilled craftsman, who, aided by the potent action of fire, fashions the stubborn metal with hammer and pincers, with chisel and file, into various useful implements and utensils. The blacksmith has ever been a popular favourite, the very nature of his calling tending to develop that vigorous manhood which all admire; but the invention of iron casting was the means of removing his craft from the position it had long occupied among those in which beauty of form is as much a matter of thought and study as mere usefulness. Although much has already been done by a few enterprising manufacturers to revive the old practice of iron-working for decorative purposes, by far the greater part of modern iron-work is still the product of the furnace rather than the forge. The return to the older methods should for obvious reasons be a matter for serious consideration by all who desire to see a beautiful art restored to its former importance, and the substitution at the same time of the reality for the delusive semblance of strength. No class of ornamental work stands more in need of reforming, or rather revolutionising, than this. Mr. Ruskin, with his usual outspokenness, has in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" expressed his conviction that "no cause has been more active in the degradation of our national feeling for beauty than the constant use of cast-iron ornaments;" and he distinctly asserts in his lecture on this subject, published in "The Two Paths," "that the quaint beauty and character of many natural objects, such as intricate branches, grass, foliage, especially thorny branches and prickly foliage, as well as that of many animals, plumed, spined, or bristled, is sculpturally expressible in iron only, and in iron would be majestic and impressive in the highest degree." Fortified by this strongly expressed opinion, we may confidently proceed, first, to ascertain what has been done in times past in the application of iron to purposes of combined utility and beauty; and then we may go on in our exploration among living plants, and see what we can find that will offer to the craftsman of our own day suggestions for the development of this interesting branch of art work.

Much has already been made known to us by architects and others, through the means of engravings, etchings, photographs, etc., of the remains that have come down from the great schools of iron-work that flourished in Italy and Western Europe during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Among the most notable of these may be mentioned Sir M. Digby Wyatt's great book on metal-work, in which he goes with evident relish into the design and construction of some of the more elaborate and instructive examples, including the screen in the Church of Santa Croce at Florence, which he holds to be "the most elaborate and perfect specimen of smith's work in Italy." In this fine work, which is said to be in the style of Andrea Orcagna, who flourished as architect, painter, and sculptor at Florence during the latter half of the fourteenth century, the craftsman may see details of construction, showing by what natural and simple contrivances the finest effects may be produced. For instance, fine half-rounded ribands of metal are bound round the pillars so as to give them the appearance of twisted shafts, and the whole structure is a fine lesson in simple, straightforward, and easily understood putting together. Sir Digby Wyatt figures other grilles from the Italian cities in which the top panels are filled with folial designs, centred with shields of arms. In one instance from Sienna, spikes and floral finials rise from the top bar, adding security as well as beauty to this adjunct of the Public Palace. A fine instance of the same order of work exists in Ely Cathedral, in the screen of

Fig. 2.

Bishop West's Chapel; the semi-circular space over the doorway is filled with a freely treated composition of flowers and stems; the lower part of the screen is made up of well-designed traceries, in which excellent effect is got by a simple expedient much in use among the mediæval smiths; thin plates of iron are pierced with various geometrical figures, then placed one over the other in proper consonance, so that when fastened they form patterns of great richness.

Ornamental iron-work may be described as falling into two main divisions, which are distinguishable as free work, and applied work. The former term is appropriate to all railings, balconies, gates, and other structures which stand off freely from their supports; the other term may be used for all work intended as a means of at once strengthening and adorning objects of reverence or value, such as the doors of ecclesiastical and other public buildings, and the safes and other chest-like structures in which the things most valued by the wealthy are usually deposited. Both varieties are well illustrated by Mr. Waring in his work, entitled "Architectural Notes," in which he has collected a large number of rare and instructive examples of the stone and metal work of past generations, gathered during a tour in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and other Continental states, for his own personal instruction as an architect. The work comprises some fifty sheets of etchings, many of them by his own hand, showing the manner in which the old men carried out their ideas of utility as made attractive by the addition of quaintness and beauty. Mr. Waring had small faith in mere copying with any other view than the legitimate one of learning what kind of objects the mediæval craftsmen drew their ideas from and how they applied them. In addition to his notes of the workmanship of his predecessors, he has given about a dozen plates of his own studies from growing plants; his attention was confined almost exclusively to those of large growth, and especially to varieties of the thistle kind, and from these the worker in iron may derive many useful lessons applicable to his art. Mr. Waring's plates are highly instructive, because being himself a zealous and persistent student of natural form, he could the more readily enter into the meaning and intention of the men whose work he was noting down; his knowledge of plant form enabled him to unravel many a half-obliterated sculptural design, and to delineate them with a degree of truthfulness, added to a noteworthy freedom in handling, that must always rank his book as one of the best of its kind.

Among Mr. Waring's thistle studies are some remarkable for the bold sabre-like sweep of curve in their longer divisions; but none of them have so formidable an appearance as the plant of which a branch is here represented (No. 1). It is known as the *Zamia horrida*, a native of South Africa, where it must prove an awkward obstacle to the passage of man or beast. It puts forth new leaves but once in several years, and when fully grown they become almost as hard and tough as iron itself. Surrounded with these, projecting in all directions, and at every angle, it looks as formidable as would a battalion of halberdiers on the defensive. Our spray may be aptly compared to a collection of obsolete weapons from the Tower Armoury, dating from the times when the bill divided with the bow the honour of being the favourite weapon of the English foot-soldier. It was interesting to watch the new crop of leaves during the month that elapsed between their first appearance, green, and comparatively tender, until they reached their settled and hardened state. Contrary to the habit of the fern tribe, the bold vigorous curvature of line was only developed as the branch approached to its maturity. The variety displayed in the forms of the individual leaves, the bold yet finely graduated curves, the varied perspective in which they may be seen as the point of view is altered, all combine in making this a most useful plant for the study of forms that may be borrowed for purposes of utility. In positions where security from intruders is desired, combined with a certain degree of decorative effect, nothing could be more appropriate or deterring than branch work founded on the model of *Zamia horrida*. Our illustration gives less than half the branch studied from, but comprises all the more characteristic forms of leaf. In addition there is here given a drawing (No. 2) of the base part of another branch, showing the close interlocking of the leaves at that part.

Fig. 3.

For the upward terminations of gables and

other peaked portions of structures, nothing can compete in point of effectiveness with well-designed iron-work; attenuated, light, graceful suggestions of vegetation may be easily made in this, and in endless variety. Mr. Waring has figured some highly instructive relics of this kind—notably, two standard frame-works made for draw-wells; both are now preserved in public museums; that of most ancient date is in the Hôtel Cluny, in Paris; the other in the museum of Toulouse. In the Cluny example, three straight rods rose from the stone edge of the well. At the proper height each branched into several divisions; one is continued straight up, terminating in an elegant leaf and flower form; the others curl boldly round in a spiral form over the well mouth, where the three meet, and are braced together at their point of contact, so forming the hold necessary for suspending the apparatus for lowering and raising the water-bearing vessels; the third branches rise in a fine double curve to a point at which they are again braced together, over which point they again divide into gracefully composed leaf and tendril forms, between which again rises a straight stem terminating in lily-formed flowers. This most exquisite work is worthy of study on the part of all iron-work reformers, as it is as much marked by the economy as by the right use of means. The Toulouse example is less structurally right in design, though more ornate in its parts, and terminates upwards in a rather too close resemblance to an unarranged group of apples and leaves.

Fig. 4.

Our fern studies include one (Fig. 3) which is markedly adapted for what may be called terminal work. There is perfect rigidity in the main stem, and much of the same quality in the boldly curving lines of the lower whorl of leaves, which have fully expanded; the second row are in the act of unfolding, and their points bend in strange curves towards the main stem; the thin upper leaves assume those playfully fantastic forms that make some varieties of ferns of so great value for the study of the ornamentist.

As these drawings were originally made solely with a view to private use, it so happened that many of the very uninteresting and uninforming names of the rare plants were not noted at the time, and it would be difficult in many cases to recover them now; but as the main purpose of these papers is to draw attention to the study of vegetable form in general, rather than to any particular individual plants, it is hoped that it will be sufficient to show in what direction an inquirer may look. For the acquisition of real knowledge of plant form, study at second hand is comparatively worthless; each one must go pencil in hand and search for himself in Nature's store-house, if he would desire to impress her true stamp upon his handiwork.

A favourite form of leaf with the German iron-workers, especially during the fifteenth century, is shown here (Fig. 4). Mr. Waring gives a fine illustration of its use in an example from the Cathedral of Ulm. In that instance some of the leaves are bent back, upwards and inwards, until their points nearly meet; others are bent downwards and inwards so that their points also approach the stem, from which they are again recurved outwards. The arrangement of the leaves in alternate pairs is one only of many possible arrangements which will readily recur to the mind of a designer.

The variety of the aloe tribe figured here (Fig. 5) is remarkable chiefly for the way in which leaf is joined to stem. Abrupt changes in the direction of the main lines seem more reconcilable to us in iron than in other materials; the tenacity inherent in its nature allows of its safe use in forms and in a state of tenuity impossible in less pliable substances.

Again, among the ferns, we find this most strange-looking plant (Fig. 6), which is known as the elk's-horn fern, from some fancied resemblance. Suspended in its wire basket, nothing could look more weird-like; the strange wan colour of the fronds, as they stretched out like so many skeleton fingers, gave it a ghostly oddity of look unlike anything else near. But if the whole were pulled to pieces, and its various fronds, which number from one to four lobes each, re-combined in a regular arrangement, there would no doubt result some highly effective combinations of leaf form.

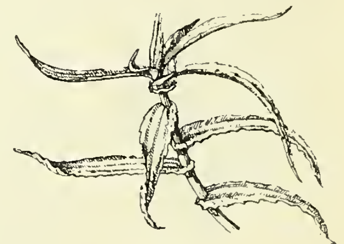


Fig. 5.

Our last subject was but a recent acquisition to the greenhouse from Australia. This (Fig. 7) was a weed found in a rocky dell picturesque with wood and waterfall, and near to the moor edges. The general angularity of the leaf

forms, and the uncommon backward turn of the lower divisions, give a quaint suggestiveness to the plant that might lead to something good in the hands of a competent man.

Fig. 6.

In the course of illustrating these papers there has already been shown a considerable diversity in the manner in which various types of leafage divide at their edges, and as upon this point much of the ultimate effect of folial design depends, a few general remarks on the subject may prove interesting. Beginning with the Vitruvian legend on the origin of the design of the Corinthian capital, by Callimachus, it has always been assumed that the leaf of the acanthus was almost exclusively the source from which the Roman decorators modelled their leafage. Taken up at the Renaissance, it was again largely employed in the elaborate works of that period; and it is again continued in use by some of our modern schools, almost to the exclusion of every other type. Now, whatever may be the case as regards the moderns, who mostly follow their lesson as taught from examples in places of instruction, it seems difficult to imagine that the foliage on the capitals of the Pantheon, those on the Temple of Vesta at Tivoli, and those on the Arch of Septimus Severus, were designed from one and the same source. It cannot be consistently imagined that a succession of men, gifted with the power to sculpture those works, would blindly follow in each other's track, while the riches of nature lay unheeded about them. In the "Grammar of Ornament" of Owen Jones (who, by the way, held the Corinthian capital in slight esteem as an ornamental design, and regarded it as altogether inferior to the capitals of the Egyptians) there is a copy from a photograph of a natural acanthus leaf; looking attentively at this, and then turning to the plates of Roman sculptured ornament in the same book, it will be seen that while in the natural leaf the edges come up in angular points with hollow curves between, in the majority of the sculptured works the foliated divisions are bluntly rounded —a difference sufficient to alter materially the whole general effect of the ornament. There are other differences of aspect, which all tend to the conclusion that the sources from which the Romans drew their materials for design were by no means so circumscribed as has been generally imagined. Yet on the whole there is a chilling monotony running through this school of ornament, and it is not cheering to find it year after year presented to our eyes in compositions from which the natural spring and ever-varying detail of true foliage is conspicuously absent. Let any one who would throw off the shackles of a half-dead conventionalism sit down before a flower-pot containing some one of the beautiful plants we have already indicated, and bringing all his powers of attention to bear on it, make a thoroughly searching drawing of all or of a selected portion, and he will learn more of the true nature of folial ornament than he can by many studies from cast or copy. It is refreshing to turn to such works as those of Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Waring, and M. Viollet le Duc, and also the photographs of the Royal Architectural Society, and to see the endless variety of foliated capitals of various ages and countries, some at

Fig. 7.

first making but a hesitating departure from the model of the Corinthian order, then others gradually venturing to select and appropriate for themselves whatsoever took their fancy, and applying, with consummate art, to the decoration of the monumental buildings of their various countries those types of natural form that charmed their eyes in their native woods and fields.

GILLES McKENZIE.

WAY-SIDE ART IN BRITTANY.

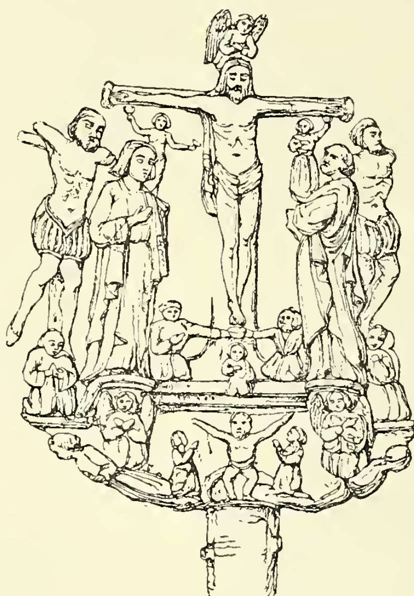
THE somewhat barren tracts of land and moor in Brittany are compensated by the curious and interesting art remains in the figured "calvaries," monuments, and road-side crosses which are found throughout this department of France. The houses, streets, and by-ways of the more remote and quaint towns have formed many a theme for English and foreign artists, who no less delight in these spots than the rock-bound coast adjoining the bay of Douarnier, and overlooking the greater Bay of Biscay. Dinan, Morlaix, Quimper, Vannes, and Vitré are so many household words to travellers and artists, and the brush of the latter has often transported some souvenir of these to the exhibition walls of London and the provinces. The forms of outdoor art so peculiar to Brittany are to the local peasant as much their own picture gallery, as the collections of the Vatican and Uffizzi are to the inhabitants of the South.

The remains of ancient art are chiefly to be found in the distant or obscure villages—not reached without much trouble, and accessible only by foot or *char*-road. The grandest of these are the calvaries—the principal of which are at Ploûgastel, near Brest, St. Thégonec, Guimiliau, and Lampaul.

They usually have a stone basement, from which rises the shaft of the cross; around the base are grouped numberless figures, composed so as to form a tableau from Scripture history, united with legendary and local incident.

A great prodigality of detail and a certain singularity of design characterise these calvaries, some of which are late in the sixteenth or early seventeenth century.

Religious importance is attached to them, for the great annual pardon, or fête, is generally begun or ended by a pilgrimage to a noted calvary, or special way-side cross. Lenten sermons are also preached from the gallery or platform which serves as the entrance or arcade to some of the churchyards in Finisterre. They were also used for proclaiming sentences of law, as appears from the "Legend of the Twelve Apostles of Kermaria:"—"'He (Yoon) hastens homewards, thence to go to the justice. I mistake,' said the grandfather, correcting himself; 'a seneschal at that time pronounced his judgments on the stone gallery, which you know on the wall outside the church.'" Legend is closely associated with the Brittany monuments, and is of great importance in illustrating peculiarities of construction or local incidents.



A WAY-SIDE "CALVARY."

There is also much affinity in nomenclature between this part of France and our own Cornwall; the same customs and idiosyncrasies make a comparison very interesting. A similar prefix to the local names, *Pen*cran, *Pol*-de-Léon, and *Pen*mark in Finisterre, repeat themselves in the *Pen*ryn, *Pen*zance, and *Per*ran of the Land's End district.

The calvaries vary much in form and detail; they are executed in the coarse granitic stone—the leading subject, as the name imports, is the Crucifixion, to which other Scriptural scenes are subordinate. The grouping is very effective. In some cases no less than eighty figures are represented; the illustrations here subjoined give some idea of the general arrangement.

At Ploûgastel, near Brest, is the most renowned calvary, dated 1602, built of the celebrated Kersanton stone, and comprising nearly one hundred figures representing the grand tableau of the Passion. The appearance of the figures standing in bold relief against a clear blue sky is something marvellous, and recalls the wonderful "Stations of the Cross," by Adam Krafft, at Nuremberg.

The costume appears to be a faithful copy of the dress of the period. The Crucifixion scene is treated with much fulness; at the

foot of the cross is the group of holy women in lament, the good and evil spirit, so often

CALVARY OF PLEYBEN.

represented in early mediæval art, is seen hovering above the two thieves, on each side of the cross.

At Guimiliau is another of the great calvaries, not so large as Ploûgastel, and more rudely executed. The single cross rises from the base of the monument, round which are groups of spectators displaying much animation in the bustle and strange grief of that scene; the figures are more vividly represented than at Ploûgastel.

The carved work round the lower portion represents sacred subjects, with that of the Last Supper, wherein is curiously introduced the national dish of Brittany, the fass, or dumpling. This episode shows that the sculptor copied the nearest forms around him, and the fact is of interest for all who study truthfulness of detail and local incidents.

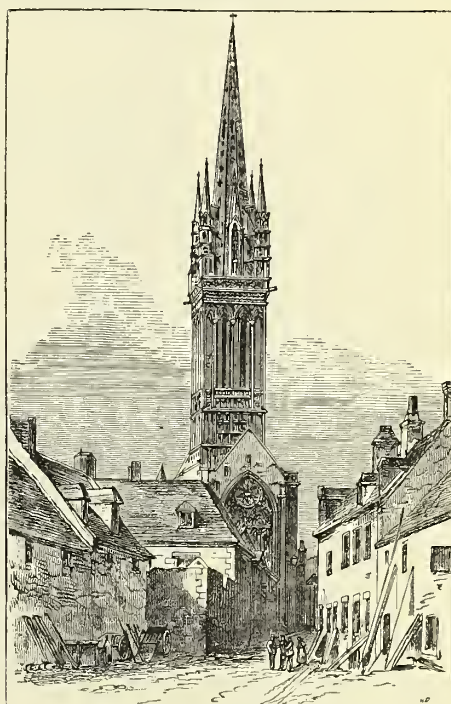
The interior of the church at Guimiliau is studded with carvings of varied though indifferent design, which can be accounted for by the late date, 1680, and the general poverty of detail at that period. The high altar, from its varied workmanship, would lead one to suppose it was a votive task, and executed by many hands. It is dedicated to the patron saint, King Milliau, and has much white and gilt carving, carried to excess.

The gem of the church, however, is the baptistery supported by eight columns with a dome-shaped termination. Innumerable decorations cover this work of art, which is gracefully festooned with carvings of fruit, flowers, birds, and insects.

At the entrance to the churchyard is a gateway, on which small crosses are placed, forming a kind of miniature calvary. The porch, too, is replete with carving of the Apostles and saints as canopied figures, executed in the local granite. Numerous bas-reliefs are underneath the cornice of the porch, and represent scenes from the Creation, in which there is much resemblance to the figures in the MS. German Bible, called the "Bible of Haguenau," dated 1459, and the later well-known wood-cuts of the Creation, in the "Nuremberg Chronicle" of 1493.

A third great calvary is at St. Thégonec, near Morlaix; it is dated 1610, and has several figures. Other calvaries of less note are scattered over Western Brittany, each offering an example of decorative work or some distinctive feature.

The study of any one is instructive, showing how the forms of Christian art and local superstition are constantly blended. They also show that native sculptors and artists were content to execute some very good examples,

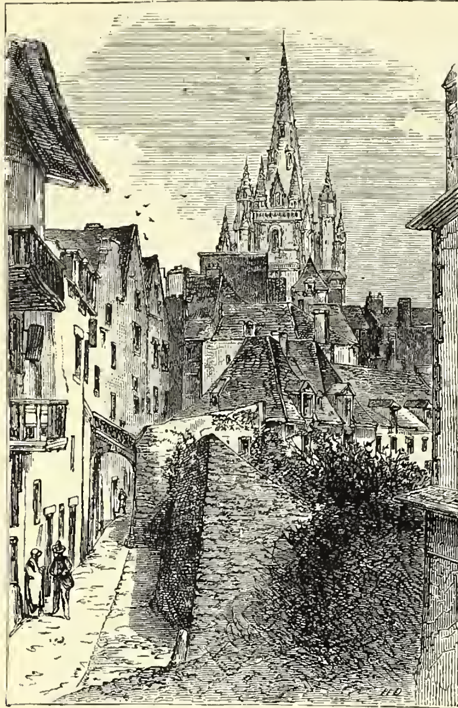


SPIRE OF NOTRE DAME DE KREISKER,
ST. POL DE LÉON.

unattracted by the fame of a large city, and content with the quaint out-of-the-world villages of Brittany. St. Pol de Léon, a pic-

turesque coast town, has a fine round church spire visible for miles.

A walk through the streets of Morlaix or



VIEW IN HENNEBONT.

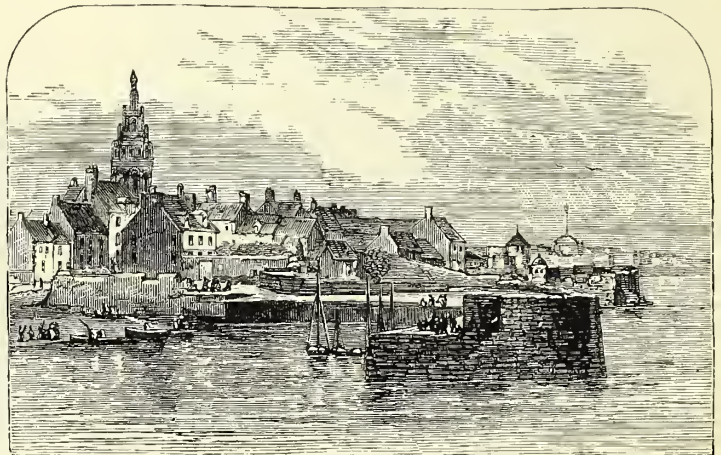
Vannes will disclose the kind of domestic architecture peculiar to the district, timber and slate the prevailing material, the latter often wrought into very fantastic patterns, and encircling half the external walls. The interior reveals choice bits of carving, and one predominant feature, viz., a kind of turret-staircase leading into the upper rooms, and this elaborately ornamented. Of characteristic street views are those in Hennebont, a place associated with the siege of its castle, and its defence by the famous Countess de Montford.

Of the many other vestiges can be noticed the altars, tombs, votive tablets, and shrines which make the churches attractive, if they do not exhibit the best kind of decoration. The church at Crozon, near Brest, has an altar, on the compartments of which are carved scenes representing the legends of 10,000 martyrs; it is inferior to the altar at Lampaul, where the whole story of the Redemption is pictured in stone. The rock-bound coast of Brittany offers endless variety of colour and form to the tourist, painter, or zoologist; and an occasional height is crowned with some interesting object. Near Brest is the ruined St. Matthew's Abbey, the first and last object seen by the mariner on entering or quitting the roadstead of Brest, and occupying a similar position to St. Hilda's Abbey, Whitby. Roscoff, a quaint maritime town, is identified with the ruined chapel of St. Ninien, near which Mary Stuart landed when visiting France, on the occasion of her betrothal to the Dauphin Francis.

In the church is a beautiful series of figures, executed in alabaster, depicting the Passion; the whole placed in a glazed frame against the wall, and probably part of some votive or private altar. Here, as in other maritime Breton churches, can be seen the miniature ships suspended from the roof, as a kind of votive offering for the seafaring inhabitants.

Of carved tombs, that of St. Nonne, at Dirinon, near Brest, is one of the most beautiful, and little known. St. Nonne was patron saint of the commune, and her recumbent effigy lies on the tomb. The sides of the monument are sculptured with figures of the Apostles, and the series is divided by angel groups. This choice example of carved stonework suffered equally with others, during the Great Revolution of 1790, from the havoc of the mob.

Many are the local characteristics which render Brittany so interesting a land of travel; the way-side inn often displays the vine-



ROSCOFF.

branch suspended over the porch, in satirical allusion, perhaps, to the old adage, "Good wine needs no bush." The bunches of maize and corn, nestling under the cottage eaves for

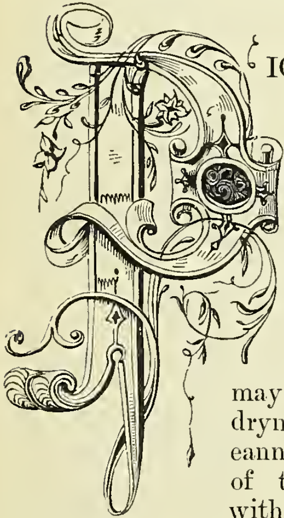
ripening purposes, form a pretty picture, while the interior of the way-side house often reveals very nice wood carvings; the *lit clos*, the antique chest, and the homely spinning-wheel are constantly to be seen.

We can better realise peasant life in Brittany after reading Émile Souvestre's description in "Le Foyer Bréton;" the love of certain customs and habits has been transmitted in great fidelity, owing to the isolated position and the strong clannishness of the race. At times we wonder whether we are in France, on hearing the native patois, partly Welsh, partly Cornish, both in sound and accent. The old Arthurian legends still haunt the land, the rites and ceremonies inherited from early times still exist, while around all is deeply enshrined that intense love of home so characteristic of the Breton. Over all the country is thrown a strange romance, in which religion, history, and superstition have played a prominent part.

S. W. KERSHAW.

THE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION AT MUNICH.—II.

BY JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON.



PICTURES of a graver and loftier aim than those noticed in the last article are by no means few. We may instance Professor J. Defregger's "Andreas Hofer, the Patriot of the Tyrol, on his way to Execution," and his "Returning Conquerors to a Tyrolese Village." There may be a slight tendency to dryness in the former, yet we cannot withdraw our admiration of the manliness and force with which each is painted. This remark applies also to the portraits of A. Erdtelt, whose brush-work is of the most masterly kind. E. Grützner's "Vintage in the Cloisters," showing the whole process of wine-making, while the cardinal lays his hand in blessing on the proffered grapes, is a work whose art-merits and importance lift it out of the category of mere *genre*. Another illustration of how the artist can aid us in understanding the manners and customs of a people will be found in the picture of "Children's Betrothal in Greece," by N. Gysis, of Munich. I. Fluggen, of the same city, sends a large and brilliant canvas showing the state and ceremony which attended the "Baptism of the Emperor Maximilian;" and F. Keller, of Karlsruhe, on a canvas twenty feet in length represents how remorselessly Ludwig William of Baden, "the Turk Conqueror," as he was called by his countrymen, was in the habit of sweeping down on a Turkish camp when he and his fierce followers caught it unprepared. The Margrave is in the centre of the picture, and mounted on a cream-coloured horse, and both the handling and the colour are in the manner of Makart.

"The First Roebuck," which accompanies the present paper, is another illustration from the exhibition of how thoroughly German artists have mastered all kinds of *genre* subjects. The artist is A. Eberle, of Munich, and he is doubtless familiar with the Bavarian Alps, and has witnessed in a Bavarian home what he so graphically paints. The laughing lad who stands over the roebuck has been on the hills since early dawn, and is now in the act of recounting to a willing and sympathetic audience the various stratagems he adopted in order to get within rifle-range of his prey. "What shall he have who killed the deer?" The admiration and praise of all he loves. To M. Fleischmann, of Munich, we are indebted for the privilege of engraving this picture.

I need not go further into the merits or contents of the German section of the exhibition; and if I have not touched much upon landscape, it is not for want of worthy material, not only in the German manner, but in that also more immediately associated with France and the Low Countries. In handling we have all manner of styles, from the mediæval minuteness of A. Oppel's white-bearded "Jewel Dealer" to the slight yet promising brush-work of W. Trübner. There is a look of haste about the Lapithæ and Centaurs of the last-named, which may possibly account for its lack of definition and distinctness. In the German rooms there is one merit which forces itself upon the eye over and over again, and that is the power of characterisation; and were I asked to point to two of the chief exponents of this quality, I would confidently name Professor Diez and Professor Defregger, both of Munich.

There are three pictures, however, which I must name before closing my remarks on German art, and they are these: First, "Our Saviour on the Cross being kissed by an Angel," a life-sized canvas of rich, warm, suggestive colour, with a sense of grandeur and mystery in the gathering clouds. The artist is B. Piglheim, of Munich. The second is "Christ disputing in the Temple when twelve years old," by E. Zimmermann, of Munich, who is come of an artistic race. The picture has just been sold by the firm of Fleischmann for £800, and will one day sell for thousands. The immediate group consists of four aged Jews and our Saviour. The former are almost huddled together in the eagerness of debate, and the artist has very wisely given to their spokesman rather a pleasing expression of face, while to the Divine Boy, who, in simple white dress encircled by a pale lavender sash, stands in easy argumentative attitude before them, he has given a frank outspoken countenance, that we feel, were it possible to hear Him speak, that His voice is gentle, yet clear and ringing. The two standing figures to the right looking on admiringly are not particularly happy; but it seems thankless to find fault with a work which in composition, *chiaroscuro*, and originality is one of the gems of the exhibition.

The third picture, and perhaps the intensest work of art in the whole exhibition, is from the pencil of Gabriel Max, whose head of our Saviour has been published all over Europe, and whose apparently sadly opening or closing eyes, just as the spectator himself happens to see them, has such a religious fascination for some people. The artist's subject this time is not divine, but terribly human. Yet, who shall say? All we behold is a forlorn woman at the foot of a lonely reed-encircled rock, pressing towards her eager lips with a blood-stained handkerchief the little yielding head of a dead child, whom she holds tenderly in her arms. The picture is "The Infanticide:" let us submit ourselves gratefully to the spell of the painter's pencil, and not intrude with our artistic criticism upon the sanctity of the mother's sorrow and remorse.

Turning to the right of the great vestibule, and entering that half of the building devoted to foreign art, we find the nationalities very unequally represented, and some of them, indeed, not at all. With the exception of France and the Low Countries, the term "international" is almost a misnomer. England, Italy, Spain, and Russia were all amply and characteristically represented on the walls of the Paris International Exhibition of last year; but if an example here and there from any of these countries appears on the walls of that of Munich, they do not figure in the pages of the catalogue. Our German readers, therefore, must not take offence if our notes are neither so methodical nor so exhaustive as they expected.

One of the first canvases which catches the eye on entering the foreign quarter is the famous Belgian picture by Charles Hermans, of Brussels, representing the workman and his family arrested for a moment on their way in the early morning to their daily toil, that a drunken youth in the garb of a gentleman, and his two female companions in debauchery, may issue from their den and flounder past them. The surprise blended with pity in the intelligent faces of the work-people makes an edifying contrast with the drunken and distorted countenances of the revellers, and imparts a moral lesson which the beholder is not likely soon to forget. The artist in this country who most resembles Charles Hermans in freedom of treatment and *vraisemblance* is E. J. Gregory.

In another walk, E. de Schampheleer is no less eminent. His "Dordrecht on the Maas," with its warm stretch of water and bright cumuli rolling over the town and its shipping, is a fine example of a kind of subject peculiar to Belgium, and in the delineation of which her artists greatly excel. J. H. L. de Haas is another of the masters who carries on the traditions of Belgian art, and maintains its practice at a high level. The chief work out of the four he has sent represents four well-fed cattle on a benty shore; sometimes he places them in a brashy meadow, with the irregular crest of a rising ground for a sky-line. In this particular walk De Haas, we think, is in his own country unrivalled. J. T. Coosemans is also to be classed among the great landscape-painters of Belgium. He is represented by a grand rough winter scene, showing some woodcutters toiling through the forest road with their burdens. Besides these there are P. J. Gabriel, J. Verhas, Unterberger, the two De Vriendts, and several others, all of whom may fairly claim to be representatives of the art of Belgium.

Turning to the Dutch school, much characteristic work will be found in the pictures of J. Maris. One of them, for example, represents a windmill, with some water and floating logs in the foreground, and a village beyond with other windmills breaking the sky-line. Belonging also to the Hague, H. W. Mesdag may be regarded as one of the first

marine painters in Europe. His two grand works, representing the going and returning of the Schevinigen life-boat, when those who manned her succeeded in saving the crew of the English schooner *Hopewell*, are a couple of the most stirring and truthful pictures of the kind in the whole exhibition, and they have attracted just as much admiration in Munich as they did in Paris. In one we behold the great anxiety of the crowd on the beach as the life-boat proceeds through an angry and darkling sea to the wreck, and in the other we see the tender anxiety of the same people as they crowd round the cart in which the saved are placed, while low down on the horizon, beyond the foundering vessel, lies a long red gleam bespeaking the close of day. Then we have a very able landscape-painter in G. J. A. Van Luppen, of Antwerp, who proves his quality by his picture of a woman leading goats down a green-grey rocky road. Nor must J. Maris, in his character of a sea-painter, be forgotten. Some of his pieces are second only to those of Mesdag. We do not remember seeing anything of J. Israëls' on the walls, and certainly his name does not appear in the catalogue. In spite of his absence—if he really is absent—Holland is well represented, and the same may be said of Belgium.

Italy has supplied the exhibition with a fair amount of sculptured work, but pictorially she makes a poor show; and as to the art-magnates of Spain, they are simply conspicuous by their absence.

Russia last year made no mean display at Paris, but in Munich she is less fully and powerfully represented. This arises mainly from the absence of H. Siemiradzki's magnificently impressive picture of "The Living Torches of Nero." This gifted Pole, however —by far the greatest painter ever associated in any way with Russia—does not go altogether unrepresented. His Roman Senator hesitating between the Eastern goblet and the lovely lady, and "The Mendicant Mariner" standing by the sea wall, while a queenly woman steps into a gorgeously appointed barge, show how graceful he is in design, and how rich in colour. His knowledge of art, we believe, was mainly acquired in Rome, just as Veretschagin's was gained in Paris under Gerome.

Hungary finds its most truly representative man in J. Munkacsy, whose "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters" carried off the highest honours at the Paris International Exhibition; but the Austrian champion, Hans Makart, the modern Paul Veronese, is entirely absent. His great picture, however, of "Charles V. Entering Antwerp," will be shown in London next season, we are told, by Mr. Fleischmann, of Munich. Munkacsy is as dark and gloomy in his colour as Makart is bright and joyous, and it is rather to be regretted that the visitors to Munich had not an opportunity of comparing two men, each of whom is so worthy of the name of master.

With the English section the German authorities seem to have been as much vexed as we were. Although some of our greatest painters—including the President of the Royal Academy himself—have pictures on the walls, not one of them has received a medal. Hubert Herkomer is certainly an A.R.A., but it was as much in right of his Bavarian blood, as of his artistic genius, that he had the honour of a medal conferred on him. Moreover, his contributions were all in water-colours, whereas the pictures of his English compeers were in oil.

These are so few that we may as well name them without any remark, seeing that our readers are perfectly familiar with them. Sir Frederick Leighton sends "Mignon," who, it will be remembered, is attired in pale green robe and white dress, and leans dreamily against a wall, and his fine portrait of "Captain Burton." J. E. Millais, R.A., has "Mrs. H. L. Bischoffsheim," a wonderful example of what *bravura* of brush can do; also his gold medal picture of "The Rape of the Sabines," painted for the Royal Academy when only seventeen years old. G. F. Watts, R.A., has "Robert Browning," and Alma-Tadema his "Sculptor's Model" and three of his little gems of antique Roman life. Philip Calderon, R.A., is represented by "The Burial of the Hampden;" F. Goodall, R.A., by a small replica of "The Finding of Moses;" H. S. Marks, R.A., by his "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting;" and Marcus Stone, A.R.A., by his "Return of the French Conscript." Hubert Herkomer's (A.R.A.) drawings refer chiefly to Bavarian life, and these, like his magnificent portrait of "Wagner," are, as has been stated, all in water-colours.

The British school was never fairly appealed to, and if British artists have responded but poorly to such call as was made, the fault must be laid at the door of the Munich authorities, who organised their exhibition so badly.

When we turn to the French quarter, we enter the most brilliant part of the whole exhibition; and any unbiassed visitor, passing through the other sections and entering this,

must feel that he has come to the school of the world. The French catalogue, too, is a perfect model, printed with clear type on beautiful paper, and containing everything about a picture and its author which one cares to know. Germans assert that the French, in order to make their display overwhelming, ransacked all the public offices and town halls whose walls are adorned with government-bought pictures; but I found, on examination, that the more important works in the German section were just as much the property of the Imperial Government as similar pictures in the French department were the property of the Republic. It was an honourable contest in which each nationality did its best, and France, as any one at all familiar with the history of art might have predicted, proved the unquestioned victor.

It would be needless, in the present paper, to go over the characteristics of the French school, seeing that the French Gallery, so long established in Pall Mall, has made Londoners tolerably familiar with them; suffice it to say that all the various styles of treatment and manipulation are amply represented here, from the rough impasto of Jules Dupré to the delicacy of W. A. Bouguereau—from the ragged outline of J. J. Henner to the magnificent finish and drawing of J. J. Lefebvre.

Many of the French works were either in last year's Paris International or in last year's *Salon*. In the latter, for example, were Leon Bonnat's masterly portrait of "Victor Hugo," and W. A. Bouguereau's beautiful creation of "The Birth of Venus." Jules Breton, A. Cabanel, Daubigny, Dubufe, Hebert, Isabey, Landelle, Robert-Fleury, the Rousseaus, Corot, Troyon, and Meissonier are all names familiar to our readers, and convey to them definite ideas as to style and subject.

In still life and flowers we have most brilliant examples. First, we have two life-sized cod-fish lying on a board, by A. Vollon; then H. P. Delanoy's "Interior of Don Quixote's House," showing a marvellous collection of illuminated books and armour of all kinds, and both these pictures are painted with a mastery and power, especially in the grand treatment of light and shade, which almost lifts them into the region of high art. Georges Jeannin shows a truck, or small cart, laden with all sorts of beautiful flowers, and Chabal Dussurgey a rose-tree in full bloom by the side of a gateway. Both these pictures, again, are as fine in execution and treatment as they possibly can be.

The modern school of the Tenebrosi is capitally represented by T. Ribot in his picture of two monks washing the wounds of St. Sebastian. In quite another key is Feyen-Perrin's group of pretty fisher-girls, with cheerful smiles, coming from the oyster grounds. In cattle-painting fine examples will be found in the works of Jules Didier, Troyon, and Rosa Bonheur; and the glory of landscape art is maintained by Dupré, Pelouse, Hanoteau, Ségé, Daubigny, and others.

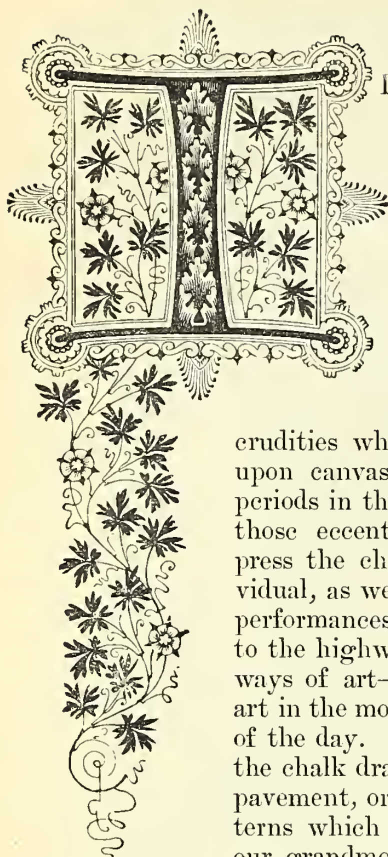
Coming to sacred and historic subjects, we would praise the "Deliverance of the Prisoners of Carcassonne," by Jean Paul Laurens; Leon Lhermitte's "Le Pardon de Ploumanac'h;" Lucien Mélingue's Stephen Marcel, provost of the merchants, hastily exchanging bonnets with the Dauphin, Charles, during the troubles of 1358, by which generous act the life of the latter was saved; Henry Mosler's "Return of the Prodigal;" Cabanel's "Death of Frances di Rimini and Paolo Malatesta;" the grand mural triptych by Ernest A. Duez, representing passages in the life of St. Cuthbert; and especially A. N. Morot's "Episode in the History of the Gauls." According to Thierry, after the defeat of the Ambrons by the Romans, the women of the tribe defended the camp so effectually against the onslaught of the cavalry that the Romans were fain to retire. The artist was a pupil of Cabanel, and carried off the Prix de Rome. He is still comparatively young, and his country has much to expect from him. His attack of the women is delivered with the most startling energy, and when one gazes at the expression and action of these Amazonian furies as they throw themselves on the cavalry, one ceases to wonder at the Roman retreat. It is one of the most spirited pictures painted in modern times. Another brilliant young pupil of Cabanel is Fernand Pelez, whose powerful picture of the Emperor Commodus being strangled at the instance of Marcia, by the athlete Narcissus, as the cruel voluptuary issues from the bath, startles into admiration, and almost awe, every one who enters the gallery where it hangs.

There are many other works which might have been named and even criticised had space permitted; but the object of these papers is to give the reader not so much criticism as a general, and something like an approximate, idea of the Munich International Art Exhibition and its contents. Notwithstanding certain shortcomings to which we have alluded, the Exhibition is decidedly a success, and a success of which the art-capital of Germany may well be proud.

"THE FIRST ROEBUCK."

(From the Painting by A. Eberle in the Munich International Art Exhibition of 1879. By permission of Mr. E. A. Fleischmann, of Munich.)

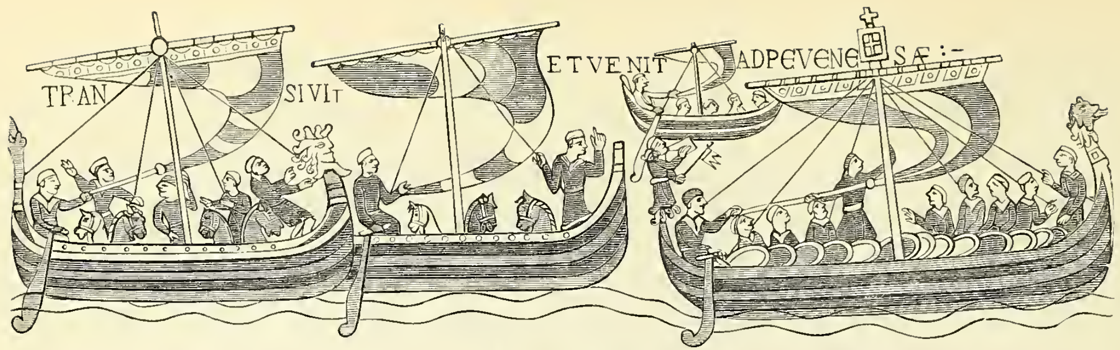
CURIOSITIES OF ART.



IT will certainly not be disputed that in the dictionary of purely legitimate art the word "curiosity" ought rarely, if ever, to be found. Nevertheless under this heading might be instanced those barbarities and crudities which have been put upon canvas during immature periods in the history of art; or those eccentricities which express the character of the individual, as well as multitudes of performances which belong not to the highways, but to the byways of art—or what is called art in the most popular parlance of the day. Of this number are the chalk drawings on the street pavement, or the woolwork patterns which were the glory of our grandmothers, but are now banished to the limbo of British Philistinism by the "art needlework" that is really worthy of its name. Of the same order are the works of the "scissors and paper artist"—a title given to the wife of Adrian Block, who became a proficient in the use of her scissors in the place of brush or pencil, producing portraits and landscapes of great delicacy of line and accuracy of effect. Another lady—the wife of John de Heere, a Flemish sculptor—evidenced an even greater patience, for Van Mander records that she painted a landscape representing a mill, and the miller appearing as if mounting the stairs, laden with a sack, while upon the terrace were seen a cart and horse, and on the road several peasants—the whole highly finished, and pencilled with wonderful delicacy and neatness, and also accurately distinct, yet so amazingly minute that the total surface of it might be covered with one grain of corn.

Hardly less remarkable, for an exactly opposite reason, was a canvas painted in the last century by Sir Robert Kerr Porter, when only eighteen years of age. It was two hundred and odd feet long, and relatively high, representing panoramically the storming and capture of Seringapatam. Nor were the huge proportions of the work more remarkable than the rapidity with which it was executed, for Sir Robert was only engaged at it for six weeks, and he was one of those who followed the advice Dr. Johnson with his last breath gave to Sir Joshua—never to work on Sundays. Added to this, the picture had high artistic merit, according to the voice of contemporary criticism, so far as we can find any record of it now. If, as has been said, the epitaph of a lady must never be believed, perhaps it may also be open to us to accept with some caution the praise that is meted out to an artist with a handle to his name, when it is impossible to observe and verify for ourselves, as is the case with the present work, which was long ago destroyed by fire. Be that as it may, Dr. Dibdin, who went to see it, declares that the learned were amazed and the unlearned were enraptured, and describes it as "a thing dropt from the clouds—all fire, energy, intelligence, and animation. The figures moved, and were commingled in hot and bloody fight; you saw the flash of the cannon, the glitter of the bayonet, the gleam of the falchion; and you longed to be leaping from crag to crag with Sir David Baird, who is hallooing the men on to victory." The work was finished during the time the committees of the Royal Academy were at Somerset House selecting and hanging the pictures for the year's exhibition; and Miss Porter, the artist's sister, tells us that her brother invited his revered old friend, Benjamin West, then P.R.A., to come and look at the result of his labours, before it was submitted to the public view. Mr. West came to the Lyceum one morning on his way to Somerset House, where the committee was kept waiting for him an hour. "What has delayed you so long?" said Sir Thomas Lawrence to him on his entry. "A wonder," he returned; "a wonder of the world. A picture painted by that boy, Kerr Porter, in six weeks, and as admirably done as it could have been by the best historical man among us in as many months." This is still the sister's version; but making what allowance we will for her natural enthusiasm, it may, we think, be fairly conceded to "The Storming and Capture of Seringapatam" that, although not actually the first English panorama exhibited, it was, at any rate, the first which was marked by artistic merit.

Returning to the class of works which illustrate patience rather than conception, and evidence the ingenuity of the mechanic rather than the genius of the artist, it is curious to remember that at no very remote date the Academy hung "a landscape in human hair;" "various devices cut in vellum with scissors, containing the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver sixpence;" and "two birds in shellwork on a rock decorated with sea-coral." Matters would have been more evenly balanced had a little of the patience that was wasted over horrors such as these been expended on certain modern impressionary works that are at the opposite pole of art, or even farther removed, for the two kinds can only be classed together in so far as they deserve the common designation of curiosities of art. All conception and no execution is as fatal in its results as all execution and no conception. Hence the query of Baron Huddleston, "What is it?" which greeted the recent appearance of one of Mr. Whistler's canvases in a court of law, that for the moment forgot the gravity with which convention envelops its proceedings; and hence, also, neither judge nor jury could discover which way up the canvas should be turned. A somewhat similar experience had the celebrated John Martin, who, when he sent his "Zadoc in search of the waters of Oblivion" to be framed, heard the workmen dispute as to which was the top and which the bottom. Nor will even the patience and labour of an artist always secure a work against being turned topsy-turvy by a porter or, indeed, by a hanging committee, especially in the case of an architectural drawing; for Mr. Ruskin's beautiful "Study of the Colours of Marble in the Apse of the Duomo of Pisa" was so hung at the Winter Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours in 1873. A different instance of confusion between head and feet is presented by a portrait of William von Humboldt in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle. George IV. asked the minister to sit to Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, being pressed for time, took a canvas on which he had begun a portrait of Lord Liverpool, and had finished his body, purple coat and all. On to this the painter put the head of Von Humboldt, intending to alter it later—an intention which, owing to the death of the king and of Sir Thomas himself, was never carried out. One curiosity of art has become conspicuously familiar since Herr Max's heads of Christ were painted and so largely reproduced—a curiosity which may be defined as the attempt to make a picture comprise a lapse of time. Now this attempt is manifestly and undoubtedly out of the province of pictorial art, which, though it may suggest a past and a future, cannot legitimately show anything except the moment of representation. In making the eyes of these heads capable of being looked at as either opened or closed at the will of the spectator, the artist has proved himself impatient of the lawful restrictions of his own art, and unable to restrain himself from encroaching upon the province of other arts. And this deviation from lawful ways inevitably entails other "misgoings." In order to produce the double effect, an entirely false and impossible shadow is cast upon the upper eyelid. The device is easy enough, and the weird and striking effect is produced at the cost of a little truth to nature and of a great truth to art. The pictures in question were beautiful in many respects, one of them having an expression of pathos in the brow which has seldom been equalled in modern art, while the imitative skill of texture-painting shown in them was uncommonly high. And for this reason it was all the more painful to see that their popular success was dependent on a trick. The infelicitous idea which is their leading motive had its origin, as it found its following, in Germany. At that bend of the Rhine which is dominated by the Drachenfels, just where the beauty of that stream so suddenly and so charmingly begins after the dismal flats of Bonn, Cologne, and Düsseldorf and the mere quaintness of monotonous Holland, and close to the island of Nonnenwerth, with its white convent, is a little German Gothic church, called the Apollinaris Kirche. Every inch of the walls of this building is painted in fresco by the masters of the contemporary German school, men who have followed Overbeck, pious and learned painters in positive colours upon gold backgrounds. The pictures are well enough, but the great attraction of the church is the life-size crucifix in the crypt below the high altar, a masterpiece of a certain school of realistic art, and chiefly popular by reason of this double effect of closed and open eyes—of life and death. It is since the celebrity obtained in Rhenish Prussia by this work that the heads of our Lord have been painted by Herr Max. Their production and their success in England, as in Germany, are due to professional and popular ignorance as to the legitimate and illegitimate in art—an ignorance which is responsible also for numberless other curiosities of the limner's craft to which we need not give a name.

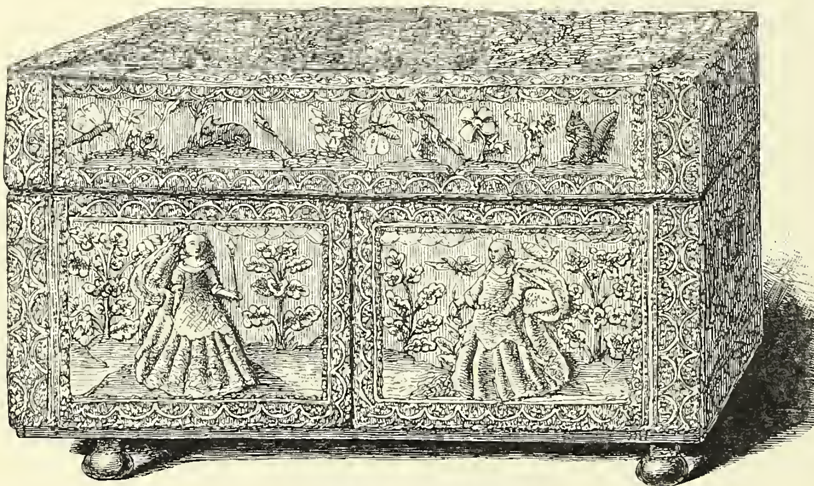


SHIPS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

(An Embroidery in Wool on Linen. Norman, eleventh century.)

ART NEEDLEWORK.—I.

THE revival of decorative art needlework, an incident of the present phase of British fine-art handicrafts, is, like contemporary kindred revivals, much due to the acquaintanceship which, through public and private collections, most well-ordered and inquiring persons are glad to form with the inspiring prototypes of works of modern fine art. The sight of "old works" induces in thoughtful and willing people the desire to produce "new works." The enthusiastic amateur communicates his enthusiasm to others, and in time a body of workers comes into existence. Thus was formed the Royal School of Art Needlework, under the auspices of Royal patronage, and by means of much sincere labour bestowed by three or four ladies who, animated both by philanthropic as well as artistic motives, sought to "supply suitable employment for gentlewomen, and to restore ornamental needlework to the high place it once held amongst the decorative arts."



EMBROIDERED CASKET.

(From the South Kensington Museum. English, 1650.)

It was originally intended that this paper should have been devoted to a brief discussion of decorative art needlework, and of the Royal School above mentioned. However, in the course of investigations on the subject, other similar institutions have attracted attention and demand notice. At the same time, it should be understood that this does not pretend to be a treatise upon all the schools of art needlework in the kingdom. Besides those on the Royal School at South Kensington, which—at least by seniority—is the parent institution, a few notes will be given on the Decorative Needlework Society, the Ladies' Work Society, and the St. Katharine's School of Embroidery.

It is not long since decorative art needle-

work was in the main confined to Berlin wool work. Full-blossomed rubicund roses, grouped with brilliant green leaves of similar and uncertain botany, were features in the designs wrought with the needle. Then there were pictures embroidered on satin—accurate perspective views and picturesque ruins. Miss Linwood zealously strove with her needle and coloured threads to rival the painter with his brush and flowing colours. There is at South Kensington a portrait of the first Napoleon by this lady, in which is displayed an industry almost as tedious as that of an extraordinary mosaic of George IV. from the Pontifical factories. A marvellous fluffy reproduction of Gainsborough's milk-girl, by a Mrs. Catherine Thompson, finds a home in our national collections. It is said that the Royal Academy itself admitted within its walls a work of this kind many years ago. Lavinia and Amanda in costumes and large straw hats, from which fashion in its uncomplimentary, ephemeral manner has adopted hints, were the points of interest on fire-screens, and wrought sometimes on little squares or medallions of satin, asserted themselves as worthy the dignity of being framed and hung side by side with coloured engravings by Bartolozzi, of Elysian and Arcadian compositions designed by Cipriani or "Miss Angel;" and so one may trace backwards British works of the needle until one arrives at the Jacobean period of carefully worked grotesque arrangements of a man and his wife surrounded by their property, family and servants, animals and insects, which subjects often decorated boxes or mirror frames of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This, however, is but one view of embroidery, exhibiting what may be considered as aberrations in the art.

If we turn to Italy and Spain, we shall find a different and more elevating picture. Apart from the treasures of sacristies, the paintings and frescoes, by painters such as Gentile da Fabriano and Benozzo Gozzoli, of princely processions, adorations of the Magi, reveal an insight into the condition of the sumptuous and magnificent embroideries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the splendour of which can almost vie with that of the

> "Fine webs like woven mist, wrought in the dawn
> Long ere the dew had left the sunniest lawn,
> Gold cloth so wrought that nought of gold seemed there,
> But rather sunlight over blossoms fair."

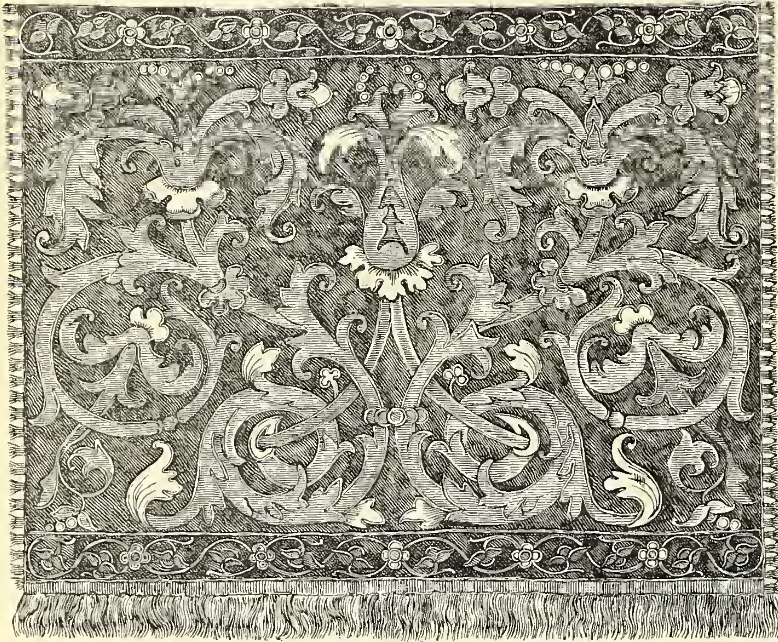
Our National Museum at South Kensington, in truth, furnishes us with a feast of various and rich materials, off which, if we are so minded, we may feed, and thus teach ourselves, among other matters, the history of fine-art needlework.

One of the evils attendant upon modern fine-art needlework is the confusion of stitches which seems to afflict embroideresses. A little consideration must at once show that there are

HOOD OF A COPE.

(From the South Kensington Museum. Flemish, sixteenth century.)

but few ways of plying the needle. The length or shortness of a stitch does not make the stitch a new one. The intermixture of two



APPLIQUÉ SATIN EMBROIDERY.

(*From the South Kensington Museum. Italian, late sixteenth century.*)

kinds of stitches does not produce a new stitch. As the late Venerable Dr. Rock, in his admirable work on "Textile Fabrics," writes, there are hardly more than five broad classes of stitches. These are the *opus Anglicum*, or chain stitch; the *opus plumarium*, or feather stitch; the *opus pulvinarium*, or tent stitch, cross stitch, and cushion stitch; the *opus pectineum*, a kind of darning stitch, in which the thread passes across the ground between the woof or the warp of the material embroidered; and the *opus consutum*, or appliqué (applied) work, a class of work dignified by the uses to which it was put by Sandro Botticelli. Again, the point-lace stitches, of which it would appear that there are so many, all virtually come into the class of looped or chain stitches, *opus Anglicum*. The numberless so-called varieties of stitches in arranging the fine threads in laces, in wheels, in stars, in little flowerets, are not, however, distinct kinds of stitches. Almost all are composed of button-hole stitches cast on to threads which form the lines of the design, or else worked in an aërial manner akin in its subtlety to a web spun by Arachne.

It is not unfrequently a supposition that the most valuable and beautiful work is that which involves the most intricate stitchery. Fine effect, however, depends upon skilful design and admixture of harmonious colours rendered in carefully selected and well-manipulated materials. Hence embroidery demands a double artistic talent —that of the painter, that of the needleplier. The painter should be conversant with the materials which he chooses for the use of the needleplier; as, for instance, in the case of certain splendid vestments for the Church of San Giovanni in Florence. Antonio Pollajuolo designed the borders or orphreys of these vestments, in which were figured events from the life of St. John. These designs were executed in embroidery by Paolo da Verona, who laboured at them for twenty-six years, and of whom Vasari says that he was "a man most eminent of his calling and of incomparable ingenuity; the figures are no less ably executed with the needle than they would have been if Antonio had painted them with the pencil." The embellishment of garments and cloths with pictures done by the needle is of very ancient date, and early traces of this are supplied by Pliny, who speaks of the Phrygian work. Virgil writes of the "garments shot with gold and pictured," which Andromache gave to Ascanius. The origin of the art at this undatable period may have been what we should call Oriental. The weavers and embroiderers of Western Asia probably instructed the Phrygians. And Rome, when extending her arms of government and influence along the shores of the Mediterranean, came into immediate contact with the artistic Phrygians, imbibing from them their cunning in the arts of weaving and embroidery.

In retracing our steps from the past to the present we naturally touch for a moment on a monument of British history which has for many years been allowed to be known under the misnomer of tapestry: we allude to the Bayeux tapestry. Now this work, as has been often stated by the various writers describing it, is not a tapestry at all. It is a strip of linen, 226 feet long and 19 inches broad, embroidered in wool, without line forms, representing palaces, king's attendants, country scenes, seashore scenes, soldiers, artificers, sailors, conflicts,

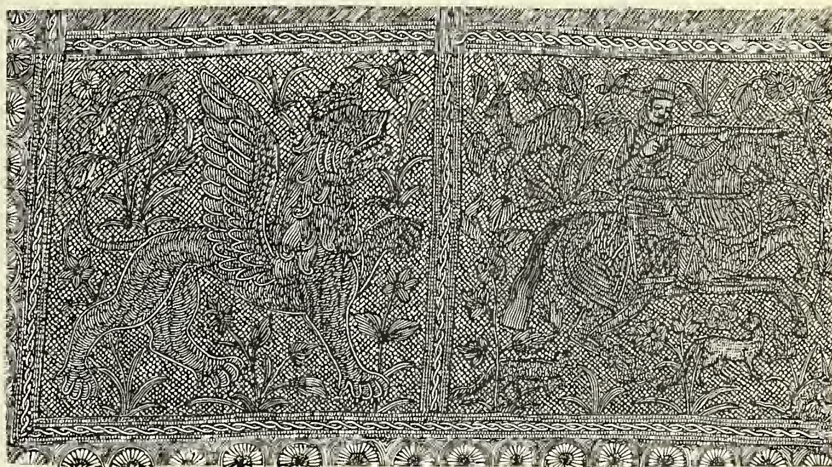
feasts, etc., arranged in a series, with brief descriptions above each event, so as to depict the conquest of England by the Normans. Dr. Rock considered that the work was more likely to be English than French. Its history, however, is identified with the town of Bayeux in Normandy, and the most recent writer on the subject, Mr. Frank Rede Fowke, deduces from the many opinions expressed that the work is Norman. Be that as it may, this interesting piece of eleventh century careful embroidery demands the study of decorative art needleworkers.

Of embroidery some two hundred years later, there is a most invaluable example, known as the "Syon Cope," semi-circular in shape, 9 feet 7 inches by 4 feet 8 inches. Dr. Rock observes that "this is a splendid and instructive example of the *opus Anglicum*, or English work, which won for itself so wide a fame." It will be remembered that *opus Anglicum* is above described as a kind of chain stitch. Exception has been taken to this description as applied to the Syon Cope, and recent investigations into the work of this celebrated example (now in the South Kensington Museum) tend to show that the chain stitch was done, not with a loop as is ordinarily the case, but by splitting instead of looping the thread, by which means a fine and close-lying series of chain stitches was obtained. This method of splitting the thread does not obviously affect the learned Canon Rock's classification of the work *opus Anglicum*. The stitch employed, as we have shown, remains a kind of chain stitch, the loop being obtained by a split thread.

It is difficult to resist the temptation of entering into descriptions of or allusions to other well-known works of the needle. Abroad, in the Ambras Museum at Vienna, and in the Treasury of the Cathedral of Toledo in Spain, are magnificently embroidered vestments and cloths.

We must briefly allude to our illustrations. That at the heading of this article is from the Bayeux tapestry. In the original embroidery the tinted portions are of close and flat-lying wool-stitchery; the outlines of the faces, the ships' rigging, the lettering "TRANSIVIT ET VENIT AD PEVENSÆ," are of chain stitch. It is interesting to note that William of Malmesbury chronicles the *vermiculatum velum* of the pretorian—*i.e.*, the admiral's—ship, which may probably imply that the sails of the chiefs' ships were of tapestry, or some coloured decorated material.

Of those archaic and most carefully executed embroideries done in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the casket on page 76 is a good example. The two dames on the front of the box are done in point-lace stitches laid on padded foundation; the mantels and leaves of the bushes, and other details, stand in a relief of tautly-worked lace stitches cast on gimp. The designer has preserved an even balance of details unusual in works of this kind. Illustrative of rich embroideries for religious purposes is the hood of a cope on page 77. The hood is some 20 inches wide by 16 deep, and is, in fact, a mosaic of embroidered pieces joined cunningly together; the greater portion of the design is worked out with coloured fine silken threads twisted round golden wires, which glisten through, suffusing the surface of the work with sunny brightness. As may be seen, the subject depicted is the adoration of the Magi. The hood has preserved a freshness of appearance, and is intact and without blemish from wear and tear. The excellent scroll design on page 78 is wrought in "appliqué" work—yellow and blue applications to a red satin ground. Quilting work on linen, as done by hand in Spain, Portugal, and the Portuguese settlement at Goa, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is shown above. The silks used were generally pale straw colour and red.



PORTION OF A COVERLID, QUILTED IN YELLOW AND RED SILK ON LINEN.
(*Spanish, late sixteenth century. By permission of Mr. Montague Guest.*)

AUTUMN PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

THE French Gallery in Pall Mall is professedly a collection of works of Continental schools, but the limits are not practically enforced, a large number of pictures as English in workmanship as in origin and inspiration being included in the winter exhibitions. The famous "Le Bourget," by M. de Neuville, being by special request a second time on view, constitutes in 1879, as it did in 1878, the principal and paramount attraction. This noble picture, tolerably well known in London and Paris by the engravings, is nevertheless fresh and even startling in its astonishing reality and realisation when the original painting is first seen. M. de Neuville avenges the defeat of Le Bourget, a village taken by the Prussians in the Franco-German War, by simply showing the terrible and heroic facts. The twenty-eight officers and men who, when the place was a second time lost, barricaded themselves in the village church, and resisted until the Prussian artillery was brought up the narrow street to batter down the windows and doors, and who were found wounded and dying within, are made by the artist the moral victors of the day. It is a pathetic satire on the most military of all nations, the brave and impulsive French, that their victories have not seldom to be sought in this invincibility in defeat. According to Victor Hugo it was not Wellington who was the conqueror at Waterloo, but Cambronne, because in the courage of despair when called upon to surrender he hurled back a single untranslatable word of wild insult as his only reply. The wounded prisoners of Le Bourget won their battle also, and with more dignity than he. The picture is a masterpiece of character and of facile painting. It is, as it were, written off with a brush full of impulse and expressiveness. It is interesting to know that M. de Neuville's next picture will have an English subject—the Defence of Rorke's Drift.

No artist among ourselves resembles himself so invariably and, indeed, so identically, as does M. Münthe, the Bavarian painter of flat snow-landscapes, with heavy winter skies and a gleam of sunset. It is not wonderful that an artist should appreciate the advantage of a line of his own in these days of overcrowded competition; nevertheless, by such obstinate exclusiveness as this he misses the humbler pleasure of watching Nature in her moods, for the more egotistical one of indulging his own. M. Münthe's work is always good, and the example in question, "The Road to the Village," is as good as usual. Almost equally unchangeable is M. Schreyer, whose "Arab Horsemen" are recognisable at any distance. M. Schloesser's work, represented by an interior, "Village Politicians," is less mannered, and excessively careful in style, reminding one indeed of the almost inimitable quality of Gerard Douw's finish. The complete, powerful, and distinct handling shown in the accessories of this rustic room, and the rich yet fine colour, are very remarkable. The heads are hardly up to the painter's usual standard of character and expressiveness. Two small scenes on the Bay of Naples, by M. Tondevilla, have much of the artistic completeness and the atmosphere for which Italian landscape painters are remarkable. In "Ennuyée" M. de Nittis re-paints for the thousandth time a young woman in last century dress, of the coarse and large-featured type so usual with his school, reclining in an attitude more comfortable than graceful, and surrounded with the *bric-à-brac* of a studio—plants, draperies, furniture touched with that exquisite handling and that pure colour—positive reds and blues—which is just now so familiar in Continental galleries.

Prominent among the works of more important size are the Thames scenes of Miss Clara Montalba, "Southwark Bridge," and "Off Erith," in which she has given the broad greys of London weather with great power of effect. Her treatment of the "massy waters," whose opaque grey is accentuated by a dark red barge-sail, of the lighter but still colourless distances, and of the deep shadows that lurk under bridges and boats, will convince any one that London in the hands of a true artist is almost as pictorial, if not altogether as beautiful, as Venice. This lady's younger sister, Miss Hilda Montalba, exhibits a Canadian snow-scene, "Parliament Buildings, Ottawa," in which a sunny glow on the picturesque edifices and a green-tinged sky form a combination of colour charming to the eye, although a little forced. Mr. de Haas' painting is masterly in "Cattle—Early Morning on the Meuse;" and a real pleasure is to be enjoyed from the "Pastoral" of Mr. Tom Lloyd, charmingly painted, full of a very real sentiment in spite of the hackneyed subject—field labourers resting after the day's toils—and exquisite in the light of the distant hills and the aërial sky.

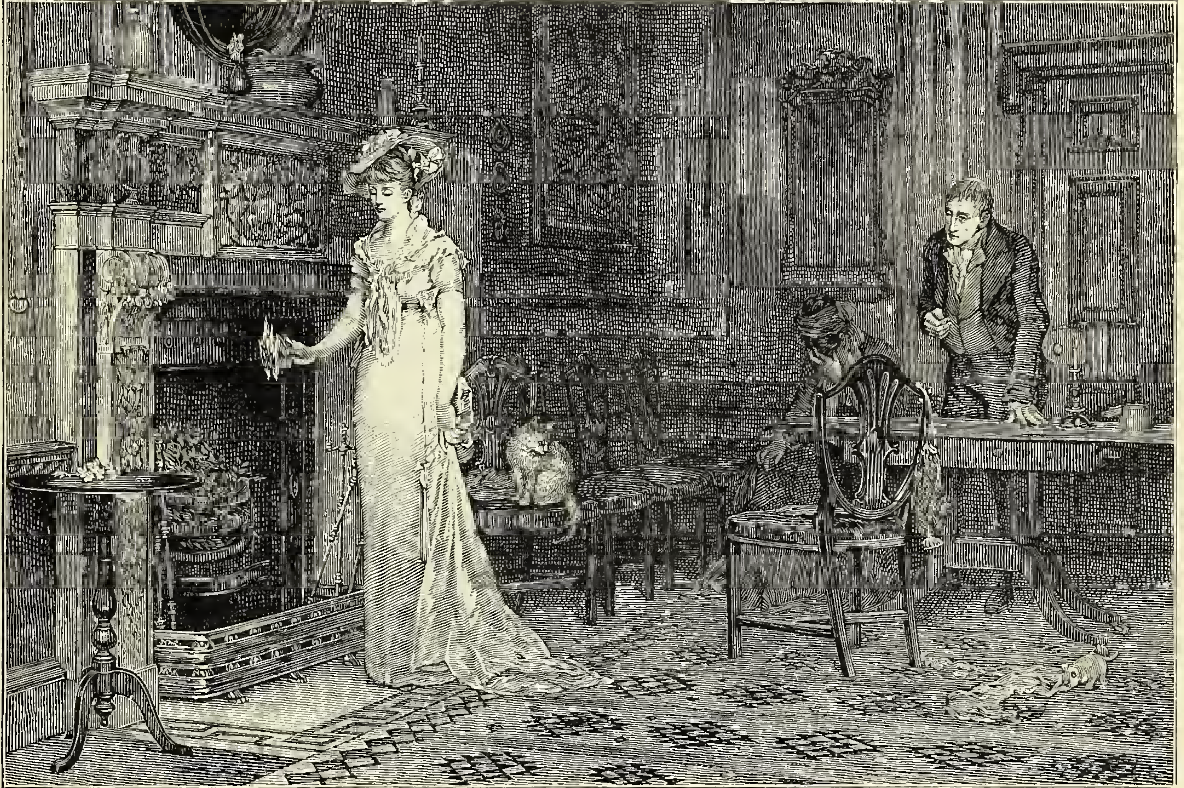
"LE ROI EST MORT; VIVE LE ROI!"

(From the Picture by Marcus Stone, A.R.A., in the possession of Thomas Taylor, Esq.)

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.

THAT a distinguished artist son should follow a distinguished artist father is rare enough to call for special remark, even when father and son are as unlike in the quality of their attainments as in the manner of their successes. The name of Frank Stone is familiar as that of a member of a society which comprised the chief literary and artistic talent of the time. And the father's friends were the son's. Young, full of promise and precocious talent, with a brilliant career assured by the quality of his earliest work, the lad of some sixteen years became the familiar acquaintance of men whose names belong to a waning generation. Marcus Stone is still a young man, but if he should live to eighty years, he will be a link between two worlds of thought and art. He has seen Turner; he was the intimate young companion of Charles Dickens' later years; he knew the father of Edwin Landseer, whose birth dates back to the middle of the last century; he knew Mulready, Lytton, Maclise, Albert Smith, Stanfield, Douglas Jerrold, Augustus Egg, Thackeray. These men did not live so long ago that it is extraordinary to have known them, but it is extraordinary now to find one of their friends in the flower of his age. There is always, and there will always be, an artistic and literary society in London, but to the little knot of writers and painters of that time belongs a character of its own; manners were simpler; club-life as we now know it (though clubs of course existed and were used) was not yet instituted, for in its present refined development it dates back to no very distant day. The old style is all described in Thackeray's works; and the change of manners has been very rapid since he wrote. To belong, in his freshness, to both periods—



SACRIFICE.

(From the Picture by Marcus Stone, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1877. By permission of Messrs. R. Brooks and Sons, Publishers, owners of the Copyright.)

the past and the present—has been Marcus Stone's good fortune.

Born in 1840, the child was an artist by intuition before he was four years old. One of his first feats was the decoration in pencil of a chimney-piece—an attempt which was volunteered, and was not received with much favour. His father, however, in ordering the child's handiwork to be effaced, directed that one figure should be left, because it showed such precocious talent. This precocity marked all the juvenile efforts of Marcus Stone, and must doubtless be taken as an element in estimating the success which attended the exhibition of his early works. The child never at any time contemplated the possibility of any other career for his future life than that of art; but in spite of this invariable resolution he received no actual training in his first years. That he passed through no regular studentship as a boy is, however, more than compensated by the fact that he has *always* been a student; and if at the date of his boyhood a thorough artistic training was not considered to be of very insistent necessity, he lived to work in a time which rates science and discipline at a truer value. At the age of thirteen the young aspirant had made so good an attempt at illustration as to call forth the following note from Charles Dickens, dated from Tavistock House on the 19th of December, 1853:—"My dear Marcus,—You made an excellent sketch for a book of mine, which I received (and have preserved) with great pleasure. Will you accept from me, in remembrance of it, *this* little book? I believe it to be true, but it may be sometimes not as genteel as history has sometimes a habit of being. Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS."

The book so gracefully offered to a child was the "Child's History of England," which the great novelist found time to write for the education of his own children at about this time. Marcus Stone was only seventeen when he exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy. The second, entitled "Silent Pleading," created a small sensation in the following year. It represented a tramp, with a child wrapped up in his cloak, asleep in a shed on a snowy night; while the squire and the police, who have tracked the man for some small depredation to this resting-place, stand irresolutely, doubtful whether to put on the handcuffs or let the poor outcast sleep in peace. The subject was somewhat after the style of Dickens, who himself refers to the work in terms which we shall presently quote.

For a crisis had now arrived in the life of the young artist. He was only nineteen, when, owing to his father's sudden death from heart-disease, on him devolved the duty of turning his talents to the best and most profitable account on behalf of the family and himself. Under these new circumstances, he found it desirable to increase his field of labour by the addition of book-illustration to oil-painting. Charles Dickens gave him warm sympathy in his courageous efforts, and helped him by a number of warm-hearted and characteristic letters to such publishers as could give the young artist employment. The following, for instance, is an interesting remembrance not only of a fine artist's life, but of a great author's:—"My dear Longman," wrote the novelist from Tavistock House, on the 28th of November, 1859, "I am very anxious to present to you, with the earnest hope that you will hold him in your remembrance, young Mr. Marcus Stone, son of poor Frank Stone, who died suddenly but a little week ago. You know, I dare say, what a start this young man made in the last exhibition, and what favourable notice his picture attracted. He wishes to make an additional opening for himself in the illustration of books. He is an admirable draughtsman—has a most dexterous hand, a charming sense of grace and beauty, and a capital power of observation. These qualities in him I know well of my own knowledge. He is in all things modest, punctual, and right; and I would answer for him, if it were needful, with my head. If you will put anything in his way, you will do it a second time I am certain. Faithfully yours always, CHARLES DICKENS."

That nothing came, at the time, of this impulsive appeal was not certainly due to any lack of affectionate urgency in the request. The fact was rather that the artist, generally so brilliantly successful, was immature at the work of drawing on wood; for even a year or two later, when Dickens himself entrusted him with the illustrations to the monthly parts of "Our Mutual Friend," to a new edition of the "Child's History of England," and to the completed reprint of "Great Expectations," Marcus Stone's efforts showed the timidity of an unaccustomed hand. What he did was always intelligent, and the drawings for "Our Mutual Friend" especially show no lack of capacity and promise, but it was not until 1869, when he illustrated Anthony Trollope's "He Knew he was Right," that he began to do himself better justice as a designer on wood. Some years later still

a story in the Cornhill Magazine, "Young Brown," was accompanied by drawings from Marcus Stone's pencil which are of real excellence. But his career is essentially the career of an oil-painter, and in his own art he has been extraordinarily successful. Marcus Stone has never relaxed his efforts after progress, all his studies being slow and laborious experiences and experiments, in which he has gradually mastered the lessons of his art; but every step has been cheered by unfailing public favour. Two years after "Silent Pleading" he painted "The Fainting of Hero," which won, among other praises, the precious good opinion of Frederick Leighton, who went up to the young artist at the Academy on varnishing-day, and claimed acquaintance with him on the ground of the promise of his picture. Again two years later, in 1863, a more marked—indeed, a very memorable—sensation was made by a serious work of historical interest, "From Waterloo to Paris," a picture suggested by Béranger's "Souvenir du Peuple." The painter, who, in spite of his difficult self-tuition, showed in this work no inconsiderable science, especially in the matter of composition, was only twenty-two years of age. In 1869 Marcus Stone painted the "Princess Elizabeth forced to attend Mass by her Sister," and, in 1872, a picture admirable for its clever character and expressiveness, "Edward the Second and Piers Gaveston." The confidential impertinence of the light-minded young king and his favourite, and the indignant disgust of the old courtiers whom they are quizzing, are rendered with great

Very truly yours
Marcus Stone

(*From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*)

spirit and *entrain*. His more recent works, especially the "Letter-Bag," happy in idea and singularly complete in execution, are too fresh in our readers' memory to need commemoration. Nor is the slight notice, which we are here able to give, a very worthy record of the works which for twenty-two consecutive years this indefatigable artist has exhibited at the Royal Academy. Never to have missed a single year implies a steadiness of purpose, of application, and of health which is indeed uncommon.

But all this invariable, legitimate, and now and then brilliant success has never made Marcus Stone forget his duties of self-improvement, has never made him repose in self-confidence, has never induced him to facilitate his labour and cheapen his effectiveness by mannerism. Oliver Wendell Holmes says somewhere that only a fool is consistent, and Marcus Stone has proved his possession of such wisdom as consists in a frank change of method. As he grew to riper years he began to believe that his first "manner" had been little more than the precocious following of those among whom he lived. Travel opened his eyes to other methods, other theories, to whole schools of modern painting from which England has generally held aloof. French contemporary work, and indeed all the best continental work, greatly impressed him—so greatly, indeed, that his own art was visibly influenced. He fell under the powerful charm of the *savoir faire* of French painters, and emulated the workmanlike daring quality and the masterly felicities of their school. From his delight in style he then went farther and penetrated into the science of his art. He gave himself to a thorough study of perspective, of composition, of relations, and of all learned excellences. From this careful self-discipline has resulted that Marcus Stone's work has shown of late years a *completeness* not common in this country. He compasses what he intends with a thoroughness of fulfilment which is the result of no small science. As a colourist he is tasteful rather than great; he has for some time past worked in one characteristic and peculiar key of colour, and in many ways his pictures are to be recognised as individual. He has also lately preferred extreme grace and prettiness of subject, with figures in repose and garden accessories, to any form of action or emotion. That he is able to give dramatic expression to the passions with no little living energy was proved by a picture exhibited by him at the Royal Academy several years ago, which gave a vivid scene of French peasant life, full of movement and of pathos. It is the moment of a soldier's return, after the woes of a conscription and the perils of a campaign, to his little rustic home. He runs in a delirium of joy to the bed and the arms of the pale young mother, at whose side rests the newly-filled cradle. The execution of this picture is even more unlike Marcus Stone's present manner than is the subject different from his present choice. As he now eschews emotion, so does he also those types of character which are not compatible with youth and beauty. In one important matter his respect for the legitimate in art calls for special notice; the subjects of his pictures are always within the right pictorial scope, within the province of a painted scene. Even when they aim at telling a story, or only at illustrating an historical incident, they contain their own explanation, and complete themselves. Marcus Stone does not disdain all help from a catalogue title, but he expresses himself in his picture in such a manner as to render title unessential. They can all be read, in themselves, without outside aid—more or less of intelligence being supposed in the spectator. His meaning is not allowed to overflow the canvas, as it were, in a manner very commonly practised by painters of pictures with a story to tell. In the work already alluded to, "Edward the Second and Piers Gaveston," for instance, the situation is so expressively rendered, and the accessories, costumes, etc., are so accurate, that a person of very great intelligence and familiarity with history might probably name the characters of the composition; but, failing this, nobody could fail to see that a young king and a young favourite were amusing themselves at the expense of a highly disgusted group of court grandees; this is the scope and intention of the picture. The painter helps us to the exact incident by means of his title, but does not allow the interest of his scene to depend upon it. Precisely the same may be said for another incident-picture of his, in which he shows us King Henry the Eighth rejoicing over his first son, the infant Edward, while the little Princess Elizabeth, neglected and disregarded as being "only a girl," stands wistfully by. The situation is as old as human nature and the laws of inheritance; and, as a fact, in this case the artist had intended at first to paint the group as an illustration to "Dombey and Son," but afterwards changed his mind and gave it the historical interest. In these matters Marcus Stone observes a rule which

is largely disregarded by English artists of the highest standing.

In 1877 the Royal Academy, to which he had contributed unbrokenly for twenty-two years, elected him Associate, an honour which has been followed, as it was preceded, by sound and successful work. From an unusually large number of pictures "Le Roi est Mort, Vive le Roi!" and "Sacrifice" have been chosen for illustration.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

FAVOURITE SKETCHING GROUNDS: CLOVELLY.

BY W. W. FENN.

"AND a mighty sing'lar and pretty place it is, as ever I saw in all the days of my life," said Captain Jorgan, looking up at it. After this quaint fashion Charles Dickens commenced the description of Clovelly with which he opened one of the best of the "All the Year Round" series of Christmas stories. And it would be difficult in a few words to more completely state the case regarding this out-of-the-way picturesque Devonshire fishing village. Singular it certainly is, and of its prettiness there can be no doubt, whether we approach it from land or sea. Looking down upon it from the thickly-wooded heights through which the road known as the Hobby winds towards it, or looking up at it, as Captain Jorgan did, from the little pier or quay, it declares itself on the instant to be a mine of wealth for the artist. No spot can there be found along that most paintable coast of North Devon more justifiably entitled an "artists' haunt;" indeed, it should be called his head-quarters for the district. The subjects which it offers for his pencil are simply endless and of infinite variety. Be

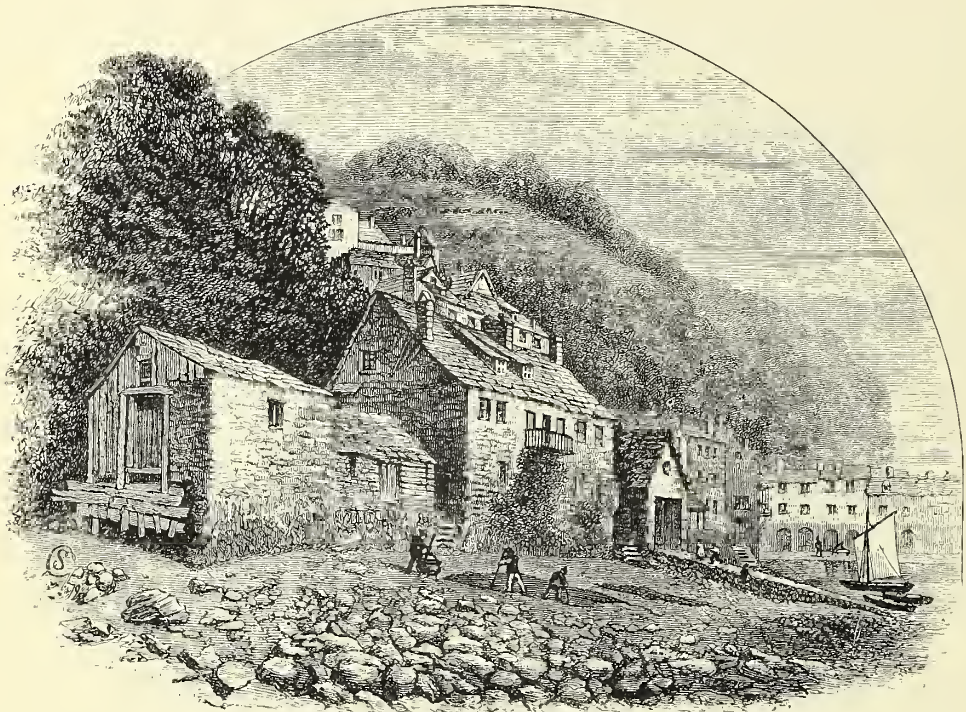
THE MAIN STREET OF CLOVELLY.

he landscape or marine, picturesquely architectural, figure, or animal painter, given to minute detail, or to broad, bold, expressive sketching, he can be accommodated with all he wants. Beginning our inspection of the place critically, and with an eye to covering canvas or filling portfolios, we will take our first peep at it from the road by which it is usually reached, viz., the aforesaid Hobby. Striking into this from the Bideford Road, we wind through a park-like pleasaunce studded with trees of every growth and variety, amply satisfying the student devoted to entirely leafy scenes, until by degrees we come upon gaps in the thick foliage through which the sea begins to

appear like specks of turquoise fretting the green. These growing larger as the coast is neared, craggy, brown-black rocks and precipitous slopes of dense under-wood, terminating in patches of silvery, stony beach, with the rippling surge breaking on its marge, are revealed. Skirting the top of the cliff, the way still winds in and out, now crossing a tiny rivulet, now plunging into dense umbrageous shade, now coming out upon a wide opening whence, looking north-east, splendid views of the blue Bay of Bideford are to be had as far as Morte and Baggy with their rocky promontories. Presently blue wreaths of smoke, curling through the foliage, tell of habitations, and then is seen the glint of a slate roof and white cottage perched apparently upon an inaccessible ledge overhanging the sea, and then another and another, and we find ourselves at the top of a small, narrow, precipitous paved lane, with steep banks on either side. At the bottom, a trifle to the left, a *coup d'œil* may be had of the "sing'lar and pretty" village, from a little terrace of cottages, smothered with myrtle and fuchsias. Hereabouts is the head of the street, which, running, or rather wriggling, its way down the sheer face of the lofty cliff, is the main thoroughfare of Clovelly. Quoting Dickens for a moment again, he says of it:—

"There was no road in it, there was no wheeled vehicle in it, there was not a level yard in it. From the sea-beach to the cliff top two irregular rows of white houses, placed opposite to one another, and twisting here and there, and there and here, rose like the sides of a long succession of stages of crooked ladders, and you climbed up the village or down the village by the staves between—some six feet wide or so, and made of sharp, irregular stones."

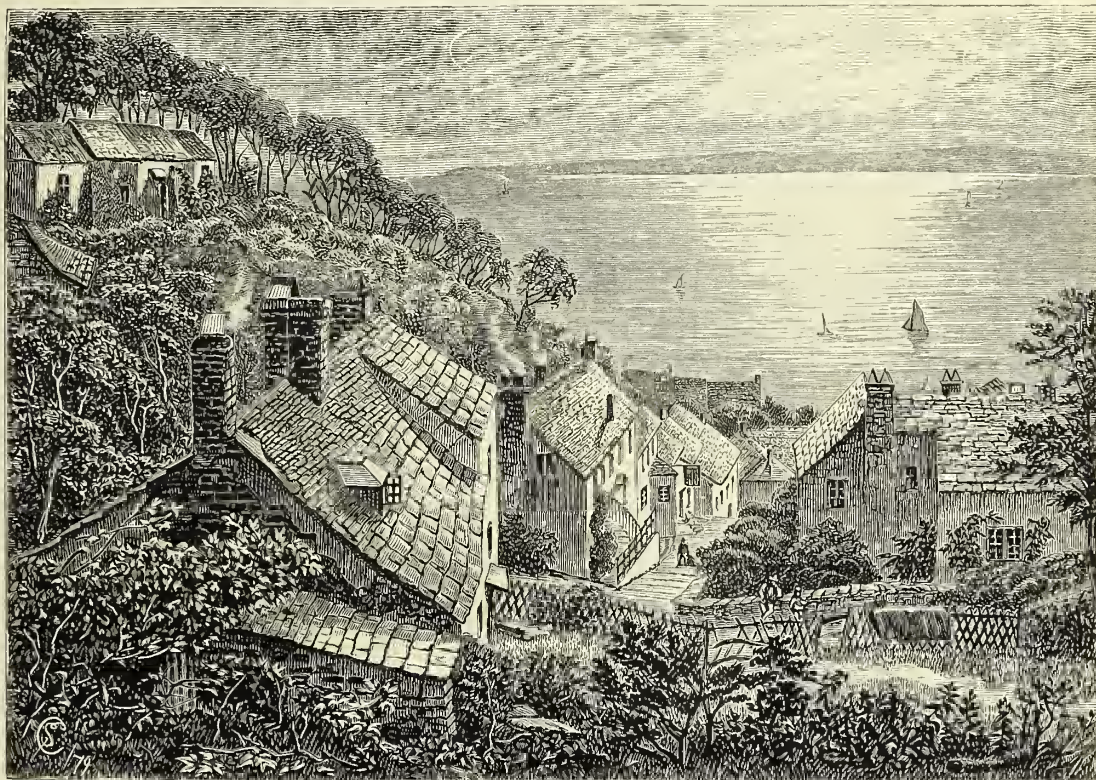
Descending this narrow way slowly, for to go quick is to imperil one's neck, a closer inspection of the habitations shows them each and all, though similar in character, to have an individuality of their own. "No two houses were alike," continues the popular writer, "in chimney, size, shape, door, window, gable, roof-tree, anything." Their construction, arrangement, and colour offer in nearly every one a worthy subject for outline or close study, whilst about half-way down the street, and looking back and up therefrom, they afford in combination a curious and paintable picture, hard to be beaten by any similar foreign association of dwellings. The ground floor of one is all but on a level with the chimneys of the next; little balconies and narrow terraces project from doors and windows on either side; in most cases painted green, and bedecked with



OLD HOUSES ON THE BEACH, CLOVELLY.

shrubs and flowers; and there are posts and rails, palings and poles, surmounted by tiny weather vanes, or having nets and other fishing gear hung and slung to them, and flung about in all directions. Wooded heights crown the scene, bringing into most happy relief the odd gables and queer chimneys (the chimneys alone in Clovelly might form the contents of a large sketch-book), whence issues the smoke to give the necessary atmosphere, and to mark the relative distances, as the painter wills.

accessories, to an end under the cliffs. The pier running seawards, and then curving partly landwards again, after the fashion of such constructions, is not the least striking feature at this part of our subject. Charles Kingsley, who knew and loved every stone in the place, thus describes the outer face of the sturdy little breakwater:—"Thirty feet of grey and brown boulders spotted aloft with bright yellow lichens and black drops of tar, polished lower down by the surge of centuries,



CLOVELLY, FROM THE HOBBY WALK.

Proceeding, the descent becomes steeper and narrower, until at last it is obliged to zigzag to a lower level. Here a flight of steps conducts the explorer beneath an over-shoot of water; there another flight conducts him up to a cottage ensconced, like a sea-bird's nest, in a niche of rock scarce big enough to hold it; whilst the main thoroughfare passes under an arched house facetiously known as Temple Bar, and thence, by one more irregular zigzag, the level of the harbour and quay is reached. Here a disused lime-kiln and more balconied houses trend away towards the beach, and bring the confines of the little town, with boat-builders' sheds, low sea-walls, and other heterogeneous

and towards the foot of the wall roughened with crusts of barnacles, and mussel-nests in crack and cranny, and festoons of coarse dripping weed."

Further on, his picture of its inner side, or the harbour pool at low tide, must set every artist's mouth watering; we have just landed at the pier-head, and "beneath us, to the left hand, is the quay-pool, now lying dry, in which a dozen trawlers are lopping over on their sides, their red sails drying in the sun, the tails of trawls hauled up to the topmast heads; while the more handy of their owners are getting on board by ladders, to pack away the said red sails, for it will blow

to-night." Obviously the fishing-boats of Clovelly are among its principal attractions for the painter. Whether coming in on the top of the tide in the early morning from their perilous cruise "away to the west where the sun goes down," or getting under weigh as the shades of evening fall upon the bay, or lying at anchor in the offing when the breeze is from the land, or, as Kingsley speaks of them, left high and dry in the not too savoury harbour-pool, they singly, or in combination either with themselves or the adjuncts of the place, bring about a succession of pictures and effects impossible to describe without brush or pencil. The smaller boats too, hauled up on the beach or the gangway of the pier, canted over, or turned topsy-turvy, the better for stowing, or tarring, or mending them, or afloat under their single lugsail, or merely the sturdy oar, they are in every position admirable and delightful, whilst the "picturesque lumber of the shore" and quay, the capstans, the windlasses, the chains, the ropes, the blocks, the rusty anchors, the timber baulks, the disused spars, and, above all, the nets, go to supply details for any and every composition. The way in which the nets are festooned from balcony or rigging, or spread out over the huge light grey stones of pier, wall, or beach, would of themselves be worth going to see and draw, were there no other artistic treasures in Clovelly. Besides the fish, which from their brilliancy of colour, abundance, and variety will catch the eye of the artist (and not his eye alone), there

THE QUAY, CLOVELLY, FROM THE HILL.

is an element of animal life to be found here under picturesque circumstances, scarcely seen anywhere else now in this country. See again how Dickens was struck by it. Continuing his description as Captain Jorgan was looking up at the quaint town, he says humorously, "The old pack-saddle, long laid aside in most parts of England as one of the appendages of its infancy, flourished here intact. Strings of pack-horses and pack-donkeys toiled slowly up the staves of the ladders bearing fish and coal, and such other cargo as was unshipping at the pier, from the dancing fleet of village boats, and from two or three little coasting traders. As the beasts of burden ascended laden or descended light, they got so lost at intervals in the floating clouds of village smoke, that they seemed to dive down some of the village chimneys, and come to the surface again far off, high above others."

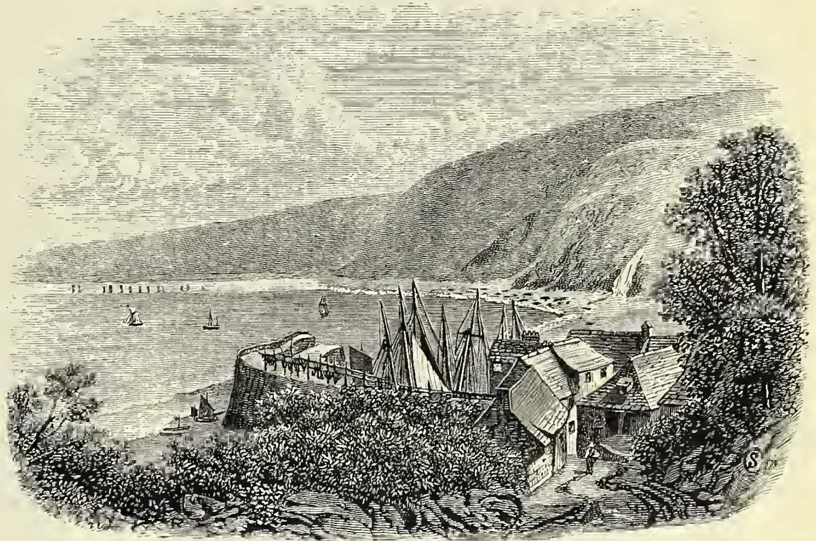
Most valuable, of course, are the means which such primitive methods of transport and the incidents growing out of them afford to the artist for infusing life and activity into his scenes. Coming to the all-important question of figures, it would indeed be hard to find in our own island a race of people more entirely adapted to the requirements of the limner, and we have only to remember the life-like presentments of these fine, tanned, and weather-beaten fellows, and their wives and children, as given to us on canvas by J. C. Hook, conspicuously among others, to be assured that in figure subjects, no less than in every other, this "artists' haunt" is almost without a rival.

The aforesaid fictitious Captain Jorgan was a seafaring man, who had travelled and sailed nearly all over the world, and though no artist, he even, as we have seen, intimated that in all the days of his life he had not seen anything to surpass it. Scraping acquaintance, as the story progresses, with one of the inhabitants, a fine young fisherman, the experienced mariner soon discovers that the hearts of the Clovellians, no less than their homes and appearance, are all that they should be. The fiction here referred to only graphically describes the truth as it is known to any one who has lived amongst them, and we cannot do better in concluding this part of the subject than once more see what Charles Kingsley says concerning

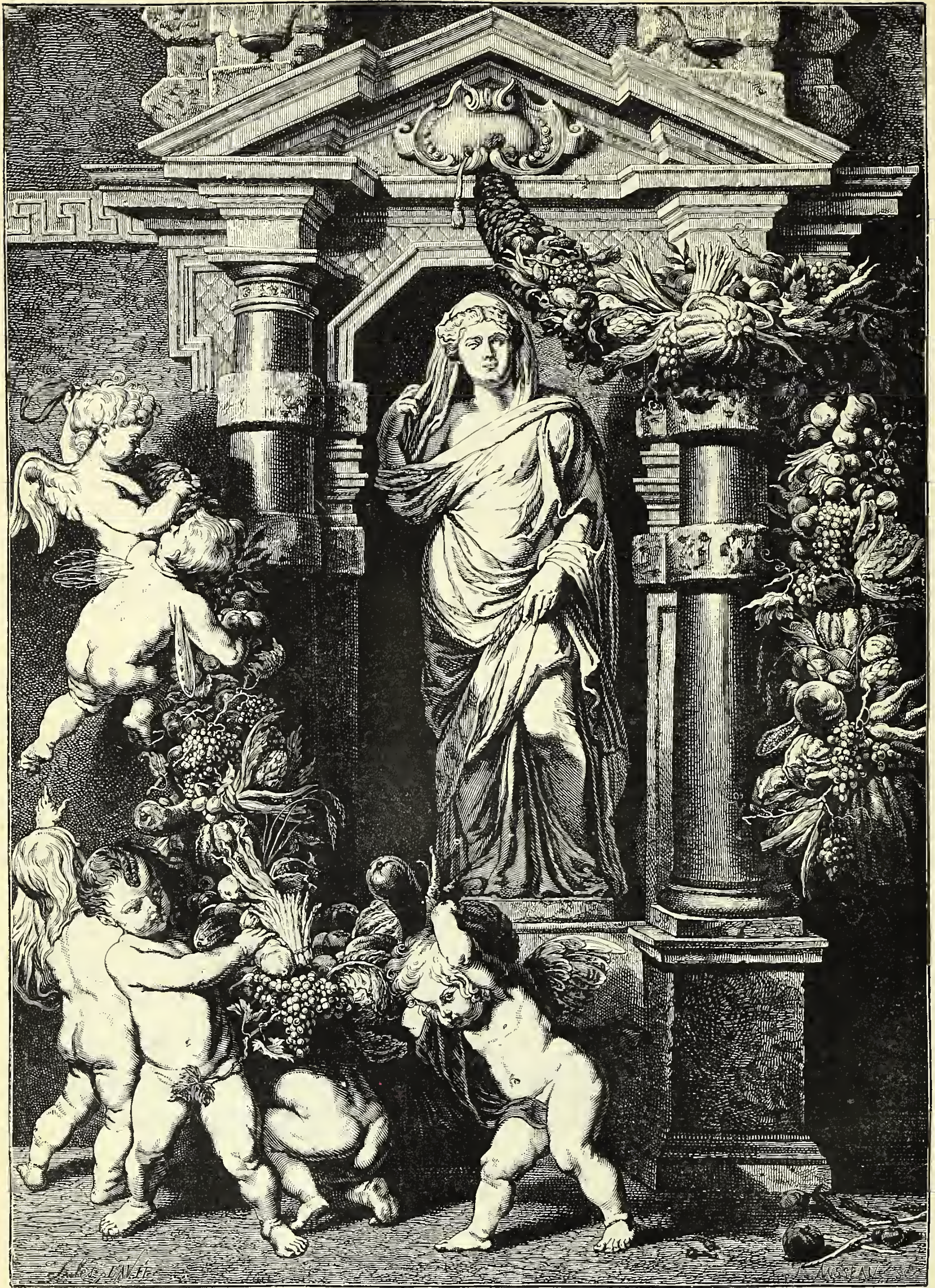
these "lazy giants"—"black-locked, black-bearded, with ruddy, wholesome faces and eyes as bright as diamonds; men who are on their own ground and know it; who will not touch their caps to you, or pull the short black pipe from between their lips as you pass, but expect you to prove yourself a gentleman by speaking respectfully to them, which, if you do, you will find them as hearty, intelligent, brave fellows as ever walked this earth; capable of anything, from working the naval-brigade guns at Sevastopol, down to running up to . . . a hundred miles in a cockleshell lugger to forestall the early mackerel market. God be with you, my brave lads, and with your children after you; for as long as you are what I have known you, old England will rule the seas, and many a land beside!"

With such an amount of work at his very door, the artist will not think of travelling far afield when he has once established himself at the comfortable blue china be-crammed "New Inn," or in one of the several snug though primitive lodgings to be had in Clovelly. Should he do so, however, the coast, east and west, will yield abundant material of a wild, rocky, weather-beaten, yet rich and fertile character. The neighbourhood of "Mouth Mill," to the west, including the woody region known as the "Wilderness," the lover's seat on the verge of a yawning and precipitous chasm in the cliff, called "Gallantry Bower," and the storm-lashed pile of "Black Church Rock," among other rugged features, will amply repay the student for a visit. To the east and north, the curving bay of Bideford, with its deep-wooded ravines running inland, and the moorland streams tumbling through them and bursting into the sea over a shelf of crag, or finding their way to their inevitable bourne by an oozy, reedy marshland, together with the hamlets of Buckish and Peppercombe dotting the cliff line, is equally enchanting to all who have an eye to purposes pictorial. Lundy Island likewise ought to be visited, for there is to be found cliff scenery on a very grand scale indeed, and as a little cutter plies to and fro between it and Clovelly three times a week, it is easily accessible. Thus, in whatever direction we look or bend our steps or steer our boat (for many of the coast beauties can only be seen or reached by sea), there is nothing in this favoured spot but what will rivet the eye and charm the mind of the true artist. Has he too but a taste for seamanship and practical marine fishery, he has but to conduct himself towards the natives as Kingsley suggests, and they will willingly take him with them for a cruise, and initiate him into the mysteries of trawling and deep-sea fishing generally, the picturesque phases whereof are too well known to need any word of recommendation here.

The reminiscences and notes from which the above "summer sketch in black and white" has been compiled, were accumulated some years ago, as necessarily is the case with much of the material with which I have now-a-days to do my limning, but nevertheless I venture to believe that in the spirit, if not in the letter, the picture of Clovelly is sufficiently faithful to do duty as a portrait of the spot as it now exists. In few places I understand have bricks, mortar, and whitewash so little marred and blurred these quaint beauties, as such enemies of the artist have been doing steadily elsewhere with his favourite haunts during the last twenty years. It will be a long while ere any great damage can be done to this little fishing village in the west. The glorious rugged picturesqueness of the cliffs amidst which it nestles is eternal, and defies alike the ruthless hand of time and the demon of modern improvement.



THE PIER AND BAY, FROM THE WEST.



RUBENS' "HOMAGE TO CERES."

(From the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.)

RUBENS' "HOMAGE TO CERES."

From the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.

THE genius of Rubens unquestionably finds its fittest expression in Pagan subjects, and especially in Pagan allegory. It is only by the accident of his time—a time which was religious by survival at least, and ascetic by tradition if not otherwise—that his art took Christian form. In these more emancipated times he would have been entirely free from the spiritual and pure inheritance which the art of earlier ages had left to the schools and studios; and had he lived in a later age we should not have been offended by the more than heathen Christs and Madonnas which sprawl, exuberant in life and flower-like in colour, over the walls of French, Belgian, and Bavarian galleries. This generous Ceres, large and majestic, with the corn in her hand and the fruits of her autumnal earth about her, is a fine type of the Paganism not of Greece, but of the Renaissance.

WOOD ENGRAVING.—VI.

IN the preceding chapters I hope I have succeeded in showing that Thomas Bewick is the one real exponent of wood engraving. Before his time the capacities of the material had not been discovered, and now they are generally, though not universally neglected. It will be my aim in this and the following paper to consider attentively the qualities which seem most peculiarly to characterise any good work which has been done on wood, and, if possible, to evolve some principle which should guide those who desire to develop the resources of the material in the truest manner.

In doing this Bewick will not help us much, for although he stands almost alone in his mastery of the *technique* of wood engraving, and although his claims to the reputation of an original artist are by no means confined to his technical excellences, his range was not large. He had a considerable knowledge of British animals and landscape, and his sense of humour and perception of character gave interest to his figures, but his drawing of the figure was indifferent, and almost all his work was on a very small scale. Apart from these considerations, it is evident that if we are to have a school of wood engraving, though we may learn much from an acknowledged master, we cannot be content with copying him; and if we wish to arrive at some valuable generalisations, and find our endeavours hindered by demonstrable defects in the work of other masters, we may yet gain much by examining the productions of men of genius, so long as we do not confound their merits with their defects.

I suppose few will deny that the greatest man who ever drew much for wood was Dürer. For splendour of imagination and vigour of workmanship his wood-cuts stand alone. Had he but engraved his designs himself he would have established at once the position of the material. As it was, he regarded wood merely as capable of reproducing his pen-and-ink drawings, and perceiving with the instinct of true genius what kind of line best fitted the material, he produced designs, the fac-similes of which fall little short probably of their noble originals, and, as was well pointed out to me, the quality of the line thus obtained is one not imitable on copper; it is broad, full, equal in tone, not made up of a combination of scratches, and each line has two outlines and is infinitely expressive.

It may be asked, "If Dürer's wood engravings give us all this, what more do we want?" Perhaps nothing more can be asked for in the way of power or imagination, but with reference to our present inquiry, our admiration must be qualified by the consideration that wood is in no sense essential to the work at all. The angel given as a specimen of Dürer's work in a former chapter was reproduced from the wood-cut by photography on to metal, and could have been so reproduced still better from the original pen-and-ink drawing; and it is quite conceivable that in Dürer's time, when photography was unknown, a little ingenuity might have devised a method of whitening a plate of metal and using ink containing some anticorrosive, which would have protected the parts drawn on from acid, so that the white parts could be bitten away, leaving the lines raised. It is clear that if Dürer did his work with the pen,

all that was wanted was an accurate method of obtaining copies, and if this could be done without risk of imperfect interpretation, so much the better. The engraver could improve nothing, and might spoil much; therefore he was merely a mechanical craftsman, not an artist, and the sun is the best mechanical craftsman for such purposes. Seeing that wood may be eliminated altogether from this form of art, it appears that, as far as wood engraving is concerned, our admiration of Dürer's wood-cuts is almost beside the mark. Almost—not quite—for though Dürer failed to discover much that *could* be done on wood, he did not fail to remember what could not, and with the exception of a few pieces of cross-hatching, the work bears the plainest evidence of his having the material in his mind while he drew, and will on this ground repay study.

Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of these cuts, as compared with work on copper, is its sculpturesque character. The etcher works with a multiplication of lines. Here the forms are carved out at once; lines are needed to express tones, but the principle of the material is to deal with spaces rather than lines. A full white light is scooped out, a full black depth is carved round, and the consideration of this peculiarity of the material brings into view its power and its limitations. A full black depth is not as beautiful as a depth containing subtle inequalities such as are attainable on copper, but the clear-cut sculptured forms possess a charm of their own, and in spite of the small scale of Bewick's things, this charm will be felt even in places where the subject would seem to render it almost impossible; as, for instance, in the "Yellow-hammer," where, on the right of the bird, the grass and leaves are relieved against a dark hollow. It will, I think, be felt that the charm of this passage lies in the simplicity and directness with which these delicate forms are cut out. The engraver on copper would have got something else—more subtle tone, for instance—but he could not get this. There is a quaint little design on the title-page of Mr. Morris's "Earthly Paradise" (cut, I believe, on the wood by Mr. Morris himself), which exhibits this quality admirably, and which, in spite of its unpretending character and almost rude simplicity of execution, may be very profitably studied as a piece of genuine wood engraving.

The most striking contrast between the cuts of Dürer and those of Bewick consists in the thick outlines which prevail in the former, and the almost total absence of any outlines in the latter. It was natural that Dürer, working with the pen, should proceed with such lines, and equally natural that Bewick, working direct on the wood with the graver, should find no occasion for them; but it would be interesting to know whether Dürer would have developed a totally different execution had he worked on the wood. Some such process as this seems probable.

Take a simple case—he has a tree to draw against the sky. With the pen he would give the leading contours, and then proceed to fill these up with detail, multiplying the lines or thickening them according to the degree of depth he required. If he were working on the wood he could not obtain his effect this way; he would first *carve* the tree as a black object against the sky, and then out of this black tree (which would look much as a tree does against a low twilight sky when we cannot distinguish its inner forms) he would cut the lighter portions. It would, of course, be possible to cut these so as to leave lines at the edges, but there would be no necessity to do this, and it can hardly be doubted that in time an artist so working would emancipate himself from the idea of an outline to every object, and would maintain only the sculptured forms, light on dark, and dark on light, using lines only where they are required to express tints.

Let us turn now to the better class of modern engravings, where the engraver is not trying to imitate another and wholly unsuitable form of art, but is producing his effects in the readiest way presented by the material. We find them (as I have before mentioned) chiefly in the sketchy drawings of our illustrated papers, and it would not be fair to compare such rapid work with the masterpieces we have been considering, but without forcing the comparison unduly, we shall find a general difference not arising from rapidity of execution, or if it do in any degree so arise, not less instructive on that account. It will, I think, be felt that in these drawings, tones rather than forms are aimed at. The originals are commonly washed in with the free use of body colour, and the brush-work is cleverly imitated on wood by means of tint-cutting, the thickness and closeness of the lines varying with the depth of tone, texture, &c., to be expressed. Much ingenuity is shown by the engravers, and the results are, considering their aim, successful, but I am persuaded that the aim is not one calculated to advance wood engraving. The imitation of tone and brush-work is the province of mezzotint; wood is made for clear-cut forms.

Another variety of wood engraving may be found in the copies of paintings, excellent specimens of which, in my opinion, have already appeared in THE MAGAZINE OF ART. In many cases a surprising amount of skill and knowledge of this material is shown by the engravers of this kind of work, and their ability is left free to display itself, unfettered by the fatal conditions imposed on the fac-similist, so that many valuable lessons may be learnt from this Magazine by those who seek to know what can be done on wood; but here again the aim is at fault, unless the object is to give a rendering of the picture suited to the material used. Often too much is required of the material. The scope of the painter is unlimited. Abrupt transitions or tender gradations, mysterious gloom or vivid clearness, the rugged rock or the polished mirror, all are alike to him—none may be easy, but the difficulty does not arise from obstacles inherent in the material. It is not merely unfair, therefore, to expect wood to compete with a material of such boundless capacities, but it is diverted from its true course by the effort.

An artist has truly mastered his material when he makes us delight in its achievements and forget its limits. In the more successful of the copies referred to, we wonder that so imperfect a material can do so much, but we ought not to be reminded that it is an imperfect material. In looking at Dürer's "Apocalypse" no such thought crosses the mind, we are occupied only with the greatness of the conceptions, and I think most persons would feel that they would lose by being presented in any other form.

The first condition of success in the management of a material is the recognition of its natural limits. Those who aim at rectifying its frontiers when they ought to be developing its resources, waste their labour and impoverish their art. Those who try to make stained glass or tapestry or mosaic look like oil painting commit this fatal blunder; each is unapproachable on its own ground; each, while figuring on the domain of others, is absurd.

HENRY HOLIDAY.

ITALIAN MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE.

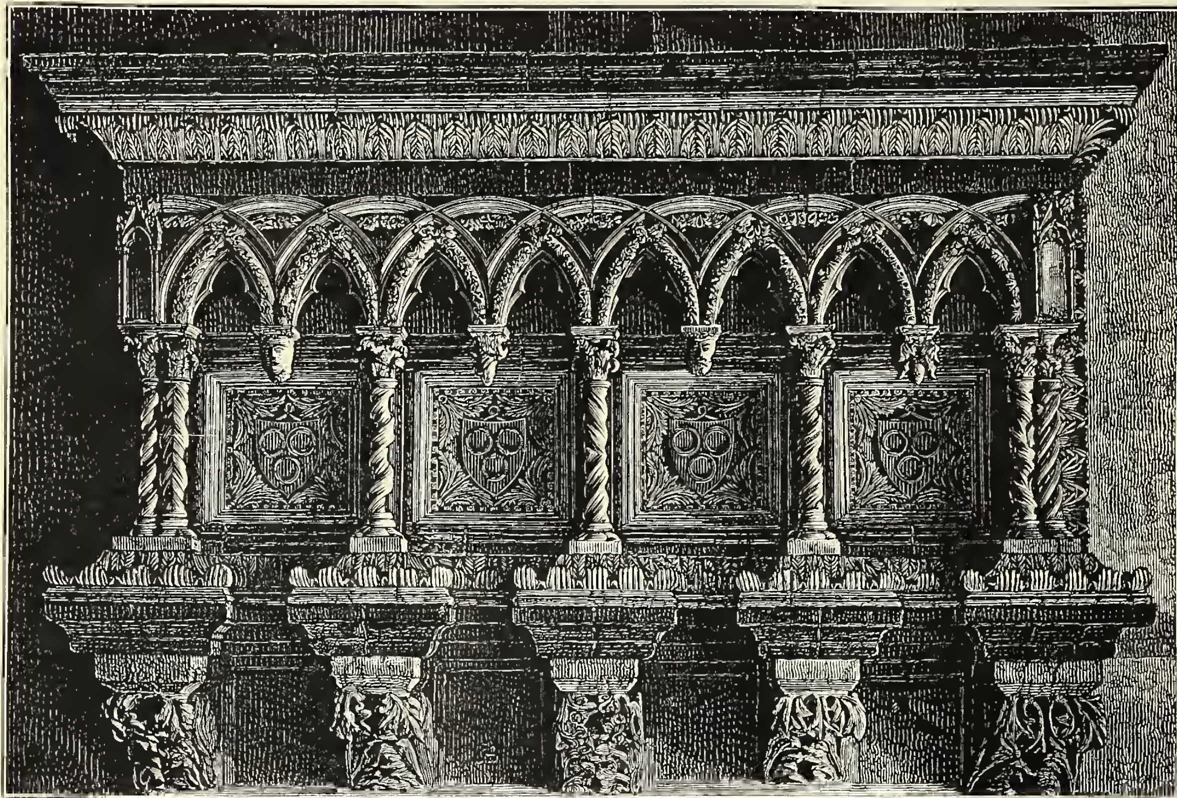
By STEPHEN THOMPSON.

MUCH of the noblest work of the great quattro-cento and cinque-cento sculptors was embodied in sepulchral monuments. The most renowned examples of it are found in old Italian cities, once the capitals of their respective states—cities, many of them forlorn enough now, but powerful then, and full of the turbulent life, the exuberant vitality, and passionate earnestness of the Italian Renaissance.

Shorn of the divine right to carve mythological gods and heroes, the Christian art of that era found in the narrower field of portraiture and sepulchral monuments the only sufficient scope for the exercise of its versatile genius. The student interested in that great period will find in the farthest suburbs of such desolate cities as Forli in the Romagna; or beyond the wide and grass-grown streets of Ferrara, in the church outside the Porta Romano; or above Cortona, on the very summit of its lofty hill, towering amidst the clouds; in Arezzo—crowded with other memories—and in the spacious church that crowns the olive-girt heights of Perugia; in Bergamo; and last, and perhaps best of all, in Lucca, encircled by the Apennines, some of the noblest relics of Italian monumental art, and may trace in these sculptured memorials, as much as in the works of the quattro-cento painters, all the various stages of the Renaissance movement, and mark the successive developments of that strange and beautiful product in art which grew up from the blending of two sentiments and traditions, Christian and Pagan.

The commission for a really great sepulchral monument was the blue ribbon of the stone-carver's craft. There were few of the foremost sculptors to whom the opportunity did not come at some time during their career—few to whom it came more than once or twice, to some of the best only once. To Desiderio da Settignano, "si dolce e bello," is due but one *chef-d'œuvre*, the Marsuppini monument in Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence. The younger Rossellini left but one imperishable work—perhaps the most delicate production of the Florentine chisel in memorial sculpture—the tomb of the young

Cardinal Portogallo in the beautiful Romanesque church on the silent hill looking down through dark cypresses on to the domed city of Dante, Giotto, and Michael Angelo. Ambrogio da Milano, one of the very few Milanese sculptors who wandered south, left one, and but one, noble work—that still standing in the decayed church of San Giorgio at Ferrara, looking with its poor surroundings "like a jewel in an Ethiop's ear." Da Noceto also left but one really great work, and we best remember Della Quercia by his loveliest of monumental effigies in the Duomo at Lucca. Such works alone afforded full scope for all the sculptor's best qualities, and allowed sufficient opportunity for displaying his power in art, his skill in composition, in grouping, in portraiture, invention, and feeling, crowning it all with that subtle but impressive finish which belongs to consummate execution. Working for the most part in low relief, seeking often for the means of expression among the last refinements of shadow, almost painting with the chisel, the abstract beauty of the forms whether only of flower or leaf is worked out with loving care—as if with a sense of serene enjoyment—and finished with a matchless delicacy of hand. Although he, doubtless with truest instinct, felt that in such memorial work he was also at the same time raising a monument to his own fame, it did not invariably prove so, for the names of the sculptors of some of the best are lost. That of the pathetic monument to Barbara Ordelaffi, in the little church of San Girolamo, at Forli, is forgotten, while the dark story of her crimes and her tragic fate is fully preserved in the stormy annals of the time. Conjecture points to a scholar of Verrochio, a supposition from which we wholly dissent. Who knows the sculptor of the Can Grande della Scala monument at Verona? And who can tell to whom is due the noble monuments of the Carrara—particularly that of Jacopo di Carrara, the friend of Petrarch, who wrote the eulogium beneath it—with their superb, deeply-foliated cornice and hood-like gables, in the great church of the Eremitani at Padua? Yet some of the occupants of these tombs would be scarce remembered but for the sculptor's art! Who,



PART OF MONUMENT OF THE CERCHI FAMILY, ASSISI.

(By permission of the Arundel Society.)

notwithstanding his saintly virtues, remembers anything of the youthful Cardinal Portogallo in history? And who, but for Della Quercia, would have ever heard the name of Ilaria del Carretto? And who that has once seen that sweet upturned face can ever forget it? Or that of Medea Colleoni at Bergamo? One involuntarily recalls Hood's exquisite lines—

> "We thought her dying when she slept,
> And sleeping when she died."

Carefully preserved by a government now fully alive to their value, in the old days not a few of these monuments have been lost or crowded out into cloisters to perish, in order to make room for later ones of the flaunting Bernini type. Others exist only in a mutilated form, and some are only to be seen by a small pilgrimage at certain seasons. Nicolo da Pisa's thirteenth century tomb of Santa Margherita, at the church and convent above Cortona, is visible but once a year, nor will any amount of imploration or potent backsheesh unlock the sacristy in which it is immured, for the door that opens from the convent has been walled-up, the church having been closed by the Italian Government. At the annual *festa* of Santa Margherita, however, groups of peasantry from all the country around, in gayest colours, may be seen climbing the steep zigzag to the narrow winding streets of Cortona—a city compared to which Rome is but of yesterday, for ancient Cortona was the metropolis of Etruria—and thence to the bare and lofty hill on whose crest stand the church and convent of Santa Margherita. Supposing the traveller to have so timed his visit, let him join with us in the concourse, and he will see much more than Pisano's monument. These people mean to make a day of it; many of them have started at dawn, and the sun is now high in the cloudless Italian sky, and the vast panorama at our feet is blazing with light. The ascent made, it is well to find with the throng a seat on the cypress-shaded terrace in front of the church of the favourite saint, and there rest and be thankful. Italy has few things more impressive in its way than these wide central

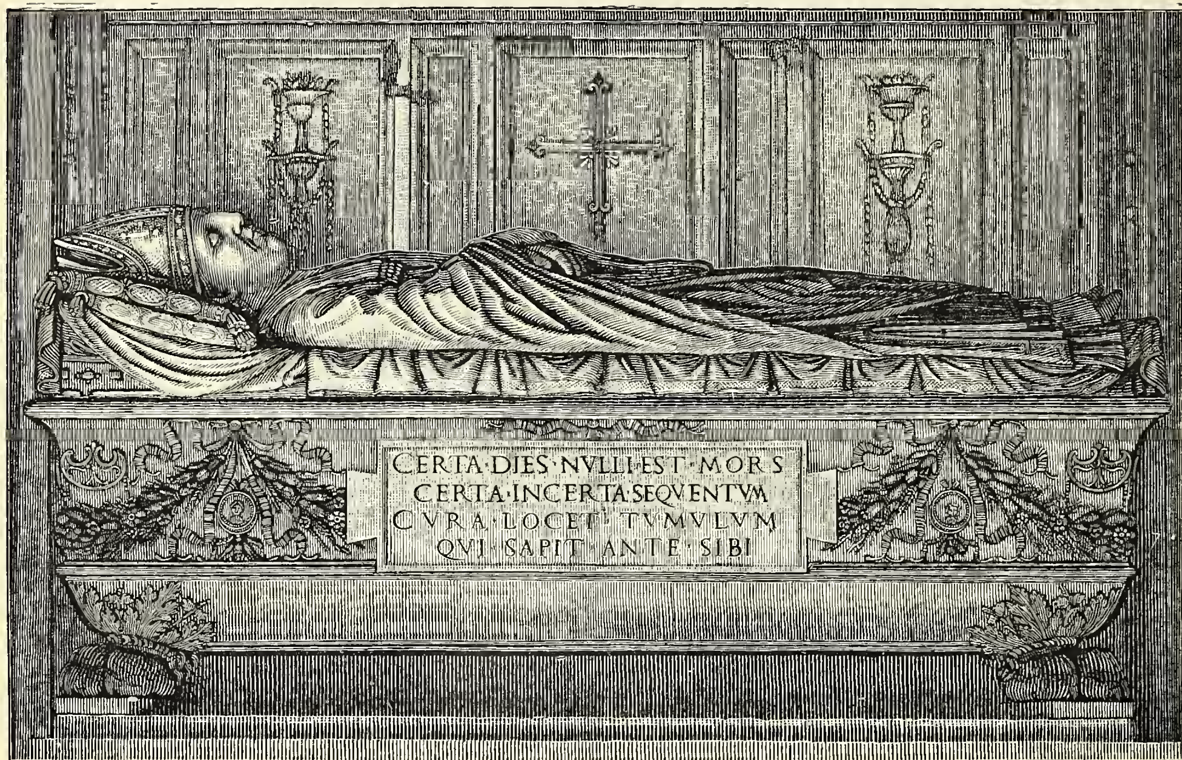
EFFIGY OF ILARIA DEL CARRETTO, LUCCA.

(*By Jacopo della Quercia. By permission of the Arundel Society.*)

plains spread out below as far as the eye can reach, and we cannot do better than survey them ere the time arrives when one may look upon the silver front and crown of gold of the saint, whose name is borne by the highest lady in the land. Everywhere around we look down on a region of vine and olive, tracts of corn, fruitful orchards, picturesque farms, white villas, and far-away dark woods blending with the purple shadows of the distant mountains to the East. The fair face of Thrasymene's lake reflects the sparkling sunlight, Montepulciano rears another Cortona of battlements and roofs in the distance, and the eye singles out Chiusi, Castiglione, and Passignano, and on another lofty hill, not bare like this one, but olive-clad, and proud with towers, and domes, and palaces, sees Perugia, one of the few Etruscan cities that retains in some measure its former importance, and marks the huge Church of S. Domenico, containing the great art-treasure by the younger Giovanni da Pisa, Pope Benedict XI.'s monument, with its spiral columns, mosaics, and curtain-drawing angels—a feature in sepulchral art afterwards done to death at Venice.

The monuments standing in the west gallery of the Campo Santo at Pisa must be regarded as fragmentary. The canopy of one of the best adorns the suburban garden of a *cittadino!* What it once was may be seen in the engraved work of Litta.

Some of the finest sepulchral monuments in Rome are quite unknown to the general visitor. Rescued by the indefatigable Tosi from the ruined Church of S. James of the Spaniards, they were re-erected in the cloisters contiguous to the college in the Via di Monserrato, entered from the Via Giulia, near the Farnese Palace. The best one, that of Diego de Valdes, A.D. 1506, marks precisely the culminating point of the cinque-cento style. Poised on the giddy height just before the downward path was commenced, that path so seductive at first, so fatal at length, its extreme beauty well illustrates the *facilis descensus Averni.* The details exhibit the fullest perfection of the style, and the regularity and harmonious proportions of the different parts of which it is composed, and the beauty of the whole is beyond praise. The portrait-effigy is truly noble, the placid countenance almost wonderful in its life-like resemblance, and the figure is still *recumbent.* The sculptor is



SARCOPHAGUS OF DIEGO DE VALDES, S. MARIA DI MONSERRATO, ROME.

(By permission of the Arundel Society.)

unknown, but it has been attributed by Tosi —the celebrated Roman architect of a past generation—to Sansovino. If so, it is typical. The next monument by him was probably that at S. Maria del Popolo, and marks the departure. Full of the same beauty of detail, exquisite delicacy of handling, richness of ornament and masterful execution, the figure, alas, raises itself on its elbow! The shock is great to one nurtured in purer traditions. We all know to what that fatal step led. Mr. Ruskin has justly emptied the vials of his wrath upon it. Soon the effigies got on their legs surrounded by Fames and Victorys blowing trumpets, and various other attitudinising personifications, to which were shortly added nude sprawling figures in impossible situations: anything and everything that should not appertain to a Christian tomb. The decadence was rapid. We are now far from the noble time when simple floral ornament and perfect adaption of means to ends secured triumphant results in art. How seldom now we see simple flowers, and flowers only, depicted on tombs as the early Renaissance sculptors rendered them! Flowers so appropriate to a Christian tomb. Such as grow spontaneously, and when spring returns—

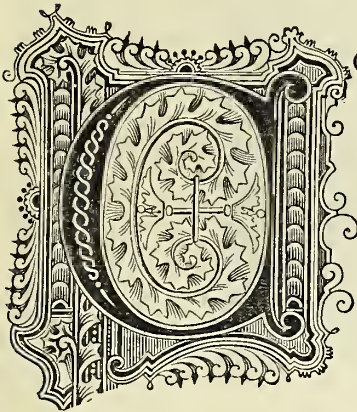
> "Gem the dry woods and windy wilds, and speak
> The resurrection."

The study of the noble monumental art of Italy from its earliest revival to the period above referred to will furnish one with an infallible standard of comparison when wandering through modern cemeteries abounding with examples of tasteless ostentation, incongruous ornament, coarse execution, and sometimes—though rarely—otherwise meritorious work ruined by misconception of the very first principles of memorial art. When standing by these "vain and unkind encumbrances of the grave, which feigned sorrow builds to foolish pride," a memory will rise, not seldom, of simple beauty, of refinement without ostentation, and perfect grace without elaboration, a memory of art in which to paraphrase the "Epipsychidion" of Shelley—

> "True taste
> Hires not the pale drudge Luxury to waste
> The scene it would adorn."

ANTOINE JOSEPH WIERTZ, THE BELGIAN PAINTER.

By E. Belfort Bax.



OLERIDGE, or perhaps more correctly Schlegel, in his celebrated dictum to the effect that every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian, is generally deemed to have made a good rough classification of the intellectual tendencies of men. Granted this much, however, we cannot help recognising the fact that this old division of genius, and in a lesser degree of ordinary minds, into those of a subjective and those of an objective tendency, has long been found inadequate to the more subtle intellectual analysis of the present day. Without entering into the delicate and possibly overdrawn distinctions of writers such as Naumann, no student of intellectual development can afford to overlook the manner in which both these great divisions are sometimes found blended in one character, or the many widely divergent characteristics each of them frequently contains within itself. To take, for instance, the subjective mind in the sphere of art-genius. There is genius of an intensely subjective cast, whose productions sympathetically strike not merely other subjective minds, but even those of an intrinsicly opposite type. Its possessors may be regarded as the highest realisation in their own sphere of some leading idea of Humanity; in other words, their individuality is a typical one. On the other hand, there is another order of subjective genius, whose productions are comparatively *caviare*, to all but the select few. Their ingenuity, their grandeur, or other external qualities may strike even the multitude, but their inmost meaning remains hidden. The individuality present in them is not typical but isolated. To the former class belong the great master minds of subjective art, such as Shelley, Beethoven, or Raphael; to the latter, men such as Lenau, Berlioz, and the painter whose name appears at the head of this article. It is men of this cast who among ordinary people give colour to the notion of genius involving madness. They never become the founders of schools, or leave any lasting

impression upon the history of art, like those of the former cast, but remain the comets of intellectual development to whom but a doubtful place can be assigned. This distinction it is important to bear in mind in attempting to form an estimate of perhaps the greatest painter Flanders has produced since Rubens.

Antoine Joseph Wiertz was born at Dinant on the 24th of February, 1806. At four years of age he was ceaselessly occupied in infant attempts at artistic and literary work. At twelve he may be said to have re-invented the art of wood engraving, without the assistance of any one. Young Wiertz underwent that period of unrest common to all highly imaginative natures, when imagination and aspiration get the better of will and active powers, and are apt to expand themselves in unprofitable dreams. With him it came on at an earlier age than with most—indeed, he had well-nigh passed through it when with many it is only beginning. It would be difficult to say how many possibilities of genius have been wrecked on this quicksand through weakness of will or of *physique*.

An event instrumental in fixing our artist's vocation was an order from the owner of the village *cabaret* to paint a black horse for a sign-board. The success of this undertaking, which became the admiration of the villagers, determined Wiertz to devote himself to oil-painting.

At fourteen he vowed he would leave his name to posterity as one of the great painters of the Netherlands. He was now to all external appearance a man, possessing a tall thin figure, well-formed decided features, and a beard. His great idea was to study at the birthplace of Rubens—an idea engendered or strengthened, as he alleges, by nocturnal visions. He started for Antwerp. At what sacrifices he had realised his wish so far, and what sacrifices was he prepared to undergo to carry it through, may be imagined from what follows.

A cellar fifteen feet by eight, a sort of corridor without chimney or fireplace, was his only lodging and studio. In the winter, after sitting up half the night working in bed (this being the warmest place in the room, such as it was), it often happened that the brush would drop from his hand and he would fall asleep, waking in the morning to find his beard white with frost. He lived in this manner for many years. Notwithstanding his privations, his imagination was so intense and varied that he could hardly yet renounce his early dreams of being not merely a Rubens, but a Michael Angelo, a Corneille, and a Mozart at the same time, so inadequate did one art seem as a medium for the expression of his ideas. It was only after hard work, combined with his wrought-up mental state, brought on an illness, warning him of the limits of physical and intellectual endurance, that he finally, with a great effort, determined to concentrate all his powers on brush and canvas. Even then his view of his art comprehended all that in any way bore upon it, however remotely.

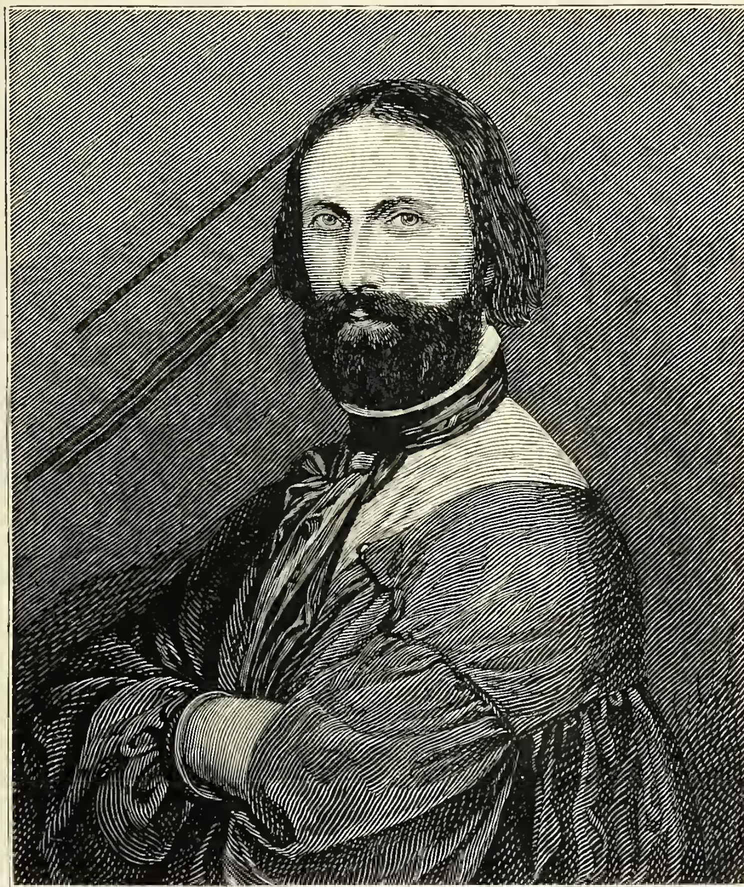
At last his extraordinary mode of life attracted public attention. One day a wealthy amateur presented himself, offering a good price for a picture upon which Wiertz was then engaged. "Keep your gold, it is always the death of the artist," replied the austere painter. How much truth was contained in this speech, as far as it went, the history of art can testify. At a subsequent period, when offered 300,000 francs for his "Triumph of Christ," he replied in a similar strain, "I cannot sell you my picture, for to-morrow I might find something in it I should wish to alter." This was one reason which prevented Wiertz from ever selling his great works. His severe asceticism in this respect has perhaps no equal in the history of art. If Wiertz erred, it must be admitted that genius has been so often degraded to mercantile purposes even by those who possessed it in the highest degree, that the man must at least command the respect of all art-loving natures who exhibits a contrary spirit, though in an exaggerated form.

After some time the Government, having been apprised of the genius exhibited by the young recluse, granted him an annual pension of a hundred florins. With this he was more than satisfied, as it enabled him to visit Paris, where he studied with avidity the treasures offered by its museums and galleries, and not less the ebb and flow of human life in the great city, which afforded him an equal amount of food for reflection.

In the course of a few years, when Wiertz had begun fully to realise his ideas on canvas, the competition for the prize of Rome was opened, for which, having entered himself, he was proclaimed laureate by a unanimity of votes. This proved a turning-point in his career. He decided to visit Rome, where he lived and studied in the same severely simple manner as at Antwerp. It was here he produced his great Homeric study, "Greeks and Trojans disputing over the Body of Patroclus." Returning to his native country with his picture, he presented it before the Academy of Antwerp,

where, after a sharp discussion occasioned by the prudery of certain of its members, it was accepted. Wiertz now began to feel the jealousy of rival artists in the form of press attacks, and this led to his writing a *brochure* on the subject, "Is Criticism possible in Art?" The question he answers unconditionally in the negative, playing off the divers opinions of so-called competent critics upon the same work against one another in a manner admirably adapted to produce entire scepticism as to the validity of art-criticism. The thesis maintained is, that no real and absolutely valid art-criticism is possible, owing to there being, as yet, no objective criterion of the beautiful—no universally recognised æsthetic canons; those usually adopted being merely dictated by a transient fashion or traditional prejudice. The corollary is that the creative artist must conscientiously follow his inspirations, "unmixed with baser matter" in the shape of conventionalisms. Shortly after the last-named essay appeared another from the pen of Wiertz; it was his "Éloge de Rubens," which achieved an immense success, and was crowned by the Antwerp Academy. It evinces Wiertz's high literary abilities in a marked degree, and shows that for power these might have ranked with his artistic, had they been equally cultivated.

The nucleus of the present museum had its origin in the indifference shown towards the "Patroclus" while on exhibition in Paris, and the consequent disgust felt by Wiertz for all exhibitions of the ordinary mixed character. It was commenced by him amid the cutting-up of critics of all shades, till at last their victim was roused to resentment. He chose many dexterous traps in which to catch the malicious or purblind among these individuals. In the following instance a Parisian jury, by whom his pictures had been shabbily treated, was the object of his vengeance. Knowing that one of his friends was the possessor of a fine Rubens, he went to him and begged the loan of it



PORTRAIT OF WIERTZ.

(From a Crayon Sketch by himself in the "Musée Wiertz," Brussels.)

for a short time, which was readily granted. Returning to his studio, he boldly chose his corner, and signed it "Wiertz." The picture was despatched to Paris, and appeared in its turn before the judges, who, seeing the heterodox signature, at once rejected it, gratuitously declaring it to rank among the worst of those sent up for inspection. The joke was too good, we may be sure, for it to be long before the stultified Parisian jury was held up to the derision of the artistic world. A few months after, Wiertz wrote to the jury, acknowledging himself to have been the sender of the Rubens, and his intention that of showing up their prejudice and incapacity.

In addition to those before mentioned, Wiertz was the author of several other pamphlets relating to art matters and the theory of æsthetics, but besides the paintings themselves, perhaps his invention of the *mate* process of colouring might have been considered his greatest title to fame, had not the Government refused to take the matter up, and the secret been consequently lost. "By this process is effected," to use the words of Wiertz in a pamphlet announcing its discovery, "a painting whose surface is entirely free from gloss (*sans miroitement*), which affords at the same time the vigour, the transparency, the force, and the brilliancy of oil." A large number of his works are painted by this process. I have merely mentioned the fact of its discovery, leaving the question as to its merits or demerits to those competent to decide it. The last flight of Wiertz's pen was a work on the French school, in which he sums up the various characteristics of the schools in the following terms:—"The Florentine is distinguished for design, the Venetian for colour, the Lombard for grace and *chiaroscuro*, the Dutch for truth and finish, and the Flemish for picturesque beauty."

Wiertz suffered during the last eight years of his life from a most distressing nervous disorder, that seldom allowed him a single night's rest. During the whole time he received the unremitting medical attention of his friend and biographer, Dr. Watteau. His views of art had always been broad and synthetic ever since his earliest years. His musical talent was sufficient to attract the attention of a prominent professor of Antwerp, who, it is related, on overhearing him play when in his cellar, offered him not merely gratuitous instruction, but liberal remuneration for receiving it. Although the fact of Wiertz having at that time already fixed upon painting as his vocation prevented his availing himself of this offer, his love for music never grew cold, and till his death much of his leisure was employed at his instruments. Sculpture also occupied his attention to a considerable extent, as may be seen by the groups in the "museum." It was during the last few years of his life that the idea of the essential unity of Art in all its branches increasingly occupied his thoughts. This essential unity (in as far as the different arts are only different modes of expressing the same human ideas and aspirations) led him, as it has led others (*e.g.*, Wagner), to the conception of an actual alliance between the arts. He conceived that one art might, so to speak, relieve the others. If, for instance, between the numbers of a concert or the parts of a theatrical performance, a suitable plastic masterpiece could be displayed, the audience or spectators would be in a frame of mind much more calculated to appreciate its inner meaning than under the usual plan of walking through a gallery, and, for the most part, coldly passing in review a series of works at the same time. The ordinary mind, even though in a measure cultivated to an appreciation of the æsthetic, requires a great deal of stimulus to place it *en rapport* with the spirit of many a great art-work, while too much stimulus of the same kind at once fatigues it, as well as the organ of sense through which its impressions are being received. Here is a method that, according to Wiertz, would meet the requirements while obviating the objection; the æsthetic stimulus would be sustained without the fatigue.

Wiertz lived to see his fame established on a firm pedestal, and to hear the last murmurs of a malicious criticism. He died in the month of June, 1865, in the arms of Dr. Watteau, after a short but terrible malady (blood-poisoning). "About six o'clock in the evening of the 18th of June," writes Dr. Watteau, "he was attacked with delirium. At intervals he became a prey to all sorts of visions, some horrible, others soft and mysterious, like the last caresses of Nature, our immortal mother. . . Suddenly the poor dying one thought he saw by his bedside a heap of corpses, which, increasing in size every second, threatened to choke him with their weight." Then, after remaining for some time in a stupor, he sprang up and appeared to be following the action of an invisible drama. At nine o'clock he was obviously dying. "He struggled still, but saw that he must resign himself." He expired at ten o'clock, to all appearance painlessly.

DECORATIVE ART.—I.

ITS IMPORTANCE AND ITS OMNIPRESENCE—TASTE, NOVELTY, FASHION, DRESS, JEWELLERY, ETC.

HE question of decoration is neither insignificant, nor one that has significance only for the wealthy few. Neither is it a matter that concerns only those who take some interest in art, since we are all of us, unsympathetic or antipathetic though we may be to anything that approaches the æsthetic, alike compelled to decorate our belongings, our dwellings, and ourselves. We cannot, if we would, escape from decoration, though there are all about us forms of it which every cultivated man would evade at any cost if he could. Good or bad, it pervades every object with which our occupations bring us in contact. Our attention once turned to it, we can no longer shut our eyes and decline to take heed of it. At every trivial turn in our daily life we come face to face with some fresh form of ornament. We have no choice between decoration and no decoration—decoration is imposed upon us. Our liberty is, as a matter of fact, limited to the selection between one form of it and another.

Imagine for a moment how a man would set about furnishing a house without it. In the first place the house itself must needs be built for him, and not a door, or window-frame, or chimney-piece, not so much as a fire-grate, door-knocker, or area-railing but would have to be made to his express order. The furniture, from the door-scraper to his easy chair, would in like manner need to be designed especially for him, and it is doubtful whether the markets of the known world would suffice to supply the necessary utensils, implements, and household vessels all innocent of ornament. If this were at last accomplished, the first time he entered it he himself would introduce within its walls the inevitable decoration—unless, indeed, he put off on the door-step the clothes that the usages of society have determined to be necessary appendages to the natural man. The cut of his clothes or the rib of the cloth these were made of, the polish of his boots or the curve of his hat-brim, the shape of his studs or the pattern of his watch-chain, the starch of his linen or the knot of his necktie, the ring on his finger, the umbrella in his hand, even the all-necessary money in his pocket, would any one of them be enough to destroy the artless simplicity at which he innocently aimed. The entrance of a lady in every-day walking costume would be the introduction of a small museum of ornamental detail.

In short, ornament is omnipresent. In the accompanying illustration I have put together a few objects of common use, exemplifying what I have said of the universal application of ornament—a picture, and its frame, in this instance an old English one; a Chinese bowl mounted as a lamp; the familiar Japanese lacquer tray; a carved mantelpiece, with the objects on it, and the old-fashioned brass fender below; a cabinet, designed by Mr. B. J. Talbert in what he calls the old English style for the display of ornaments, itself a work of art; and a sideboard of my own design. It is through the courtesy of Mr. Caleb Trapnell, of Bristol, that I am enabled to reproduce the two last-mentioned pieces of furniture. Ornament has from the earliest times been associated with every object of daily use, and it was only during the period of an almost utter dearth of art among us, in the sixteenth and the first half of the present centuries, that the futile idea was entertained that use and ornament were in any sense antagonistic. Not among the ancient Greeks and Romans and the artists of the Renaissance alone, but among the ruder Gothic nations, and the earlier Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Indians, and Arabs, the craftsmen employed in the production of all useful objects delighted to find in every structural necessity occasion for the exercise of ingenious art. Even among the aborigines of Mexico, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands every opportunity for ornament was promptly seized, stern necessity taking care that use should not be sacrificed to effect. We may assume, since there is usually some ground in fact for every fiction, that it was the perversion of ornamental art among more civilised nations subsequent to the degradation of Renaissance design (due possibly

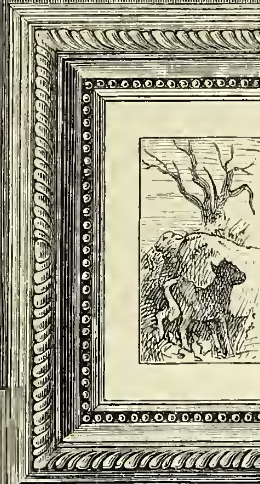
to facilities which were beyond the ken of uncivilised races, and certainly only possible through those facilities) that led to the idea that use and ornament were incompatible. Let us hope that the recurrence to a better style of decorative design among us in this generation, and a truer appreciation of the end and object of ornament, will before long overturn this theory, so that not even the most practical and prosaic person shall be able to rest in the belief that use and ornament are independent one of the other. For decoration is, or should be, art controlled by common sense.

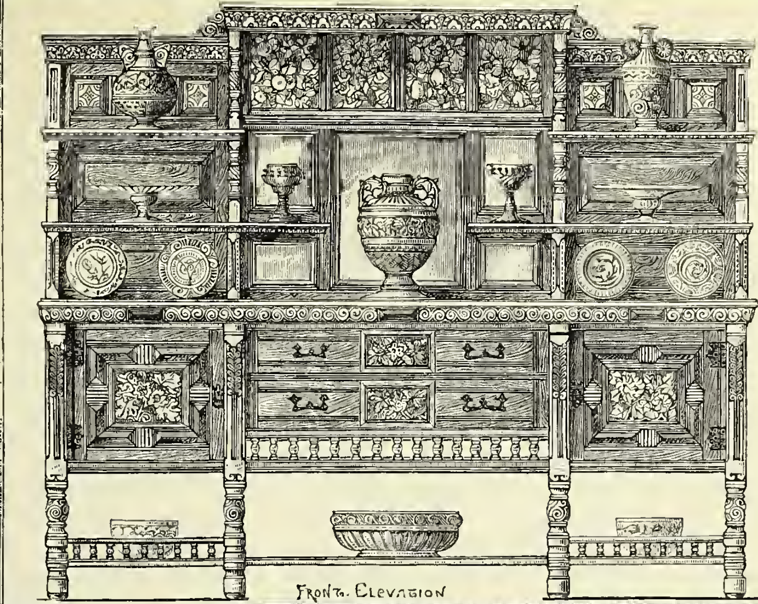
The low condition to which ornament had fallen until within the last twenty or thirty years accounts fully for the slight esteem in which it has come to be held, and there is little doubt that the success of modern design will in time restore to decoration the prestige that attached to it as a matter of course in days when art and handicraft were scarcely distinguishable, and easel pictures were not supposed to be the be-all and end-all of art. Already there is a wave of reaction in this respect, and perhaps even a danger that the cause of decorative art may be swamped in a wave of fashion, to be left presently high and dry beyond the reach of public sympathy. However that may be, the interest in applied art is growing; people are beginning to realise that art is not altogether a matter of painting and sculpture. It is beyond dispute that the influence of our everyday surroundings must affect us, and I believe that they influence us much more powerfully than we are accustomed to suspect. It may be unavoidable (but it is by no means beyond doubt) that some of us should have to live without beauty—and in that case it may be a relief to deaden the senses that take delight in what is beautiful—but, for all that, it is not just the same thing whether we live in the midst of beauty or of ugliness. Æsthetic culture is not the high-road to all the virtues, and, indeed, certain of the vices may be found as often in its train as elsewhere. Neither, on the other hand, is there any special grace in ugliness. Art is only utterance. It must express something; and the vital question is, what does it express? The daily association with honest, manly, real work, with graceful fancy, individual character, and refined art, must do one morally as well as intellectually, perhaps even physically good; and to live in the midst of false pretence and flimsy affectation, of heartless workmanship and dead monotony, must be equally demoralising. The fact that we may be wholly unconscious of the influence about us does not destroy its effect. The fresh air is a tonic, whether we feel it to be so or not; and the germs of disease that emanate from a foul atmosphere are none the less fatal though our nostrils may not be sufficiently delicate to make us aware of the poison we breathe.

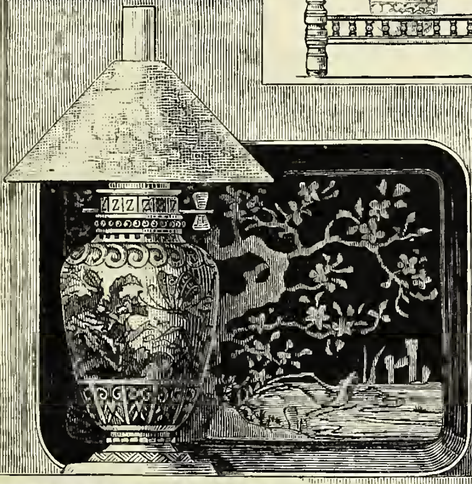
It becomes essential, then, seeing that we cannot do without decoration, and therefore cannot escape its influence either for good or bad, that we should make ourselves at least so far acquainted with the subject as to keep within the bounds of taste. The first difficulty in the way of the acquirement of this limited amount of knowledge is the assumption that every educated man or woman is *de facto* already possessed of the faculty of taste. So firmly is this infatuation rooted in men's minds that it amounts to an insult to question their taste. This is owing in part to a confusion of the different senses in which the word is used. Bad taste may mean bad breeding, and no one cares to be accused of that. Again, taste may be understood to signify liking, and in respect to liking every man must be a law to himself. But in reference to art there should be no mistake about the meaning of the word. Liking is one thing, and taste quite another. One may heartily dislike a thing, and yet acknowledge that it is good; and the faculty that enables us to realise that fact in art is taste. A competent critic, if he is honest, admits in calmer moments that his judgment is biassed by personal predilection, and that he is not unerring. It is reserved for the average English gentleman to assume calmly that his likes and dislikes constitute good and bad in art—only in art. In other respects he is sane enough. He does not argue with his solicitor or pretend to prescribe to his physician. He goes to them for advice, and whether he acts upon it or not, the fact that he is prepared to pay for it argues that he attaches some value to it. It is true that society does not insist that a man should be versed in the law or in medicine, and that it does demand that he should be able to converse about art. But society appears to be quite innocent of what nonsense he talks when he begins. If for a moment he could but see himself as artists see him!

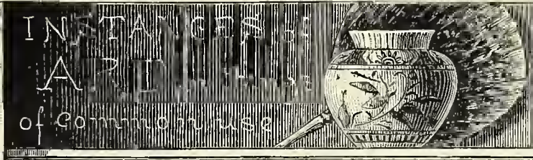
The expression of a man's honest preference without prejudice and without affectation is valuable in proportion to his experience and character, and there is no particular reason why he should keep it to himself; but the cool way in which those who never held a brush since the days of their childhood pretend to determine what is good and bad,

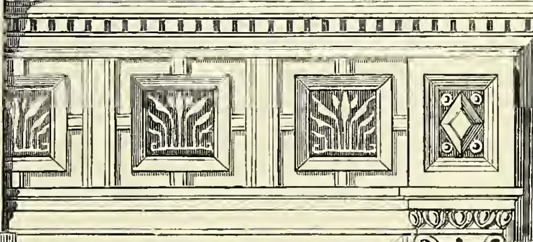
CABINET

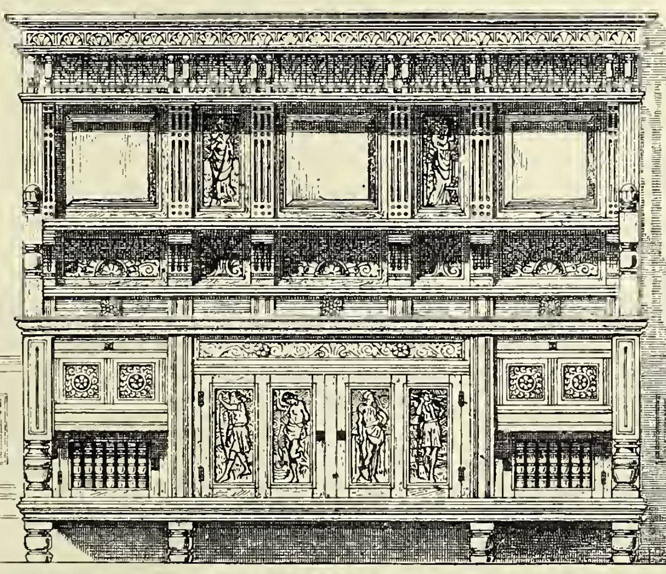


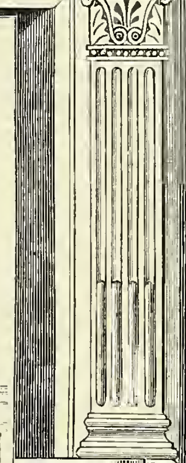


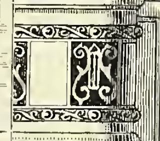












 (See page 103.)

"well painted," or "out of drawing," would be amusing if it did not stand in the way of all true appreciation of what they are talking about. Lookers-on see the best of the game, it is true, but not unless they know its rules. For every fault that the mere *dilettante* really discovers in a work of art there are possibly a dozen merits that he fails to detect; and if he flatters himself that he has detected precious qualities in a work unrecognised by the profession, the probable reason for its neglect, if it has indeed the merit he sees, is that it is marred by grave faults of execution of which he has no suspicion. It would be only decently modest in him to assume that, whenever he differs from a painter as to a matter of fact which he has himself not particularly studied, he is in the wrong, for the painter probably has studied it.

The difficulty is in proving the excellence of any work of art, owing partly to the intangible nature of its highest qualities, partly to the vagueness of the common terms in use. But there is a good and bad—whether in poetry or in painting, or in the arts of design. If in his own art a man does not know better than others what is well done, he ought to. It may be admitted that there are qualities concerning which a critic from the outside is perhaps the better judge—the poetry in a painting, for instance, would be more truly appreciated by a poet than by a prosaic brother brush—but these are qualities that are not to be taught. The excuse for discussing chiefly what may be called *technique* is that it is the only discussion which is profitable. The grammar of art is not the end in view, but it is the only road to it; and if any one fancies that he has genius, let him make haste to learn the A B C of his profession, for without it he will not compete successfully with rivals who know the alphabet and nothing more.

Were proof wanting of the absence of cultivated judgment among us, it would be enough to point to the omnipotence of fashion. So little does "the education of a gentleman" teach him about taste, design, or workmanship, that he is at the mercy of the latest novelty. And it is not too much to say that the higher a lady's station, and presumably the more "polite" her education, the more imperative it seems in her eyes that she should keep pace with custom, and march to the tune of the fashion-mongers. A stupid jingle it may be, but it is artful enough to make the world forget that the fashions are furnished in the interest of their providers only, regardless altogether both of art and of economy. The habit of referring to the shifting fashion rather than any fixed principles of taste as a standard is not only proof of our ignorance, but provocation of half the hideousness with which we are oppressed. How meek we are! How we resign all individual preference of form or colour or design, and obediently produce our purses to the magic formulæ, "the last new thing, sir," "the latest fashion, madam"! Fashion is a comedy in which taste plays quite a small part. So persistently have we followed in the false track that the very sense of what is appropriate, becoming, or beautiful grows dull. Even vanity succumbs. What art there may be in dress consists, obviously, in the skilful adaptation of costume to the form and features of the wearer, in diverting attention from bodily defects and setting off beauties to advantage. But fashion pulls the wires, and we answer to them. No matter whether we be short or tall, stout or thin, we wear a great-coat that reaches down to our heels, if only the tailor so determine. Ladies wear their hair in bands or ringlets, crimped or padded, all down their backs, or tied up tight like the tail of a cart-horse, always *à la mode,* and usually without reference to their own particular style of beauty. Fashion, who crept into the service of vanity as her slave, well content to make herself generally useful, is mistress now, and lords over us despotically; humbly we disfigure ourselves; without a murmur we distort our solitary grace or beauty, and expose our very deformities at her bidding—and we fancy we have taste!

Look at the jewellery we wear. There, if anywhere, is an opportunity for the exercise of refined and delicate appreciation of what is beautiful, for in most cases beauty is the only excuse for its existence. If we cannot afford to wear intrinsically beautiful trinketry, we can do very well without it. Not that there is any reason why it should be costly. The jewellery until recently worn by the peasant women of Normandy, Norway, Switzerland, and other European countries, now in imminent danger of being altogether superseded by the attractions of more modern, showier, and altogether worthless Parisian and Viennese manufactures, was strictly peasant-jewellery—the metal chiefly silver, and the stones chiefly garnets; but it was good work and well designed, worth transmitting from mother to daughter, and not fit only to be flung under when the fashion had passed by. Men of taste have been collecting and buying up the old examples of this kind of work. Will any one be likely to buy up the flimsy trumpery that has superseded it?

Even the costly work now found in our best

shops will be chiefly valuable for the weight of its gold and the water of its diamonds. There is this to be said of the better class of modern English goldsmith's work, that a certain honesty characterises it. It suggests "value received." But this very character shows how little the artistic element in design is considered or sought after. The Indian jeweller, according to Dr. Birdwood, thinks nothing of the intrinsic value of the precious stones he employs. He is an artist, and to him the value is in their colour, sheen, effect; he cares as much for them as a painter cares for his pigments, and no more. They are simply a means to his decorative end. The consequence is that he is able to use rich emeralds and rubies as lavishly as if they were enamel, and wherever he wants a point of light, bits of diamond are at hand, commercially of no value, but artistically as valuable as though they were priceless.

Our idea of jewellery is altogether the reverse of this. We must have fine and flawless stones, and thick masses of heavy gold. At great cost we succeed in producing poor, cold, lifeless rings of gold, more like gilded fetters, studded with isolated stones; or we throw rare diamonds together *en masse*, producing, at fabulous cost, an effect far less gorgeous than the comparatively inexpensive Eastern work. The art among us appears almost to decrease in proportion to the increase of the value of the materials. Sometimes we see a gem that a collector might envy, more often a diamond that is not ill-set, but never a ring that Holbein or Cellini might have been proud to have designed. With regard to diamonds, the greater the quantity of precious stones, the more closely they seem to have been put together, after the pattern of the flaring illuminations which draw attention to the entrances of the London theatres.

The root of all evil here, and in so many other arts, is the innate and seemingly irrepressible passion for display, which finds vent among the poorer classes in Brummagem jewellery, and shows itself in rich ones in the choice of watch-chains, necklets, tiaras, and bracelets, whose sole value and sole interest consist in the number of rare diamonds and the weight of gold. Only in so far as they are beautiful do such things deserve the slightest attention from a decorative point of view. Diamonds may be a valuable investment, a convenient form of settling money on one's wife, a ready means of advertising one's wealth; but this has nothing to do with art. The Indian craftsman is altogether in the right, and every artist among us must sympathise with him. Those who do not, those to whom money value is more than beauty, can lay no claim to any feeling for art. The clumsy ornaments so much in vogue with us are none the less blunders that the blundering is peculiarly British. It is always dangerous to dogmatise, but I dare to say that, in pure luxuries like jewellery, the value of the art expended on an object should invariably be in excess of that of the mere matter on which it is expended. The fact that a thousand pounds' worth of diamonds are thrown together without a thousand pennies' worth of art is conclusive proof in itself that the wearer does not put on jewels for the sake of ornament. The love of show which is here so unpleasantly prominent steps in everywhere in decorative and domestic art, and leads us astray from the simplicity and modesty that are at the bottom of all good work, and that should especially characterise the art that we live with every day.

LEWIS F. DAY.

PICTURES IN TRAINS.

RAILWAY is a fact of such formidable proportions that to associate it with fancy seems, at first sight, absurd. The line is so intensely real that there can be no romance about it. Hard, unyielding, noisy, repellent, dirty, where is its connection with poetry, music, tenderness, sentiment, art? The most human picture Frith has given us is, it is true, his "Railway Station;" and the chromatic glamour of Turner's genius was never greater than in "Mist, Rain, and Steam." But painters have somehow missed the pictures ready framed for them by railway-carriage windows, the views on the line by day and by night. As for the poets, the modern Iron Horse, that steed of steel and steam, with muscles of iron and bowels of brass, with heart of fire and breath of flame, does not occur to them as a greater Pegasus, a mightier Bucephalus. It is true that Mr. Alfred Tennyson once "waited for the train at Coventry," and "hung with grooms and porters on the bridge;" but he saw no romance in steam,

"BATHERS ALARMED."

(By P. R. Morris, A.R.A. From the Painting exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1879. By permission of E. Hermon, Esq., M.P.)

(See page 111.)

nd has nothing to say about the giant forces nd spectacular effects of railways. It is, moreover, true that Charles Mackay has invoked

> "Blessings on Science, and her handmaid Steam;"

nd that Scotland has produced a lyrist of he line in Alexander Anderson, the platelayer-poet. But somehow railways are regarded as beneath the dignity of poetic inspiration, just as the historians whom Lord Macaulay described had an aristocratical contempt for memoirs as being too trivial for the majesty of history. Or, peradventure, the Muse was startled when she first heard the shriek of the shrill steam-whistle, as if she were a shy woodland nymph driven away by the bugle blast of the hunter advancing through the leafy haunt. The railway has no patron saint, no classic deity, no mythological mother, no apologist, no laureate, no kingly founder, other than George the Fifth, George Stephenson, the greatest of all the Georges. Did not Wordsworth call upon the "mountains, vales, and floods" to "share the passion of a just disdain" against the railway? And has not Mr. Ruskin, in powerful prose, anathematised the line as the quintessence of all that is ugly, utilitarian, unromantic, unsentimental, and uncompromising? The next age will surely reverse the verdict of this; and in the meantime the present modest essayist would show that the railway is not the synonym for soulless sterility. I would hold a brief for the line, and attempt to redeem it from the sweeping charges which affected and superfine sentiment has hurled against it. Railways are full of poetry. The most aching tragedies and the most amusing comedies are to be beheld on busy railway platforms. At little way-side stations are to be read delicious pastorals, charming idylls, lyrics of the line. There are kisses at carriage doors as sweet as Eros drew from the pursed lips of Psyche, and tears as burning as those which dimmed the eyes of Eurydice when Orpheus was taken away from her. There is—if, like the sage boy in "Sandford and Merton," you have eyes and the power of observation—a library of lyrics and sonnets, ballads and *vers de société*, to be read between departure and arrival termini. There is poetry in points and crossings, sermons in steel rails, songs in sleepers, books in block-signal boxes, tongues in tunnels, and good in all railway things.

What, now, is the history of railways but a romance? It can boast of more conquests than Alexander. Name, if you please, the generals who have overcome obstacles half as stupendous as those confronted and conquered by the Stephensons and Brunels of Civil Engineering. They make the very omnipotence of Nature, frowning mountain and defiant flood, crouch overcome at their feet. Point out, if you can, the achievements that will compare with Chat Moss, with the "corkscrew line" of the Semmering, the "sky-scraping" permanent-way over the Sierra Nevadas, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the Tay Bridge, or the new highway to the North, through the heart of the Pennine Chain, from Settle to Carlisle. The motto of the railway engineer is the memorable maxim of Calonne's: "If it is difficult, it is done already; if it is impossible, it shall be done soon."

And what, I ask, is a busy railway station but a picture, with its arrivals and departures, its sorry partings and glad meetings? Here Momus and Melpomene rub shoulders, and comedy and tragedy are played against each other, while the bell rings, and the guard blows his whistle, and the urgent engine responds in an obedient shriek of eager steam. Look at the groupings of the scene. Here a man with, perhaps, the motives of a murderer; there a woman on a mission of mercy. Here Mars returning from savage shores; there Hypatia, *ætat* fifteen, going away to a school in the country. There a Judas off, with his silver-mounted travelling-bag, to sell his master; here a Hetty Sorrel arriving in Babylon to take the first downward step. Faust, Margaret, and Mephistopheles; Diogenes and Phryne; Dives and Lazarus; failure and success, rags and riches, business and pleasure, idleness and industry, gladness and grief, humour and pathos, laughter and tears, hope and despair. What poet shall strike these harp-strings? What painter shall throw his genius into this picture, and give its varied colour and character, and life and movement?

But if the pictures presented on the platforms of a busy railway terminus, and at country-side stations, are unapproachable in human interest, what art-critic shall describe the landscapes of the line? the "hurrygraphs" of scenery that come and go like the sliding scales of a magic lantern? The average traveller allows these choice vignettes to pass unheeded. He—"good, easy man!"—seats himself in his favourite corner of the carriage, pulls his rug over his knees, his *Times* out of his pocket, his pipe out of its case, and settles down into the foreign telegrams and the share market, or falls into a tobacco trance. The windows—framing picture after picture—are

only referred to for purposes of ventilation. The train may be speeding through fragrant fields, where the haymakers are spreading the sweetness of the clover with their rakes; or skirting the sea, where the sunset glow falls upon a far-off sail in a splinter of light, just where a painter's brush would have placed it; or passing close by grey turrets rising above the green of sheltering elms, the battlements of a mediæval manor, where the wassail once circulated among sturdy barons, and hawking parties met for the forest, and White Rose of York made redder the rosette of Lancaster, and a handful of loyal cavaliers held out against the grim cannon of Cromwell's Ironsides; or that express may dart past the ivied arch of some historic abbey, white with age, where kings have worshipped and heroes have died. The artist-eye sees pictures in the train, be it parliamentary or express, in all sorts of journeys, at noon and at night, in all kinds of weather, in each season of the year. Scene follows scene in fleeting succession; but the eye has time to telegraph to the brain the picture, and it is secured on the mental collodion-plate by an "instantaneous process," an unfading photograph. Now it is a water-colour, with a gentle river gliding under the quaint arches of a grey bridge into the green meadows beyond. Then it is a woodland nook where Adonis might have found his couch; presently comes a limestone crag; anon an old-world village with roofs of grey lichen, russet thatch, and red tile, seen through a mist of green trees and blue filmy smoke; then a quiet pastoral of level fields stretching away to the slope of distant woods, with roan cattle in the foreground, such as Rosa Bonheur would love to paint, throwing shadows on the lush grass. The scenes change so often that they never become monotonous.

Some railway rides are, it is true, more romantic than others, and abound with pictures. Compare with some of those monotonous journeys by rail on the Continent, through level fields, with here and there a stunted pollard in the flat miles of prosaic plain, the rush through that pleasant Kentish hop-country which M. Taine has somehow associated with the English character itself; or a trip in the early summer-time through the cider districts of Worcester and Gloucester, when the whole western land is one red and white blush of orchard blossom. The Midland whirls you to Manchester through the Peak, along the Matlock valley, and high up on terraces of limestone crag over the Wye, and the run is one panorama of "beauty-spots" to which even the tunnels give a zest. Then there is the Wye on the Great Western, and the romance of the ride by rail from Ross to Chepstow down the wooded water valley of the western land, past the rocky masses of Symonds' Yat, between towering banks of coloured foliage to Tintern Abbey, and, still through walls of wood, by the Windcliff to the tawny sands of the Bristol Channel. Are you going to Ireland? The London and North-Western carriage window frames pictures all the way from Chester to Holyhead. On one side you are playing at hide-and-seek with the sea; on the other hand the bronzed Welsh mountains look down upon the speeding train, with alternate glances of leaping stream and deep valley. Are you bound "due North"? You can stand on the balcony of a Pullman car as the Midland express pierces the savage moorland fastnesses between Settle and Carlisle, and follows the green gladness of the Eden valley. Even in a railway journey between such places as Sheffield and Manchester there lies some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in these islands; for does not that one hour's burst between the two grimy northern capitals comprehend the sylvan Deepcar valley, the waving woods of Wharncliffe, and the morose moorland slopes of Kinderscout, with a line of linked reservoirs—like Highland lochs—stretching for eight or nine miles by the side of the railway?

If the railway has its picturesque side by day, it loses none of its romance by night. There are pictures in the train still; but fire-pictures such as a Gheber would worship. An element of poetic horror surrounds the railway by night that is Dantesque. The iron districts of Staffordshire and Lancashire, Cleveland and South Wales, blighted and depressing as the train passes through them by daylight, become grand in their glare and gloom, sublimely spectacular at nightfall. The inky rivers of coal and iron become invested with classic fancies. They are Acherontic streams. The ugly slag heaps become fiery volcanoes. Look out of the carriage window now, as the midnight mail, with a shriek and a rattle and a roar, urges through the heart of the Black Country. Who are those swarthy toilers—magnified by the red mist of steam and fire until they look like giants; sinewy Anakims, swarthy Frankensteins, mighty Thors? The night air sobs with the wail and moan of beaten metal. The screech might be the cry of pain wrung from great spirits. Is this really a railway carriage in which we are seated, or

cushioned compartment in Charon's boat? Answer me, Is it the London and North-Western line, or the awful Styx bearing us away on its black bosom to Pluto's kingdom? There are the Cyclops with the flaming foreheads. What is that black heaving object but Prometheus sighing on his sulphurous rock? See! those tortured souls driven in iron chains by the Harpies. Those writhing snakes—revolving in eternal pursuit—are surely the Eumenides. Behold! in that flaming forge the one-eyed sons of Cœlus and Terra are welding the great helmet Perseus is to wear. Is it all an ugly dream? Is it only the blighted Black Country which Charles Dickens described when Little Nell and her dazed grandfather took their flight by fire through the blackened town, and the old schoolmaster came up a good Samaritan, just as the dear angel-child fell exhausted in its God-forsaken streets?

Not that it is necessary to go into the Black Country to find romance in the night-side of railways. Let us wait together in the darkness for a train at a little road-side station. Walk we up and down the deserted, wind-swept platform. The tall signal-lights seem to hang like burning planets in the lowering sky. The crimson lamps—which indicate the position of the points—shed a blood-red radiance on the cold snake-like track of glistening steel. The telegraph-poles on the side of the embankment look like phantom gibbet-posts in the gloom. The March wind sweeps along the tightened electric wires, and they respond in music, wild and weird, and, veritable strings of an Æolian harp, elicit strange melodies. What are the wild wires saying? A low quivering contralto solo steals along the line in a ripple of deep melody. Then there is a duet of shrill treble and hoarse bass; and then, as the wind rises, a full chorus of many voices, which swells into a triumphant diapason of surging sound. Now the music is a symphony of etherial sweetness; now a mournful requiem for the dead; anon it is like a sacred anthem chanted by white-robed choristers in some solemn cathedral, and then it subsides into a reminiscence of the summer sea seeking a shingly shore. The breeze increases. The wires seem endowed with human voices. Here like a suffering child's feeble moan of pain; further down the line, and near the tunnel, the voice is one of womanly supplication; then of wild, passionate entreaty; then it resembles the despairing cry of the dying; and then a ruffianly yell of savage mastery. The crimson signal-light changes to white. A rushing noise. Two red ogre eyes burning their way through the darkness. A flying volcano, with a wild shriek taking the air, as if it were the tortured cry of pain coming from the flame-frenzied spirit of Enceladus. All that is now left of the "up" express are the folds of red smoke that paint themselves against the night in weird billows of lurid colour. Right away vanishing rapidly in the distance three red tail-lamps that form a demon face. The wind—momentarily carried away by that rush and roar of fire—resumes his performance on the Æolian harp. Two more eyes come burning through the tunnel and tear the night apart. There is a grinding of the break. The station-master with his lamp bustles about. A dozen people, whom we have never seen on the platform, make a sudden appearance on the scene. We take our seats, and again the iron horse rushes forward on his fiery path.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

"BATHERS ALARMED."

By P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

ONE of the most attractive pictures of its class in the Royal Academy of 1879 was this little scene of real life idealised by one of the younger Associates, P. R. Morris. No nymphs could be more poetical than the modern girls here depicted in their graceful *déshabillé* of cambric and frills; their attitudes, unconscious, yet expressing a frolicsome flutter rather than a serious terror, are peculiarly happy and elegant. The figures are full of spring and movement, contrasting well with the stolidity of the intruding heifer; and in the matter of colour the group of maidens, with the cool translucent white of their flowing draperies, and the pearly tints of their arms and faces in the shadow of green leaves, constitute a passage of peculiar delicacy. The whole picture suggests that the artist has in painting it enjoyed a perfect luxury of refinement, form and colour throughout being equally tender and pure.

ARTISTIC IRON-WORK.

By George Wallis, F.S.A.

IRON would appear at first sight to be a most unpromising material in which to produce works of art, nor would the fact that its surface oxidises rapidly under damp and neglect give it any additional claim to the worker in metals. Yet its sober tint, its easily varied surface, its durability, if carefully attended to, and the fact that at one period it was the only metal upon which men could depend for the construction of defensive armour, have led to an expenditure of art work upon it in various ages and countries, and its application to such a variety of purposes, that the thoughtful art-student cannot fail to be interested in the results. The more so when, on careful examination, the real merits of the design and execution of the decorative iron-work of the Middle Ages, and even down to the last century in England, are recognised and understood. A love of and a weakness for old iron has characterised some of our ablest modern artist-designers—A. Welby Pugin and Digby Wyatt, for example—and one has to confess to a personal sympathy with them while living; and a respect for their devotion to this special phase of industrial art now that both are "gone before."

The smiths of the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and even eighteenth centuries were decorative artists in the best sense of the term. They understood the capabilities of their material, cold or hot, its adaptation to the various purposes required, and with unrivalled skill and handicraft power they made structure itself ornamental; so that even when decorative adjuncts formed part of the design they grew out of the construction as perfectly as the leaves and flowers grow out of the branches of a plant, or the branches grow out of the supporting stem.

The pretty story of Quentin Matsys, of Antwerp, stimulated by his love for a painter's daughter, making himself a painter to win a wife, is perhaps none the less pretty, but it is certainly the less wonderful, when we know that Matsys was an artist in iron already, and simply changed his tools and materials; for the artist-smith was already the equal of the artist-painter, whether the latter thought so or not. The South Kensington Museum collection of decorative iron-work has been the growth of many years' patient and steady search and investigation. It has never been perfectly exhibited as a collection until now that it forms an almost unique exhibition at the Bethnal Green Branch Museum. Brought together as a fitting supplement to the recent furniture collections, it deserves the special study and attention of all who really take an intelligent interest in design as applied to the industrial arts, or who care for true art-power in handicraft.

Space will not permit of more than a slight allusion to special examples, but the various sections of the collection may be usefully referred to, and remarkable features of design and workmanship briefly noted.

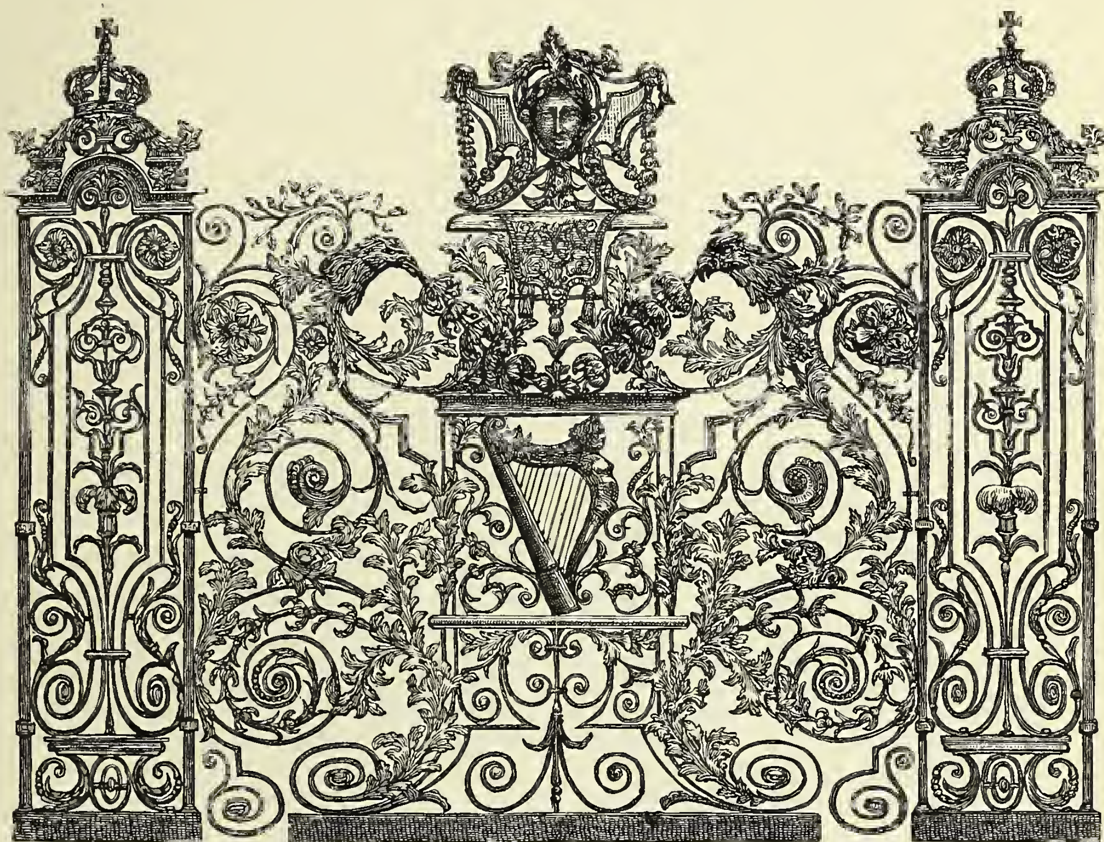
The nature of the material, whilst so susceptible to the destructive influences of wet and damp, has also been the means of preserving many examples which, had they been executed in a more valuable metal, would have been destroyed for the sake of the metal. As it was, they had the advantage of being neglected, and if placed in tolerably sheltered situations and sometimes covered, by ostentatious barbarism, with paint and gilding, the commonness of the metal preserved them from the fate which so frequently befell works in brass and bronze.

Let us now glance at the gates, screens, grilles, and gate-panels belonging to the collection. In them we find a combination of means to the end required—protection and security against surreptitious access or egress. Strength in combination with a comparatively light structure is the first point, and whatever variation of form may be attempted, all must combine to this end; and after the structure itself has taken the forms wrought to give strength and then to impart beauty, the adjuncts simply enhance both these. Of course the structure is always of forged work, hammered into shape while hot, twisted and welded when necessary, from the forge fire. Screwing and riveting are rather the expedients used for the decorative details or the more subsidiary parts; the aim of a good smith being always to make his structure as much as possible of practically one piece.

The ornamental portions may be of forged

work wrought into scrolls and tendrils, or of hammered work, "shell" work, or *repoussé*, by which bosses, knobs, flowers, etc., are formed.

The best illustration of this class of gate-screens is to be found in those from Hampton Court, of which our illustration gives an example. Part of these screens are at Bethnal Green Museum, and part of them in the architectural courts at the South Kensington Museum. They formerly stood on one side of Hampton Court Palace grounds next to the Thames, and fenced off six hundred yards, with intervals of fifty yards of wall. They were twelve in number, and perishing from rust and neglect, when the South Kensington authorities obtained permission to remove, repair, and take care of them, a proceeding duly denounced at the time as barbaric! Why not let them remain *in situ* and perish? In spite of the wind and weather of two hundred years, and the neglect and dilapidation, enough of them was left to make them worthy of restoration, as far as consistent, and of preservation for the future. These screens are thoroughly English in design and execution. Huntington Shaw, a native of Nottingham, was commissioned by King William III. to design and execute them about 1695; but as the king died before the completion of the work, or at least before the screens were paid for, the parliament of the time repudiated the debt, and Shaw, it is said, died from disappointment. Certainly he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-one, as we find a tablet outside Hampton Church recording the fact, and describing him very naïvely as "an artist in his own way," which meant that as he was neither a painter nor a sculptor, his claim to be an artist was doubtful, even in the very face of the magnificent pieces of wrought iron which his brain had conceived and his artistic hammer and chisel had enabled him to carry out. It is feared we do not act much better now-a-days by those who embellish the industrial arts by their invention, ingenuity, and skill.



IRON GATE-SCREEN.

(*From Hampton Court Palace.*)

Each screen is thirteen feet two inches wide, and ten feet six inches high. The design consists of two side panels, which afford the means

for supporting the whole by buttresses and stanchions; the decorative effort of the scroll-work which fills these panels is admirable. The central compartment, eight feet seven inches across, has a centre composed of a panel of forged iron, in itself a repetition of the form of the screen. The design in each screen is varied; and the natural emblems of England, Scotland, and Ireland—rose, thistle, and harp—are introduced. The illustration shows the Irish emblem. Some have ciphers in forged scrolls—W. and M. in combination; the cipher of William and Mary. Our illustration will best describe the remaining details of the design, all of which are wrought with consummate skill, and a power over the material which cannot be over-estimated. Occasionally the lines do not flow so harmoniously as may be desirable, but in spite of these defects, those screens are grand examples of what English workers in iron could do in the seventeenth century.

The window grilles are not very numerous, but some of them are perfect examples of geometric construction and ornamental detail; the best test being that nothing could be removed without injuring the effect of the whole. One Italian work of the sixteenth century (No. 7,805—'62) is a peculiar but simple example of repetition. It is composed of quatrefoils of forged iron, tied together with ornamental clamps. A panel of seventeenth century Venetian origin (No. 5,971—'60) is an arrangement of small scrolls in iron, forged square and graduated into flatness towards the points of the spirals, ending in a circular flattened spot, and not merely in a point. The larger sweeps of curve divide the panel into five spaces, one being central and one filling each angle. The lines dividing these give strength, add to the decorative character of the construction, and form a successful and artistic combination of lines filled in with suitable details. Other panels are equally well constructed, but have not the same decorative effect.

The pediments, balconies, and fan-lights are many of them of a very remarkable character as regards design and execution. An example of sixteenth century German work (No. 9,090—'63) is very interesting from the manner in which the delicately forged scrolls traverse each other with perfect unity of effect. The light stems, quaintly treated foliage, and the grotesque terminal figures all combine to produce an interesting work. It was evidently gilt when in use, and must have had a very striking effect. The Venetian and Flemish examples of balcony iron-work are generally very elegant, and show the skill of the art-smiths of these localities. As a fan-light of more than ordinary excellence, a German sixteenth century example (No. 1,178—'64) may be quoted. It is of semi-circular form, with a central ornament of fret-work of interlaced iron running into curves, and forming a reticulated cross in the middle, and not as is usual on the chords of the arc. From this centre the foliated scroll-work springs, the arrangement of the lines being very happy. It is suggestive of lightness and strength, and the handicraft is almost perfect. Other fan-lights repay examination from the ingenuity shown in meeting difficulties of construction without riveting or screws.

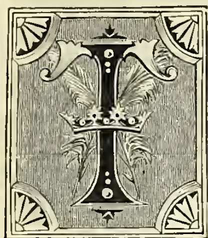
Cressets or lamp-irons, fire-dogs, fire-irons, and candelabra are another section of the useful objects which it was the business of the smiths of the Middle Ages to construct for domestic use. These were all very largely used in the lighting and warming of buildings, and the collection is of great interest alike from an artistic and antiquarian point of view. Of course few examples apply practically, in design, to modern wants, but there is an amount of suggestive detail and technical method which designers and workers in metal would do well to study.

Possibly iron chests, coffers, and caskets offered one of the largest fields for the skill and ingenuity of the workers in iron during the period which the collection chiefly illustrates. From the largest, heaviest, and rudest chest, down to the most elegant jewel-casket, we find a remarkable adaptation of construction in combination with appropriate decoration. Great delicacy of work or minuteness of detail is never to be found in large works. They are always treated boldly and in a manner which suggests strength, and when elaborate detail is aimed at, the construction and use are never lost sight of.

In short, there is no ornamentation for the mere sake of decoration. It invariably has a distinct purpose, and decorates the construction. Some of the large and plain panelled coffers are painted with devices and gilt. One, for instance (No. 4,211—'56), a sixteenth century example, has a ship, flowers, and a tree in full fruit painted upon it. This painting and gilding served a double purpose; it rendered the coffers ornamental as pieces of furniture, and preserved the iron from oxidisation. The locks, the plates of which are in themselves remarkable examples of skill in perforated and chiselled iron, usually cover the whole of the

inside of the lids, and the bolts are "shot" from a centre into the sides of the coffer. Some of the smaller coffers and caskets demand special and careful study. Many of them are admirably designed and executed, and very suggestive as regards the treatment of wrought iron in its application to modern fashions and wants. *(To be continued.)*

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.



THE history of the Basilica of St. Mark may be thus briefly stated. Previous to the ninth century its site was occupied by a church dedicated to St. Theodore, the first patron of the city, but when, in A.D. 813, the seat of government was removed to the Rialto, a Ducal palace was built, where the present one now stands, and attached to it a Ducal chapel. Fifteen years later the Venetians acquired the body of St. Mark, and to him they then dedicated the chapel, determining to rebuild it with all possible splendour. The first church, however, was destroyed by fire in 976; it was then rebuilt with the assistance of Byzantine architects on a much larger scale, the main building being completed in 1071, but not then incrusted with marble or mosaics. Thus it may be broadly said the main body of the building is Byzantine of the eleventh century, with Gothic additions in the fourteenth; as in the pinnacles, upper archivolts and window traceries of the exterior. In the seventeenth century the Gothic mosaics were destroyed over half the church, others being substituted for them, the composition of the artists of the day.

But it is the west front in which the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART will be most interested at the present time. He would indeed be a bold man who would attempt to describe it, remembering the magnificent passage in Mr. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," a description which for its subtle and poetic insight of the subject and splendour of language stands unrivalled in the whole range of literature. Considering the scarcity of the work, and its high price putting it beyond the reach of but few, I can do no better service than to transcribe it.

"Beyond those troops of ordered arches (those of the Piazza of St. Mark's) there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure-heap it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory, sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 'their bluest veins to kiss'—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers, a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstacy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."

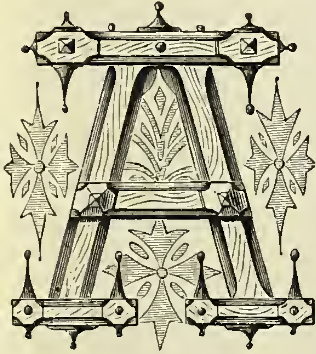
Suddenly, like a thunderclap, the news

THE WEST FRONT OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

reached England that this wondrous façade was to be destroyed. For restoration, there as elsewhere, is practically destruction. In what has been already accomplished over large portions of the basilica, the priceless mosaics and precious marbles have been pulled down and swept away, and in their places are substituted lifeless copies, entirely destitute of the spirit of the old design and colour. Artistically they are absolutely worthless. When it became known that a like doom was impending over the most prominent portion of the building, it is not going too far to say, a voice arose from the lovers of art and cultivation throughout the country. Meetings were convened by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the Artistic bodies, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, learned societies at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and other places, *The Times* and the press generally lent their columns to and supported the movement; and finally Mr. William Morris drew up a masterly memorial to the Italian Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, a document no less remarkable for its terse and vigorous English, than for the force and ability with which the case was stated. This remonstrance has been signed by a large majority of the most distinguished persons in the country—the pleading of a "nation of shopkeepers" for the preservation of one of the artistic glories of the world, built by a nation of shopkeepers, but which their *dilettante* descendants would simply render valueless.

HENRY WALLIS.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR: THE DUDLEY GALLERY.



GREATER advance than ever in the direction of quiet effects, of the harmonious treatment of grey weather, and a greater attention than ever to the study of light and tone characterise the landscape art of the younger English painters this year. That the Dudley Gallery fairly and liberally represents this school by devoting its walls principally, as was its original intention, to the works of outsiders, we believe to be the case. The pictures contributed by Academicians are few and of small size, nor would any one wish them absent, for a mixture of prominent names with those of the unknown is in every way desirable. The Dudley is a gauge of the tendencies, the impulses, the fashions of the more changeable and active among our painters, and is therefore full of a peculiar interest of its own. This being so, that it exhibits little mere eccentricity and little of the routine decorative art just now so popular and so facile is a matter of congratulation. All its marked features seem this year to be signs of healthy, sound principles and honest work. Much more of the French influence and less of the "pre-Raphaelite" is noticeable than might have been looked for from the reflex effects of the Grosvenor Gallery. The landscapes are really so excellent that it is hardly possible to stand before any space of the wall without taking in one or more of the numerous little bits of well-valued light and tone; and nowhere, perhaps, is the eye displeased by the crudities, violences, and insincerities of landscape colour which it has taken us as a nation so long to outgrow. We call them insincerities because there can be no doubt that the deliberate way in which so many artists have induced themselves to do violence to the reserve and repose of nature in the matter of colour is not simply sincere. To cite the commonest instance; it was almost impossible some years ago to find the greys of nature painted without some adulteration of violet or blue; but the Dudley Gallery is now full of broad, simple, and honest greys, and their presence is one great source of the charm of the collection. In the order of numbers the first canvas to call for record is Mr. C. W. Wyllie's "Poole Harbour," one of those unaccentuated effects in which the horizontal spaces of water and sky are expressed by no contrast of near and distant tones, but by the very vaguest and gentlest differences. This is not easy to achieve, but it has here been done felicitously. "Dolce Far Niente," by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, is exceptionally skilful as one of those arrangements of charming tints which are so easy, in the present state of taste, to come by. The right key of colour having been once struck, peacock blues, good yellows, golden greys, and tawny olives being the established fashion, it does not require the gift of a great colourist to combine these more or less delight-

fully; so much the better that a great deal of pleasure should thus be added to the world. As we have said, however, Mr. Waterhouse's little work is unusually clever in colour, if the composition—a woman lying on the ground, foreshortened, with her head to the spectator—is somewhat too fantastically imitated from the peculiarities of Mr. Alma-Tadema's work. Mr. G. E. Cook's "Porlock Harbour" is full of quiet power; and a word of praise must be given to Mr. Heywood Hardy's horses in "Pleasant Company makes the Way Short." Another animal picture, and one of quite extraordinary cleverness, is Mr. Briton Riviere's "Cave Canem," a wonderfully well-painted pup, shapeless, uncertain of movement, and pink of skin, sitting in a very feeble one-sided manner (an admirably well-caught attitude) at the top of some steps. Granting that much of the point of the picture lies in the title, which in strictness ought never to be the case, there is humour enough in the dog himself, whose character is given with an appreciation which borrows nothing from farce. The execution is altogether excellent. Among other landscapes showing his own peculiar merits of breadth and harmony, Mr. Leslie Thomson exhibits "Evening, Brittany;" while M. Léon Lhermitte contributes one of his inimitable studies of out-door tone in "Le Marché de Château-Tierry," a composition full of figures. One of the most fresh, harmonious, and powerful works which we have seen from Mr. Collinson's brush is the little picture of "Streatley Church," and "A Thames Study," his second picture, is also good. Mr. Aumonier, whose very pleasant combination of breadth with occasional fine detail has been so noticeable for many years at the Academy and elsewhere, exhibits "South Cove Common, Suffolk," a fine study of rainy colour and tone, and "Wild Flowers," in which the foreground growth is admirably executed. Mr. J. W. B. Knight is always original, and not less so than usual in his striking landscape, "River Meads;" while Mr. Cyrus Johnson has produced one of the truest effects of showery weather we have ever seen in his "Wet Day," a thoroughly fresh and honest bit of nature. Mr. Yeames' "Playtime" is a group of children, probably portraits. Mr. Ernest Waterlow's picture of a "Thames-side Farm" is in his usual somewhat dry manner, with a rather heavy atmosphere, but artistic and serious in feeling. A very praiseworthy resolution is Mr. E. Buckman's to show modern every-day pursuits in their real picturesqueness. This year he has chosen the felicitous subject of a railway cutting with the navvies at work (see page 120), and he enforces his idea by the quotation of a line of poetry—a practice which is fast decreasing with the increase of poetry in the pictures; not that Mr. Buckman's work lacks sufficient suggestiveness in itself. The attitudes are from nature; even such simple things cannot be imagined, but must be taken from life if they are to look true.

THE NOVEL.

(*By George Clausen.*)

As we make our necessarily slight notes we are only too keenly conscious of little pictures on the line, and above it and below it, which in justice ought to receive careful consideration. Such modest and artistic little works are Mr. Arthur E. Ball's "Sober Evening," and Mr. E. F. Brewtnall's "End of Day;" and these are only representatives of a very large class.

REPROACHES.

(By Herbert Schmalz)

"Cornish Trawlers at Rest," by Mr. G. F. Munn, arrests attention by its strong effect of water, buildings, and sky. Mr. Fred. Morgan is as sunny as usual in his "Gleaners;" and Mr. C. Napier Henry as fresh and true as ever in "A Fair Wind Out." With a glance at another charming little work, "A Grey Morning, Mount's Bay," by Mr. Henry Martin; at Mr. Pownoll Williams' thoroughly artistic passage of river scenery; at Mr. MacWhirter's impressive moonlight scene, "Old Rome;" and at Mr. White's beautiful quiet study "Frae the Pleugh," we are arrested by the golden sunshine, the movement, and the charming animal-drawing of Mr. Tom Lloyd's rustic scene, "Who's left the Gate open?" a corn-field full of bound sheaves, into which some frolicsome calves have found their way to their own extreme satisfaction, for they are feasting their young appetites. This artist's pictures are certainly as pleasure-giving as any known to us; he exhibits "A Midsummer Evening" also, a larger work, less impulsive than the above, and full of his usual fine qualities. In direct contrast is Mr. Mark Fisher's vaporous "September Day;" this able painter's works are so monotonous as to suggest manufacture. "In the Heat of the Day," by Miss Alice Havers, contains well-suggested if rather veiled sunshine. "The Stream," by Mr. R. C. Minor, contains evidences of the handling of a thoroughly well-taught artist who has perfected his manner in the Continental schools. Miss Beatrice Meyer has exchanged the somewhat ascetic blackness she once affected for a rich and powerful scheme of colour in her small picture, "In Rome—Leading to the Campidoglio." The actions of her figures are, as usual with her, peculiarly true. Another lady artist, Mrs. Louise Jopling, contributes two life-like portraits; and yet another, Mrs. Perugini, exhibits a pretty little study of a child in a poke-bonnet. Mr. Percy Macquoid sends a single work, hardly representative of his vigorous powers of painting—a little bit of orchard scenery. Every exhibition at the Dudley expects to be honoured by some small but not slight example—for nothing from his hand is slight—of Mr. Alma-Tadema's inimitable art. In the present instance a subject

AN EGYPTIAN PRIEST AND SCRIBE.

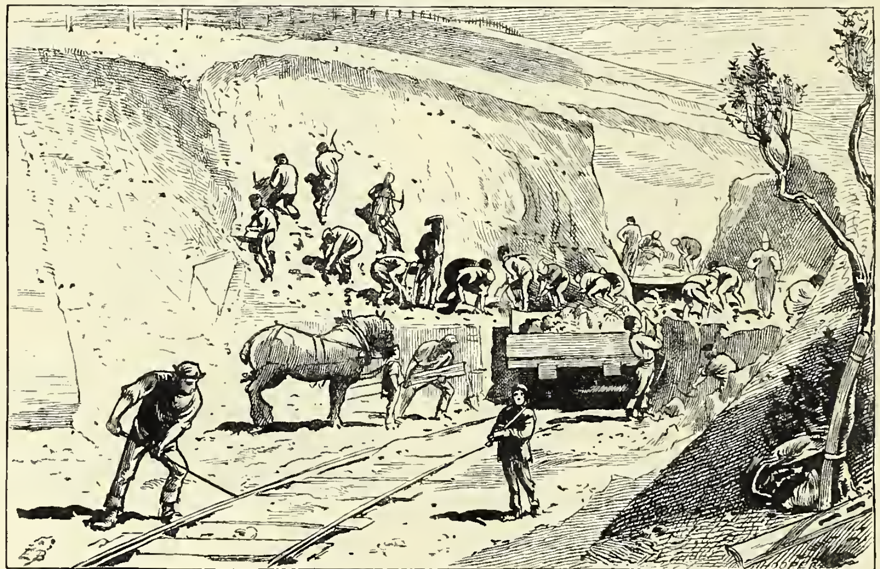
(By F. A. Bridgman.)

more than negatively uninteresting, and an unexplained and inexplicable title, should not

detract from the charm of exquisite painting in the water and the grey marbles. The only

GLEANERS.
(*By Fred. Morgan.*)

figure in "A Safe Confident" (*sic*) is a woman wading waist-deep, and only clothed by her dark hair, through the limpid water of a bath or grotto. A single work also is from the brush of Mr. Colin Hunter—a broad and vigorous sea and shore study called "The Naturalist;" while a small picture of an orchard in full spring—Mr. Alfred Parson's "Crabbed Age and Youth"—is excellent in its intended contrast of the hoary old apple-trees with the blossoms which are showered all over them like snow; this little work is very effective; we might perhaps take some exception to the heroic size of the blossoms. Miss Hilda Montalba's "Crab-Baskets" has a subdued luminosity, and though simple almost to a fault in materials, is a very attractive little combination of Venetian sea and boat. Mr. Hamilton Macallum gives us in "Herring-Curers" one of his favourite seas—of which, however, we have seen lovelier examples. Mr. George Clausen adopts this year the prevailing fashion of painting studio-arrangements of decorative drapery: "The Novel" contains a combination of orange-colour and pale green, and is very closely lighted. Another little picture of this ornamental school, and pleasant in tint and tone, is Mr. Alfred Ward's "Regrets." "Reproaches," by Mr. Herbert Schmalz, is an intelligent and fresh study, in a somewhat low tone, of Swiss scenery—a chalet with snowy peaks beyond; the figures are subordinate. Miss H. Corkran sends a striking and artistic figure of "An Old Monk," and there is good colour in Miss Edith Hipkins' "Clavichord and Cither." Mr. F. A. Bridgman, who follows somewhat on the successful lines of Mr. Edwin Long, A.R.A., contributes two striking works, entitled respectively "In the Sand" and "An Egyptian Priest and Scribe," the latter being the subject of one of our sketches. "On the Sod" is an admirable canvas from Mr. William Magrath, one of the many American artists who are adding more every year to the variety of our exhibitions, and in whose works, if there is generally nothing that can be looked upon as racy of their own soil, there is much evidence of mature French, Belgian, and Bavarian training.



A RAILWAY CUTTING.
(*By E. Buckman.*)

"THE CONDITION OF TURKEY."

(From the Picture by P. R. Morris, A.R.A., exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1879.)

See page 149.)

WOOD ENGRAVING.—VII.

WHEN endeavouring to invigorate the now feeble constitution of wood engraving, it must be our business to avoid the error referred to at the close of my last paper, and the whole aim of this essay has been to discover what constitutes its natural province. With this object in view, I have tried to establish a few points which it may be useful here to summarise. In the first place, what are the undoubted peculiarities of the material as compared with copper, stone, &c.? There seem to be two.

1. As regards the mode of representing natural effects, this is done by *removing lights*, not, as in other materials, by drawing or engraving the darks.

2. As regards the method of operation (*i.e.*, the nature of the tool and manner of using it), the removal of lights is effected by cutting or carving away *spaces*—lines not being essential, as in most other materials, though attainable where they are needed, as for contours or for the expression of intermediate tints between black and white.

From these two conditions we derive the following rules:—

1. Since wood engraving consists of cutting out lights, we shall fail to discover its capacities if we confine ourselves to copying designs produced by the opposite method of drawing the darks.

2. If such designs be made with due consideration for the nature of the material, this defect will merely be negative. The work may contain some valuable and characteristic qualities, though others will remain untried.

3. If the nature of the material is wholly disregarded, we are abandoning altogether the art of wood engraving, and substituting for it an attempt to produce clumsy imitations of pen-and-ink drawing on an unsuitable material.

4. Since the carving of the lights is the distinguishing characteristic of wood engraving, that style will be most truly adapted to it which depends chiefly on its sculpturesque and clear-cut forms.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

A question now arises which so far has not been touched upon in this essay. It has been seen that the chief discoveries in wood engraving were made by a man who was both artist and engraver, who executed his own designs. Is this combination essential to success? I would fain hope not, for it is certainly rare for a man of original inventive power to confine himself to one material of limited capacity, and it appeared to me that if this essay was not to be

confined to simple criticism, I must attempt some practical solution of the difficulty. I thought that the best substitute for such a rare combination as existed in the case of Bewick would be attained by the intimate association of artist and engraver, so as to develop as complete an understanding as possible on all points, technical and artistic. I owe my thanks to the publishers of this Magazine for the facilities they have given me, and to the engraver for his cordial co-operation in the joint experiments we have been making.

In submitting these to the reader, I cannot too strongly urge that they are of necessity merely experiments. Success is only to be attained by long personal acquaintance with the material, and cannot attend the first attempts. A critical examination of early and modern wood-cuts might enable one to theorise and to point out where the beauties peculiar to wood are to be sought, but to give a practical character to the suggestions I am offering in this chapter, I felt that we must make a beginning ourselves. With this view the engraver executed in great part his admirable copies of Bewick in my studio, so that we were able to examine his methods point by point, and after these were done I furnished him with some studies of my own, discussing with him the best means of expressing the various effects; and, thanks to his skill and to our being entirely agreed as to the first principles of the art, I do not hesitate to offer them as interesting pieces of workmanship, since, in so describing them, I am only doing justice to the engraver's ability. But as bearing on the question of what should be the aim of wood engraving, it seems to me that the first three err in attempting too much. Keeping in mind the principles which I had derived from the examination of other work, I aimed in the study of foliage (page 123) at expressing what I saw by seizing on the salient lights, and the engraver has done all I could wish in the way of cutting out the forms clearly on the dark grounds. In the second version of this subject I proposed to show how different an effect could be produced by changing the mode of execution. Adopting the method used by Bewick in his two horses in the rain (vol. ii., page 285), and keeping the distant deep shadows much lighter, the engraver has succeeded in conveying the effect of a mist while copying the same original, as in Fig. 1.

The sleeve of figured silk was undertaken to see to what extent a considerable variety of tint could be attained without sacrificing the clearly defined forms, which I feel to be the most valuable quality in wood engraving.

Fig. 3.

In all three my drawings were executed in water-colour, and the mode of interpreting these was arranged by discussion between the engraver and myself. The excellence of the execution is due, I need not say, to his dexterity and skill, and I must leave it to others to judge of the general value of the results; but I may state that they have confirmed in me the belief that it is a mistake to make the interest of the work depend too much on the varieties of tint, that these effects can be excelled on other materials, and that they to some extent hinder the attainment of the clear-cut sculpturesque forms, in which wood ought to be pre-eminent. In the poppy we have made this the first consideration, and I hope this cut will be felt to possess more individuality than the others, and to separate itself more from engraving on copper and other methods.

I have remarked already that it is not possible on wood to obtain the same interesting qualities in the darkest shadows as have been produced on copper—for instance, Dürer's best engravings on this material. Any attempt to give subtlety to full blacks on wood results only in a spotty rotten appearance, not in

transparency. In my opinion a limit of this kind ought to be frankly accepted, and the skill of the artist should be shown by so treating his work as to make us forget the limit, not by unsuccessful efforts to overstep it. In the background of the poppy I have left large black spaces as an illustration of this point, and I ought to reremark that, were it not a diagrammatic example of the capabilities and limits of the material, I should fill much of these spaces with the leaves in shadow so as to break up the masses of black.

I must here draw these observations to a close. Such views as I have expressed are the result of careful thought, and certainly of sincere conviction. If I have shown that I differ widely from most persons now engaged in designing or engraving on wood, I hope it will be clear that I do not undervalue their skill or devotion to their work. The aim I believe to be too often a mistaken one, and having given my reasons for thinking so, I must now leave my readers to form their own judgment on the evidence.

Fig. 4.

The publishers of The Magazine of Art have shown me some eminently favourable specimens of modern wood engraving, from which I select two (pp. 126–7) that fully bear out all I have said of the excellence in design and the ingenuity and skill in workmanship often to be found in the present day in this branch of art.

Internal evidence seems to show that in each cut the artist has worked with the brush, finishing with the point, so that the engraver has been nearly free to select his own method of expressing the effects, and I think it will be felt that the results are successful. Compare these with some of the many popular illustrations which have been fac-similed from pen-and-ink or pencil drawings, and the difference will be seen at once. These have a distinct individuality, and could not be imitated in pen-and-ink or indeed in any other material, while the others can have nothing but what was already in the pen-and-ink original, and give but a poor imitation of that.

If there is anything to criticise in the *tech-*

nique of these cuts, it seems to be not in the manner of expressing the effects, but in the choice of the effects to be expressed. It is doubtful whether the tendency to seek effects uncongenial to a material can ever be guarded against unless the artist has practised engraving himself. If a painter spends much time in designing for wood, he ought to work as much as possible with the engraver, sometimes working on the block himself, and then he would instinctively seek effects which would be in harmony with the genius of the material. Sketchiness is no more natural to wood than to sculpture, and though the sketchiness of these cuts is infinitely preferable to the cross-hatched sketchiness of fac-simile work,

(Specimen selected by the Author of this paper to illustrate the Modern Style of Wood Engraving.)

Drawn by Charles Green. *Engraved by* M. Klinkicht.

Fig. 5.

something different from this must be aimed at before the resources of wood can be developed. In a sketch with the brush one would not have asked for more, but in a wood-cut it is *cutting* that we should have. Mr. Dicksee has given us much more of it in the dress of his very graceful figure in Fig. 6. When it is universally recognised that the worst thing that a wood engraver can do is to imitate a drawing executed with the pen, the art will have made a great stride; but it must still be remembered that the imitation of brush-work is not the best thing he can aim at. He has not to draw black lines, neither has he to *wash* light spaces, but he has to carve out light spaces; therefore sculpturesque lights are the things that belong to him, and to him only. When he rightly values this possession we shall have a real school of wood engraving.

HENRY HOLIDAY.

(Specimen selected by the Author of this paper to illustrate the Modern Style of Wood Engraving.)

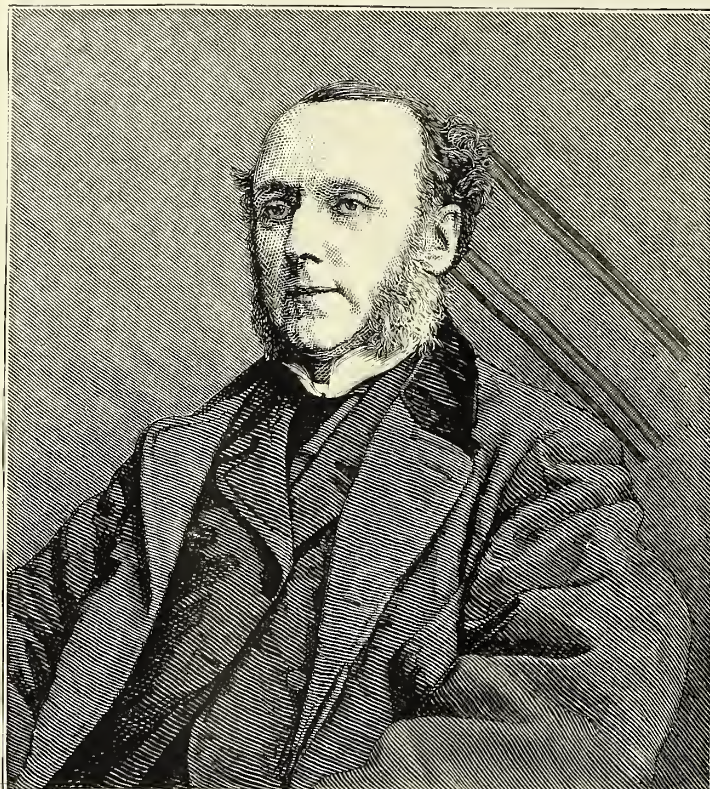
Drawn by FRANK DICKSEE. *Engraved by* M. KLINKICHT.

Fig. 6.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

JAMES SANT, R.A.

TO record the names alone of the distinguished people who sit to a portrait-painter of Mr. Sant's eminence and experience would fill columns. Beyond, therefore, referring as chronologically as may be to a few of the most noteworthy of his sitters, no attempt will be made in this outline of his career to give a complete account or list of his works.



Yrs truly
Jas Sant

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra.)

James Sant, created "Principal Painter in Ordinary to the Queen" in 1871, first saw the light at Croydon, in Surrey, on April 23rd, 1820, and within such a span of years it would have been hardly possible, perhaps, for any artist in the pursuit of his profession to have come into contact with a greater number of distinguished men, and noble and beautiful women, or to have been more completely absorbed, as it were, by that circle of society into which his avocations led him.

By the time he was eight years of age, the mysterious instinct which stirs a youngster to demonstrate, automatically though it may be, the propensities which are in him, began to assert itself, and the first evidence of the born artist appeared in a very interesting fashion.

It seems there was extant in the family a most beautiful sketch in pencil by Edwin Landseer, made at Duppas Hill, Croydon, of young Sant's paternal grandfather, an old gentleman of eighty, mounted on a certain

wonderful cob. The child became fascinated to a remarkable degree by this drawing, and after the manner of his *genus* in such cases was for ever making rude attempts to copy it. He never grew tired of the amusement—it was his love, his delight; and by degrees, after dozens of attempts, he produced a really admirable copy.

"This was my first love in art," says Mr. Sant, "and I really think I imbibed my first taste for it from this fact." The power which he thus discovered he possessed of reproducing the likeness of a person of whom, doubtless, he was very fond, and with whose personal appearance and characteristics his observant boyish eyes were thoroughly familiar, was sufficient to lend additional zest to the pursuit, and may have started that inclination towards portraiture which has resulted in the achievement by the painter of his present position. However this may be, the incident is surely an interesting and appropriate one for the outset of a portrait-painter's life, and as Landseer's original sketch has been perpetuated by the *burin* of Charles Turner, A.R.A., an eminent engraver of those days, it is natural to suppose that it possesses a significance in the Sant family beyond its mere artistic merits. The natural bent towards art displayed by the painter in his early days was first fostered and cultivated by that eminent patriarch of the English school of painting, John Varley, whilst later on, another renowned master of the British school, Sir A. Callcott, R.A., carried forward by his refined instruction the good work begun by Varley. Thus prepared, young Sant became a student at the Royal Academy, and during the course of the four years in which he worked at the schools in Trafalgar Square, laid the foundation for that success which has been so marked a feature in the history of modern portraiture.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

(By James Sant, R.A.)

When he was fairly launched on his career, his marriage, in 1851, with the daughter of the late Dr. R. M. W. Thomson, Staff-Surgeon, Calcutta, must have had no small influence in confirming the bent of his mind, and in keeping up the tone of elegant refinement in which it was moulded by nature. All who have the privilege of the lady's acquaintance will be fully convinced of this.

Very rarely is it that a young artist starts with the idea of becoming a portrait-painter only. He generally drifts into it by reason of some

early success in making a likeness, and eventually, by the mere force of circumstances, abandons himself all but entirely to this lucrative branch of art. Such has been the case conspicuously with our present subject, who, years ago, found himself obliged to yield to the force of fashionable favour which pressed in upon him from all sides, allowing him by degrees less and less opportunity for exercising his ability as a painter of subject pictures. One can hardly fail to regret this to some extent when one recalls the grace and poetry which he infused into such early works as "Dick Whittington," "The Infant Samuel" (painted in 1853), "Little Red Riding Hood," "Morning and Evening," "She never told her love," "Harmony," "The Young Minstrels," "Saxon Women," "The Boy Shakespeare," "The Miller's Daughter," "Young Steele," etc. The engravings from many of these, however, afford delightful and lasting proofs of the range of Mr. Sant's abilities, whilst the skill he displays in the treatment of child-life, and by which he is so widely known, renders all his portraits of children nearly as attractive to the stranger as they can possibly be to the friends and relatives of the little sitters themselves. The same may almost be said of some of his pictures of people of larger growth, for he never omits to introduce any appropriate incident which can heighten the interest of the canvas, and which in many instances has the effect of turning into subject pictures what in less cunning hands would be nothing more than ordinary likenesses of ladies or gentlemen. We may point to a very remarkable example of this, as displayed in the picture painted (1858) of Lord Cardigan bending over a map and explaining the charge of Balaklava to the Prince Consort, the Royal Children, the Duchess of Wellington, and Lord Rivers, in the corridor of Windsor Castle. So far back as 1861 there was exhibited at the French Gallery what is known as the Strawberry Hill collection of Mr. Sant's works. These consisted of no less than twenty-two of the friends and relatives of the late lamented and eminently appreciative Countess of Waldegrave, amongst whom, besides the lady herself, and for whom the rest were painted, were the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Westminster, the Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Countess of Shaftesbury, the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, Lord Lyndhurst, the Marchioness of Clanricarde, M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, Countess Morley, Earl Grey, and Bishop Wilberforce.

Here in itself we have a wealth of blue blood sufficient to link renown with the name of any artist to whom the task of portraying fair women and brave men falls as a career, and when we remember the high standard of merit at which the pictures *as* pictures are rated, we can understand that the Royal Academicians were glad to be able conscientiously to add the fashionable portrait-painter to the ranks of their associates, as they did soon after the exhibition of the Strawberry Hill collection in 1861.

Ignorant and fiercely democratic modern art-critics who, at times, are pleased to speak with a contemptuous sneer of certain artists as "only portrait-painters" (especially if they be fashionable), should be here reminded that some of the grandest and most remarkable works of the renowned individuals known by the names of Holbein, Vandyke, Titian, Rubens, Joshua Reynolds, and many others, are "only portraits."

Naturally the professional life of a man in this position would seem to lie over a path of roses. It is one ever increasing, we may imagine, in the pleasure of its surroundings, albeit to chronicle each step might be tedious. That one, however, which brought Mr. Sant on to the firm ground of full membership of the Royal Academy must be noted. It was in 1870 that he achieved this distinction, due of course mainly to a succession of meritorious portraits, but also in no small degree to a picture exhibited in the preceding year (1869) of some Mentonese children, and called "Applicants for a Sou," and of which we are happy to be able, through the artist's kindness, to present an engraving. It is a matter for congratulation that he never quite abandons his old love, and gives us from time to time, as in this instance, beautiful and characteristic heads which, not being mere portraits, have their own poetic tale to tell, woven for them by Mr. Sant, from his inner artistic consciousness. The same year the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold both sat to him; and in 1871, on his appointment as Court painter, he was very naturally commissioned to paint a picture of Her Majesty with the Prince of Wales' three eldest children—and also a portrait of the Queen for the Turkish Embassy. Amongst other contributions in 1871, which included portraits of Viscount Sandon and Earl Russell, we had another of his charming so-called "fancy subjects" in the shape of his diploma picture, entitled "The Schoolmaster's Daughter." In 1872 he had executed

the royal commission, and the portrait of the Queen, with the Princes Albert Victor and George and the Princess Victoria of Wales, was of course the most noteworthy of the canvases he exhibited that year. Portraits alone marked 1873, but in 1874 one of the prettiest and most fascinating of Mr. Sant's interpretations of child-life appeared. This was entitled "Peaches," and from the conspicuous position it occupied on the walls of Burlington House, and from the general admiration which it elicited, will still be fresh in the memory of most observant visitors, for it must have tempted many, if not to steal the dainty fruit, at least to kiss the sweet baby face which rivalled it in bloom. Portrait as it was of his own youngest child, it was yet a great deal more, and the canvas formed a striking example of Mr. Sant's peculiar gift in grasping all that is lovable and beautiful in a child's face. From that year up to the present no Academy exhibition has been without a subject picture from our painter's facile hand. Alternating with the counterfeit presentments of more fair women or their lords, amongst whom we find the names of "Mrs. Johnston Stansfeld," "Mademoiselle Zaré Thalberg," "Lady Marjoribanks of Ladykirk," "The Lady Harlech," "Mrs. W. B. Eastwood and Children," "Mrs. Surtees of Redworth," "Lady Frances Bushby," "John Monckton, Esq." (painted for the Town Hall, Manchester, by public subscription), "The Lord Glamis," "Major Le Gendre of Huntroyde," "The Hon. Mortimer Tollemache," etc.—alternating, we say, with these portraits and others, Mr. Sant has, during the past five years, added largely to his reputation, by giving us canvases, the character of which may be shrewdly guessed by those who have not been fortunate enough to see them, from such titles as "The Early Post," "Maidens should be mild and meek, swift to hear and slow to speak," "Gleanings," "Little Sarah," and "Adversity." This last-named picture, which has become very generally known from its many and varied reproductions, is, to the generality of people, full of pathos and tenderness of feeling, which certainly makes us regret that our portrait-painter does not more often set himself to stir the profounder emotions of our nature. It shows that his powers are far from limited to expressing mere superficial traits and beauties. He could, we imagine, move us very deeply, and touch other of our feelings than those of love and admiration, to which he is so constantly and successfully appealing.

It has been well said by a thoughtful writer, that "a portrait-painter has all the advantages an historian can have, with a task incomparably less arduous, his subject being so definite, and of such narrow compass." Farther on he continues, "The artist has the features set before him, and is to breathe life and characteristic expression into them: a life which shall have the calm of permanence, not the fitful flush of the moment; an expression which shall exhibit the entire and enduring character, not the casual predominance of any one temporary feeling." An example of how our limner carries out this exposition of the aim of portraiture is afforded by our illustration, "Portrait of a Lady" (page 129), as all who have ever seen the original will admit. The imaginative side of Mr. Sant's powers also completely tallies with the views held on this head by the same writer. "When the artist makes use of a living head, however, in representing one of his dramatical or poetical personages, he does not set it on the canvas in its bare outward reality, but idealises it. He takes its general form and outlines, and animates it with the character and feelings which he wishes to express, purifying it from whatever is at variance with them."

Decidedly imbued with the spirit of some of the best of our earlier portrait-painters, but without falling into plagiarism, he imparts to all he touches a delicious sense of refinement and high breeding. He contrives to bring into prominent light the purest and most lovable characteristics of his various sitters, making you say to yourself involuntarily, after looking at his work, "What nice people Mr. Sant always gets to sit to him!" His children, we repeat, are simply delightful, and it is impossible not to surmise that the delineation of child-life, with its unstudied grace and perfect freedom from self-consciousness, is especially congenial to him. Indeed, the domesticity of his nature, and the frank affectionate tone which pervades his family circle, would lead all who have the privilege of looking in upon it to understand why he paints as he does. The essence of an artist's labours not unfrequently, in a subtle sense, resembles himself, his home and its surroundings, besides being the outcome of his character and inner life. Upon the canvases of our present subject this spirit is distinctly visible, and not seldom something more than the spirit, for it would be impossible that he should not avail himself professionally of the resources granted to him in the bevy of beauty that clusters round his own fireside.

Looking back over the numerous well-known and truly admirable works of our artist, it is no wonder that he took his place long ago in

"APPLICANTS FOR A SOU" (MENTONESE CHILDREN).

(From the Painting by James Sant, R.A., exhibited in 1869 at the Royal Academy.)

the first rank of his profession. He has gauged his own powers most completely, and has not perilled his reputation by attempts at sensational domestic scenes or grand historical groups.

He may fairly rest content with the knowledge that the young generations to come will point with delight and pleasure to the portraits of their mothers and grandmothers which he has limned, and with a little smile of secret self-complacency will hope that they have inherited a share of that beauty and grace so pleasantly handed down to them by the dexterous and brilliant brush of James Sant, R.A.

W. W. Fenn.

ON SOME OF THE "SIGHTS" OF LONDON.—II.

IN saying that the *best* plan is to leave the pedestals of our public statues quite plain, I must of course be understood to mean that the *safest* way for us at present is so to do. If you can command the genius of a Grinling Gibbons, you may confidently leave your pedestal to him. The beauty and appropriateness of the carvings on the pedestal of the statue of the Royal martyr at Charing Cross, and the exquisite effect of the ensemble, need no eulogy from me; nor are the elaborate traceries and arcadings of our mediæval tombs felt to detract from the interest which attaches to the recumbent figure of churchman or warrior which they enclose and protect. But one of the difficulties of the present day is, that sculptors of the Grinling Gibbons order —if we could get them—consider it beneath their dignity to exercise their talents upon such accessories as those above adverted to. These are left to another class of men, somewhat invidiously designated "carvers;" and one reason why the earlier work is uniformly so satisfactory as a *whole* is, no doubt, to be found in the fact that the whole was the work of one mind and hand, and that the execution, or at least the design and direction of no portion of the work was considered as a degradation to the artist. The modern separation of sculpture from carving has made it almost impossible to embellish our public buildings to any great extent with works of sculpture; for while the carver under the above system necessarily takes a lower view of his functions, his work never rises to the highest level; and on the other hand, the works of the sculptor proper having been designed and wrought in the studio, and not *in situ*, are in most cases ill adapted for the purpose and position they are intended eventually to fill. The statue which is to be exhibited in a gallery must be true in *form*, whereas if niched in the upper storey of a building it must be true only in *effect*—a truth only to be obtained by artful exaggeration of prominences and depressions. This art the sculptor has, under existing arrangements, no opportunity of acquiring. It has been urged, by writers of the greatest weight in matters artistic and architectural, that all architecture proper is in fact sculpture, that the sculpture and the painting are the all in all, and that the architect who is not a painter or a sculptor is only a "frame-maker on a large scale."

But the subject is one which will yield us no profit if discussed in the abstract; and the only justification for taking it up at all is, that we may find in the consideration of it some guidance under the conditions of our age and time.

Now we have, fortunately, some recent attempts to supplement "frame-making on a large scale" with sculpture, and so we have provided for us data for assessing the result both as to the ability of our sculptors to provide us with suitable statues for the adornment of our more important buildings, and also as to the propriety of calling in their aid in such a climate as ours.

The new University Buildings in Burlington Gardens afford an example of the employment of statuary in combination with refined architecture, and the result is very satisfactory indeed up to a certain point. The subjects are admirably chosen and arranged. They have one and all been extremely well and suitably designed. They are agreeably diversified in posture and grouping, are neither too numerous nor too few, and while accentuating portions of the structure have been so disposed over the façade as to give dignity and balance to the whole. The designer, whose delicate and cultivated taste is shown in all his works, has succeeded in so managing the "frame-making" part of the business as to exhibit the sculptor's

work to the best advantage possible. But for all this, the result is in some respects far from encouraging. The philosophers who profit by the friendly shelter of the lower niches have preserved their complexions, and with them their decorum. But alas! for the seated figures over the portico. The imperceptible but constant shower of blacks has "marred the work of artisan and mason;" the sooty particles have filled up and obliterated all the lineaments divine traced by the sculptor's chisel; and the piebald worthies sit like a petrified row of badly-washed Christy Minstrels—"half disarrayed as to their rest." This is what happens under favourable condition: look you now what follows. At another recent public building on a much larger scale, a somewhat similar experiment has been tried, and the result, if not sad, would be positively laughable. The master-hand is nowhere discernible. The statues were apparently designed in studios, and quite irrespective of the positions they were eventually to occupy. They are nearly all too tall for their niches by head and shoulders, and the niches are too narrow for such tall fellows. Their broad shoulders cannot be squeezed into the incapable niches, and their great feet overhang the puny pedestals beneath them. When the sooty shroud shall have enwrapped these forlorn ones, we shall doubtless see some rare effects, but the only good that can come from this experiment is a warning not to repeat it. If we must have statues outside our buildings in great towns, where alone it is probable buildings can afford to be so adorned, they must be well covered and sheltered by ample niches; and they must, moreover, be ranged at such a level that they may be seen pretty much as the sculptors who designed them saw and wrought them.

We cannot expect Sir Frederick Leighton to mount a scaffold and employ his genius in carving athletes for us on the acroteria or in the pediments of our public buildings, knowing well that all the lights and shades wrought by the cunning of his chisel will speedily be destroyed, and his work rendered ridiculous by the atmosphere in which it is exposed.

We shall, I suppose, some day become alive to the fact that the only suitable material for the decoration of the exteriors of buildings in our towns must have a vitrified surface, and that the only ornament which will hold its own in spite of our soot-laden atmosphere must be in low relief, set off perhaps by a background of quiet colour. If, however, the interiors of our public buildings were fittingly made the receptacles of our public statues, a great gain would be effected in many ways. The statues would be preserved from defilement by the weather; they would be seen, for the most part, at the same level and under the same conditions of light, etc., as their sculptors saw them. They would be seen *less frequently*, and so would gain in interest when seen; and an awakened scrutiny in the beholders would compel the sculptors to pay more attention to truth of *character* in their figures. Moreover, the costume difficulty would be in part met.

Our sculptors, it is true, no longer drape their modern senators in the Roman toga. This is felt to be too absurd. But the modern head-gear is a difficulty which they have not overcome. The Greek would carve you a figure in a "wide-awake," but our statues of public men occupy the public places all through the bitter weather—

"Like Julius Cæsar or Nebuchadnezzar
Without any *hats* on in the open air."

The portrait-painters have not only completely surmounted the difficulties of our modern costume, but they have of recent years developed such a gift of portraiture in its higher walks, that amongst the pictures of the year none are more attractive or more eagerly scrutinised than portraits by artists whose names will be in every one's remembrance. But something of the feeling of a past age seems to attach itself to the works of the sculptor, and the "great manner" appears to have found its last stronghold in his practice.

There is in the new Palace at Westminster, amongst statues of men whom I never could have known, the statue of one whom I did know. As a youth it was my great good fortune to be employed in the office of Sir Charles Barry, a perfect gentleman and a most consummate artist. I have seen him many times in many moods. But I never saw him "strike an attitude" as his "counterfeit presentment" is doing under the roof he reared. I cannot conceive of him as capering behind a sketch-block and darting at it with a pencil like that. I feel convinced he never could have planned his great building as he is there represented planning it. If I had entered his room and found him in that condition, I should have felt with Bob Cratchit, when old Scrooge volunteered to raise his salary, that there was something amiss. The "architect and surveyor" of the stage is sufficiently unnatural, but this statue is even more so. The sight of it summons up a picture of a quite different artist, "by whose bedside there

stood always ready a round table, whereon were divers sheets of paper, instruments, etc., in case an architectural idea came into Mr. Pecksniff's head in the night; in which event he would instantly leap out of bed and fix it for ever." I have seen Sir Charles Barry's method of work, and this way was *not* his way. The face is the face of Barry, but the style is the style of Pecksniff.

The memory of a great man is outraged by perpetuating in marble this acrobatic travestie of one who was singularly modest and undemonstrative in all his habits, "for myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the art he professed."

If this exaggerated and quasi Michaelangelesque manner is not necessary to the painter, it is no more necessary to the sculptor. There was a time when the portrait-painters followed the same craze, but the Member of Parliament with the red curtain in the foreground, and the storm of thunder and lightning going on while he calmly points to the silver inkstand on the table, is a thing of the past. "Paint me *as I am*," said Cromwell; "if you leave out the scars and wrinkles you shall have nothing." "Carve me *as I am*," should be the instruction of every patron, "and leave aside all your preconceived ideas of the *great* manner and its classical traditions," and we may some day have a school of contemporary sculpture which shall claim fellowship with the school of English portraiture, and "have those claims allowed."

To return to our friends the statues. Many of my readers will remember one of poor Leech's incomparable drawings which appeared at the close of the *first* great Exhibition, in which he has depicted the relief experienced by the statues at having no longer to maintain their various and trying poses. The Amazon has descended from her steed, and is chatting gaily with the Greek slave who is putting on her bonnet and shawl. All are preparing to go home at the closing of the world's show. Often have I called to mind this picture, and thought what a relief it would be to the public if, for some of our public statues, *their* exhibition might close — that they might retire into the obscurity of private life, and so rid the streets of some, at least, of the many "sights" of London.

E. INGRESS BELL.

THE ART MUSEUM AT BERLIN.

JUST as one of our own great thoroughfares in London, Piccadilly to wit, disdains to call itself street, road, or terrace, but is known simply as Piccadilly, so, too, *the* great thoroughfare of Berlin scorns the usual work of appellation, and is spoken of not as a *Strasse*, but only as *Unter den Linden*. Unter den Linden, *anglicè* "Under the Limes," is a very broad street, not altogether unlike a Parisian boulevard, as trees grow by either pavement, and little cylindrical erections, covered with announcements of such performances as are to be given at the various theatres that night, arrest one's attention at every few hundred yards. At the north end of the *Linden* is the "Museum," as it is called, that is, the galleries containing works of fine art. That, we may remark, is the meaning often attached to the word "Museum," in French and in German, and, considering the derivation of the word, it is perhaps a more natural meaning than that of a collection of odds and ends, which is what the word is often used to mean in England.

The Museum was built, as a Latin inscription announces, by Frederick William III., King of Prussia, the father of the present Emperor of Germany. The exterior is not attractive, though there are at the entrance some fine statues. One of these represents some skilful Alexander taming a very wild Bucephalus. The original is in Rome; the German reproduction is by Tieck.

Before entering the galleries themselves, we must make halt at the frescoes painted over the doors we shall presently pass through. The first fresco represents the Universe, that is to say, the signs of the zodiac with the father of the gods, Uranus, amid the stars. So far all is simple, but with the second fresco we get to a somewhat intricate allegory. This allegory represents the primitive condition of the world. A mighty female figure, the Night, half covers with her mantle the various arts, while a youth with a glittering spear (typical of war) is still slumbering, undisturbed. The reign of darkness only covers

half the fresco. Following fast after its various groups comes the portrait of a fair maiden pouring water from an uplifted pitcher on the parched meadows beneath her. This is the spirit of the morning bringing dew to the thirsty soil. High in the clouds a choir of angels are singing that the sun is soon to rise, and then finally—foi the various unseparated pieces of the fresco represent a continuous history—the mighty Phœbus is seen surging from the sea with his chariot to bring light and joy to the world. The third fresco contains a still more elaborate allegory. It is a symbolical representation of the course of human life—childhood emerging into youth, youth gliding to manhood, and manhood to old age. Childhood in the fresco is the childhood of the world. Shepherds and hunters fill the plains, while a Sibyl draws or writes on some palms the future destinies of the sons of man. By a bubbling spring one sits enthroned, youths gathering entranced around him. This is the poet who is for the first time singing his measure; not far from him a second youth is carving an outline upon a stone. This symbolises the beginning of painting; the outline the youth is drawing is the portrait of the maiden whom he loves. The harvest, which occupies a further portion of the fresco, typifies early manhood, and various figures around illustrate science, art, law, and commeree. Looking still further to the right hand of the freseo, we come to the grape-gathering, which typifies maturity, while the bent and grey figure, gazing into the inscrutable sea, symbolises old age calmly awaiting the end. The fourth and last fresco close to it represents sorrow on earth, while in heaven a new day dawns—this is immortality.

The first long gallery is devoted to the works of the early Italian masters. There are many Bellinis, quaint and rugged, but careful in every detail always; some wonderful examples of Andrea Montegna, notably a picture of the angels mourning round the dead body of Christ, and one or two of Franeesco Morone. Here is a wonderful picture, by Fra Fillippo Lippi, of the "Virgin and the Child," the painter not being able to resist the fashion, then setting strongly in, of portraying a very marked blue background, so marked, indeed, that it rather distracts the attention from the main subject of the picture. A still stranger fashion of the time may be seen in Pollaiuolo's picture of the "Annunciation." That fashion was to represent Biblical persons with Italian accessories, and in this picture the Virgin is seated in a magnificent Florentine palace; the floor inlaid with mosaic, and the whole room is suggestive of mediæval Italian splendour, and not of the simplicity of Palestine fourteen hundred years before Pollaiuolo was born.

Passing on to the later painters, let us stop for a long look at Titian's portrait of himself. He wears a grey jersey, over which a red chain falls: this you see at the second or third look. At first sight you notice nothing but the head itself. The strong, resolute-looking features stand out from the canvas, and afterwards you may take in other details, but the face will claim your whole undivided attention for a long while, as it always should do in a portrait. Not far from it is another Titian, a girl holding a vase of flowers above her head. This is a picture, not a portrait, and here the strength of the artist is thrown into the pose of his subject rather than into any partieular part. How graceful is the neck, how supple and elegant are the arms! Look at the face, too, and try to detect some likeness between it and the picture we looked at before. Possibly you may find some likeness, for the original of the flower-bearing maiden was Lavinia, the daughter of Titian.

There are several examples of Andrea del Sarto, "the faultless painter," which are worthy of close attention. The portraits of himself and his wife seem to have suffered from exposure to damp, but his religious pictures are in better preservation. The miracle of St. Anthony is a wonderful work; touching, exceedingly, is the adoration of the infant Jesus. Painful, almost beyond the right province of art, is the picture of the sorrow, too deep for tears, of St. John and Mary Magdalene. Not far from the Andreas are sundry Raphaels, chiefly Madonnas, mostly with the distant blue background.

Leaving this gallery, we enter that which contains the pictures of the later Italian and Spanish schools, although one or two pictures by Greuze peep between in somewhat strange contrast. But it is difficult to grudge space to a Greuze, even though it may be space otherwise occupied by Michael Angelo, Guido, or Murillo. And the Greuzes here are very dainty; one is the head of a fair, laughing-lipped girl, the other a delightful little child playing with a roll of music.

Here is a picture of the defeat of all the arts. The painter is Michael Angelo. A broken lyre, a broken palette, a broken sword are on the ground, and above them strides triumphant the all-conqueror Love. Next to this is a new

acquisition of the Berlin Gallery. This is a masterpiece of Tiepolo (sometimes called Tiepolletto), representing the martyrdom of St. Agatha. Most wonderful is the luminousness of the picture; you see not sun or other source of light; there is no stray Rembrandt shadow; but yet you feel the light playing about the gentle face of the suffering Agatha. Tiepolo, the painter of this work, is now a rare master. He was born in Venice in 1692, and from the age of sixteen till the time of his death, 1769, he worked hard and well. He enjoyed during his lifetime immense popularity.

THE COUNTESS POTOCKA.

(From a Picture, by an unknown Artist, in the Berlin Gallery.)

Another of the recent purchases at the Berlin Gallery is a picture by Bronzino. It represents a young Florentine scholar studying a Greek book. The scholar's dress is all of black; his face is delicate and gentle, the expression intent and enthusiastic. Bronzino painted at the time when Greek and Latin literature, long forgotten, had suddenly awakened to a new life. Italian scholars found in those manuscripts, which had fortunately not been burnt in the destructive wars, words and thoughts written hundreds of years before. These old manuscripts spoke to the inmost hearts of men as freshly as though they had been uttered that very day. Greece and Rome seemed to live again, and the scholars, like he whom Bronzino has painted, spent, as has been beautifully said, " their days and nights in wooing ardently the secrets of the past."

The German and the Netherland Schools occupy great space in the Berlin Gallery. Holbein is largely represented, chiefly, of course, by portraits; conspicuous is a grand head of an English merchant, named George Gyzen. The chief work of the brothers Van Eyck, Berlin shares with Ghent—that is to say, of the series of pictures which is called generically the " Adoration of the Holy Lamb," Ghent has six, and

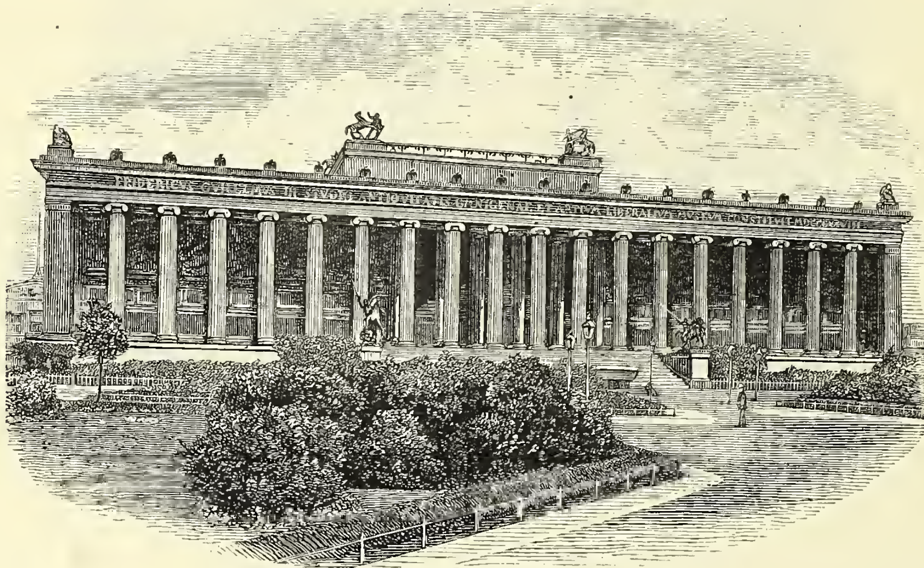
Berlin has four. These four were bought for the sum of £15,000. It is wonderful to think that these pictures were painted probably only five years after the battle of Agincourt. Henry VI. was on the throne, and the terrible Wars of the Roses were about to scatter desolation over the land. If Van Eyck's picture could only speak, what wonderful things it might tell us!

But there is no further space here for reference to more old German artists; a very few words can be given to Kaulbach's amazing allegorical pictures. Above, on one wall, Homer stands triumphant, though blind, while all Greece groups round him in reverence; and on another the Reformation period is portrayed by a number of its worthies—Dürer, Raphael, Shakespeare (engaged, apparently, in pulling up his stockings), Columbus, and the famous cobbler author, Sachs, who described himself in the following singular couplet:—

> "Hans Sachs he was a shoe-
> Maker and poet too!"

Good-bye, Berlin Gallery, good-bye. But before we go finally away, let us up yonder staircase (over which are Kaulbach's pictures), and go to the so-called engraving room. There, among drawings by Dürer, Rembrandt, and Andrea, is one by an artist whose name is unknown. The subject is the Countess Potocka, and in all the gallery there is nothing more lovely than this picture. Why is the name of the painter forgotten? We cannot tell; we only know that a story goes how Venus, the goddess of Beauty, once visited his studio. She flew, invisible, around the room, and looked long and ardently at the various works there displayed. When she saw the portrait of the Countess Potocka, she determined that she would blot out from the memories of mankind the name of the man who had painted the wonderful picture. It was the revenge she took on him for having shown to the world features, which she felt, were more exquisitely lovely than her own.

PHILOSTRATE.



THE ART MUSEUM IN BERLIN.

THE Editor records with deep regret the death, at the early age of twenty-six (at Newport, in the United States), of Mr. Leonard Montefiore, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Philostrate," was one of the earliest contributors to this Magazine.

The preceding paper was the last written by him; and it is inserted here, although somewhat unfinished, as characteristic of the gifted writer. Mr. Montefiore will be best remembered in literary circles by his contributions to the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly Review*, and to the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; but THE MAGAZINE OF ART, in its inception and general scheme, owes much of its rapid advancement in popular estimation to the cordial co-operation and advice with which he so often favoured the Editor.

ARTISTIC IRON-WORK. (*Continued.*)

By George Wallis, F.S.A.

THERE are few more interesting objects in iron or steel than the locks and keys, bolts, and other fastenings of past times. The skill and ingenuity shown in the construction, and the beauty of form and ornamentation to be found in them, afford a more than ordinary opportunity for minute examination and study. Prior to locks becoming simple boxes containing bolts and springs, to be sunk or morticed into the wood-work of a door, the lock formed an ornament to the door of no mean character. They were sometimes chiselled, as in the instance of French and Italian locks; other examples are formed of perforated plates pierced and overlaying each other, so that by a geometric adaptation of these plates the perforations become Gothic ornaments, the screws and nail-heads which held the plates together being always important ornamental details in the decorative result of the work. Then the keys were frequently ornaments to be worn with the dress, representing as they so frequently did the various offices of a great household, from the chamberlain, with his delicately chiselled and bright instrument, down to the massive key of the janitor of the outer portal, coloured by use and rust. The bolt plates, too, and the hasps, were almost invariably more or less ornamental in outline, with well-designed perforations drilled or punched out of plate metal, the edges being chamfered by forging or filing.

The collection at the Bethnal Green Museum, without being at all exhaustive, is fairly representative of the variety of fastenings in use in England, Flanders, France, Germany, and Italy in past times. Whether modern wants and notions of security will ever permit of any extensive revival of this, at one time almost universal industry, is very doubtful, but the study of the objects left to us cannot fail to be valuable to the decorative artist.

From fastenings we come by a natural sequence to cupboard and press furniture, door and chest handles. Some of the cupboard mounts belonging to the museum are of a most elaborate character. There is one consisting of two doors of oak, over which are fixed the iron mounts of plate metal forged and chiselled into very decorative and yet very simple details. Even the screw-heads by which the mounts are fastened to the doors are made to form an integral portion of the design. The effect of the whole is simple and artistic, yet there is nothing that an intelligent smith could not produce, the design being once thought out, drawn, and placed before him. Some of the handle plates are very suggestive, and prove what can be done with even a little knowledge of graphic geometry.

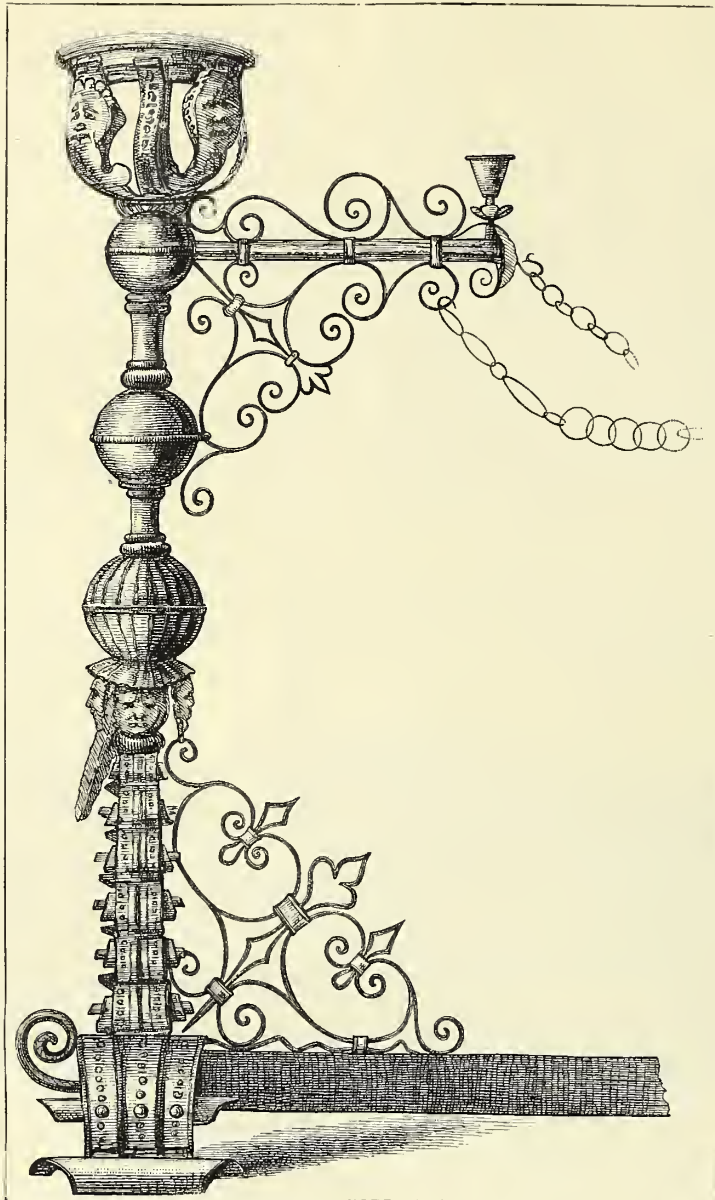
Hinges, door-knockers, and key-hole escutcheons come under the same head, being mostly plate-work with, as in the instance of knockers and handles, a forged adjunct for use, but frequently not less ornamental in its way than the plate. Hinges frequently became important decorations of a door or coffer-lid, and aid in giving strength to both by the manner in which they trail over, and so bind together the wood-work. The principal examples would carry us too far if enumerated, but all are of a more or less suggestive character.

The brazier-stands, bowl-stands, candlesticks, and lamp-pendants are the last series to which special attention can be called. In these objects the skill of the artist-smith is frequently displayed in a very remarkable manner. The ingenuity of construction, the manner in which the lines of the forged parts are made to flow into each other and combine to produce a structure which shall be eminently useful for the purpose intended, the quiet subordination of the harmonised details of the ornamentation, clothing the main lines and making them decorative, are points which cannot fail to strike those who examine them carefully. There is no heaviness of effect; lightness of appearance and comparative lightness in weight also being the result—the latter a most important point in movable objects for use in a house.

In addition to these special groups to which we have been enabled to call attention, there are miscellaneous objects such as the head ornaments for graves, chiefly German, the decorative insignia for public buildings, in forged and *repoussé* iron, gilt and painted; all showing a wealth of resource which suggests the wish, "Oh, for one of those fifteenth or sixteenth century smiths to design and construct an iron bedstead as a lesson in what could be done to meet modern wants in this direction!" For one fears, if a modern worker in iron, or a designer who never handled a hammer, attempted to devise such a thing, it would prove to be more

like a Brobdingnagian porcupine, bristling with pointed details, than a decorated metal framework to carry a bed.

As an example of finely forged and decorated iron-work in use for domestic purposes in the houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it may be well to refer back to fire-dogs, already mentioned in connection with a similar class of articles. In the construction and art decoration of these objects remarkable skill and ability are very frequently displayed, and the illustration will show the extent to which good design and skilled manipulation of forged, hammered, and chiselled metal could be brought to bear upon objects of common domestic use. These fire-dogs are of sixteenth century French work, elaborately carved out in all the details. A strong bar of iron runs across the front of the fireplace, and attached to each end are scrolls; a species of candelabrum which rises on each side being surmounted by a cresset of open strap-work, on the faces of which masks are chiselled. A bar of iron, surmounted by a minutely decorated scroll, is set at right angles from under the cresset, with bracket scrolls as supports. At the end of the bar are sconces for candles. The bases of each candelabrum are excellent and original in construction, and the effects of the series of scrolls convey an idea of richness and variety of light and shadow, which is not often achieved in iron. Indeed, the whole work is highly characteristic of Italian art as applied to the material, the chiselling and chasing of the flat sides of the scrolls and rosettes being admirably done, without excess of labour or useless detail.



ONE OF A PAIR OF FIRE-DOGS.

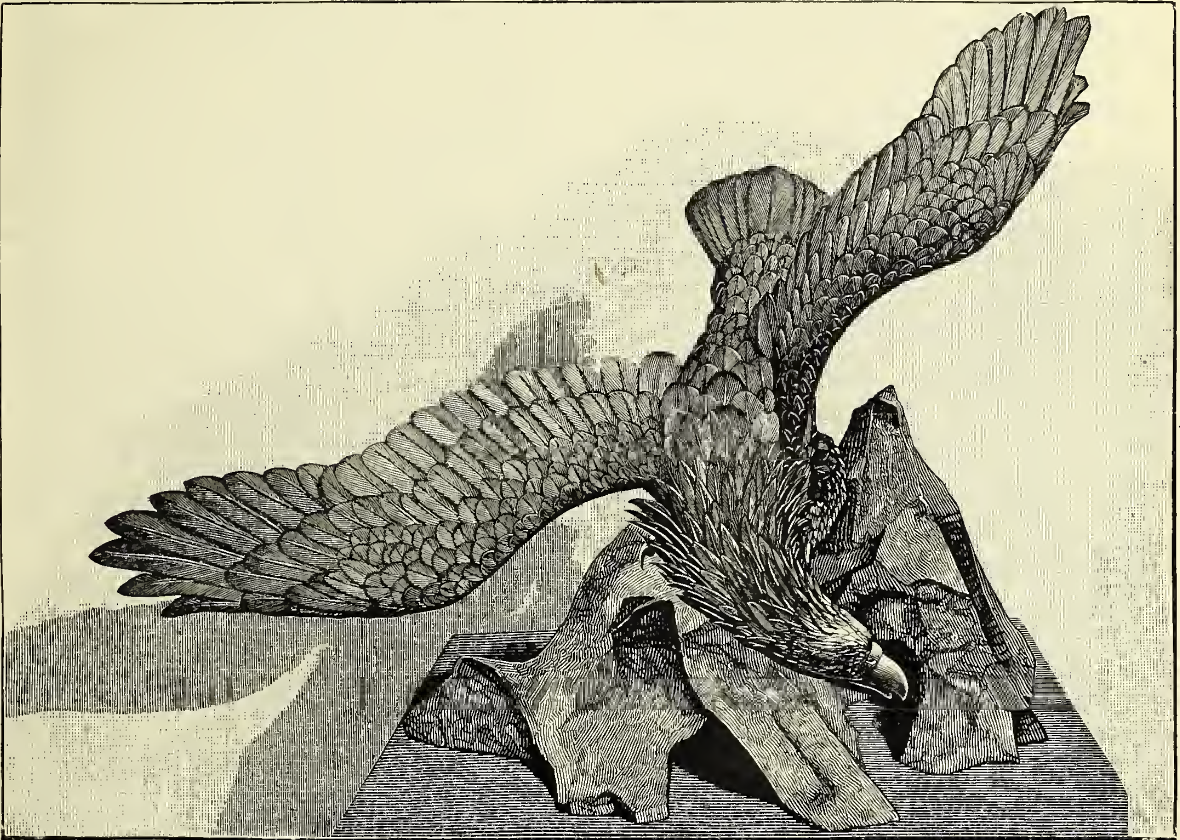
(French, sixteenth century. From the Bethnal Green Museum.)

No work of its kind can be more suggestive to the designer and the student. The whole arrangement is calculated to convey a very practical lesson in the way of execution as well as of design.

The last art-work in iron which space permits us to notice here, as belonging to South Kensington Museum, remains, with other examples of Japanese metal-work, in the central institution. This is a wonderful representation, in hammered and chiselled iron, of the sea-eagle, or osprey. The bird is represented as swooping from a rock with extended wings, measuring three feet from the tip of one wing to that of the other. It is the work of Miyôchin Munéhara, a famous worker in metal of the sixteenth century. Nothing can exceed the perfection of workmanship displayed in this example. Feather by feather has been imitated in the iron, and with such effect that the most perfect ease

prevails throughout; and so complete is the mechanism adapted to the material, that all mere vulgar imitation is avoided, and yet the result is suggestive of feather texture and lightness.

The base or rock on which the bird stands is formed of iron *repoussé*. It is simple and effective, perfectly suggesting the texture of stone without slavish imitation. The illustration will show the character of the design and the life-like action of the bird. It is impossible to over-estimate the technical value of a work like this—not for imitation, but as showing the capabilities of a very unpromising material; even for the suggestion merely of feather texture and surface, although that material is in the hands of an artist who is master of his tools, and knows exactly how far to imitate and when to stay his hand. Half the failures in industrial and decorative art arise from either ignorant or ambitious attempts on the part of the executant to do that with the material in hand which it is not capable of, and when the plea is put in, "But consider how difficult it is," one thinks with Dr. Johnson, "What a pity it was not impossible!"



SEA-EAGLE IN HAMMERED AND CHISELLED IRON.

(*Japanese work. Sixteenth century. From the South Kensington Museum.*)

It is a matter for congratulation to all interested in the improvement of domestic decoration to find a decided tendency, alike in Germany and England, and more recently still in France, to revive the art of the smith. Some of the works exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 were of great importance as showing how happily the art-workmen engaged in this direction had caught the spirit of the old workers whilst adapting the forms and details of their productions to modern wants and requirements. Such lessons as these now presented at the Bethnal Green Museum would have been impossible a few years ago. Certainly no such collection has ever before been got together in this country. We hope, therefore, the hand-workers in ornamental iron will take advantage of the opportunity presented, to make themselves acquainted with what has been done in the past, as an evidence of the extent to which decorative iron-work can be applied to every-day use.

THE MUSÉE WIERTZ.

By E. Belfort Bax.

SITUATED behind the Zoological Gardens at Brussels, to the left, on a slight elevation, might have been seen, some years ago, a building in the form of an ancient Pagan temple; it was, indeed, an exact fac-simile of a temple at Pæstum. This building was intended to contain the paintings, sketches, sculptures, and relics of Wiertz. It was constructed by himself in the garden of his house to give his creations a fair opportunity, as he conceived it, of working out their purpose, artistic or otherwise. Since his death the house and garden have been sold as private property, and all that remains of the temple is four columns, the present "museum" being the wing of the house comprising the painter's former studio. It consists of a large *salon* and two small rooms, the first devoted to completed paintings, and the two latter respectively to oil and crayon sketches. The unexpected and startling effect of the *coup-d'œil* on entering the large room (bare as regards carpet or furniture) it might not be too much, perhaps, to describe as appalling. It is some time before one becomes sufficiently accustomed to the colossal proportions to criticise. The huge "Greeks and Trojans fighting over the Body of Patroclus," "Polyphemus devouring and crushing the Companions of Ulysses," and "The Angels" seem to claim at once an equal share of attention. As the present notice is not intended to be distinctly critical, I refrain from commenting upon the pictures from a strictly art point of view, and shall confine myself to noticing one or two that to the ordinary observer may require a few words of explanation. The painting with which, above all others, Wiertz's name is associated by most Englishmen is the very remarkable "Thoughts and Visions of a Decapitated Head." Its conception dated from an execution witnessed by the painter in Brussels, the impression of which was deepened in him by the idea, at that time recently broached, that sensation does not cease at the instant of separation of the head from the trunk, but continues possibly for some minutes afterwards. Wiertz hoped by his imaginative and poetic creation to help to terminate the career not only of the guillotine, but of capital punishment itself. He concludes the note on the frame of the picture with the words, "Ah! if the fearful instrument of Guillotin should be annihilated some day, God be praised." Emblematic of this is the last "minute" of the picture, where guillotine and executioners are seen revolving together in the abyss.

The ardent belief of Wiertz in human progress is exhibited in a group of fine paintings, intended to form part of a series to be called the "History of the Future of Humanity," which the artist's death unfortunately left incomplete. It consists of three paintings. "The Last Cannon" portrays civilisation in its highest sense as all-powerful in the future; above is a star guiding Humanity toward her future destinies, possibly suggested by the star guiding the Magi to the cradle of the infant Christ. Below are seen the instruments of the past and present—Civilisation is in the act of breaking asunder a cannon which obstructs her progress, while on her right stands an old man bearing in his hand "the book of wisdom and experience." Behind, a child carries a crown of stars, throwing forward a light. In the foreground are the daughters of the goddess Civilisation, and below is another symbolic group. A notable point in the picture is where a daughter of Civilisation is seen burning a vessel whereon is written the war-kindling word "frontier;" such a word having no meaning in an age when national rivalries have ceased, and given place to the "parliament of man, the federation of the world." The human race is advancing from behind, preceded by Poetry, Painting, Music, and Science. Space forbids my entering at greater length into a description of this striking work. The second picture of the group is the one entitled "Human Power has no Limits." Mankind is here depicted as having taken possession of the regions of space, and as flying upward toward the heavenly bodies; it is a fine symbolic conception, and each figure is noteworthy. The third, "The Things of the Present before the Men of the Future," represents a sage holding in his hand, with a look of curious wonder, a cannon and other implements of warfare. The completion of this series was the task Wiertz had mapped out for himself, when his career was cut short by death. Perhaps as a *tour de force* the Homeric studies may be deemed the most remarkable specimens in the collection. For colossal breadth and grandeur they have been rarely equalled—never surpassed. It is in

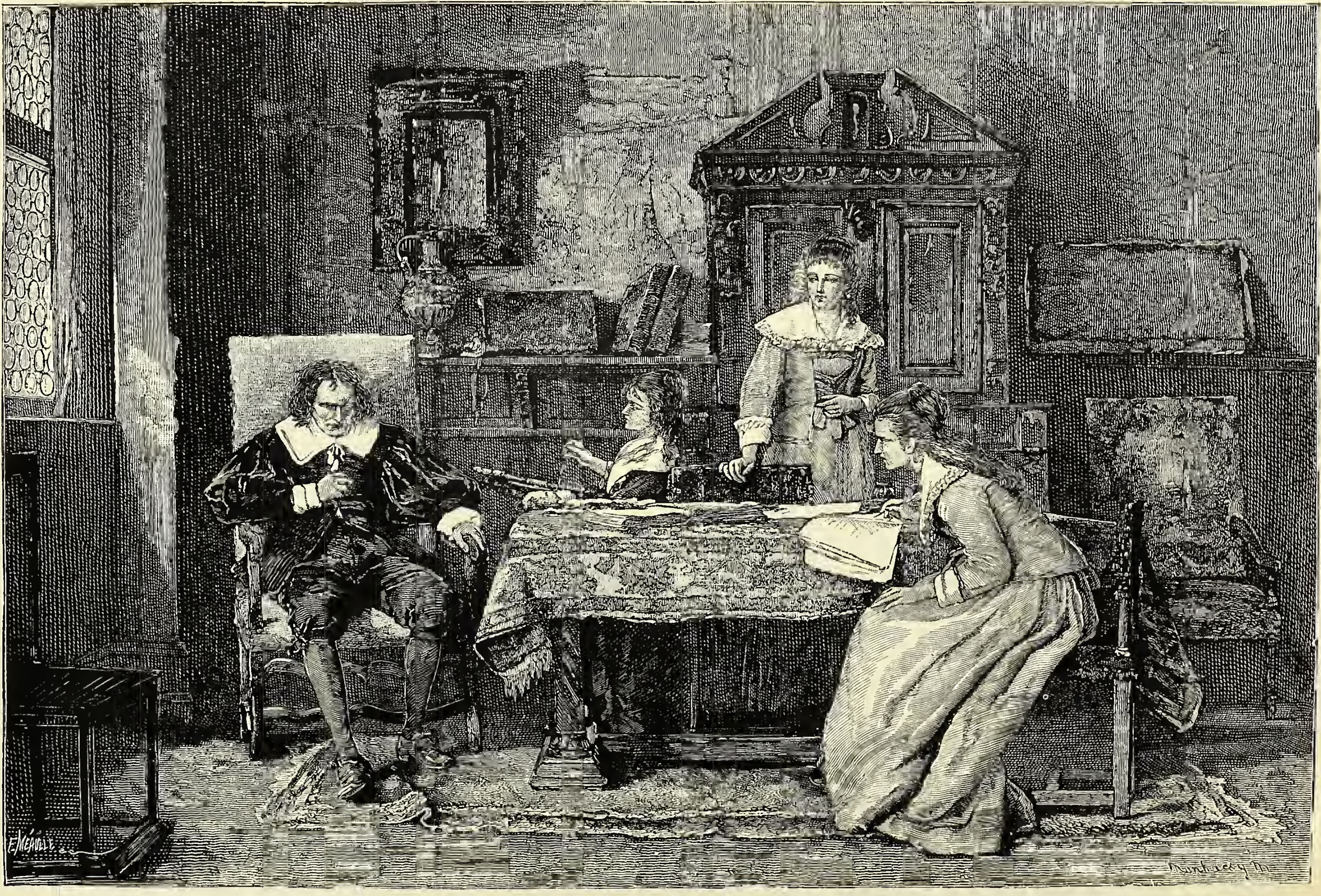
them that we see Wiertz as the lineal descendent of Rubens, despite his individuality. The group of Christian symbolism contains much that is grand and original in the treatment of well-worn subjects. We should not omit to mention a group of small paintings, each eminently "with a purpose"—powerful statements of social questions; "Civilisation of the Nineteenth Century," "Hunger, Madness, Crime," "Poor Orphans," etc., speak for themselves. But it is injustice to particularise where the whole collection is as instinct with individuality of genius as the present. This is visible throughout, as well in the early as in the more matured works. Few even of the greatest geniuses do not by an overstrain sink at times to the level of the commonplace. The almost unexampled rarity of this in Wiertz, the fact that he was so seldom at anything less than white-heat, can only be attributed to his never having degraded his genius or his art to the market. He remained true to them from first to last. To him art and commerce had no part or lot with one another. Not merely did he never paint to order, but he invariably refused the fabulous sums frequently offered him for his completed works. When it was necessary for him to make money he made it by painting portraits, a vocation with which he filled in the intervals of creative activity. But never did he commence a great work with any other than a serious artistic or moral purpose. As regards his place in art, he is one of those rare individualities who can, taken in their entirety, be said to follow in the wake of no party or school, and who are as little likely to found any. It cannot be denied that at times the influence of Rubens is strongly marked, though even where this is most the case "Wiertz" also unmistakably stands out. One or two of the minor pictures (*e.g.*, "Human Insatiability") forcibly recall William Blake. Wiertz, as I before said, is one of those characters that illustrate the unsatisfactory nature of the neat epigrams which would sharply divide men's minds into two classes without necessary qualification. Wiertz, although undeniably an idealist in his art, was at the same time a realist in a certain sense; indeed, in some of his works it is the realism that first strikes the observer, the subjective element only becoming apparent on closer observation. This combination of the two is a frequent occurrence.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Wiertz, so far from being, as is often supposed, a mad genius without method or aim, had a definite and coherent artistic or moral purpose in all that he undertook.

"MILTON DICTATING 'PARADISE LOST' TO HIS DAUGHTERS."

By Michael Munkacsy.

HUNGARY has produced more than one great artist of late years, and the name of the painter of this remarkable illustration of English literary history is not the least noteworthy of which his country is now proud. Michael Munkacsy's works have been known for some years in England; his dark, severe, and indeed ascetic colour and tone have not chilled the general admiration excited among artists by the exceptional style of all he does. His execution is marked by a peculiar character and mastery which imply the best teaching and discipline of the continental schools. In the present instance his picture has a special interest in this country; Englishmen will never fail to be particularly attracted towards those masters of contemporary art abroad who select subjects from our history; and recognition of the one art in which that history is above all others illustrious—the art of literature—is grateful to us all, whether connoisseurs of painting or not. The interior depicted in this powerful work is picturesque in all its details; the figures are well contrasted in action and expression—the daughters all reverent and eager watchfulness, the blind father abstracted in the creation of his poem. It is recorded that Milton (whose great epic was the work of his declining years) would "sometimes lie awake whole nights, and not a verse could he make; but on a sudden his poetical faculty would rush upon him with impetus, and his daughter was immediately called to secure what came." In dictating at ordinary times he was accustomed to sit leaning back in an easy chair, "with his leg flung over the elbow of it," and on such occasions he would deliver perhaps forty lines in a breath. This work of Munkacsy's was one of the principal pictures contributed by Austria to the Paris International Exhibition of 1878, and gained the signal distinction of the award of the Medal of Honour. It was purchased by Dr. Lennox, of New York, for the institution in that city to which he has given his name.

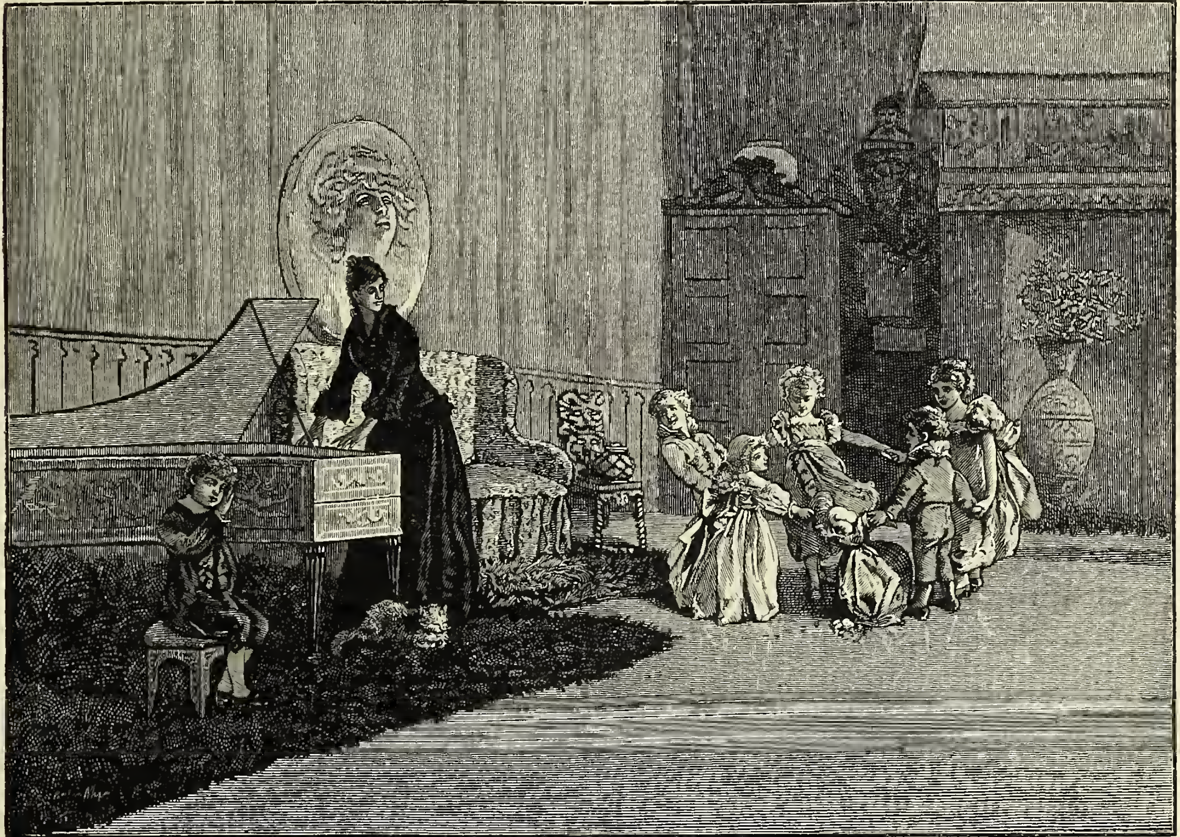


"MILTON DICTATING 'PARADISE LOST' TO HIS DAUGHTERS."

(From the Picture by Michael Munkacsy, contributed by Austria to the Paris International Exhibition of 1878.)

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: WINTER EXHIBITION.

THE Society of British Artists is fulfilling its promise. All the anticipations we expressed last season of the useful work it would accomplish, and the strong position it would take in the art-world, are more than justified by the collection of pictures which now cover the walls of the fine galleries in Suffolk Street. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of the exhibition is its variety. As its name implies, the Society is a society of artists, and its members and exhibitors are under no restraint as to the material in which they work; so that the collection includes not paintings only, but water-colour drawings and sculpture. Thus, besides several very interesting sketch-groups by Messrs. Onslow Ford and C. R. Mullens, we find one or two works in marble of a very high order of merit. "In the Dressing-room, after the Bath," by Mr. Percival Ball, is a most graceful and exquisitely modelled figure, and the bust of "Isabella," from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," should be noted for a spiritual beauty of expression. After the Royal Academy (and at this time of the year there is no Academy) we do not know of any exhibition in London so wide in its range of interest, or that represents such divergent schools of thought, and so many different methods of working. Amongst the landscapists, who are always strong in this Society, to turn from James Peel, G. S. Walters, W. Gosling, and J. E. Grace, to W. L. Wyllie, E. Ellis, J. W. B. Knight, and A. F. Grace, is like passing from one generation to another, neither of which could we afford to lose. For if the elder school is more quick



RONDA CAPRICCIOSO.

(*By Beatrice Meyer.*)

in its appeal to our sympathies, the younger is more strong in its grasp of truth. If the one is endeared to us by the traditions of English art, the other is enriched with the influence of continental association. And then, amongst the figure - painters, the varieties and contrasts are still more marked. There is John Burr, the sturdiest of English painters, and one of the tenderest and most thoughtful too. There is Ludovici, with his poetical and graceful idealism; Woolmer, with his kaleidoscope of colour; J. H. S. Mann, with his sweet fancies and delicate handling; Gadsby, with his brilliant touch; and Haynes King, with his clear lighting (as pure as the lassies themselves who figure on his canvases). And there are more than a score besides, who, if they do not all of them, always, paint quite the truth as *we* see it, at least tell us capital stories. To these larger divisions of landscape and figure men should be added a few free-lances—W. J. Muckley, who, as a flower-painter, scarcely has a rival, and Wyke Bayliss, whose style as a painter of cathedral interiors is as refined as it is unique.

ON THE TRACK.

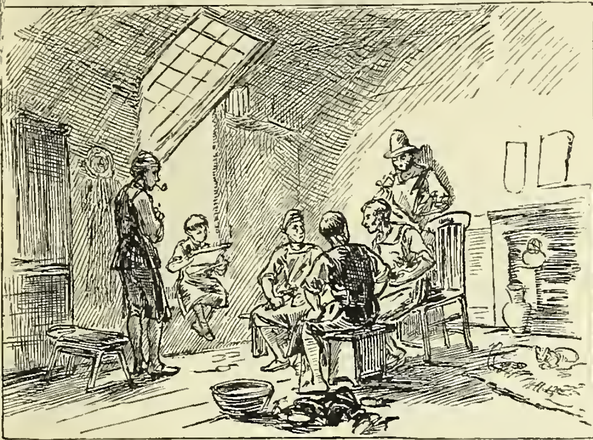
(*By Seymour Lucas.*)

This variety, while it affords the greatest charm to the visitor, presents the greatest difficulty to the critic. Criticism, indeed, under the circumstances becomes little else than selection and description. And it must not be forgotten that the description cannot be otherwise than incomplete, while the selection, at the best, expresses only the choice of one pair of eyes. The man who, after a hasty survey of nearly a thousand pictures, is ready to affirm that there is nothing more worth looking at than the few which he has noted, *must* be an untrustworthy guide to the public. Let it be understood, then, that our remarks are rather like the plucking of a few ears of corn as we pass through a field, than the threshing out of a completed harvest.

The first picture we note is by Seymour Lucas, "On the Track," of which we give an outline on this page. It is very slight, but masterly in the simplicity and directness with which the effect is produced. It is especially agreeable in the reticence and yet fulness of colour. The local colour seems to be there really, veiled from us only by the greyness of the weather and low light. Close by is another picture, "Gathering Firewood," by H. Caffieri, in which again there is a delicate perception of gradation in colour, restrained in this case by a veil of light rather than of shadow. The extreme forces of light and dark, as well as of colour, have been deliberately discarded, and yet through the subtle differentiation of kindred tints the scale seems perfect. Very much the same may be said of a picture on the opposite side of the room, "Ebb Tide," by H. Moore, an example of the silvery-grey effects in which this clever painter appears to delight. In the same room should be noticed two very powerful pictures by E. Ellis, and a pleasant, freshly-painted study by James Archer, R.S.A., entitled "The Painter's Little Model."

Turning to the great room, we think Mr. Hayllar has been more happy in his choice of subject, "A Boulogne Fish Girl," than he has generally been of late, while he has foregone nothing of his slashing and dexterous method of handling. A sweep of Mr. Hayllar's brush is intended to mean something—and what is more, it means it. "Sunrise on the River," with barges moving slowly out to sea, by G. S. Walters, has the same good qualities we commended in his work last season. It is glowing in colour, luminous, broad, unaffected in treatment, and well painted. We hope Mr. Walters will forgive us if we are mistaken, but we think we have seen his windmill before. In another room will be found several favourable examples of this artist's work in water-colour, notably a fine drawing of Arundel, from the river. "The Young Poet, Robert Bloomfield, Reading

to a Group of Shoemakers at Work," by James Gow, of which a sketch will be found on this page, is most refined and sympathetic in treatment. There is much naïve grace in the



THE YOUNG POET.
(*By James Gow.*)

boy's head, flooded with sunshine from the rude skylight; it is really the head of a child, full of sweet character, lively yet spirituelle. The delicate greys make the whole picture quite opalescent. Close by is a clever little painting, "A Reverie," by Mary C. Gow. If it is by one of the same gifted family, it does honour to the name it bears. It is clear and firm in tone, rich and harmonious, without any undue straining after effect. "A Mother's Care" is one of the gems of the exhibition. The colour is quite exquisite, while the drawing is decisive and true (except, perhaps, in the case of "the mother" herself, a white duck, with her brood of ducklings in the foreground); we think the picture worthy of a simpler and more natural title. Mr. Reid's large picture in last year's Academy, which was bought under the Chantrey bequest, scarcely contains more elements of beauty than does this little canvas; note especially the quality of the painting and intricacy of the drawing of the branches of the leafless trees.

In the centre of this side of the gallery is a painting by John Burr, "Incorrigible." The "hero," adorned with a dunce's cap, is seated in front of the old schoolmaster's desk. The master, attracted by the looks of the boys in front, or by some commotion in the school, bends forward over his books to see what mischief is brewing, and lo! the "incorrigible" is in the very act of exhibiting an orange in defiance of all the sumptuary laws of schooldom. An apple and a top, already forfeited, lie on the desk. Meanwhile, another urchin, willing to help a lame dog over the stile, is trying to give a friendly signal of danger before the storm (in the shape of an outraged schoolmaster's wrath and a supple cane) falls on the culprit's shoulders. It is always difficult to speak adequately of Mr. Burr's work, because of its very greatness. We have looked with pleasure, perhaps on a score or two of clever pictures, and have become a little used to it, when suddenly we come upon something quite different; and it is only after some consideration that we find that it is better than clever, it is grand—grand, in the sense in which a song of Burns' is grand, in its grasp, that is, of human character, in its penetration to the very core of our hearts, and in the simplicity and directness with which it goes straight to its purpose. Compare this picture with "A Flower Girl" (as complete a poem as was ever written), and then again with "A Boy Selling Watercresses" and with "After the Dance," all by the same artist, and see how many phases of childhood and youth are represented by these few pictures thus by chance brought together—from the lovely "tiny mites" of the infant school, peeping over their books in timid

THE INCORRIGIBLE.
(*By John Burr.*)

wonder, to the "incorrigible" known to all village schools—from the poor child selling flowers, to the sweet girl resting after a dance. And amongst all these, observe how a deeper note is struck in the rendering of the old man's head. You may almost count the touches with

which these pictures are painted, so decisive and masterly is the execution, but you cannot fathom or express all that is in the eyes of the flower girl—*they* will never cease to haunt you with tender memories.

The transition from these to "Looking out for Father's Boat" is sudden, but it would be most unjust to slight the conscientious work of Mr. Roberts. It is not the aim of this artist to startle, but to do sound work, and this he does. Look at the modest truthfulness of the foreground landscape, and the careful modelling of the girl's feet. It is not common to find in *genre* painting of this kind such thoroughness and almost classical grace of drawing. There is no shuffling over the work here. If Mr. Roberts chooses to clothe his figures with lowly garments, it is not for the sake of hiding any weakness, for in the simple incident of this unaffected bit of work he shows that he can paint true flesh and blood. Under this painting is a brilliant little picture by Miss Beatrice Meyer. Our illustration on page 145 will describe it better than we can do in words. It is full and rich in colour, and painted with a firm decisive touch. On the left of the fireplace hangs a charming rendering of cottage life, "Doubtful Generosity," by Carlton A. Smith, of which also a sketch will be found, on page 149. An old grandam is holding before the admiring eyes of a little girl a small coin, while an elder sister, with her hand on the half-opened door, is ready to go out marketing. The coy entreaty of the child and womanly grace of the elder girl are finely expressed. Among the water-colour drawings will be found two or three pretty studies by the same artist. Over the mantelpiece is a small but very powerful study by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., "Christian over against the Burning Pit, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death." It is full of lurid force. In the centre is the head of a girl in profile by G. E. Hicks, highly characteristic of the painter's method of handling. On the right of this is a capital little picture by A. Ludovici, Jun., whose painting last season of "Monsieur Coulon's Dancing Class" gained his election into the Society. A little further on is a cottage interior by Haynes King. Whether it is the young mother, on household cares intent, yet finding time to bend over the cradle, or a sweet lassie reading a letter from her lover, the girls and women of this artist are what we love to believe them to be—they are of the same stuff of which our mothers and sisters are made. This picture, and one in the south-west room, "A Cosy Corner," are most delicately and firmly painted, brilliant in lighting, and highly finished. Grouped within a little distance of each other in this part of the gallery are three very remarkable landscapes—by E. Ellis, J. W. B. Knight, and W. L. Wyllie—the first strongly reminding us of David Cox, the other two bearing evidence of the subtle influence of the foreign schools upon our English landscapists. We would specially draw attention to the

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

(*By P. Macnab.*)

weird force of Mr. Ellis's "And it was Windy Weather," to the luminous and transparent depth of Mr. Knight's river-scene, and to the poetic and sympathetic treatment of Mr. Wyllie's stranded vessels. In the centre, between Mr. Burr's "Flower Girl" and "Watercress Boy," is a brilliant flower piece by W. J. Muckley. If our readers desire to know what it is like they have only to gather an armful of the finest rhododendrons and hydrangeas, and *they will see.* On the right is a delicate landscape, "Green Pastures," by J. E. Grace.

The long wall of the great room is occupied with works by James Peel, the best representative of the pure English school of landscape, of which Leader and Graham are masters; by H. Helmick, a new and very valuable contributor to the Society's exhibitions; by P. Macnab, of whose picture, "Waiting for the Tide," we give an outline on page 148; by W. H. Gadsby, who has evidently learned something from Mr. Millais (nor need the greatest painter of the century be ashamed of such a pupil, there are all too few who are strong enough to receive his stamp); by Tom Graham, who sends a small study of his Academy picture, "O, the clang o' the Wooden Shoon;" by James Archer, R.S.A., and P. Priolo (who exhibits a bold head of the bard from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel"); by C. Cattermole; G. A. Story, A.R.A. (a delicate profile called "Memories"); and by Wyke Bayliss, who has taken for his subject "The Bride's Door, Nuremberg," and has adapted his treatment to the storm-beaten, weather-stained walls of the precinct, instead of the chancel or choir. Note how differently he has treated an interior in "The Church of Notre Dame, Chalons," where the delicacy of the building and the dim atmosphere which always seems to pervade a cathedral would not justify the bold rendering of the texture that he has given in the first picture named.

DOUBTFUL GENEROSITY.
(*By Carlton A. Smith.*)

This general survey of the Society's exhibition by no means exhausts what might be said. If we have a little carefully kept out of our sight that which must necessarily offend in so large and widely representative a collection, we have equally failed to enumerate many works which deserve and will reward careful examination. It would not be difficult to find examples of immature attempts, pretentious failures, feeble commonplace; but our hope is that steadily and surely the process that is now going on within the Society will succeed in attracting and consolidating all that is good in British art and in eliminating the evil.

"THE CONDITION OF TURKEY."

We owe Mr. Morris a slight indulgence, which is cheerfully accorded, on the score of his title. His little joke is decidedly extra-pictorial, and therefore liable to the objections of those who would rigidly enforce the rule that the frame of a picture is large enough to enclose all its meanings, and that none should overflow on to the pages of the catalogue. In this case, however, the title serves a certain purpose in fixing a more pointed attention on the attitude and expression of the farm-yard boy, who is making the "condition of Turkey" the subject of a care and of an interest more intimate than he would probably give to the country much discussed of politicians; and there is in his face and action a deliberate connoisseurship which the artist has well given, and which forms a humorous antithesis to the unconscious demeanour of the fattening birds. More than one artist has discovered of late the expression that exists in a bird—an expression all the more quaint and subtle that it does not lie in the creature's immovable face, but in the character of the form and in the trick of movement. A turkey is especially expressive, and always grotesquely so; vainer than the peacock without the peacock's beauty, in him human pretentiousness finds a somewhat apt parody.

MR. WATTS'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF HUGH LUPUS.

ICHAEL ANGELO once said that oil-painting was fit only for a woman, but frescoes were worthy of a man. That he did not take himself altogether at his own word we know, for a few easel pictures are included in the glorious legacy his genius left to mankind; much less did the painters who came after him accept his dictum as final. Nevertheless, in these days, when the first half of the great man's saying is so literally taken to heart, when women have distinguished themselves as painters in oil and have produced works with so little that is conventionally womanish about them as Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" and Miss Thompson's "Quatre Bras," it is perhaps particularly fitting that our masculine artists should re-echo Michael Angelo's phrase, and assert the supremacy of their sex by the accomplishment of works such as no woman could be found to undertake. Thus, Sir Frederick Leighton is at present engaged on his great lunettes at the South Kensington Museum; while, a few years ago, by an impulse of genius he threw off a group of sculpture—that other art which Michael Angelo thought worthy of masculine steel—the "Athlete Struggling with a Python." And thus another great Academician, Mr. Watts, years ago made a pause in his painting, to execute his "Clytie," his monuments to a Bishop and to the late young and brilliant Lord Lothian; and has now in hand the magnificent work which is the subject of these notes. We allude to the equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, which is nearing completion, and the size of which will prohibit its exhibition at the Academy, where otherwise we should have noticed it in the ordinary course.

It will surprise nobody to hear that several years have now elapsed since the Duke of Westminster gave Mr. Watts, R.A., the commission for this equestrian statue of the ancestor of the Grosvenors; for this is an artist who, above all others of his generation, possesses and practises "that long patience which is genius," and labours with "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Before the master's hand had built up the great plaster man and horse with that piecemeal labour which never interfered with or broke up the mental completeness of his conception, he had to undo as well as to do, to re-model over and over again the limbs that had already been modelled with much study and effort, to break down to-morrow what had been done to-day. The result is a work in which nothing is scamped—and no effect is the result of chance. The group has over-stepped the confines of the heroic, and entered on those of the colossal; for the figure of Hugh Lupus is about eight feet in height, and the horse, on which he is mounted, in proportion. The figure has those massive forms, the grandly rounded limbs and fine details, which are observable in its degree in the feminine bust of the "Clytie." The face has no attempt at false refinement of type or expression; it is noble, but with the rough, unlearned nobility, akin to that of nature and of the grander animals, of those young times. The figure is armour-clad; one hand reins in the charger, on the other wrist sits the hawk. The dominion of a wild intelligence over bird and beast, and the triumph of conscious human strength, are expressed in the look and action. The treatment is a peculiarly happy combination of the heroic and the delicate, for however out of place the latter word may seem in connection with this work, it is not so in fact. There is fineness of treatment wherever fineness is requisite—an accentuation of the joints and articulations—without which no colossal work, nor indeed any work of sculpture whatever, could be anything but a blunt and inanimate form, lacking the elegance which fine art never fails to give to the rudest subject without injuring its rudeness. If certain passages are so delicate, others are equally broad and large, showing in the sculptor that generous mastery by which he can well afford to ignore some of his own learning and knowledge of detail, when art requires it. A pedantic sculptor would attempt to give fineness of anatomical form everywhere, whereas one dull to the vital elegances of the figure would give largeness everywhere. The greatest draughtsmen of Italy have, like Mr. Watts, conquered the difficulty by this combination of science and art.

This noble work will be finished in the autumn, and its destination is Eaton Hall, where it will stand in front of the house in which the Duke of Westminster spends a considerable portion of his year. That it will not be permanently placed more publicly is a matter of regret; but that it should be temporarily on view in town before it is taken to the country is a hope so earnest and so widely expressed, that we cannot help thinking it will be fulfilled. The size of the group, as we have already said, precludes its exhibition at the Academy, but not an open-air display of it in many a centre of London life. For such a course we are not without precedents, as will be remembered by the admirers of Marochetti's "Cœur de Lion," which could not be taken in at the Great Exhibition of 1851. The public, indeed, shows at times a strange indifference towards the interests of noble art; but although it has permitted precious sculptures of classic times, purchased at a cost of £25,000, to lie in a dark cellar under the British Museum year after year, it will surely show less apathy in the case of a contemporary—and of such a contemporary as Mr. Watts. Were it otherwise, we should be forced into the belief that a lasting stigma would be attached by posterity to the art patrons and public of our generation.

ART IN THE NETHERLANDS.

THE GALLERY OF M. LE BARON STEENGRACHT D'OOSTERLAND.

THOSE whose taste and culture enable them to find in art one of the chief sources of enjoyment can make no pleasanter pilgrimage than a ramble through the Low Countries, studying the treasures with which the public and private collections are so richly dowered. It is a journey involving no serious preparations. The *impedimenta* need be but small. One dines in London, and breakfasts the next morning in Rotterdam; and, if the holiday cannot be extended beyond a week or ten days, in that time a glimpse can be had of half a dozen or more as quaint, bright, and picturesque cities as can be found in Europe. There is also the additional piquancy of the intermingling of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, which can scarcely be seen elsewhere. The problems of nineteenth century civilisation find no more acute and patient investigators than the eminently practical Netherlanders; but if art is the sole aim of the trip, then it is possible to live in the past with the Dutch masters in the galleries, and still remain in it while strolling through the streets or along the canals; for there is enough of the old architecture and manner of life still remaining to keep up the illusion. It is not here as in some of the larger capitals, where the student cannot help feeling struck with a sense of incongruity. Exalted by the serene splendour of the masterpieces of a past time, and elevated by the grave dignity of the forms bodied forth on their glowing canvases, he descends from the halls of the Louvre into the rattle and clatter of the streets of Paris: the buildings are brand new, their architecture is pretentious but commonplace, smart yet destitute of real grace or refinement; the artificial life, too, dazzling and bewildering, is in sharp contrast with the spirit and moods, whether grave or gay, of the great painters and sculptors whose lofty ideal he has been seeking to penetrate. Paris, the Paradise of the Philistine, is, saving for its inestimable gallery, the Arabia Petra—Araby the unblest—of the artist.

Corresponding to the proximity of Holland to England is the close affinity of our art to that of our neighbours across the sea. For our school of painting is a direct emanation from the Dutch masters; and for the matter of that, nearly all which is valuable in the modern schools of other countries is derived from the same source. Modern pictorial art, which commenced with the Dutch, may be said, like Venus, to have been born of the sea. The same hardy and indomitable race which had made dry land out of the sea ooze, and had founded on it the freest state in Europe, had also the courage and genius to decree the emancipation of art. That of Italy and the other Latin races, having its origin in tradition, and dealing with the supernatural, had in too many cases lost itself in the arid wastes of unreality and inanity. Rembrandt, and the band of which he was the head, launched forth on the wide expanse whereon such splendid feats had been already achieved by Shakespeare. They first showed that, if art is to do real service to humanity, it must deal with the life and nature in which our lot is cast, must show us the joys and sorrows of the community of which we form a part,

and reveal to us the poetry of nature wherein we work and which our fathers have helped to fashion. Preceding artists, selecting their subjects from a mythical or historical past, had lavished their genius on the decoration of the cloister or the palace; the Dutch, representing the life of the family or the farm, the market or the municipality, devoted theirs to brightening the home and giving dignity to the house of the city government—the Stadhuis—and the meeting place of the guild: the former were the servants and dependants of princes and popes, the latter citizens of a free state rendering free service to their fellow-citizens. That the revolution they effected was demanded by the new ideas and loftier aspirations then arising has been proved by the subsequent course of art. Whatever attempts at reviving the old scheme have been essayed, have invariably resulted in sterility and oblivion, alike whether they have originated in the serious efforts of scholastic dilettantism or the mere passing caprice of a freak of fashion; showing the more clearly that the principles initiated by these robust Hollanders are those only which can render art a worthy object of interest to the members of a cultivated community. Such considerations indicate the importance of studying the works which inaugurated the new era, and which in their technical qualities, as well as in their fine and subtle insight of classes and shades of character, have not yet been surpassed; to do so the more thoroughly one naturally turns to the land of their authors, and, though the number of the Dutch galleries

PAUL REMBRANDT.
(*Born*, 1603; *Died*, 1674.)

s sadly diminished, there are still, in those remaining, examples of the school more remarkable and noteworthy than can be found elsewhere.

Among the private collections of Holland a very high position must be assigned to that of Baron Steengracht at the Hague; it

JAN STEEN.

(*Born*, 1636; *Died*, 1689.)

admirably represents the best period of the native art, and in some instances with works of superlative excellence. All visitors to the Hague know the stately range of mansions called the Vijverberg, running along the north-west side of the Vijver, and directly facing the antique pile of buildings which form the Binnenhof. The residence of the Baron is on the Vijverberg, and the gallery is contained in two noble rooms on the principal floor. The collection consists of about ninety pictures (leaving out of consideration the modern works in another room), comprising masterpieces of the essentially national painters—as Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Terburg, De Hooghe, Metsu, the Ostades, Brouwer, the Vanderveldes, Thomas de Keijzer, Paul Potter, the landscape and portrait painters; the Italianised masters, as Berghem, the Boths, K. du Jardin, and others, are also here represented. The present article must be confined to a notice of some half a dozen works, sufficient to indicate the great interest of the collection and to induce those of our readers who go to Holland to seek permission to visit the gallery, a favour which M. Steengracht with true native courtesy and liberality readily grants.

Foremost among the Dutch masters stands Rembrandt, therefore to a work of his we

must first call attention. It is a small picture, representing "Bethseba at the Bath," signed and dated 1643, and has belonged to several well-known collectors, among others Sir Thomas Lawrence. The composition consists of three figures, Bethseba, who is seated, with two attendants; the one, an old woman, dressing her feet, the other, a negress, is combing the luxuriant tresses of her golden hair. The light is

ADRIAN BROUWER.

(*Born*, 1608; *Died*, 1640.)

concentrated on the principal figure, which is perfectly radiant with luscious golden and pearly hues; exceptionally beautiful is the head of Bethseba, and admirable the modest candour of its expression. These figures are on a terrace, which has some steps leading down to the water; the gorgeous plumage of a couple of peacocks gives splendour to the immediate foreground; a kind of grotto with overhanging foliage is on the extreme right; the background represents a park, with buildings of fanciful architecture; the whole is in a dim, mysterious undertone. But it is scarcely needful to tell admirers of the master that the chief glory of the work lies in the magic of the colouring, the effect of light, and the marvellous flesh-painting of the naked figure. A wave of warm, radiant sunlight flows through the composition, is arrested by the principal figure, and breaks in a flood of golden spray on the terrace at the right. The magician who in frank representation of nature could rival the most positive of realists, yet, steeping common objects and ordinary humanity in its every-day garb in the golden atmosphere of the ideal, had need at times to exercise his pencil on a simpler material, though one which for subtlety of surface would task all his powers. Picturesque as was the dress of his period, he knew that higher than picturesque costume stands the beauty of the human form divine. The ideal of form was never reached by Rembrandt, never even aimed at; he valued truth and character too highly to merge it in a feeble generalisation; but in the presentation of sentient, palpitating flesh

he was never surpassed. This, the most difficult problem in art, invaluable as study, and in which all the great painters have been imperatively compelled to try their powers, had for Rembrandt a peculiar fascination. What for others was despair as well as delight was for him unalloyed satisfaction, so frank yet delicate was his touch. This is the explanation of the various Bethsebas, Susannas, and other pictures of nude figures which have come from his easel. They are not epoch pictures, like "The Anatomy Lesson," the so-called "Night-Watch," or "The Stallmeester," but they are the source of exquisite enjoyment to the cultivated and the artist.

The distinguished biographer of Rembrandt, M. Vosmaer, in the eloquent conclusion of his work, compares the great master to Shakespeare. The comparison is just. Yet it may be suggested there was one element wanting to complete the parallel with the many-sided poet: Rembrandt cannot be said to have displayed a strong sense of the humorous in his art. But this quality has been developed by another Dutch master in a greater degree than by any other painter. On the side of pure humour, the eternal comedy of human life, Shakespeare in Jan Steen finds a worthy peer. Indeed, though we have no reason for supposing the painter to have known the works of the dramatist, there are several panels of the former which might well serve for illustration of some of the Falstaff scenes of the latter.

The two pictures in this gallery by Jan Steen present different styles of the artist. The larger in size is painted in his broad manner. It represents a merry family party—his own family, as may be seen by comparing the figures with those in the portrait picture in the Maurits Huis. Wine and song are not wanting, and the hilarity is general, as would always be the case when the jovial Jan presided at the board. The handling is marked by largeness of style, firm drawing, and bold foreshortening; the colour is rich and masculine, harmonious from the artistic combination of warm greens and greys, browns and purples. The smaller and more highly finished picture is one of his inimitable Doctor series. A plump, frolicsome damsel is lying in bed, the doctor with whimsical gravity is considering her case, while three other figures are thoroughly alive to the drollery of the proceeding. We see there is nothing seriously the matter with the saucy little puss, who will have her full share of fun and frolic at the next *kermess.*

Another humorous picture, this time by Adrian Brouwer, is indeed a masterpiece. And in no other gallery in Europe is such a brilliant example of this master to be found. Too often one associates the name of Brouwer with dingy little panels, mostly spurious, black and opaque in colour, and representing scenes of mere buffoonery. This, for glowing colour, rivals Rembrandt or Giorgione. For mastery of painting, for exquisite sensitiveness of brush-work, it was perhaps never surpassed. In some places the paint is laid on with a rich floating impasto, in others with the thinnest glaze; always perfectly presenting texture and form, never descending to mere bravura; in short, the execution is a blending of power and playfulness which perhaps the artist only can fully appreciate. The scene shows five boon companions seated in a tavern; the principal figure, probably a portrait of Brouwer, has been singing a song or telling a story. With laughing triumph he resumes his pipe, puffing out fantastic clouds of smoke; laughter and enjoyment ripple and play over the countenances of his companions, and are certainly communicated to the spectator. But no detailed description can adequately describe this work, so spontaneous is the conception. The career of Brouwer is still an unsolved enigma; little is known of him saving that he was a pupil of Franz Hals, and died in a hospital at Antwerp. Certainly Houbraken's sketch cannot be accepted as biography. In the Berlin Gallery there is by him a moonlight scene, showing a profound sympathy with the more mysterious aspects of nature. In the composition we have been considering, on the extreme right hand, is a man in black; this is said to be a portrait of Franz Hals; the tradition must be considered as apocryphal. (*To be continued*)

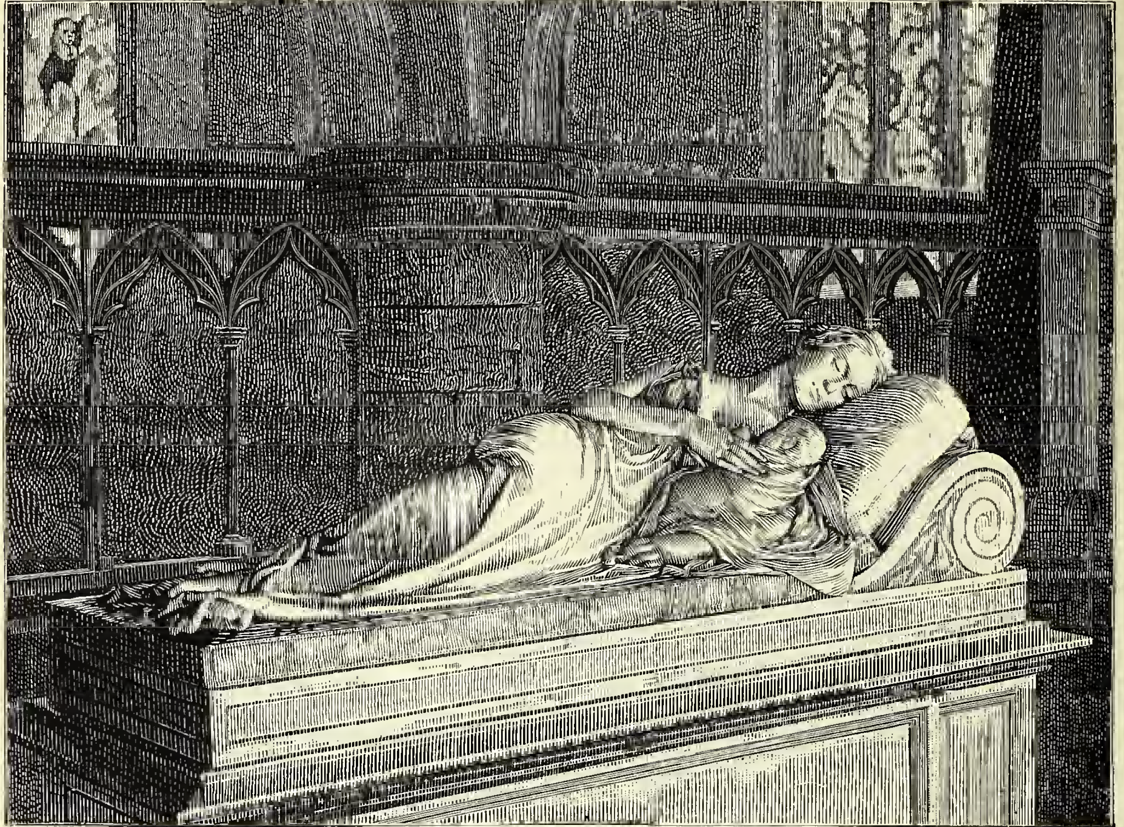
LADY FREDERICA LOUISA STANHOPE'S TOMB AT CHEVENING.

IN the chancel of the picturesque village church of Chevening, Sevenoaks, contiguous to Lord Stanhope's residence, is the beautiful tomb we engrave below. The recumbent monumental figures are life-size, and are those of the Lady Frederica Louisa Stanhope, sister of the present Earl of Mansfield, and her infant child, a veritable masterpiece by Sir Francis Chantrey.

The inscription upon the front of the tomb states that Lady Frederica Stanhope died in child-bed, in the twenty-third year of her age, on the 14th January, 1823. Added to this short but expressive record of the life thus early lost are a few lines, written by the lady herself, so illustrative of her own history and sad fate, that, although of the nature of a prayer, we venture to repeat them :—

"To be a pious Christian; a faithful, affectionate, and tender wife, a dutiful and grateful daughter, a kind sister; the mother to my children which my mother was to me; the friend of the poor and needy; to have true charity, to live a godly life on earth, and to die in the blessed hope that my sins, though many, may be forgiven, and that I shall enter the gates of everlasting happiness, there to meet or wait those I love—this is the life and end for which I pray."

The illustration to the pure and beautiful existence here expressed has been fittingly rendered by our greatest sculptor. The figures are enveloped in a few folds of simply arranged drapery, that of the mother, in her posture of graceful ease, suggesting rather slumber than the sleep that knows no awakening, with her hand placed caressingly upon the form of the little one nestling to her bosom ; while the beautifully chiselled features, closed eyelids, and calm expression together form a work scarcely to be equalled, certainly not excelled. The dimpled hands and exquisitely modelled feet are also wonderful examples of the artist's skill.



LADY FREDERICA STANHOPE'S TOMB.

(*By Sir Francis Chantrey.*)

The whole work, standing about five feet high, is of pure Carrara marble, and upon a scroll, whereon Lady Frederica's head is resting, is an emblematic embellishment by the sculptor, a lily with two buds, the stem of the flower itself and one of the buds being broken, whilst the only remaining bud—the surviving offspring—is intact. No work of Chantrey, not even his most memorable "Sleeping Children" in Lichfield Cathedral, surpasses this unexampled production of his genius, and no one who visits Chevening to inspect the treasure will leave the little church without a lifelong impression of its solemn beauty.

"HAMPTON COURT IN THE OLDEN TIME."

(From the Picture by F. E. Cox, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1879.)

(See page 158.)

"HAMPTON COURT IN THE OLDEN TIME."

By F. E. Cox.

IT is no wonder that artists—and especially those who affect a kind of elegant historical *genre* painting—should be admirers of the last century customs and costumes. Other times perhaps have been, in a sense, more picturesque, others again decidedly more natural, others equally ceremonious; but no epoch has ever so felicitously combined picturesque beauty, exquisite artificiality, and a frank naturalness which powder and patches scarcely marred. The ladies' roses of that period may not have been native, but their manners were open and their laughter free. As to the men, their garb was not exactly suggestive of the athletic virtues which a later day has learnt to prize so highly, but neither was it effeminate, or undignified, or unworthy of men and gentlemen. Sir Plume of the amber snuff-box and the clouded cane certainly caricatured the fashion in a manner to which it lent itself with great facility, but in spite of him and of his tribe, powder and long-waisted coats and buckled shoes clothed a man of more solid mould in eminent dignity. These were the days of the glory of Hampton Court and of all such royal pleasure-places; even more than the noisy gallants of the Merry Monarch, the courtiers of Queen Anne and the earlier Georges are fitly placed in the trim gardens of palaces. We have said that the period was not precisely athletic, but the dandies of Mr. Cox's picture are very probably proficients in the gentlemanly science of fencing, and are clearly equal to an energetic game of bowls in the encouraging presence of the weaker sex; the ladies of a later date, by the way, would certainly not be contented with watching the play and inspiring emulation; our fair lawn-tennis players have a different standard of enjoyment. Mr. Cox's figures are put in with grace; the two players and the lady to the right being particularly happy in action and line. This picture was at the Royal Academy of 1879.

SKETCHES AND STUDIES OF THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

WATER-COLOUR art is best seen in the little world of its own which such societies as this have created. The mixture of the arts which is usual elsewhere almost inevitably suggests a competition which, though not always pernicious in its effects upon the principles of oil-painting, is invariably deleterious to those of water-colour drawing. It does an oil picture no harm to be pure, clear, transparent in thought and in colour, impressionary, and impulsive; it damages a drawing to be imitative, heavy, literal, laboured, and opaque; a beautiful work may be produced, it is true, even in this case, but it will be a good picture and not a good drawing. In separate exhibitions the eye becomes quickly educated to the one method or the other, and is content with one manner of expression. Water-colours in their beginnings had a character of their own far more decided and far more distinct from that of the sister arts than they have since been permitted to retain. It is undoubtedly the tendency of art as it increases in its capacities, as the knowledge of the artist becomes greater, as his facility and skill gain ground, and as the vehicle he has chosen becomes more and more improved and perfected in all the branches of its mechanism, to advance towards a literal, reproductive, imitative rendering of nature, to forsake the conventional and interpretative manner with which it was content at first, and thereby to lose that precious element of art—the impression. It has eminently been so with water-colours. It is manifestly difficult, and an exercise of self-denial, for an artist, when the means at his command have immeasurably expanded, to confine his art to those hints and suggestions—to that stenography of art—beyond which those means would not at first take him. And yet he will probably acknowledge to himself that a transparent wash of colour almost in monochrome, with the pencil marks of the first outline unerased, is a better—nay a more perfect—expression of water-colour art than the stippled, caressed, many-tinted and mellow little painting with which an aquarellist can now vie in strength, solidity, and fulness of colour with the oil-painter. These principles are by no means yet fully established or revived, and for their

etter propagation we look to the head-quarters f the art—that "Old Society" which has oasted such illustrious names. We should specially desire, and we might naturally xpect, a return to legitimate principles in he winter show, which disclaims finish and picture-making. But the truth is that these annual collections are in no real sense exhibitions of sketches and studies. The members have never had the courage to show their work from nature in all the frank and graceful simplicity of its incompleteness, so that students lose much instruction and lovers of art much delight. The least impulsive of all landscape-painters have their spontaneous moments, in which they have surprised Nature in one of her artless moods, and been themselves surprised into artlessness; in such moments their work has a charm and also a power which dwindles in its subsequent elaboration in the studio. We have little doubt, however, that the example set by the Grosvenor Gallery in its exhibitions of *boná fide* sketches and studies will in time be followed elsewhere.

It cannot be disputed that a society which confines itself strictly to the works of its own members condemns itself to a certain degree of inevitable monotony. The artists who constitute the society are so active and so industrious in the number of works which they contribute to each exhibition, their distinctive characteristics are so familiar to the public, that much of the work shown by them is a foregone conclusion. Some novelties there are, indeed, this winter — among them being the rare and welcome accession of a work by an honorary member, Mr. Ruskin. This distinguished teacher of art seldom labours as an artist without some other object than the production of a good picture or drawing. He has been wont to preserve his position as master first and painter secondarily, by using his rare executive gifts for the illustration of some point in the large range of his teaching. His studies among the Alps were intended to be the one absolutely truthful and accurate record of the extension of the snows at such a period; his exquisite flower-outlines have a direct scientific intention; his studies of trees illustrated for the first time the laws of a tree's growth; in the same way his beautiful architectural study contributed to this gallery comes *àpropos* to the time to show how much beauty of colour, and what significant and historical decay, are menaced by "restoration" in the façade of St. Mark's, Venice. Mr. Ruskin has aimed at making a portrait rather than a picture, and it need scarcely be said that he has taken the likeness he desired with a sympathy of eye and hand which express themselves in exquisite lines and lovely colour. Another honorary member, the Princess Louise, exhibits a number of well-considered and intelligent studies of Canadian scenery; for the somewhat uncommon quality of accurate architectural perspective drawing her "Court-yard of the Citadel, Quebec," is especially to be commended. Mr. Oswald Brierly's power as a painter of sea-storms, whether in full force or gathering, is well exemplified by his "Burrasca on the Lagoon at Venice." This city is as usual the subject chosen by several contributors, but its hitherto most constant votary, Miss Clara Montalba, has transferred the scene of her labours to the banks of the Thames in the midst of London smoke and turmoil, into which her masterly artistic manner compels, as it were, a fine kind of beauty. Mr. Carl Haag is at his best in most of the eight works he exhibits; his study of "The Camel which leads the Procession" is a truly magnificent piece of painting, brilliantly executed, and containing, indeed, perfect wonders of skilful management in the accessories, while the Arab and his camel, so often painted by this artist, are excellent in character, and the group is invested with a fine light and harmony. "A Young Zulu" is a good specimen of our late enemies, young, alert, and intelligent, if sufficiently savage; "A Group of Caireen Musicians" is an equally admirable study of that Oriental life which Mr. Haag has made peculiarly his own. Faithful in his turn to the Pagan past, which he has set himself to recall with all the reality which can be compassed by the familiarity of learning joined to taste and skill, Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., contributes "The Old Bachelor" (who is a bachelor of ancient Rome) in the enjoyment of the latter stages of an evidently successful banquet. The roses, which were considered in Rome so important an element in the luxury of all festivities, the marble surfaces, the draperies, are treated with the usual perfection. The President of the Society, Sir John Gilbert, is represented by a characteristic drawing of "Gipsies" with a knight in armour and his train, and by a study in sacred illustration, "The Wise and Foolish Virgins." His habitual qualities of "dash," facility, and rich colour are here in abundance. To proceed with a group of figure-subjects, special attention is attracted by Mr. Henry

Wallis's "Luca Signorelli," a picturesque composition in which the artist, with a young pupil, dreamily descends the steps of a hilly Italian town, while two girls take advantage of his abstraction to pelt his companion with blossoms. Another of this artist's works is a study of poor Flemings at prayer, "Nearest the Door in the Cathedral, Bruges." Mr. Smallfield exhibits a small study for his oil picture, "The Inventor of Sails," Dædalus studying the wings of birds in their mechanism and in movement. Mrs. Allingham, as usual, combines figures with landscapes or interiors, her drawings being excessively clever in manipulation and most elaborately finished; "The Straw Plaiter, St. Albans," an old woman at her labour, is full of pathetic expression. Two oil-painters, Mr. Marks and Mr. Holman Hunt, exhibit among the water-colour artists. "The Serf" and "The Student" are well-drawn heads in chalk by the former, while the latter is represented by a crayon head of a "Bethlehem Woman." Another figure-subject of some importance is Mr. A. H. Marsh's "Wayfarers," two young women of the class and type that this artist invariably paints (and paints from imagination, for though not maudlin, pretty, or sentimental, they are entirely idealised) sitting together in a melancholy landscape under the shelter of a hedge.

Among the more important landscapes must of course be ranked the works of Mr. Henry Moore. This artist has consummate powers in the management of light, distance, and the masses of a landscape composition; in his water-colour work there has always been noticeable a purple or magenta treatment of the greys of nature which is absent from his oil pictures, and which mars the pleasure of the eye in his otherwise admirable drawings. This particular fault of colour is an especially distasteful one; a mannerism in the opposite direction — a trick of putting in too much yellow, such as an exaggeration of green in blue skies—may be quite as untrue to nature, but it is more easily forgiven, because it charms the eye. Mr. Boughton, for instance, has a more confirmed habit of green than Mr. Moore of purple, but the former pleases while the latter offends. Mr. Moore's draughtsmanship, however, is exceptionally good in his two large studies of this year, "East Tarbet Castle, Argyll," and "Machrihanish Bay, Kantyre." As often in former years, some of the freshest and most charming work in the room comes from the pencil of Mr. Thorne Waite. Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. Brittan Willis deserve also special praise, and the veterans of the society maintain their reputation.

For the other water-colour exhibitions we have left small space. Of these, the Institute—also a "close" society—follows so nearly in the steps of the older body, that much of our more general criticism of the latter applies to it also, except that there is a higher degree of originality and perhaps of innovation to be remarked in the artistic methods of the contributors to the smaller gallery. It is here, for instance, that Mr. Herkomer's characteristic and decided water-colour work — more distinctive in its peculiarities at that time, perhaps, than it has since become—first excited interest; that Mr. Green's solidity of drawing and power of expression, which gained him honours at Paris in 1878, have long given pleasure to the lovers of strong rather than flimsy work; and that Mr. Hine's repose and breadth were shown before those qualities had become as general as they now are. At the Fine Art Society's gallery, in Bond Street, an exhibition of the water-colours of Samuel Prout and William Hunt borrowed a peculiar interest from the "notes" prepared for it by Mr. Ruskin. The early drawings of Hunt, as the great critic observes, "depended for their charm on the most open and simple management of transparent colour; and his later ones, for their highest attainments, on the flexibility of a pigment which yielded to the slightest touch and softest motion of a hand always more sensitive than firm." And this particular collection of Hunt's drawings was brought together to illustrate, we are told, "what real painting is, as such, wholly without inquiry concerning its sentiment or story" (a laudable and useful motive for any exhibition); and to show, in short, "what is meant by painting as distinguished from daubing, from plastering, from rough casting, from chromo-tinting, from tray-varnishing, from paper-staining, and in general from the sort of things that people in general do when you put a brush into their hands and a pot within reach of them." Whether all this could really be accomplished by an exhibition of Hunt's drawings, and whether Mr. Ruskin would carry conviction to all his readers, when he assures them that if they do not admire a certain little brown-red butterfly of Hunt's, they "cannot admire Titian and all other good painters," is a question which few would be found to answer affirmatively, without mental doubts and reservations, even when propounded to them by a master whose tastes and judgments are seldom open to doubt.

"WIDOWED."

(From the Picture by Frank Holl, A.R.A., exhibited in 1879.)

GROSVENOR GALLERY: WINTER EXHIBITION.

IT has come in three years to be an established custom for the Grosvenor Gallery to give us some new—or at least fresh—form of water-colour art at its winter exhibitions. A habit is quickly formed in London. A very few years sufficed to establish the Academy collections of old masters as one of the principal interests of the artistic year; a couple of seasons accustomed us to the summer show at the Grosvenor, so that London would be strange to us without that abundant subject for talk; and we should certainly miss the water-colours and drawings in Bond Street in winter, even if Sir Coutts Lindsay should select some other method of interesting us. The first of these loan collections, it will be remembered, comprised the beginnings and early developments of water-colour drawing in England; the second brought the art down to the eve of our own times; the third would have less distinctive character, inasmuch as it is chiefly an open exhibition for contemporary artists with whose work we are all familiar in the several shows of the year, but for the felicitous idea of importing continental water-colour drawings from the fast-rising schools of modern Holland. Thus the Grosvenor Gallery this winter is able to boast a feature even fresher than that of the first year, in this Dutch contribution, which, though it is not a large one, contains exquisite examples. Sir Coutts Lindsay will, no doubt, very shortly turn his attention to the French school of water-colours, which proved a surprise even to the Parisians last spring, and of which absolutely nothing is known in England.

The works in oils of the brothers Maris, of Mauve, Mesdag, and Israels, are, or ought to be, familiar to London through the frequent and always admirable exhibitions in the Goupil galleries in Covent Garden—the last-named master, indeed, has more than once contributed to the Academy and to other London collections; but the public has had few opportunities of enjoying their water-colours. Their subjects are to the full as characteristic as their manner—canal scenery, little unpretentious bits of low wood and brimming water, ponds, and meadows forming the majority of the landscape motives, while the figure compositions are all taken from the homely and picturesque life of Dutch interiors — families, labourers, mothers and children, invested with no sentimental fictions, but all the more pathetic for their unconscious simplicity. Josef Israels, indeed, is seldom contented with the inevitable pathos which all peasant life presents when art deals with it sincerely; he chooses the saddest tragedies of lowly existence, but paints them with a tact, a reticence, a thoughtfulness, which preserve his exquisite work from ever crossing that delicate boundary between the mournful and the dismal. In "Left Alone," one of the most beautiful of his drawings in the present little collection, he has chosen an immense sorrow of every-day life, the great tragedy that is played out on the narrow stage of a peasant-woman's nature — the sudden widowhood, not of the young wife or happy mother consoled by troops of friends, but of the old and lonely creature whose love has become a lifelong habit harder to relinquish than a passion. The scene is sketched so simply and yet with so much mystery, there is such exquisite truth of tone in the dusk of the interior, and the colour is so fine, that this small drawing must rank as one of Josef Israels' masterpieces. "A Happy Home," from the same hand, is a bit of Dutch home-life as simple in its serenity as the other in its sorrow, and "A Workman" is an admirable study from the life. J. Maris, who is a master of the art of oil-painting, uses water-colour almost entirely for the purpose of note-taking and recording impressions. Not that his drawings are to be considered in any sense unfinished, for they have that finest of all finish, which is truth. An "Interior" and a "View at Schiedam" are in his most admirable manner. His colour in these drawings is noticeably cooler than is usual with him in oil-painting, and this tendency is still more characteristic of the water-colours of W. Maris, whose beautiful studies of cattle and pastoral country are all marred by positive coldness of tone. Du Chattel's "Rainy Day" and "Bright Day," Van de Sande Backhuysen's "Landscape," and W. Roeloss's "Duck-Pond" are all fine examples of pure, vivid, and transparent water-colour work in landscape; while — to

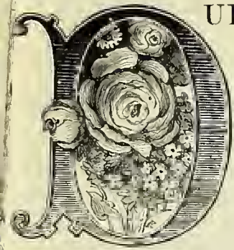
return to figures — B. J. Blommers has succeeded in uniting to a title ("Baby's Dinner"), which has stamped so much of the bread-and-butter art of our galleries, a freshness, charm, and vitality which make his little group keenly interesting. No special research is needed for the attainment of this result; the one essential thing is sincerity—a direct and vivid sympathy with the truth of the subject. Cultivated men would never have taken "domestic art" in horror (as they undoubtedly have done) on account of its homeliness or simplicity; its routine sentiment, its shams and real heartlessness have caused the disgust. Most people have smiled at Mr. Hamerton's vigorous onslaught on nursery art at the Royal Academy; to our minds, however, he misses the right point of attack when he assails the subjects; the weakness and the vulgarity are in the insincerity of the artists, not in the child-life which they spoil. The quaint baby who reaches down with the exquisite action of nature towards his little porringer of food, in M. Blommers' drawing, is more poetical and lovely than a poem could well express. Another exceedingly clever bit of life is the "Tea-Party" of M. Henkes, a group of elderly Dutch women in caps enjoying the moderate pleasure of tea under the trees, unrelieved by any youthful or masculine mixture in the society. The subject is quaint, and caught with appreciativeness.

We have perhaps lingered long over this handful of drawings, but there is nothing of the same interest elsewhere in the gallery. In fact, autocratic selection has not proved itself (where contemporary interests come into question) more effective than the deliberative counsels of the Academy committees as a severe sifting power. Without undue severity it must be said that some of the work which is here hung so thinly and with so much advantage of space, light, and setting, might have taken a modest place on the crowded walls of the Society of British Artists without any loss of dignity. We shall, however, confine our remarks to those drawings which are exceptionally good. Foremost among these are the two grand Thames pieces from the pencil of Miss Clara Montalba, "Greenhithe" and "Cannon Street Bridge." In these unpromising subjects the artist has been true to her aim of ennobling without falsifying the reality of the scenes before her, except in one respect: she has substituted one kind of dinginess for another—the rich darkness which comes of age and weather and the effects of rough toil, for the thin and grimy darkness which comes of soot. The one is essentially pictorial, not so the other; and we are obliged to charge this conscientious artist with so much of idealisation when we contemplate the gloriously rich depth in depth of tone which the gloom of her "Cannon Street Bridge" enfolds. Certain it is that she has produced masterly studies. Mr. W. Small's "Holy Well, Connemara," has the interest of its subject—a true bit of Irish life and feeling—as well as of the artist's excellent drawing. By the lonely lake is the small well with its sacred monogram; an old woman has bent her head upon the stones in a fervour of supplication; a younger woman tells her beads quietly, and two children at a distance kneel also at prayer. The scene has its own characteristic air of remoteness. Prominent for their quality among more ambitious works are two of Mr. Mark Fisher's wonted pastoral landscapes—very good examples—and a brilliant little piece of light and sunshine by Mr. Fahey entitled "The Fair Maid of the Farm;" the artist here has achieved the rare merit of filling his sky with light; it may be held as an almost universal rule that the skies in pictures are too dark; even some of the Dutch water-colours fail in this respect and might borrow something from this capital little work. Mr. Adrian Stokes contributes a fresh and sympathetic little figure subject—a girl at a spring "Revolving Many Memories." Mr. Herkomer contributes a study from the life, which he calls "A Descendant of the Romans;" his model has, in fact, the low upright brow and square head and jaws which suggest a civic crown under the Republic. Praise must also be given to the sunshine of Mr. Frank E. Cox's drawing, "Oh, the sweet Spring!" and to Mr. J. B. W. Knight's "Hop-Pickers at Dusk." Every one knows Mr. Briton Riviere's "Daniel" and "Circe." It was the latter picture, indeed, which for ever fixed the place of the artist in public estimation; he may have been known and valued in the ranks of his brother painters before the wonderful pigs were produced, but "Circe and the Friends of Ulysses" was the picture of its year, and has never—being admirably engraved—been forgotten in public favour. The studies for this and for the "Daniel and the Lions" are among the best of the Grosvenor water-colours; both are masterpieces of manipulative skill. Two of Mr. J. C. Moore's portraits of children are as attractive as are

such works from the pencil of one who has the happy knack of avoiding all the artificial graces of the conventional portraiture of children, and of giving something of the true infantine nature.

The studies so carefully preserved from the remains of the old masters were for two seasons a source of infinite instruction to students at the Grosvenor; and this year the idea has been successfully and profitably carried to the length of exhibiting the portfolio scraps of some of the young masters—the eminent living painters of the day. Of these we shall speak on another occasion.

IRISH SKETCHING GROUNDS: ON THE THRESHOLD.



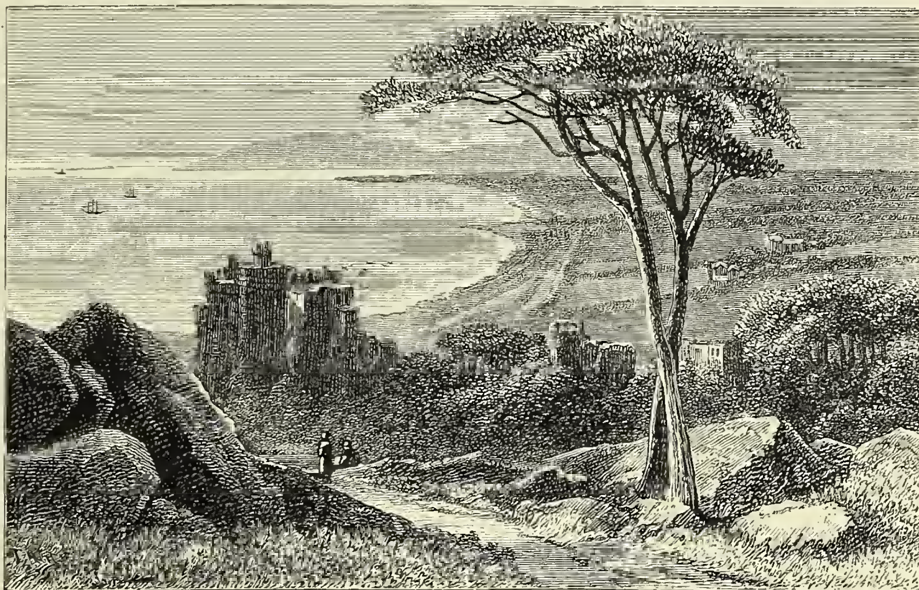
DUBLIN BAY. A very poem in itself. An epic in its frown, an idyll in its smile. Seen by sunrise from the deck of the *Leinster* or *Connaught* with Bray Head to the south and the Hill of Howth to the north, like couchant lions on guard, with the blue-green waves dancing in the sunlight, with the Sugar-Loaf mountain recalling its old Keltic title—"the Gilt Spear," the spike burnished as if kept ready by a giant for action,

> "'Tis Baiæ by a softer blue!
> Gaeta by a gladder green."

The wide sweep takes in Killiney strand, a golden fringe to a beryl sea; the three hills—the central one, Killiney, crowned by its obelisk; Dalkey Island and Sound, where Grace O'Malley, the "Granuweal" of peasant song and story, anchored for some days with her little fleet on her return from paying homage to another strong-minded lady—Queen Bess; the bourne of the pilgrim, Kingstown Harbour; the South Wall, with its white mole stretching far into the bay; the distant City; the green shores of Clontarf, and—Howth,

> "Like a leviathan afloat on the waves."

I recall, in this very month of June in which I write, one moonlight night when "herrings were in the bay," how, far as one could see, lights flickered, rose, and fell on the surface of the waters, as if legions of Jack o' lanterns were dancing on the waves, the myriad reflections forming a faërie Ridotto, like that furnished in the illumination of the surf at Madras on the Prince's visit. True, as the steamer cautiously worked her away through the scene, the glamour proved to be but a boat and a lantern multiplied by thousands; but take anything "in the aibstract," and the result is disillu-



VICTORIA CASTLE, KILLINEY—BRAY HEAD ON THE HORIZON.

sioning. As it is, the herring-fleet as seen by moonlight makes up a scene so charming in colour that, if the sketcher should succeed in fixing it on canvas, he may wake up some morning not only famous, but also "hung on the line," with policemen as art guardians to the marine painter of the age.

Killiney Hill, the opening illustration to this paper, is a kaleidoscope in itself. Standing at the summit by the obelisk, and turning on your heel, you take in sea and landscapes as widely varying as if not merely miles but leagues formed a separation. It is as if one were looking into a showman's box on a Brobdingnagian scale, and, by the turn of a pin, one picture was replaced by another. On the one side are sea, strand, and green plains, stretching on to Bray; fairy-like Killiney Bay—

> "Soft Shanganagh's silver strand,
> The breaking of a sapphire sea
> Upon the golden-fretted sand"—

with the cones of the greater and lesser Sugar Loaf merging into the ether, linking sky and land. Then a champaign country, yellow cornfields and green pastures—the vale of Shanganagh, which Denis Florence M'Carthy preferred in such musical lines to the "calm Susquehannah." Next the whole valley of the Liffey, backed by the Wicklow mountains, with its richly-wooded plains; in the far west the hills of Kildare; at one's feet, as it were, Kingstown Harbour, linked by the winding coast with "Dublin Citie, so grand," with its many domes, rare spires, and still rarer factory chimneys. Whilst to the north lie the green wooded shores of Clontarf curving to the south side of Howth, and in the far distance the serrated peaks of the Mourne mountains. Nearing the top of Killiney Hill is Anglesey, once a hunting-box of the Marquis, over the monument to whose legs sympathising tourists have perhaps shed a silent tear at Waterloo. From this one can see, when the regatta week sets loose its flock of yachts, the white sails dotting the bay like the wings of so many "Mother Carey's chickens" glancing in the sunlight and dancing over the waters in festive pursuit.

I have gone many a mile along the Susquehannah, whose tree-covered hills, grander than those of the Rhine, only lack their legends; but lovely as they are, grand in outline as in colour, after a while they wax monotonous. Indeed, save the view from the Leopoldsberg, with the "Schöne blaue Donau," its sandbanks and its wooded islets lying beneath, on the left the vine-clad Bisamberg and the Marchfeld—scene of Wagram and Austerlitz—spreading away to the blue Carpathians, with the vineyards lying beneath one's feet, and the Kaiserstadt, with the spires of St. Stephen's towering above a crowd of domes, and all the lovely plain walled in by the snow-clad Styrian Alps, I can recall no fairer scene. The view from the terrace of St. Germain, with the valley of the Seine, the winding river, the fortifications of Mont Valerien and distant Paris, fringed by the green Bois de Boulogne, is indeed lovely, but all these lack the sea, and such a sea as greets one from Killiney Hill. Truly did Lady Dufferin say,

> "Oh, Bay of Dublin!
> My heart you're troublin'."

Her beauty has as many changes as a pretty woman; in her morning costume, with the light clouds trailing in fleecy softness, she has all the blushing beauty of a gentle maiden. But in the gorgeous robes of evening, when the clouds, golden, crimson, and mauve, melt away into the celadon sky, and when the purple waves of the bay are barred with gold, then she is indeed a goddess in majesty. Cloud effects, such as even Turner never dotted down from his Chelsea home, may be noted from this same obelisk of Killiney. If the sketcher does nothing else, he will gain lessons in colour no other teacher than Nature can give him, and even of these she is chary save in some few favoured spots.

All these are, however, ambitious efforts; the sketcher may simply wish to while away a holiday. If he be young, a knapsack, a sketching umbrella, and camp-stool will be his only *impedimenta;* and as, like the "Roving Englishman," "he may wish to pay as little as possible for the conveyance of his body," a hint may not be despised. Let him not come by the Irish mail to Kingstown; let him take his ticket at Euston Square, *viâ* the North Wall.

The moment he lands there are models awaiting him. There is no more picturesque vehicle in Europe than the "jaunting car," not even the *droschky* or the *vetturino.* As for "jarvey," whether he wears his "cotamore" of freize or assumes a more summery garb, he is always in keeping with the droschky of Dublin. Along the North Wall many types of character will be found, and on the other side of the river, Ringsend and the Dodder at its mouth will give many excellent "bits" of scenery.

The city itself will furnish many a score of architectural notes. The predominance of

domes and the paucity of spires form a striking feature. Indeed, this is one of her three peculiarities; the other two are, the fact of two cathedrals—St. Patrick's and Christ Church—and the circumstance that the river Liffey is honoured by a Christian name, though whether Anna Liffey when in the flesh, before she became, "like Niobe, all tears," was maid, matron, or widow, is an unsettled point.

The Custom-House, either as shown in the view looking towards Carlisle Bridge, or giving to the mouth of the river, with a forest of masts for a background, will make one excellent picture. The Bank of Ireland, which George Augustus Sala, no mean authority, has said to be one of the few buildings in the world which do not remind one of something else, will make another. The College Park, attached to Trinity College—"Old T. C. D" —will give many charming combinations of woodland scenery and architecture, and both the cathedrals will furnish ample work for many a day. The porch of Christ Church, the tomb of Strongbow, the dip of the hill leading to Arran Quay, all invite the pencil. Christ Church itself, as restored through the liberality of Mr. Roe, is well worthy of being sketched, whilst St. Patrick's, which also owes its present condition to the munificence of another Dublin citizen—the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness—both externally and internally, amply merits record. The banners of the Knights of St. Patrick, with their 'scutcheons of varied hues, contrast well with the grey Gothic shafts and oaken stalls, and with the "storied windows richly dight," form a delicious bit of colour. The ivied porch facing the dean's house was, as I well remember, a charming nook. St. Michan's Church, too, merits a sketch, if only for the fact that chivalrous Robert Emmet, the "young hero" of the daughter of John Philpot Curran, rests under its shadow beneath the stone that remains "uninscribed until other men and other times shall have learned to do justice to his memory."

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

But to pass on to other sketching grounds. Just above Donnybrook, famed in song, there is a "bit" of a village street which, taken from the foot-bridge, is fixed on the retina of my mind. A little further on a mill-race overhung by green boughs invites the sketcher. Milltown, with its two-arched bridge, will make a cabinet gem. Then, at Harold's Cross, there is a ruined mill overhanging a quarry hole—a picture ready made, foreground and all.

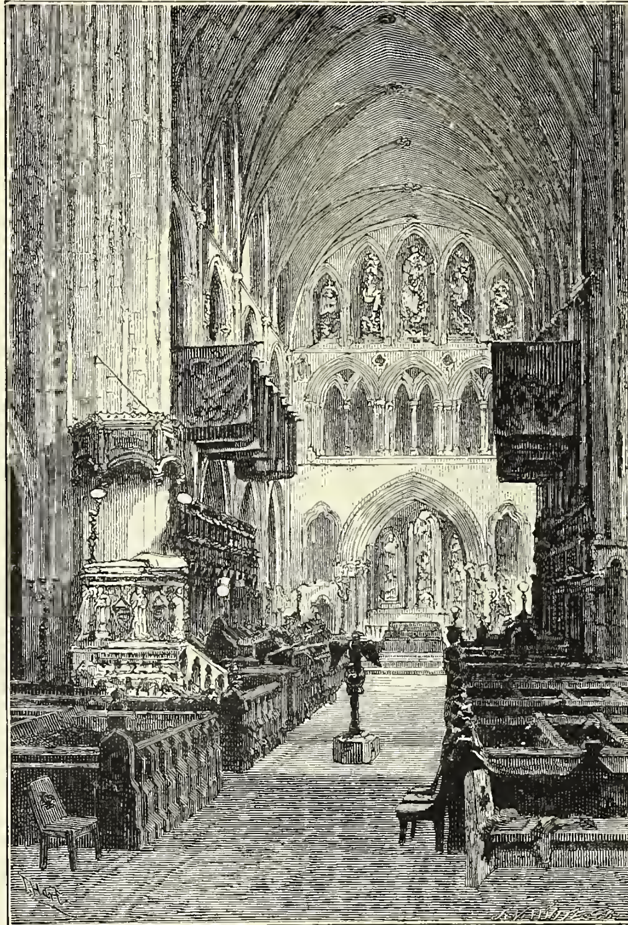
By Upper Rathmines, through the fields known as the Bloody Fields, with the pathway overhung by blackberries, and the hedges with their wealth of "primrose stars in the shadowy grass," scores of pieces to fill up corners in the sketch-book may be found. The name Bloody Fields is not euphonious,

yet imagination can people it with a subject worthy of a painter, for here did the Danes and O'Byrnes fight out one of their many feuds. Now victors and vanquished are alike forgotten—

> "Their part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills
> Is—that their graves are green."

Going from this, through Upper Rathmines, at the foot of the hill leading to the Dodder, is a mill-stream, a green, quiet nook that Birket Foster would love to immortalise.

At Rathgar there are "bits" that would have tempted Ruysdael. One windmill overlooking a dark tarn, with ferns growing out of the rocks that overhang it, would form a delightful etching. Two other windmills, so close together as seemingly to take the wind out of each other's sails, by moonlight would recall the old home of one Gerritz, afterwards known as Rembrandt Van Rhyn. Rathfarnham, in Judge Blackburn's park, affords superb examples of woodland. At Dundrum there is a crenalated old house surrounded by trees which, with the lane approaching it, is worthy a day's journey for amateur or artist. We are now on the way to the Three Rock Mountain—under the shadow of which the unhappy Richard II. knighted "Young Harry," the future victor of Azincour—with its rough granite boulders, to Killakee, and to Montpelier, topped by the quaint ruin that once witnessed the revelries of a certain infamous club.



CHOIR OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

On the north side of the town, Chapelizod, the scene of James Sheridan Lefanu's "House by the Churchyard," will delay the wandering sketcher; and, at Clondalkin, there is a round tower, on a mound over which an ash-tree droops, which, though one of the smallest, is also one of the most perfect and picturesque in the entire island. The Strawberry Beds, with the water frothing over the weir and the green banks sloping up from the Liffey, may compare with many a scene by the much vaunted Rhine. Indeed, replace the green rows of strawberries by vines, and the transformation would be almost perfect.

The Phœnix Park, looking from the magazine, of which Swift wrote,

> "Behold a proof of Irish sense,
> Here Irish wit is seen,
> When nought is left that's worth defence
> They build a magazine"—

and taking the view across the Fifteen Acres, which has witnessed more references to the arbitration *à duello* than even the Bois de Boulogne, Chalk Farm, or Calais Sands, gives a superb landscape. The scene takes in the picturesque Old Man's Hospital—the Chelsea Hospital of Ireland — backed up by the green Wicklow mountains. In spring, in this same Phœnix Park, the hawthorn bushes, or rather trees, with the red and white coral of their blossoms set off by the brightest of green leaves, are unequalled for size and unmatched in picturesque effect. As sketches in black and white, the quaint diverse angles formed by the boughs, and the gnarled, knotted trunks, make each tree a study.

Taking the north-east suburbs, the Green Lanes of Clontarf, with their Gothic arches of greenery, flecking the sunshine of the road, are admirable vistas. Then there is the sea road, past Dollymount, running beneath St. Anne's, the country seat of Sir Arthur Guinness. This in wild beauty, with green trees on one side, the desolate

llow sanded North Bull on the other, has ut few equals so near a metropolis. Howth a very centre for sketching. On the road it from Dollymount is "the kirk de-rted by its riggin," with its uncanny look-ng churchyard. Near the castle, linked by gend with Grana Uile, ancestress of the arls of Mayo, is the ruined church in

THE OLD BRIDGE—THE DARGLE.

which generations of the St. Lawrences, Lords of Howth, sleep soundly. There are Ireland's Eye, distant Lambay, and the Bailey Light, and, round the north side, cliffs that recall Plemont in Jersey and many a wild scene on the Cornish coast by "lost Lyonnese." As for the hill, which seems far removed from the busy haunts of men, as if the puffing steam-horse never invaded its territory, of it one may well say—

"Give me a stretch of heathery moor, all gay with gorse in bloom,
And grey stones streaked with lichen stains and wisps of yellow broom,
And creeping sprays of stag's-horn moss and clumps of parsley fern,
And rugged lines of mountain-tops with here and there a cairn."

All this will be found at Howth. Many other sketching grounds are there round and about Eblana—gay *spirituelle* Dublin—Tallaght, the Green Hills, the Canals both Royal and Grand, Leixlip and its Salmon Leap; but I must, for the present, quit them all, giving the reader one peep at the lovely Dargle in the view of the Old Bridge, and, with the door barely ajar, usher him into the scenery of wonderful Wicklow, leaving him "On the Threshold." HUGH WILLOUGHBY SWENY.

A BUNDLE OF RUE:

BEING MEMORIALS OF ARTISTS RECENTLY DECEASED.

I.—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

THIS is the age of memorials and biographies. More than the people of any other times are we anxious to put on lasting record everything which is in any way memorable amongst us. Other ages have kept a silence about their men and their manners which we would give much to hear broken; great things were achieved in almost all the arts, and the age has the glory while the man remains unknown. The designers of cathedrals which are schools of architecture to all times, the writer of the book which has been more read than any except the Scriptures (the "Imitation of Christ")—no one knows for certain the names of these immortals. We are more tender and more self-conscious, more anxious to be

remembered individually, more curious about the individuality of others. And this marks our country as particularly as our time. An artist like George Cruikshank, therefore, has not been dead for almost two years without having been made the subject of the brief biographies which the interest of a troop of friends has prompted while the memory of the living man—a man who had been much loved and liked—was still warm in their hearts. Mr. Sala has published a "Life-Memory" of his friend in a magazine; and a monograph by Professor Bates made its appearance in the year of the artist's death; a much more extended memoir falls to the pen of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, and the materials for an autobiography were left to the editorship of George Cruikshank's widow. Perhaps in none of these memorials is the appreciation of the writer altogether uninfluenced by the feelings of a surviving for a deceased friend; no one looks or even wishes for strict impartiality in a pamphlet written before the days of mourning are accomplished; the cool judgment of the future cannot be anticipated where the personal feelings are engaged. It will be our task and endeavour, in these papers on deceased artists, to write the thoughts of strangers, successors, critics, and impartial lovers of art—to speak as if for posterity.

(*From a Photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.*)

Of the personality of one who so recently passed away from a scene where he played so long and so prominent a part, we need not say more than an introductory word. A very marked personality it was—so marked that it was sure to repel when it did not please. The warm esteem in which Cruikshank was held by so many friends must always be kept in mind when the peculiarities of his strong, obtrusive, inevitable, and noisy individuality are remembered. Those peculiarities were emphasised by a cheerful and irrepressible conceit, which led him to keep himself by any means before the eyes of the public. During the theatricals, to which allusion is made further on, it became so difficult to prevent Cruikshank from "keeping the stage," that some of his fellow-actors suggested his suppression through a trap-door. He had a picturesque face, marred by an exceedingly long upper lip, and also by the fashion of long

hair brought forwards over the temples, which he preserved from the times of his youth. His eyes were piercing, vivid, and wonderfully quick of movement.

The great modern humorist of Hogarth's school was born in the September of 1792 of Scotch parents. That his family fell to evil fortunes through their adherence to sons, Robert and George, and these were brothers not only in blood, but also of the brush. The latter, able to draw as soon as he could write, began to make money (in the scantiest proportions) when he was twelve years old, and in the succeeding four years, when his father's death left him entirely to the support of his own exertions, he earned

"ELECTION FOR BEADLE."

(By George Cruikshank. Copied by permission of the Royal Aquarium Society, London.)

the cause of the Pretender, as he himself has put upon record, is of less interest than the fact that his father, Isaac Cruikshank, was also an artist — a struggling one, of the "hack" order, glad to work in water-colour, in black and white, with the engraver's burin or the etcher's needle as necessity directed; but full of artistic capacity. His own predilection was probably for caricature, for we find him designing political satires at the time when Gilray was master in that field. He had two his living by such humble work as few even of the most purely self-taught artists can look back upon. He had made a sketch of Nelson's funeral car, and indulged his turn for satire by political and social caricatures when he was thirteen; and during his more adolescent years the poor boy illustrated street ballads, the nursery rhymes of gutter children, and penny broadsides for the politicians of the ale-house. By far the larger part of all this raw work has perished. Specimens linger here and there

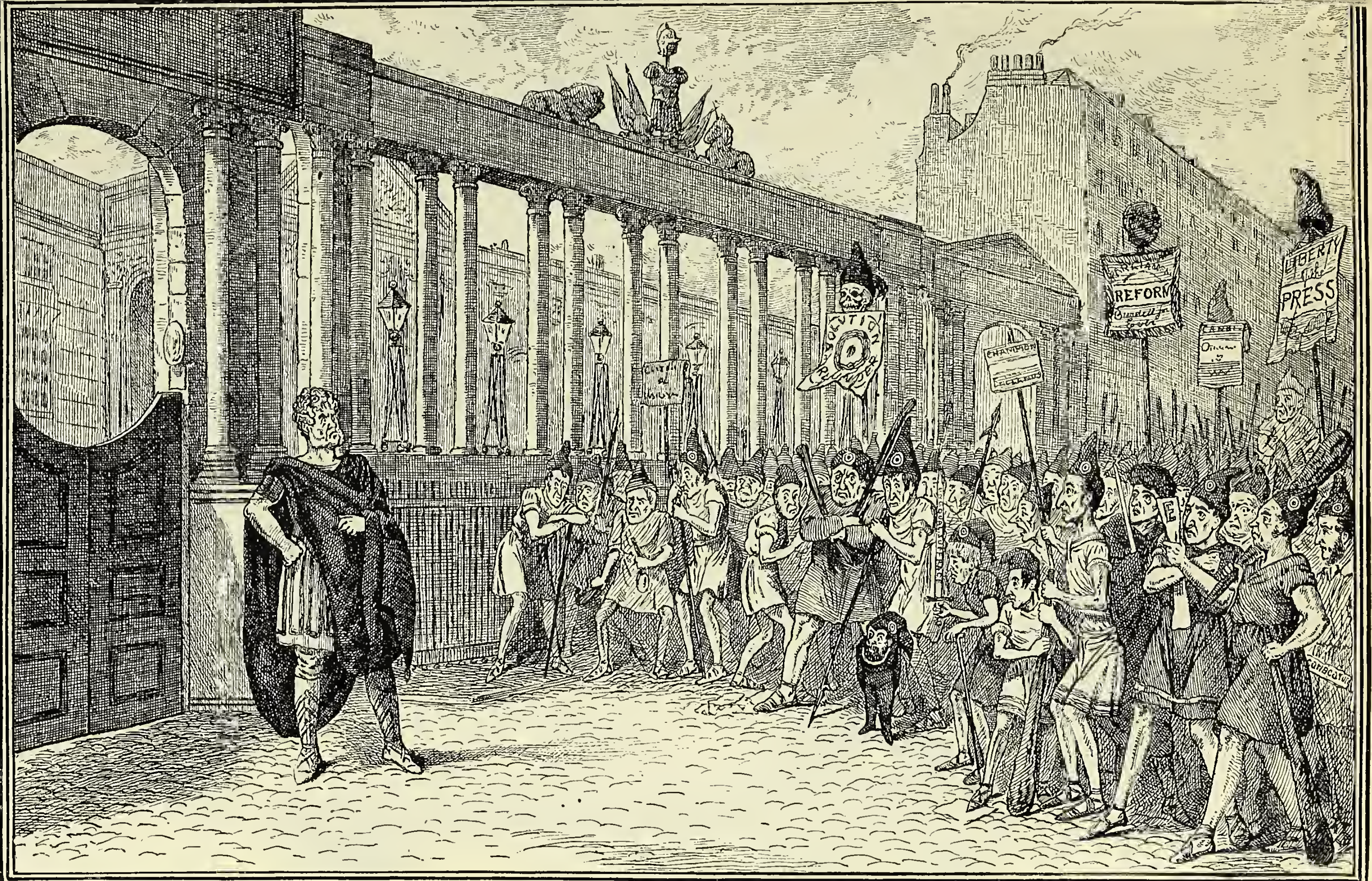
in the portfolios of collectors; and the artist himself lived to see the scrawls of his ill-taught youth disputed for as curiosities in the art-sales of sixty years later. His art in its better developments being essentially dramatic, the love of the actual drama was not wanting. In his circumstances, however, to become an actor meant to become a strolling player; while he was hesitating about the possibility of embarking upon such a career, he obtained a commission to paint a drop-scene for Drury Lane Theatre, on the stage of which he was ambitious of appearing. The bit of scene-painting in question was a caricature of Sir William Curtis, and the young artist depicted him looking over a bridge, and did it with so much humour that the picture "brought down the house." This well-known city magnate was a favourite victim of George Cruikshank; he was the typical turtle-fed alderman of that day—a fact which did not prevent his memorable assumption of full Highland costume when in Scotland; it was he whom Byron described in a bitterly scornful line as

"The witless Falstaff of a hoary Hal"

(George IV. was his patron); finally, it was to his inventive research that we owe that admirable vegetable, the sea-kale, as an article of food. George Cruikshank's success in scene-painting led to more employment of the same kind; he shared as an artist the theatrical beginnings of Stanfield and David Roberts. But he would have been, and was, a vivid and energetic actor, though his opportunities for public display were few. Among these may be recorded the amateur performances organised by Charles Dickens many years later for the benefit of Leigh Hunt.

An unbroken series of social and political caricatures from Cruikshank's pencil made their appearance during those days, so far separated from ours in feeling, in which the final discomfiture of our national enemy Napoleon was the subject of facile British satire. Nothing changes so rapidly as the sense of humour; it is the great disadvantage of all humorists, whether literary or pictorial, that their work is of necessity ephemeral, insomuch as what is freshly, strongly, irresistibly comic to one generation often seems flat to the next, and absolutely inane to a third. We can enter into the spirit of any part of Greek literature except some of the jokes; and with regard to the great moderns, candour is bound to admit that it is not altogether invariably that the vital and immortal quality which was in all Shakespeare's work is strong enough to keep his humour from the decay of change. Dickens is not to us *altogether* what he is to our fathers; and what that fine genius will be to our children's altered minds it is almost sad to foresee. Now, Cruikshank belonged virtually and actually to an earlier time than Dickens; and if social humour changes so fast, that which is political is even swifter to alter. It is difficult for us, with the neutral feelings and the large liberality which are now generally mingled with our views of foreign policy, to enter into the intense, bigoted, and energetic nationalism of sixty or seventy years ago. To make easy jokes out of the fall of a colossal enemy is hardly in our present humour. George Cruikshank, therefore, in the long labours of his political satires—some idea of the spirit of which may be gathered from specimens of their titles, "Otium cum Dignitate, a View of Elba," and "Quadrupeds, or Little Boney's Last Kick"—is an artist who appeals to our historical interest, but distinctly not to our sympathies. In 1820 he published the finest of his works in this connection, a political caricature in parody of "Coriolanus addressing the Plebeians," containing portraits of the patriots and demagogues of the hour. An engraving of this clever picture is given on the opposite page.

At about this time, William Hone, an agitator of an inveterate kind, was making no small stir with his politico-social pamphlets. Cruikshank became associated with him as etcher, and was the partner of his works and his intimate and faithful friend. As was the case later with those books of Dickens' and Ainsworth's which he illustrated, it was difficult to separate the parts of author and artist in Hone's publications. The Prince Regent was the always ready subject of the larger number of these caricatures in wood, lending himself to the purpose with a facility which never failed and never palled. In every imaginable position of humiliation and ridicule—political, social, or matrimonial—was the august victim gibbeted by the radical Hone and his energetic *aide-de-camp*. But if George Cruikshank entered with all possible spirit into his friend's onslaughts, his pencil and his etching-needle were also cheerfully at the service of the Tories. In fact, it may be presumed that his own leanings were somewhat conservative, as a work due entirely to himself, and not to combination with any author, appeared at about this time—an etching of a highly allegorical character and of



CORIOLANUS ADDRESSING THE PLEBIANS (1820).

(*By George Cruikshank. Copied by permission of the Royal Aquarium Society, London.*)

considerable power, representing "Britannia and the Virtues of the Constitution in Danger of Violation from the great Political Libertine, Radical Reform;" and in 1821 he illustrated a weekly publication entitled *The Loyalist; or Anti-Radical.* His long, close, and loving connection with Hone has often been quoted in his disfavour; but be it remembered that the eccentric pamphleteer, denounced by the *Quarterly Review* as a "poor illiterate creature," and "a wretch as contemptible as he was wicked," was nevertheless, as Professor Bates reminds us, a man of rigid morality, the friend of Charles Lamb and of Barry Cornwall, and, though stigmatised frequently as an atheist, was professedly a Christian, if a violent anti-churchman.

ALICE THOMPSON.

(To be continued.)

OLD KEYS.—III.

Fig. 1.

THE forms and fashions of early keys have already been described to some extent in these pages, and in bringing to a conclusion the present notice of the subject it may not be inappropriate to consider the deficiencies and possibilities of modern art in this particular branch.

It has recently been declared, by a very high authority, that the great *desideratum* in manufactures is the combination of utility and beauty—the former to meet the wants of man, and the other his taste. Complaint has also been made that English industry has long been wanting in the latter quality, and that this country, with all its commercial instincts, has even ignored the market value of the beautiful. We are compared unfavourably not only with the ancient Greek, who knew no distinction between use and beauty, and who exerted all his efforts in the production of both alike, but also with the people of modern France, as to the standard of taste in production. Even the distinguished representative of French dramatic art, who lately visited our capital, candidly sums up a friendly criticism by saying that they are the Greeks and we are the Romans. That is to say, they are the artists *par excellence* of the modern world in thought, work, and feeling; while we are the bluff, sturdy, practical people who attend only to what will supply our needs, and have no real care for these things of beauty.

This, then, being the light in which others see us—at any rate, as regards some portion of our outward life—have we any defence to make when a similar charge proceeds from one of ourselves, who has held the highest political office, and who claims that long public experience has placed him in close relationship with the industrial arts?

Progress, it is admitted, has been made in the last half-century — witness our tissues, our glass and porcelain; but when we come to metal-work, reform and improvement become more slow and stubborn. Now, to pass more specially to the subject in hand, if we take the key as a representative of modern metal-work, can anything more plain and ugly be imagined? A key can, and should be, a perfect combination of beauty and utility. It should, in fact, exhibit art at one end and science at the other. The wards, which when used are hidden, may be as complicated, as mechanical, and as generally useful

Fig. 2.

as the possessor may desire; but the stem and handle, which are always seen, should be something to look at as well as to hold. This is the point where the artist comes in, and where there is so much scope for every kind of adornment. Whether the American can pick our last new lock, or we his, let us at any rate beat him in respect of beauty, which in his haste he is sure to disregard.

Fig. 3.

Nothing is so likely to give the workman a real interest in the object he is producing as the cultivation and exercise of his taste as well as of his ingenuity, and the desire to bring this about has shown itself in the numerous fine-art exhibitions established in our manufacturing centres. In this way the education both of buyers and producers is carried on simultaneously, and people are enabled to "study the great works of the great masters for ever."

As in architecture, so in the minor arts, it is absolutely necessary to go back to the Middle Ages and the Renaissance for a standard of pure taste, seeing that we have the dust of two centuries of *rococo* to shake off our feet. Not that we should seek to revive in the nineteenth century the quaint and mystical forms that were in vogue before the revival of art began in any class of production to which they are not altogether appropriate; but we should study them as being founded on true principles of art, and as an expression of the life and manners, the ideas and feelings, of the time to which they belong. We should destroy their charm altogether by seeking to imitate them too closely, but as their forms are capable of adaptation to the wants of all time, we may use them in this way to the great benefit of our manufactures. And in reverting to the works of a period when "artist" and "artisan" were synonymous terms, we may do something to restore a real feeling of art among the industrial classes. Situated as we are on the earth's surface, and carrying our varied trade to all the corners of the world, we are in danger of suffering from a confusion of taste by coming into contact with the productions of north, south, east, and west, which may make us lose sight of the principles on which beauty is based.

The specimens of keys chosen for illustration in the present number are suggestive of forms that might be adopted in the present day. Fig. 1 is evidently the key of an old Italian Renaissance marriage coffer, or chest, such as are supposed to have held the bride's wardrobe. The proportions of the handle are very beautiful, and the design is well suited to the character of the object. The wards have suffered an injury at some period of their existence, but the ornamental part is clearly the work of an artist both in design and execution. Fig. 2 is a fine specimen of a monogram key, surmounted by a coronet, and might well serve as a model for reproduction. Such an ornament could hardly be refused a place on a lady's chatelaine, after the fashion of our ancestors. Fig. 3 is the key of an old Italian cabinet, and dates probably from the beginning of the seventeenth century. The cabinet is richly ornamented with chased escutcheons and handles of silver, the outer falling door being stamped with classical designs on a thin layer of silver foil. The lock is turned twice for security, and throws up four bolts. The same key fits another lock of three bolts attached to an inner door which leads to the smaller drawers. The stem is hollow and fluted, so that it forms a quatrefoil at the end, and the graceful though not elaborate curves of the bow give a most telling finish to the general appearance of the cabinet. In this case the design is taken from the vegetable rather than the animal kingdom, the stem being made to behave like a true stem and to throw out branches to form a handle. The central device of the cabinet is the changing of Actæon into a stag, whose antlers seem almost to reappear in the handle of the key. In specimens of this description the addition of foliage

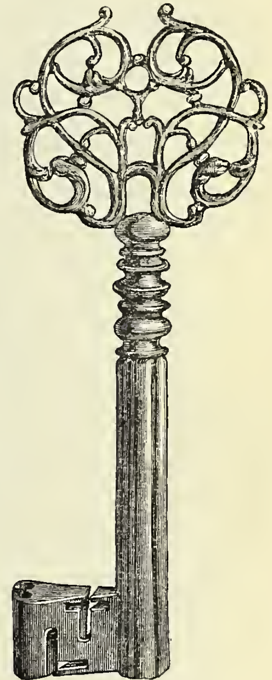


Fig. 4.

carries out the idea of a growing stem still more plainly. Fig. 4 is a very richly-adorned key of the Renaissance; and Fig. 5 is another example of Italian workmanship, its date being of about the close of the sixteenth century. A hundred years later the taste for ornamental keys seems to have declined, and we have not unfrequently, in the furniture of Queen Anne, bows formed of three curves without further ornamentation. Then follows the simple ring, all attempt at beauty having disappeared.

It is probable that many of the old artistic keys that are commonly attributed to Italian workmanship have really come from French hands. France, indeed, at the end of the sixteenth century seems to have been the great emporium of these delicate works in wrought iron, which became a recognised trade under Charles IX., and were still very much in fashion during the reign of Louis XIII. The names of many of these master chasers are on record; and, as an instance of the appreciation in which their work was held at the time, we are told that a pair of spurs obtained the sum of 5,000 francs. A very beautiful cabinet key with a silver bow, made for Louis XIV., in the Renaissance style, with the royal crown and monogram, apparently from the design of Lepautre, proves that the same forms existed at the court of the Grand Monarque.

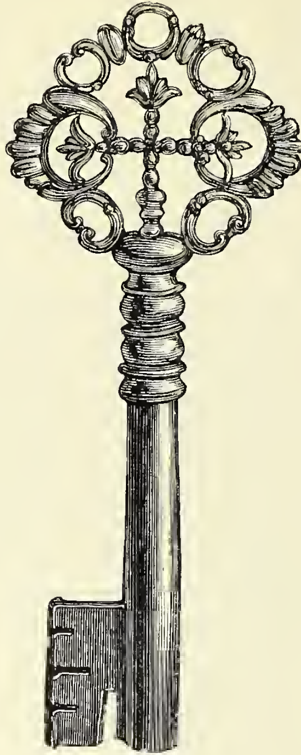


Fig. 5.

It is evident that for ordinary locks the addition of ornament is excluded by the consideration of cost, but some simple means might be discovered of making even common things more pleasing to the eye, while in decorative furniture and objects of luxury, for which a close limit of price is not required, there can be no reason why the metal-work fittings should not partake of the general character of the work. This, indeed, is the secret of the beauty of the old artistic keys—that they are part and parcel of the objects they secure, designed by the same hand that composed the whole, the parts being preserved in perfect harmony.

If this is borne in mind by those who supply the more ornamental furniture and appointments of our houses, we may yet hope to see plainness in one small class of objects replaced by beauty, without in any way diminishing their usefulness, and not only keys but a thousand other objects of daily use so constructed as to minister to our tastes, and through them to the happiness of our lives.

T. W. Greene.

"A VISIT TO THE YOUNG MOTHER."

THIS picture was exhibited in the National Exhibition of Naples in 1877, and in the following year, if we remember rightly, in the great International gathering at Paris, along with a kindred work called "The Two Mothers." Lombard painting of this kind has taken two directions. The main object of those who follow one path is to delineate character: everything else must be subservient to that. That no adventitious or conventional circumstance may come between them and their object, they choose their themes from the lower classes of society. They are careful in finishing details, but they scarcely give that attention to air and light which they might do. Nevertheless their painting is fresh and healthy, although now and then their colour has a tendency to dryness. The other path pursued by Italian painters of *genre* leads straight to that practised in Belgium by the famous painters Stevens and Willems. It will be remembered that their manner is smooth and their finish exquisite; that their subjects are taken from the world of wealth and fashion. For all their manipulative dexterity, however, and their by no means unsuccessful efforts after style, the masters of this school just miss being great painters. The picture we have engraved explains itself, and we regard its painter, Signor Busi, as one of the most accomplished exponents in Italy of the school we have been describing.

J. F. R.

"A VISIT TO THE YOUNG MOTHER."

(From the Picture by L. Busi, of Bologna.)

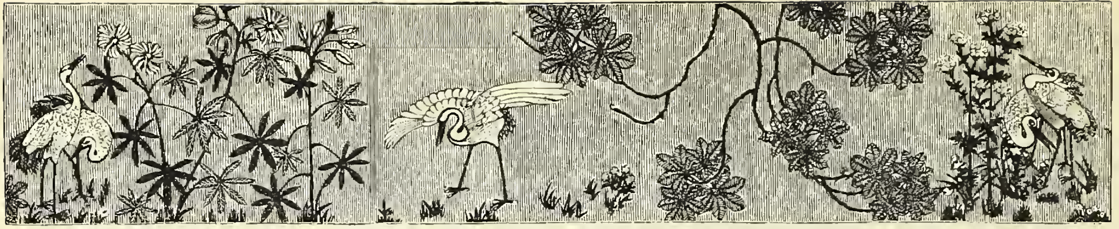


Fig. 1.—FRIEZE (FOR A ROOM).

(*Designed by Thomas Jeckyll, worked by the Ladies' Work Society, and shown at the Philadelphia Exhibition, 1876.*)

ART NEEDLEWORK.—II.

HE previous notes on Art Needlework have been more or less devoted to a cursory retrospect of some incidents connected with the early history of the art. We now propose to allude to schools and societies for cultivating art needlework, which within the last ten years have arisen in London. Foremost of these stands the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington. It had been successfully overcoming difficulties which often beset the initiation of enterprises, when it occurred to its promoters that an exhibition of ancient needlework, held under favourable auspices, would tend to promote the interests of art education and the employment of women. An application in this spirit was made to the Lord President of the Council by H.R.H. the Princess Christian, H.R.H. the Princess Mary, Lady Marian Alford, and Mrs. Welby (now Lady Welby Gregory). The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education gave their assent to the application, and directed that steps should be taken for carrying the suggestion into effect at the South Kensington Museum. A large committee of ladies was formed, and the scope and character of the proposed exhibition are described by the title adopted, namely, " Special Loan Exhibition of Decorative Art Needlework made before 1800." Upwards of seven hundred specimens were brought together, and it will be interesting to our readers to have before them the names of the classes of embroidery into which the collection grouped itself. They were as follows :—

1. Ecclesiastical work.
2. Works having historical interest (such as a piece of the cushion-cover on which a finger of St. Luke lay; work-box decorated with panels, done by Mary, Queen of Scots; baby-linen done by Queen—then Princess—Elizabeth, for her sister, Queen Mary; embroideries done by the famous Countess of Shrewsbury, " Bess of Hardwicke ;" embroidered gloves which belonged to Richelieu; sachet which belonged to Marie Antoinette, etc.).
3. Small objects to which embroidery was applied, such as caps, gloves, semainiers or poches, book-covers.
4. Embroidery on work-boxes and for pictures.
5. Silk embroidery on net-gauze and similar material.
6. Samplers.
7. Hand-worked tapestry (*i.e.*, wool-work on canvas).
8. Silk embroideries on muslin, fine linen, and other thin textures.
9. Silk work on coarse linen grounds.
10. Embroidery in crewels (work in which it is said Amy Robsart delighted to occupy herself).
11. Embroidery in coloured braid, chiefly upon linen and cotton grounds.
12. " Appliqué " work.
13. Embroideries on velvet.
14. Embroideries on silk grounds in silk, gold and silver threads, and chenille.
15. Embroideries on satin.
16. Quilted work.
17. Embroideries in white silk, thread, and cotton upon white muslin, linen, and cotton grounds.
18. Pictures done in fine stitches.

This exhibition was opened in May, 1873, at the South Kensington Museum, and became the centre of study of the ladies of the School of Art Needlework.

In the following year the operations of the school had so extended their scope that it became evident that larger premises than those at Sloane Street were required. Accordingly, through the kindness of H.M. Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, the school was provided with the commodious and spacious building in which it is now located in Exhibition Road.

On the 22nd June, 1875, the school's occupa-

tion of these premises was inaugurated by an address from H.R.H. the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. In that address Her Royal Highness reminded the students that "the school started from the warm sympathy with misfortune, and rare energy and self-devotion of Mrs. Welby," and impressed upon the students the necessity of keeping before them the "success of the school." "If," continued Her Royal Highness, "the desire which has been created, and which is increasing, for more beautiful and artistic needlework, should obtain even a larger influence over the wealthy classes of this rich country than at present, there is no saying how much good may not result from it to the great mass of unemployed women in England." Since this address was delivered the school has progressed in taking a position as a public institution. It is now incorporated under the Companies Acts by the licence of the Board of Trade. It is twofold in character—as a centre producing and selling art needlework, and as a school for teaching students.

On entering the large rooms, filled with embroideresses sedulously at work, one is tempted to exclaim—

> "I joy to see how in your needlework
> Yourselves unto the bee ye do compare.'

Here in progress are all kinds of embroideries, on all kinds of silks, satins, linens, etc., most of the works being in execution of commissions the school has received. In another portion of the building are held the courses of instruction in ornamental needlework. Every course consists of six lessons, and any one who chooses to pay the fees may be shown the methods of working in crewels and silks, of doing appliqué and ecclesiastical work.

One rather looks for a list of teachers, or for some indication of details of the "school," such as provision for examination and the granting of certificates of competency, but at present such information is not given. Branches of the institution for the sale of goods are open in Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Norwich, and Glasgow, at which latter city a branch "school" has also been established.

Samples of the decorative work done by this institution are always on view in its show-room. It would be beyond our present purpose to give an adequate description of the many modern uses to which art needlework is put by the school. There are great hall hangings and curtains, and small finger-glass napkins, long sweeping folds of silk powdered with sprays of flowers, destined to be advantageously floated out at a critical moment by a dapper gentleman usher; there are brown holland shoe-bags decorated with simple crewel work, and boxes and writing-cases, photograph frames, and blotters, to which needlework is applied, and which are considered to be new and charming.

When the International Exhibition took place in Philadelphia in 1876, the Royal School of Art Needlework put forth its powers to surprise the world with a galaxy of embroideries. Mr. William Morris, Mr. Burne Jones, and Mr. Walter Crane, and others furnished designs for portières (of all sizes), screens, and curtains. The embroideries were on view in London, and excited criticism. Mr. Crane gave us an eclectic, Pompeian, Roman, Raffaellesque, Queen Anne decoration (see Fig. 3). The arts sat under four arcades, apparently of Vespasian's amphitheatre, and Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, equipped with Greek or Etruscan implements, formed a valance to a curtain-rod, from which depended the curtains themselves, ornamented with gracefully drawn female figures. The outline in which the forms were rendered gave the work a pleasant conventionality. What, however, tended to mar the effect of the design (irrespectively of the propriety of architecture wrought in needlework) were the folds and wrinkles in which the curtains very naturally hung. Old Arras, with processions and battles, and gods in judgment or conflict, were heavy and rich with many colours, and after being drawn up on one side to admit whomsoever it might be—my lord, his lady, or their retainers—quickly regained their normal flat hanging position. The pictorial decorations worked on them were not subject to the modern treatment of being looped up. This looping up, however, is inevitable with modern door or window curtains. In the evenings, when the windows and doors are shut, the curtains may hang down, but even then the thinness of the material, and its readiness to fall into folds, are against that flat surface which figure pictorial treatments require. In designing for materials whose nature is to fold and drape themselves, it is obviously necessary to thoroughly consider the effects which an undulating surface has upon a design painted or worked on it. The grace of natural folds should be an element to which, so far as he can, the designer should contribute.

> "A winning wave deserving note,
> In the tempestuous petticoat,
> Does more bewitch me than when art
> Is too precise in every part."

These lines ingenuously hint an important principle, which may be of use to those who

are experimenting in the arts of designing for or embroidering on textile fabrics.

The group of figures around "Musica," designed by Mr. Burne Jones (see Fig. 2), is seen to far greater advantage, since the linen on which the brown crewel lines are worked is strained in a screen frame. But we must return to the schools of needlework, and leave notes on considerations like these for a future time.

Two schools, or societies, are, in a measure, connected with the Kensington school. That called the "Ladies' Work Society" now occupies the former premises of the Royal School of Art Needlework in Sloane Street, and that called the Decorative Art Needlework Society has premises in George Street, Portman Square. The Ladies' Work Society in Sloane Street is under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. It aims almost entirely at obtaining commissions for needlework of all kinds—decorative and plain—to be executed by the members of the society at their own homes. The society, through its officers, exercises a considerable surveillance of the

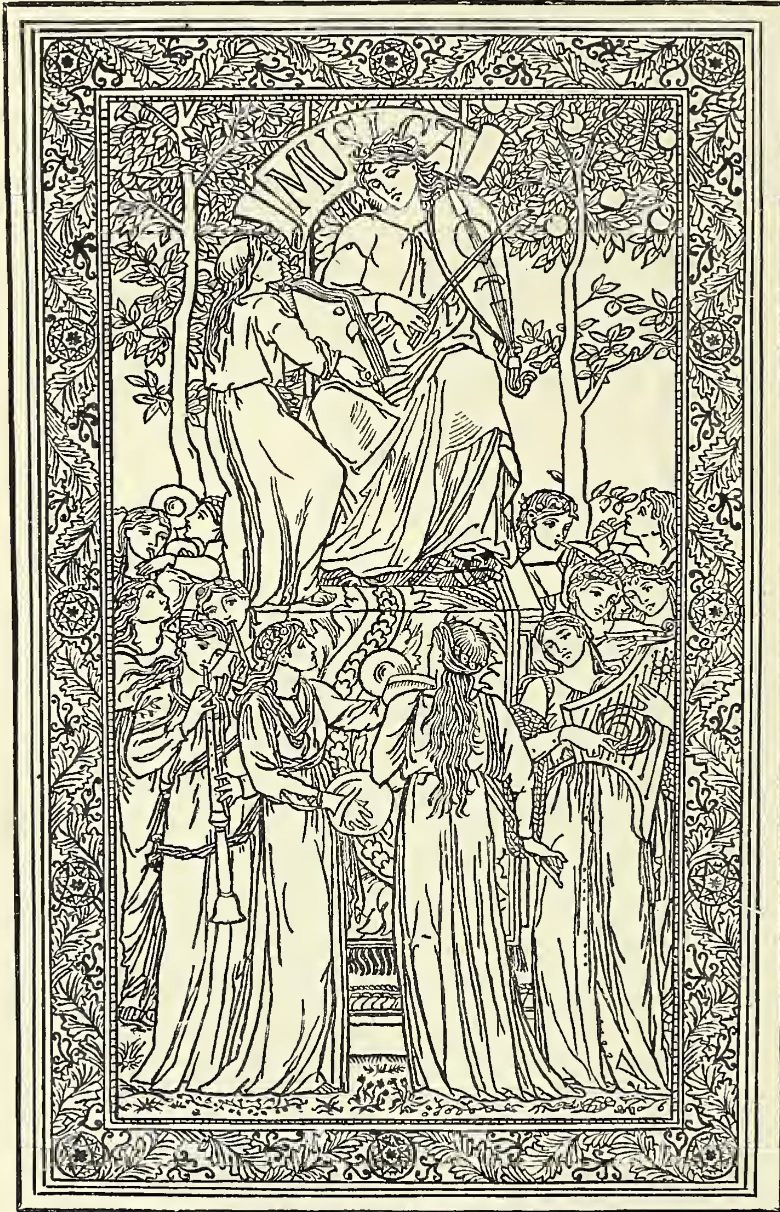


Fig. 2.—"MUSICA."

(Designed by E. Burne Jones. Worked in brown crewels on linen by the Royal School of Art Needlework.)

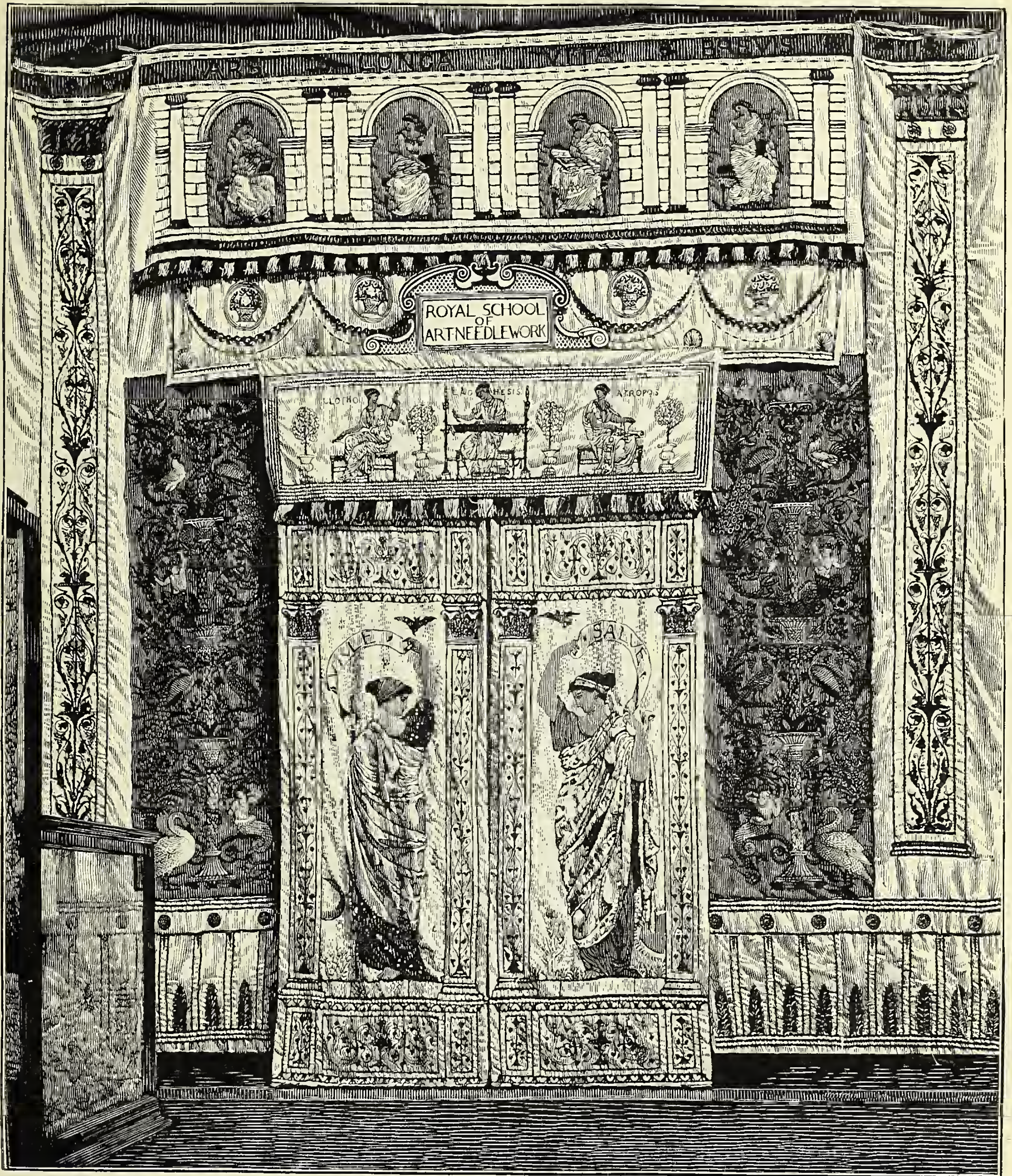


Fig. 3.—ENTRANCE TO THE COURT OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK AT THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION, 1876.

(Designed by Walter Crane, and worked by the School.)

designs and their execution in embroidery; and, as far as customers permit, tempers the taste of the commissions. Arrangements can be made for the giving of lessons. The society's chief object, however, is to provide work of a useful, artistic, and elevating character for ladies who are dependent on their own exertions.

On the occasion of the Paris Exhibition in 1878, the society wrought a set of elaborate hangings for a room in the pavilion of the Prince of Wales. The work was principally of the appliqué class. In the design, mixed in character, at times vivacious like a Japanese composition, at others betraying a tendency to

lumpy mediævalism, were depicted scenes of "sporting life," shooting, fishing, and suchlike. The society also produces works very much in the style of those from the Royal School of Art. To these we may again refer when we discuss the style and character of the phases of modern art needlework.

The Decorative Art Needlework Society, George Street, Portman Square, owes its existence, in the first place, to Lady Welby Gregory, who had a great desire to find out whether decorative art needlework could be made commercially profitable as a business. A small capital sufficed to start the undertaking, which is in all respects a success. All branches of decorative needlework are done by the society, and lessons are given to amateurs. The society has been particularly successful in restoring and copying antique needlework. The President of the Royal School at South Kensington has extended her patronage to this society, and in this sense the society may be regarded as linked to the parent school at South Kensington.

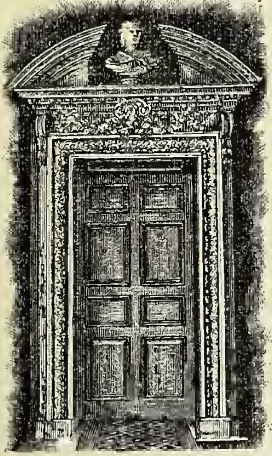
Whilst, however, these three institutions about which we have been writing are principally devoted to the production of secular works, there is one, and possibly others in London, which produce ecclesiastical embroidery only. This is the School of Mediæval Embroidery, conducted by the sisterhood of St. Katherine, in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury. There are at present fifteen workers in this school, who undertake the execution of orders for embroidered stoles, orphreys, chalice veils, maniples, chasubles, banners, altar frontals, etc., for those churches of the Church of England in which such accessories of ritual are used. The scale of fees for persons desiring to be initiated into the cunning of the delicate stitchery used in ecclesiastical embroidery is a guinea for a single lesson in the less difficult stitches, and two guineas for a lesson in embroidery applicable to the reproduction of human faces, etc. We are enabled to give an illustration of the Virgin in a vesica of glory, which has been worked for a processional banner (Fig. 4). Although our engraving is a faithful copy of the design, it does not on this small scale indicate how the work has been done. The effect of the stitchery in the original nearly approaches that of painting. In the face and hands, with much ingenuity the stitches are taken so as to impart a variety of surface and modelling to the flesh, which appears to be superior, as an approximation to painting, to that more formal stitchery of the Middle Ages. On the other hand, it may well be argued that the embroiderer should not attempt to emulate the life-like results of the painter. Needle and silks are not so freely handled as brush and paints, nor could the greatest skill produce any but a far-off imitation of a painting.

Fig. 4.—BANNER WORKED BY THE SCHOOL OF MEDIÆVAL EMBROIDERY, QUEEN'S SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY.

In our next article we propose to consider the influence which the various centres of art needlework are exercising, regarding it from the artistic aspect in respect of design and workmanship.

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—V.

CHATSWORTH.


MARBLE DOORWAY TO STATE ROOMS.

DID I conduct the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART through the Palace of the Peak corporally, instead of in the spirit, I am afraid my ill-trained voice would only reach a few of the foremost fringe of the good people pressing to see the art-treasures of the place. Indeed, the great house itself would hardly hold the throng, which would spread over the green acres of the glorious park, and cause the General Managei of the Midland Railway Company to run a special service of trains to Rowsley Station, the threshold of Chatsworth. But, donning the cap of Fortunio, and assuming the stilts of Asmodeus, I ask them to follow me invisibly. It shall be my endeavour to repay the honour by being as unguide-like a guide as possible, neither repeating cut-and-dried descriptions, like a parrot with a mechanical memory, nor bursting forth at inopportune moments with inapposite quotations of unpunctuated poetry. But here are the keys, and the guide presents his services, together with a welcome to Chatsworth in the name of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., whose liberal spirit fences the place round with no selfish exclusiveness, but throws open both park and palace so freely that one is like a public picnic-ground, and the other is more suggestive of a popular museum than a princely mansion.

If one or two of our party loiter behind among the green glories of the park, they may be forgiven for lingering among such leafy loveliness. However poetical the landscapes that brighten the walls of Chatsworth, none can be so fascinating as the pictures framed by the gilded windows of the house. Vignettes, these of wood and water, rock and river—the soft acres of the park, with the fallow deer wandering among the soothing shadows of gnarled old trees; the dark wooded masses of hill flanking the ducal mansion, topped with a wind-swept shooting-tower; the Derwent gliding through the broad meadows fronting the house, the river here showing white and broken water over a weir, there shining in still pools under overhanging branches; the house itself starting with fluted columns from the bosom of the scene, a stately mass of beautiful buff stone, which the tinting hand of time has toned down to an harmonious cream colour that contrasts with the green gloom of the forest foliage behind; beyond the park the Peak country climbing up to the sky in the picturesque perspective.

The existing mansion only dates from the latter half of the seventeenth century, having been built by that William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire, who played so heroic a part in the Revolution of 1688, and who retired to Chatsworth from an historic criminal information and employed his time—as Lord Macaulay phrases it—"in turning the old Gothic mansion of his family into an edifice worthy of Palladio." "His magnificence," says the same historian, "his taste, his talents, his classic learning, his high spirit, and the urbanity of his manners, were admitted by his enemies." Chatsworth House is, indeed, the monument of that munificent nobleman. He scarcely survived the completion of the palatial pile twelve months. Dr. White Kennett, the Bishop of Peterborough, in preaching the funeral discourse of the departed duke, said the prodigious expense incurred in the structure of the building was the least expense "if regard be had to his gardens, water-works, statues, pictures, and other the finest pieces of art and nature that could be obtained abroad or at home." The duke appears to have engaged the best contemporary artists of the day in the embellishment of his Derbyshire mansion. The classic allegories on wall and ceiling are the conceits of such painters as Verrio, Laguerre, Sir James Thornhill, Richard Highmore, Price, and Huyd. The chief worker in iron was M. Tijon, whose daughter was the wife of Laguerre. The carving was divided between Cibber, Grinling Gibbons, Watson, M. Nadauld, Geeraerslius, Harris, Nost, Davies, M. Auriol, Lobb, and Lanscroon. William Talman and Sir Christopher Wren were the architects. William Cavendish's successors have enlarged the building, and enhanced decade by decade its art-glories. The northern wing was erected by the late duke, but the architectural *tout-ensemble* of the Ionic façade is not improved by the addition. The house is

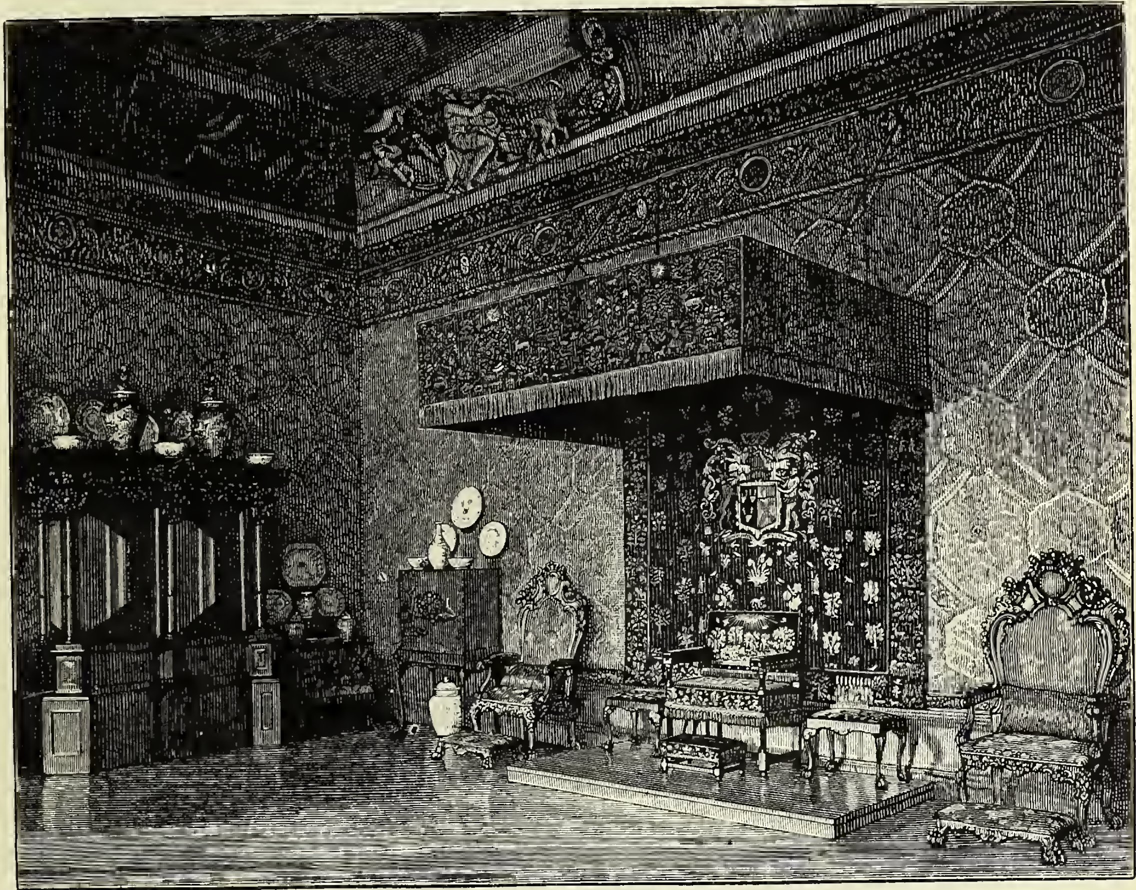
like a body with only one arm. A wing on the other side is wanted to give the building completeness and perfect repose. The old house was one of the prisons of Mary, Queen of Scots, the captive princess being then in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury. In the park there is a sombre bower, with a moat, which is linked with her name and misfortunes, but as there is scarcely an ancestral seat anywhere in the kingdom but what is said to have served as a place of durance for the northern queen, her association with Chatsworth has no particular charm. More interesting will be thought the testimony of another illustrious prisoner which relates to the present building. The captive was Marshal Tallard, who submitted to the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim. He was detained in England for some years, and spent a short time at Chatsworth. The compliment he paid the reigning duke, when he left his hospitalities, was worthy of a Frenchman. "My Lord Duke," he said, "when I compute the days of my captivity in England, I shall leave out those I have passed at Chatsworth."

CHATSWORTH HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

We will now enter the house itself. The state entrance is not a chamber of imposing proportions, nor does a stately staircase meet the view over which one can work oneself into raptures. The ceiling glows with a copy of Guido's "Aurora," the work of Miss Curzon. That is a statue of Domitian; these are busts of Homer, Jupiter, Ariadne, Socrates, and Caracalla. A corridor with floor of inlaid marble gives access to the great hall, a truly noble apartment extending the entire length of the eastern side of the quadrangle. The floor is of black and white and veined marble, artistic in design, and exquisite in polish. There is much that is interesting in this superb hall. Inspect the immense marble table in the centre of the room. It is of Derbyshire marble, as also is the massive chimney-piece. The tablet surmounting the fireplace gives in a sentence the history of Chatsworth House. The inscription is in tedious Latin; but the translation reads, "These well-beloved ancestral halls, begun in the year of English Freedom, 1688, William Spencer, Duke of Devonshire, inherited in 1811, and completed

i the year of Sorrow, 1840." The "year of s row" is an allusion to the death of the r ch-loved and lamented wife of the present d ke. The walls and ceilings of this spacious c mber are enriched by Laguerre and Verrio, in eries of vast paintings illustrative of episodes i the life of Julius Cæsar, with colossal cha- ters, like the prodigious Peters and Pauls at Sir James Thornhill (whose work we all presently meet) painted, suspended in a basket two or three hundred feet high in the dizzy dome of St. Paul's, or standing on a frail platform up in the empyrean, covering with sainted gods areas of ceiling and staircase greater than the Flemish ells of theatrical scene-painters. There are bronzes, and other objects of artistic interest, in this grand hall, and on the exterior are some notable stone carvings in alto-relievo by Watson.

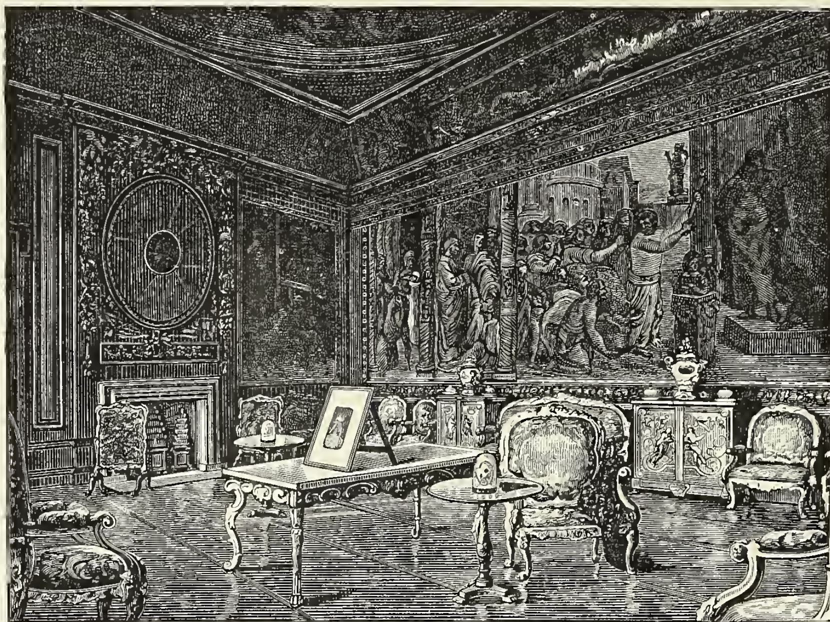
Leaving the hall, and passing down a corridor containing some cabinet pictures, and Swiss views, and an exterior by Hogarth, the chapel is open to us. Here all that painting, sculpture, and carving can do to enrich a room with artistic beauty has been elaborately employed. The sacred room is fragrant with the smell of cedar-wood with which the walls are wainscoted, and of which the reading-desk is composed. The floor is of black and white marble in mosaic work. The altar is of the finest Derbyshire spars and marbles, with sculptured figures of Faith and Hope, the work of Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of the laureate-poet. The same sculptor executed the celebrated figures of "Madness" and "Melancholy" over the gates of Bedlam, which his son Colley refers to as "the brazen, brainless brothers." This *en passant*. There are exquisite sculpturings round the altar, and ornamental wood-carvings by Grinling Gibbons, more of whose skilful work we shall soon meet with. The fine painting over the altar of "The Incredulity of St. Thomas" is Laguerre's. The same artist, together with Verrio, has filled the upper walls and ceiling with Scriptural scenes. As we leave the room, pause to look at the wood-



STATE BEDROOM.

carving over the door of Cupids with musical instruments, with the entwined vase of flowers and foliage.

Now the house is all before us where to choose. I need not be tediously topographical in describing the position of the various suites of apartments, nor need we go over them in any classified order. Sketches before pictures. Let us visit the sketch gallery. It contains the largest private collection of original studies by old masters in existence. The collection was amassed by the second duke, the nucleus being secured at a great outlay at Rotterdam. The gallery comprises two large apartments, and the walls are completely covered with sketches distinguished by all that delicate precision of style which is characteristic of the drawings of that master. Raffaelle's pencil contributes the sketch for the picture by Pinturicchio at Sienna of "Æneas Silvius kissing the foot of Pope Eugenius IV. at the Council of Basle," the figure of St. Paul for the cartoon of the "Sacrifice at Lystra," the original sketch for "St. Catherine" (the picture now in our National Gallery), "The Virgin and Child," "Joseph discovering himself to his Brethren," and several others. Holbein is represented by such examples as his "Fall of Phaeton," "The Last Judgment," "Hagar and Ishmael," and "Diana and Actæon." Look,



STATE DRAWING-ROOM.

original sketches, divided into departments—the French, German, Dutch, Bolognese, Florentine, Venetian, and Roman schools. The collection is so exhaustively comprehensive that to merely mention the names of the contributors would be to give a catalogue of all the old masters. These interesting drawings, some of them the initial experiments in sepia, pencil, or crayon, of great masterpieces, afford to the educated artistic eye as great a charm as more ambitious and finished works. They demand many days' thoughtful inspection, but must now be dismissed in a few minutes. Still note, I beg of you, the spirited studies of figures by Michael Angelo. They were for the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. There is a head of the Virgin by Leonardo da Vinci, and other too, at the excellent specimens by Albert Dürer, Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, Claude, Vandyke, Salvator Rosa, and Correggio, the study of which is an art-education. Adjoining the sketch gallery, and really part of it, considerable space is devoted to a comprehensive collection of coloured paintings of birds. The artist is not known, but his acquaintance with the feathered tribe was large and minute, for every species of bird is presented, and the drawing and colouring are meritorious.

Proceeding now to the state rooms, pause at the entrance for a moment to admire the collection of specimens of ceramic art, represented by English and foreign makers, and then to behold the striking vista of the superb series of the state apartments, which occupy the whole

length of the building. The first room in this splendid suite is the dressing-room. The floor, as in all the rooms before us, is of polished oak parqueterie, in which the light is reflected as in a mirror. The door-cases are of carved marble. It would be difficult for the most constrained and prosaic of persons, for the coldest professor of the *nil admirari* school, to describe the state apartments at Chatsworth without falling into the language of superlatives. The coved ceiling is adorned in the centre with a painting of the flight of Mercury on his mission to Paris, and on the coving are groups representative of the arts and sciences. But the most attractive feature is the wood-carving. Wood-carving, indeed, may be said to be the distinguishing characteristic of Chatsworth. It is *sui generis*, and none but itself can furnish its own parallel. Here is Grinling Gibbons' masterpiece. Horace Walpole has described it. It is a group comprising a cravat of point-lace, a woodcock, pendent leaves and flowers, and a medal with a bust in relief. Exquisite in its delicate clearness is the lace, while bird and foliage are wrought with a skill that makes the work indeed a *chef-d'œuvre*. It has been disputed whether the carving in question really is the work of Gibbons. More than one authority attributes it to the genius of Samuel Watson, a Derbyshire craftsman, who, with Thomas Young, William Davies, and Joel Lobb, shared with Gibbons much of the wood-carving at Chatsworth. Over the doorway is another group of carving, excellent in design and execution, representing a collection of carvers' tools—globe, compass, brace and bit, square, augers, chisels, gouges, together with a bust. On the west side of the room are several pendants and a group; and, before passing on, note that clever picture in mosaic, those artistic Japanese cabinets, and the curious specimens of old earthenware.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

(To be continued.)

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

FRANK HOLL, A.R.A.

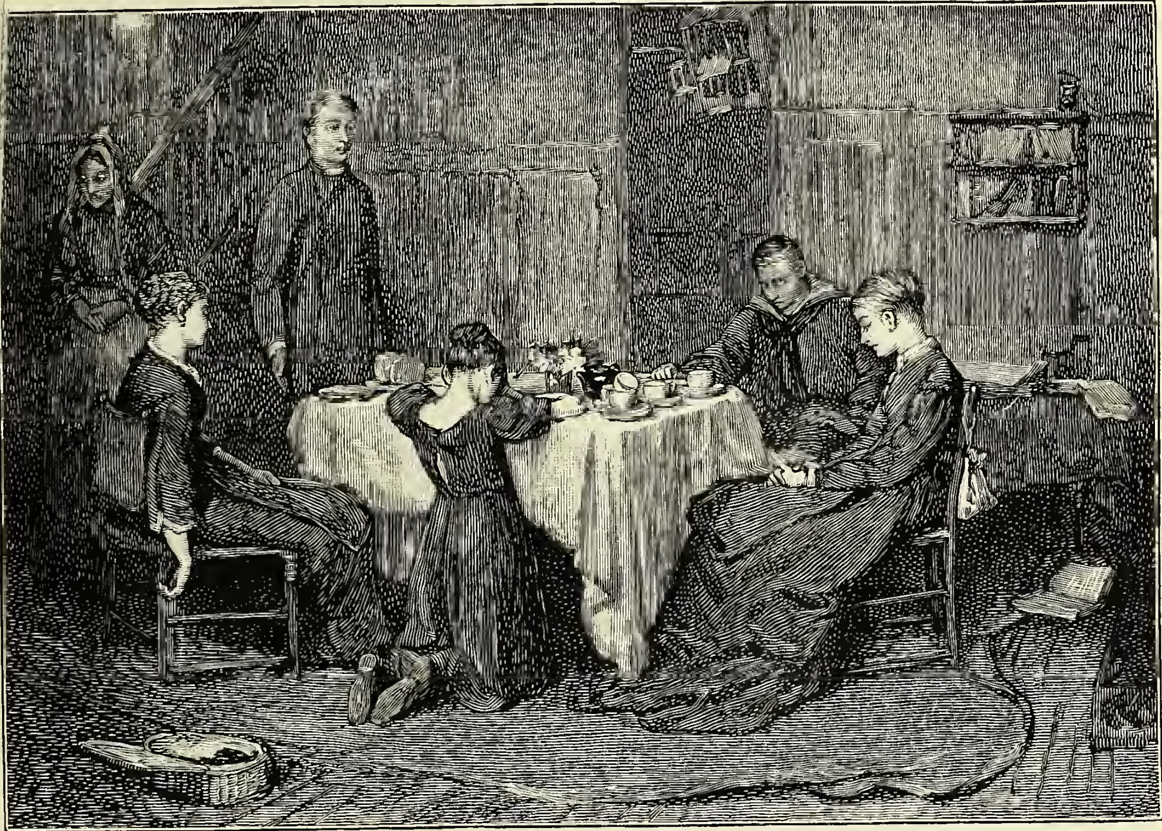
ALTHOUGH our series of "Living Artists" is hardly likely to include the life of any painter of whom the pleasant record of success is not to be set down, yet seldom has swifter or smoother progress to distinction fallen to the lot of any than that which Mr. Frank Holl's career has shown us. Born in the year 1845, at St. James's Terrace, Kentish Town, he received from his father, an engraver, his first training in art. At the early age of fifteen he entered the schools of the Royal Academy as a student. And from the day, two years later, when he gained his first distinction—a premium and the silver medal for the best drawing from the antique — to the 19th of June, 1878, when he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, his advance has been steady, from success to success. In 1863 he received the gold medal and a scholarship of £25 for two years, for the best historical painting; "Abraham about to Sacrifice Isaac" was the subject. In 1864—when but nineteen—he exhibited his first Academy picture, "Turned out of Church." This was followed in 1865 by "Fern Gatherers," in 1866 by "The Ordeal," and in 1867 by "The Convalescent." In 1869, for the picture which forms the subject of one of our engravings—"The Lord Gave, and the Lord hath Taken Away"—Mr. Frank Holl obtained from the Academy the two years' travelling studentship for painting. His stay in Italy was, however, short on this occasion; he resigned his claim on the Academy and returned to England, not considering himself sufficiently forward to take full advantage of the opportunity of studying the great masters. He had also formed the intention, fulfilled in all his later work, of avoiding the conventionalities into which an artist must fall who sets himself to paint a life, and customs, and manners with which he is not in familiar and intimate sympathy. There is, no doubt, a large amount of the routine picturesque in the work of English artists abroad with which we could well dispense; Mr. Holl believed that greater originality, honesty, and interest would be found in an English painter's pictures of England, especially when his heart is altogether in his own country. Another reason for his choice, in his earlier years, of nature rather than of even the finest art for his example was his desire of escaping the danger of conventionality in manner as well as in subject. A not entirely formed judgment is apt to take for granted, in a somewhat unintelligent manner, the merits of famous works; a style is thus

formed which is imitative without being fully appreciative, and the result is mannerism. After a close, unrelaxed, and watchful study of nature, the artist is able—as Mr. Frank Holl found in later years—to enter far more fully into the true beauties of the great pictures, to understand them through nature, and to love them for their truth to her. His enjoyment of the galleries is much increased, and at the same time he is not entrapped into any habit of copyism, but preserves his individuality. But if Mr. Holl gained little from the travelling studentship, he had much to recompense him in the benefits he otherwise derived from the painting of "The Lord Gave, and the Lord hath Taken Away." It was his introduction to the outside world, the sure foundation-stone of an extended public reputation. When the Queen visited the Academy it attracted her attention so favourably, that on learning she could not be the possessor of it—it was already sold—Her Majesty gave the artist a commission for another work.

From this time dates the triumph of Mr. Holl's maturity; his peculiar and distinctive choice of subjects is confirmed, and his manner of painting assumes its own assured character. "No Tidings from the Sea"—the picture painted for the Queen, and representing the wife of a seaman in suspense during a storm in which her husband is out—appeared in 1871; "The Village Funeral" in 1872; "A Seat in a Railway Station" in 1873; "Deserted" in 1874; "Her First-Born" in 1876; "Going Home" in 1877. At Mr. Arthur Tooth's winter exhibition in 1877 "Gone!"—a scene of great dramatic power—caused no slight sensation. The melancholy of

Yours very truly,
Frank Holl

nt of Mr. Holl's other works had touched th public sympathies; the vivid force of this pi ure stirred them more deeply. Mr. Tom T lor wrote an accompanying description of tl picture, which represented the common but tigic incident of the emigration of a father, h band, or brother in search of the possibilities o living, while the women are left to bear the "ong anguish of patience" in the overcrowded a l hopeless English town at home. Mr. Holl's s ne is laid on the platform of a station; the Her Poverty but not Her Will Consents," and showed what pathetic poetry may be found in the most unpromising of all localities—a pawnbroker's shop. A young wife and mother has come to the counter, for her child's sake, to pledge her wedding-ring, the sign of her humble dignities, the memorial of her own day of hope, and love, and confidence. The woman's action is thoughtful, recollected, and resigned; near her feet lies the proof of an equally significant sacrifice—a Bible which some fellow-sufferer in want



"THE LORD GAVE, AND THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY."

(From the Picture exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1869, by Frank Holl, A.R.A.)

train is disappearing; the forlorn little group is giving way to unconscious if undemonstrative sorrow. Nothing is falsified or even idealised, nor is any sordid detail omitted or glossed over; the artist has simply used his power as interpreter to make us understand something of those usually shy emotions of the poor which are too easily overlooked in actual life, and which he is nobly employed in explaining to us. "Gone!" was painted with a remarkable vigour and effectiveness. Another passage of lowly life appeared at about the same time at Mr. Wallis's Gallery in Pall Mall; it was entitled "Want— has left behind. In 1878 Mr. Frank Holl commanded still more general attention by his great picture of prison life, "Newgate—Committed for Trial." The subject was one which Sir Edwin Landseer is said to have regarded as most especially dramatic and pictorial; it may be, however, that this great artist knew his own smooth completeness of manner to be ill suited to the rude tragedy of such a scene; and in the event it fell to fit hands, and was treated with a gloomy reality, an uncompromising power which gain considerably from the impulsiveness and freedom of the execution.

In 1879 Mr. Frank Holl painted not only well but much. Five of his works were hung at the Academy, two of these marking an era in his artistic career, and assuring him what his brother painters, at any rate, will agree with us in considering his greatest triumph. For, with the exception of a head painted the year before, no portrait had appeared from his brush until the "Signor Piatti" and the more memorable "Mr. Samuel Cousins" were exhibited last year. In attacking portraiture the artist seemed to develop powers yet latent; in the head of the venerable engraver he produced indeed what all must acknowledge as vital work; technically it was a masterpiece of handling. With real pleasure, with renewed hope and confidence do we find our foremost artists—those who are young and who, under the influence of the contemporary foreign schools as well as of the past, are setting free and developing the hitherto somewhat insulated English capacity—turning their powers to the worthy work of portraiture. It was in portraiture that Sir Joshua Reynolds and the noble little group of our great eighteenth century laboured to the admiration of all time; and it was in portraiture that the elder masters of races kindred to our own excelled. But from the most intellectual it had of late years—save for the redeeming work of a few eminent names—sunk among us to the least intelligent branch of the art. A Royal Academy portrait was generally a vulgar enough production. The public ceased to be interested in what was so uninteresting; and, as technical knowledge declined, subject became the one essential thing in the eyes of the many. Subject is undoubtedly important, and Mr. Frank Holl has told many a story, and told it well; but gifted as he has proved himself to be with the sympathetic intellect of a fine portrait-painter, he will do no more valuable work than portraiture. And all the more for his achievements in expression and action may he now permit himself the study of the human character in repose, with its complexities all present yet unstirred by dramatic emotion. A third picture, exhibited in the same year, may also be considered as virtually a portrait, "The Daughter of the House" being a study of a little girl painted in an admirably well-rendered effect of light, reclining on her convalescent couch, and well supplied with picture-books and toys. "The Gifts of the Fairies" had a somewhat kindred subject; two charming little maidens, barefooted, and fresh from their beds with the first peep of light, are coming, half afraid, to see what presents the beneficent genius of good children has brought them on Christmas morning. In "Absconded" the artist returns to the interest of criminal life, and shows us a malefactor in flight.

Mr. Frank Holl has not gained the praise of Europe alone. At the American Centennial Exhibition of 1876 his work was singled out for the distinction of a medal. It was *àpropos* of the pathetic picture already alluded to that Professor Weir, in his official report on the exhibition, makes the following remarks: "'The Lord Gave, and the Lord hath Taken Away,' though painful in subject, is rendered with great delicacy and pathos. The expression of sorrow which pervades the figures, and fills the place where death has left a void as with an atmosphere oppressively sad, is wrought out with great power and truth. The picture manifests a most heart-rending grief, yet so delicately and sympathetically depicted, that while we condemn the choice of the subject we cannot but admire the consummate skill of the artist." With all deference to the Transatlantic professor, his proposition that a subject is to be condemned for its sadness is untenable, as any principle must needs be which would involve the irreparable loss to the world of all the tragedies in all the arts, and which, moreover, would divorce art from truth and also from the deepest capacities of human nature. The one thing needful is that sadness in painting should be a sincerity—that it should be real in feeling, and not caught on the end of the pencil, or produced as a cheap and almost ready-made effectiveness. It is notoriously easy to move a certain amount of not very valuable feeling in the public by the merest sentimentality; all the more precious is the real emotion evoked by real power. The difference between the sham and the true in melancholy art of all kinds is always utterly unmistakable—too subtle to define, yet clear to the apprehension. Action is eloquent of it—the turn of a head, the meaning of a hand, sealing a picture irrevocably as sincere or insincere. In such a picture as "Widowed," for instance, which forms the other engraving accompanying this paper, and which is perhaps the most beautiful of all Mr. Frank Holl's compositions, the actions of both figures are *thorough*. They are drawn by a painter who meant and felt the expressiveness of each. Both attitudes are marked by a fine reticence; even the abandonment of the widow is quiet, and unmarred by a touch of melodrama, while the more mixed meaning of the child's posture and expression is also exquisitely restrained. In painter-like qualities, in poetry of tone, and in its vivid truth of lighting, the picture is as

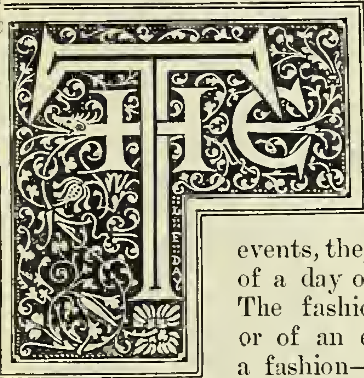
remarkable as in its feeling. It is indeed in his thorough study of light that Mr. Holl's greatest technical successes have been achieved; he chooses Nature in her striking moments, but it is always to Nature that he goes; we do not find him indulging himself with an arbitrary effectiveness.

Mr. Holl is young enough to be congratulated on his present as well as on his past progress. The advance in the quality of his work is rapid, and does not falter year by year; he began from the right beginnings, as a painter who was above all things careful, and his present roughness and mastery have been legitimately arrived at; he has secured the voices of his fellow-artists by his honest work, as well as the interest of the public by his pathetic subjects. The Royal Academy gains by the accession of such members as he that fresh blood which renews its youth.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

DECORATIVE ART.—II.

STYLE IN ORNAMENT—PAST STYLES AND THEIR INFLUENCE UPON MODERN DESIGN—FITNESS THE ONE ESSENTIAL IN DESIGN—THE RELATION OF NATURE TO DECORATIVE ART.



HISTORIC "styles" of ornament might perhaps be called only the fashions of the past; but, at all events, they were not merely of a day or of a "season." The fashion of a century, or of an era, ceases to be a fashion—or, if a fashion, is no longer contemptible. The ancient styles were not pushed and puffed into ephemeral existence; they had time to grow, develop, culminate, and at last to die a natural death, the new style developing itself as naturally from their remains as a fresh plant from the seed of last autumn.

Each phase of ancient ornament embodied in some degree the ideas of the people among whom it arose, although the ideas were often, like the forms of ornament, by no means original, and the people themselves had no consciousness of any particular idea at all in the art about them. From the evidence of their pots and pans alone, it would be quite safe to declare a remote people simple or sophisticated, unrefined or cultivated, sensuous or ascetic, or whatever their character might have been. In every case their ornament would betray them, and all the more surely that they did not for a moment suspect that in the manufacture of ordinary objects of every-day use, they were writing their own history for posterity. The testimony of decorative art is, again, the more valuable in that it represents, not a single class of wealthy and perhaps cultivated purchasers of pictures, sculptures, and objects of luxury, but the whole people. Everybody had need of pots and pans and all the multitude of common things which it came so natural to decorate, that the artist was scarcely aware he had left his mark upon them.

It is not my present purpose to enter at all fully into the history of ornament, but it is simply impossible to ignore the past styles altogether. They are the various languages in which the past has expressed itself, and unless we fancy in our foolishness that we can evolve from our inner consciousness something at once independent of and superior to all that has been done before our time, we must begin by some study of the ancient principles and practice. It will save time in the end. Even those who flatter themselves that they are going to take success by storm, and hope to jump at a bound into originality, would do well to reflect that they are more likely to succeed by stepping back a pace or two for a spring than by "toeing the line."

If there were no other reason why we should know something of past styles, it would be sufficient that, in the absence of any marked national style among us at present, we have taken to "reviving" in succession all manner of bygone styles. The ornament of to-day is to so great an extent a reflection, or perhaps rather a distortion, of old work, that one cannot well discuss it without reference to its origin. These "revivals," irrational as they are in themselves, are not without good results. We have such a wealth of old work about us, accessible through modern facilities of travel, purchasable through modern processes of re-

production, brought to our notice by modern methods of publication, that we cannot escape their influence if we would (which is not the case); and the "revivals" have involved such study of these styles that, when we shall have arrived at reason and begin to express ourselves naturally in the language of our own day, it will surely tell in our work.

It would be beyond the truth to say that the principles that underlie all old work are the same. Those principles are as diverse as the temperaments and characters of the races among whom they were developed. The Egyptians loved mystery and symbolism; the Greeks aimed at perfection of form; the Romans revelled in richness; the Byzantines mingled symbolism with barbaric brilliance; the Arabs delighted in intricate detail and broken colour; the artists of the Gothic period combined religious sentiment with energy of execution; and those of the Renaissance returned to the worship of beauty for its own sake. We should seek in vain elsewhere for the all-pervading symbolism that runs through Egyptian ornament, the purity of line that characterises Greek detail, or the sumptuousness that belongs to Roman scrollery. Inasmuch as all nations and all ages differ, their expression in ornament differs, and inasmuch as all nations and all ages are alike, they express themselves alike in their every-day art. And there is this to be borne in mind that, though one race of men may be naturally disposed to remain in the grooves of tradition, and another always eager to start off on a new track, there is no race of men among whom all are exactly alike; everywhere there have been skilful and clumsy, conscientious and dishonest workmen, and in every period of art there has been good work and bad. Fortunately for us, the latter has most of it gone the way of bad work and perished, and it is mainly the good that remains to us—another reason for the careful study of old work if we wish to educate ourselves in ornament.

STUDIES OF APPLE, AND INLAID PANEL FOUNDED UPON THEM.

It is not to be supposed that any simple amateur will set to work to study every phase through which the art of decorative design has passed on its way to our times. One may know a good piece of smith's work, when it occurs, without having traced the progress of the art from Tubal Cain

JAPANESE RENDERING OF ROSE

to B. J. Talbert; one may appreciate the glory of colour in stained glass without being familiar with all that has been done from the twelfth century to the time of Burne Jones; and, in truth—whisper it lowly — the men who most truly appreciate are not the antiquarians, pedants, and compilers of catalogues (useful as these men are), but the *actual* artists whom it encourages and inspires, the *possible* artists whom it delights and satisfies. Imagine the dead looking down in spirit on their work — would any one of them feel profoundly grateful to the critic who had assigned to him, with whatever accuracy, his exact position in the rank of art? Yet if that spirit had any of the artist left in him, every thrill of genuine pleasure that his work gave to an onlooker would vibrate in him again. Still, it is always those who know best who best appreciate, and in proportion to their knowledge would their appreciation be grateful to the artist's spirit.

But to return from this digression. With all the difference between different styles of ancient ornament, there are certain characteristics common to most if not all of them, and a comparison of old examples will show that the *best* work of all times does fulfil certain decorative conditions which may very fairly be called the principles of decorative art. Not that they were consciously followed by the artists; the grammar is compiled from the language, the language is not constructed on the lines of the grammar. Nevertheless, what is to be gathered from the practice of the masters of design may well be formulated into principles for the guidance of beginners. All

PERSIAN RENDERING OF ROSE.

arbitrary rules and dogmas are in the nature of leading strings, irritating to a degree when once we can do without them; but small children cannot run alone, and every one is a child in art to begin with.

Let us attempt to put on record some of these principles.

The first and most essential principle in decorative design, and one that is universally followed in the work of the best periods, is *fitness*, and in it are included the rest. The peculiarity of decorative art is that it is subsidiary. Whatever the licence of the sister arts, ornament, by its very title, acknowledges its dependency. You cannot have ornament by itself; it must be applied to something, and that something is paramount. The unpardonable sin in ornament is the attempt to usurp the foremost place.

In the first instances of old work, obedience to the law of use was compulsory. A savage might carve the handle of a tomahawk, but the carving was just sufficient to give tighter grip to the weapon; he would take very good care not to cut so deep as to weaken it; no danger of his indulging in false ornament, that at a critical moment might cost him his life. And to this day we find that among ourselves the only objects *never* overlaid with misplaced ornamentation are weapons, tools, implements, and things of actual use, where we cannot afford to play the fool and sacrifice to what we call "effect."

Between the simple forms of things suggested by utility, and the point at which their elaboration and decoration begin seriously to interfere with their first purpose, there is a very wide range of ornament. No one, it is to be presumed, will deny that all ornament that does so interfere oversteps its limit. It is in hitting the exact mean between bald simplicity and undue enrichment that the difficulty of decoration consists, and it is very evident that the art of knowing where to stop is rarer among us to-day than it was among the artists of the Mediæval, Renaissance, and Classic periods, much rarer than it is even now among contemporary nations of the East. We live in an ambitious, or rather a pretentious age. The accessory arts are all hot to start in business on their own account. What wonder that they come to grief?

The particular point at which the bounds of fitness are reached must in each individual case be determined afresh; there is no dogma possible in that respect. The art of decoration depends, in fact, quite as much upon the critical as upon the creative faculty; and the decorator proves his right to the title as much by what he leaves undone as by anything that he does. It may be well, however, to indicate the directions in which fitness has to be considered. All ornament should be fit—(1) for its purpose; (2) for its place; (3) for the material in which it is executed; (4) for the process of its manufacture, or the method of its execution. Wherever these conditions are impossible of fulfilment, ornament is superfluous. The most successful enrichment is frequently *suggested* by some useful purpose, and so takes its place as a matter of course. Then ornament has uses, too, quite independent of art. Plain surfaces are not only unpleasantly monotonous, they are in many cases unpractical as well. The slightest soil or scratch, sooner or later inevitable (most likely sooner), betrays itself unnecessarily upon an even ground; and it is only taking Time by his proverbial forelock to dapple such spaces with a pattern or to scratch them with ornament. How anxious some young housewives are about the polish of their furniture, and what a relief it would be to their minds if the surface were once for all indented with some slight carving! Those light silk dresses, too, that show the stains so provokingly, if only they were figured the case would not be nearly so bad!

Almost the first function of ornament is to compensate, correct, or qualify the simplicity or ugliness of form dictated by necessity. It is a common mistake to suppose that this is to be done by overlaying it with enrichment, and hiding it under a heap of ornament. The simplest and most obvious lines on which to build a house, the inevitable construction of a machine, the traditional shape of a piece of furniture, the convenient form of a gas-pipe—each and all of these may be far from beautiful, but that is scarcely an argument why they should be smothered with scrollery. If the necessary form is indeed beyond redemption, there are only two courses—either to do without it, or to put up with it as it is. But it is not often so hopeless as that. In most cases a little careful consideration will show that some of the objectionable features may be omitted or supplanted by others more presentable, and that the ill-effect of some may be counteracted by decorative features that in no way interfere with the use or even with the character of the object. It is not quantity of ornament that tells, but ornament in the right place; a few cross bands here and there to break the disproportionate length, parallel stripes to counteract the appearance of thickness, occasional rosettes or flowers

to distract attention from the less interesting parts of the construction—simple devices like these are often quite enough to redeem a form from ugliness.

The defects of the thing to be ornamented are the starting-point of the decorator. If it is already perfect, that is surely enough. It is because the proportion of a room is defective that we desire to give the appearance of greater height or length to it; because it is bare that we seek to enrich it; because it is dull that we desire to enliven it; because it is glaring that we do our best to subdue it; because it is cold that we would give warmth to it; in short, because it is unsatisfactory that we propose to do anything to it at all. The motives that prompt us to undertake the decoration should also by rights suggest the nature and the extent of the ornament, otherwise we may arrive at something satisfactory enough in itself, but inadequate to the purpose and out of place, and confessedly therefore bad decoration.

The considerations of material, and process of manufacture or method of execution, are of a more technical nature, and therefore not to be discussed at length in a paper of this kind; but it is necessary that even the amateur should known something of the value of workmanlikeness in ornament, and he has only to know it in order to appreciate how unreasonable it is to neglect it. It may require some little training and study, some familiarity at least with the various crafts, to detect at once whether a design is adapted to be wrought or cast, printed or woven, carved or modelled; whether it is fit to be executed in stone or plaster, silk or paper, wood or metal-work. But it will take only the very slightest thought to convince even the least artistic person that the processes of hammering and casting, weaving and printing, modelling and carving are so different; and the nature of hard stone and soft plaster, cross-grained wood and malleable iron, the printer's block and the weaver's cards, are so different that they demand very different treatment. And more than this, if he inquires a little more closely into the matter he will soon see that each particular material, and each particular process by which it is manipulated, even each particular tool employed in its manipulation, has its own particular limitations as well as its facilities, and that the surest way to success is to bear these in mind, to keep well within the limits prescribed by the circumstances, and to make the most of the advantages peculiar to them.

It is very possible (too possible) to work in opposition to the natural conditions, and as a boast this may be excused occasionally; exhibition work is, for example, most of it brag; delicate and reticent art would stand no chance of recognition in the bustle of an international show; but in every-day design such boasting is fatal—it leads directly from modest workmanship and straight to downright waste. In the first place, it is very doubtful whether the conditions will be overcome by the ambitious craftsman—his presumption is very likely to be in excess of his power; and in the second, supposing the result to be satisfactory, it will have been reached by an expenditure of time, energy, labour, and material which, in its own proper channel, would have been productive of results in every way superior. To say the least, such work is unintelligent, wrong-headed, and unworkmanlike.

Just as the position and purpose of ornament must, I have said, suggest the ornament, so also material and method of production must determine its character. They need not assert themselves. There is no reason why wood-work should protest that it is joinery, why iron should proclaim that it is smith's work, or a wall-paper shout at you that it is printed. But the simple reasonableness of the matter is that they should each *be*, and be content with being, what they naturally are; and for the simple reason that disobedience to the inevitable conditions is, so to speak, resented by them, and leads to labour lost; while to those who work in sympathy with them they unfold resources that the artist had not dreamt of, yielding to simple persuasion what was not by any means to be forced from them. When workmanlike treatment leads to such direct results, the wastefulness of ignoring it is, artistically speaking, criminal. It may not appear to others than artists a matter of much moment whether a material is treated after its kind or contrary to it, but all will admit that it is a consideration whether the *cost* of decoration is increased or diminished, and I would remind them that nothing is more costly than unpractical work, whilst apt treatment minimises expense. Those who begin by encouraging judicious workmanship for more practical reasons, will soon learn to appreciate it for its individuality. It was not until all character had been smoothed out of it by the opposite process that folks became apathetic about their household decoration. No wonder that such lifeless stuff ceased to interest them!

With regard to the fitness of any *form* for its purpose, there is not so much room for

question. If the consideration of use has been overlooked in its design, we very soon find out its inconvenience. However calmly we may tolerate existing inconsistences, there is in most of us a native preference for what is practical, and the suitability or unsuitability of a form to its purpose is a thing that can be proved. The fitness of applied *ornament* is not easily to be defined. Its appreciation depends to some extent upon that very intangible quality called feeling, and to some extent upon knowledge. If a man does not see incongruity when it is pointed out to him, it is difficult to explain it; one ought by rights to begin by bestowing upon him the sense he lacks, and next to endow him with the necessary knowledge.

At the threshold of this consideration of the fitness of ornament is another question, viz., the relation of nature to ornament; and upon its solution ornament may almost be said to depend. It need scarcely be said, therefore, that, having for the present no intention of entering into competition with those quack advertisers who claim to have discovered a panacea for everything, I do not purpose to present the essence of this mystery compressed into an aphorism. In the very last resource something of the solution will depend upon the individuality of the person to whom the problem is put. But there is a great deal that may profitably be said on the subject, and, indeed, the difficulty will be to know when to stop.

There is always the broad distinction between realism and idealism in art, and in decoration it is more distinct than ever. It is not that the adherents of either theory deny the value and necessity of nature to art, but that they disagree as to the particular use that should be made of nature. The question is not whether ornament should be natural or artificial, but what is the natural way of treating ornament? what is the artistic way of rendering nature? "Art is man's nature, nature is God's art." That is true enough. But if there is any one who seriously believes that art is nature, and that nature is art, I cannot hope to influence him. The base of my reasoning is that they are very distinctly two, however dependent the one may be upon the other. Admitting readily enough that nature is before all art, and above it, and beyond it, we have long since ceased to be the unsophisticated children of nature. Art may be our *second* nature, but it is a very real one to us, and the discussion of human affairs from the point of view of primæval simplicity is, though interesting, scarcely practical. Side by side in the illustration on page 192 will be found the representations of an inlaid panel and of the natural fruit and foliage on which it is founded. It will be seen that the quite natural branch, with its light and shade, foreshortening and general confusion, is not only unfit for the purpose of an ornamental panel, but impossible to be reproduced by the process of inlaying. Separate studies of more available detail were indispensable, and even then had to be modified.

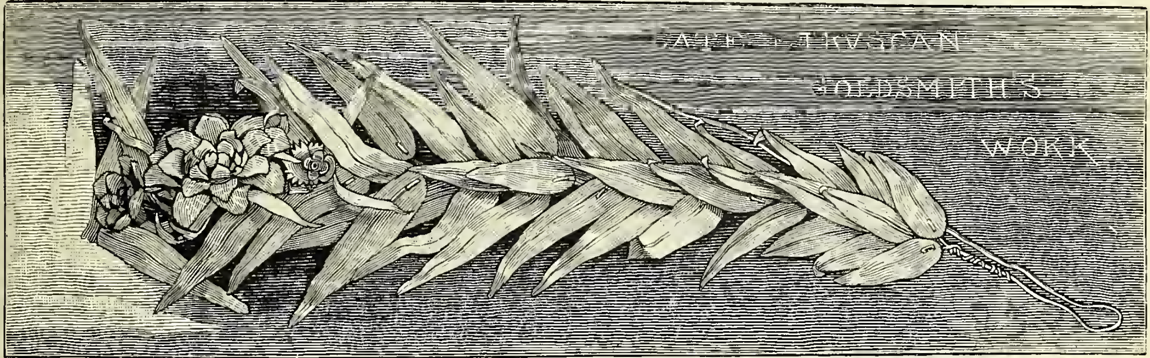
Decoration may be contrary to nature, but the world has determined that it cannot do without it. In so far as nature is incompatible with it, nature must clearly be made to give way. Nature when it takes service under the banner of art should keep in the ranks. Realists would say that it is art that should serve under the banner of nature. But they would have a stronger argument in the case of pictures—ornament very clearly insists upon the precedence of art.

A painter may plausibly say that his one idea is to mirror nature, and, though we may differ from him as to the province of painting, we must respect his conscientious effort in the direction that seems to him right. The decorator can put in no such plea for unreasoning realism. His idea is to add a grace to something already predetermined, if not already in existence; and experience proves that the fitting opportunity for realistic ornament very seldom occurs. The objections to realism are chiefly those already indicated under the head of fitness. It is, for the most part, contrary to the purpose or position of the object, ill-adapted to the material and the method of working it, and most especially it is calculated to draw undue attention to the object, or, which is worse, to itself. A more subdued and reticent and altogether simpler style of design is almost invariably found to be advisable, either in the shape of pure ornament or in some adaptation of natural forms. A very happy mean between the natural and the appropriate rendering is illustrated in the accompanying Etruscan chaplet from the British Museum. Notice the workmanlike way it is put together. The artist evidently knew what leaves were like in nature, but he also knew what forms were fit for goldsmith's work.

This kind of adaptation has been called "conventionalising." But the term "conventional" is not altogether a happy one. It is associated, for one thing, in our minds with the ordinary, the commonplace, and the insincere; and it is not desirable that the art of ornament should be bracketed with the anti-friction ointment that keeps society rolling. For another, the word,

even as applied to ornament, serves also to describe the *traditional* character that belongs to forms that have been handed down from generation to generation, and that have in many instances become, notwithstanding their intrinsic value, wearisome from perpetual repetition. Such forms are, indeed, for the most part admirably adapted to their purpose, but they were none the less fit before they had been reproduced *ad nauseam;* and their fitness has nothing whatever to do with their traditional character; excepting this, that it was their fitness that caused them to be preserved, and that, in passing down from hand to hand, whatever of inappropriateness there may have been in them has been worn away until they are perfect—so perfect that they are often not very interesting. The traditional forms and even the traditional methods, however, do not exhaust the possible in ornament, they are only so easily exhausted. The Tudor rose is almost too familiar to need illustration. Of the other examples given, the Persian is taken from old silk embroidery, the Japanese from modern painted silk. The one is much more naturally rendered than the other, but each is adapted to its purpose.

The fit representation of any plant in ornament will be best attained by comparing the thing itself in nature with its various representations in the art of the past, having special reference to the immediate purpose in hand. The keynote may be struck by something in the flower itself, or by something in any one of its past representations, or by the material and tools in use, but the one thing of importance is that all should be in tune. A mere echo of old work is often all that is obtainable by the amateur, but that is far preferable to the dissonant naturalism to which he is more prone.


LATE ETRVSCAN GOLDSMITH'S WORK

the prelude to what may yet be done in the way of adapting nature to decorative design. The use of the word "conventional" has hindered the appreciation of this fact, and it would be in every sense better to adopt the terms "fitness" or "aptitude" as the expression of the essential quality of ornament.

Suppose we wished to introduce the lily in ornament, we should learn something from the Gothic ecclesiastical rendering, but there would be no occasion to imitate it, least of all to emulate the ignorance of the mediæval painters and sculptors who, as often as not, represented it *with five petals.* To take another instance, perhaps no flower has yet been so successfully ornamentalised as was the rose during the Tudor period. It alone is enough to atone for the sins of the Perpendicular period. It would almost seem as if with the Tudor rose the theme had been exhausted, but compare it with the Japanese and Persian versions of the flower (page 193), so very different in character and yet also decorative, and you will see it was not At all events, it is guiltless of all sins of commission excepting that of mimicry; and in ornament sins of omission are much more readily condoned.

That ornament should, as far as it goes, be beautiful, speaks for itself—the excuse for all art is beauty—and, other conditions being equally fulfilled, the merit of ornament is in proportion to its intrinsic beauty; but not even beauty will supply the place of aptness in decoration. Good ornament answers to the tests of taste, of craftsmanship, and of beauty.

In the selection of ornament, no matter what its kind, ask yourself first of all, Is it fit for its position and purpose? Every one can form some opinion on that subject, and a little care should suffice to save cultivated people from rampant naturalism and the preposterous ornament that comes from it. Next, is it adapted to its material and to the method of its execution? That is not so easily answered. Some little knowledge of the subject is necessary here. But at least every one can abstain from that

which is obviously *not* apt. Lastly, is it beautiful? On that point no dictation is possible. Beauty is, as I have already insisted, not just a matter of liking; but we choose what we like, and wisely. We must first of all enjoy art if it is to help us, and the most unwholesome symptom in the connoisseur is the affectation of a preference which he does not feel. Insincerity is the most insuperable of difficulties.

LEWIS F. DAY.

AN HOUR WITH THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

OF the eleventh winter collection of works by old and modern masters at the Royal Academy, it may probably be recorded that it resembled those preceding it in being one of the most enjoyable and instructive art exhibitions of the year. At least, such is an impression produced by a quiet stroll through the galleries, wherein the visitor will find that the exhibition, even without the examples by Holbein, is essentially one of portraiture.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER.

(By James Ward, R.A.)

My object in these few remarks is not to follow any particular rules of criticism, but to select a very few leading works which it appears to me may illustrate the character of the whole exhibition; and therefore I turn to our own great founder of the British school

of portraiture, Reynolds, and with a delight I do not seek to disguise, call attention to the lovely example of his powers in "Lady Elizabeth Compton." Unlike Lawrence, who, living in an age and under the influence of a court notorious for its impurity, painted faces in which the cheeks were flushed, not with health but with rouge, and eyes bright, but not with an expression one cares to see, Reynolds gave to his figures and faces a character both of purity and graceful womanhood. In Lady Compton's portrait her ladyship, in full length, stands fronting the spectator; she wears a low white dress ornamented with gold, rests an arm on a rustic bench, and with one foot crossing the other shows sandals of blue ribbon. All will agree in admiring this charming picture, although the painting of the hands is open to adverse criticism.

Two other fine examples of Reynolds are the "Countess Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester," in which, however, the carnations are somewhat gone, and "Edmund Burke." The head of the "Rev. Mr. Score," by John Jackson, R.A., which we engrave on page 200, is a portrait of a friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The artist, from a feeling of admiration for the works and of everything connected with our great first President, made this study, which he wished should always be retained in the family. The art student will feel interested in noting the masterly execution of the light and shade, and particularly the sensitively delicate treatment of the shadows.

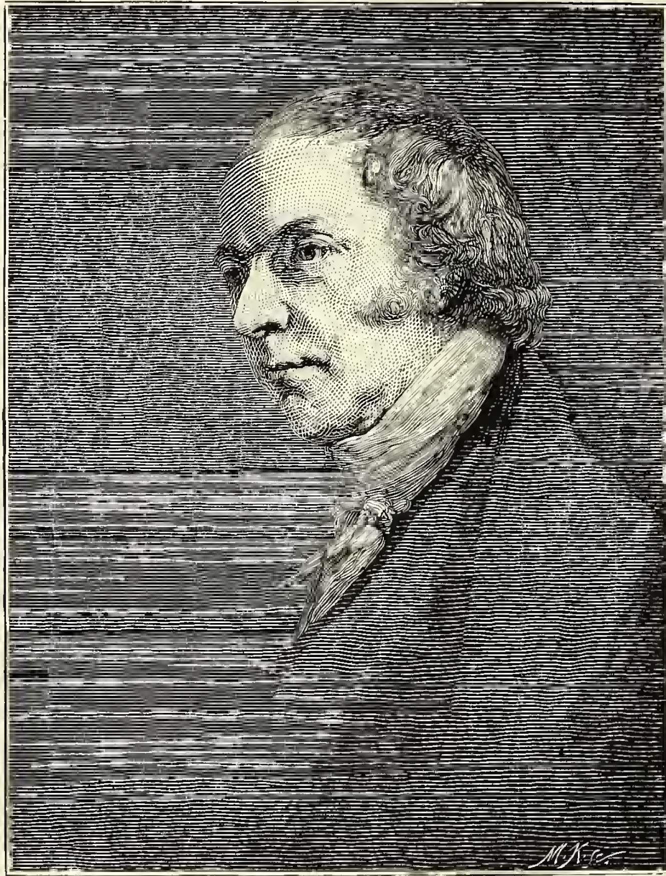
As to Gainsborough's great powers as a landscape-painter, all will be agreed; but his title as a portrait-painter of the first class must surely be founded upon but very few works, like his "Blue Boy" and similar masterpieces. "Landscape with Cattle and Figures" and "The Harvest Wagon," by this master, are noble works. The latter picture is a beautifully characteristic example of English scenery painted in Gainsborough's best manner. How different, or rather indifferent, this painter's handiwork was in portraiture is surely apparent in the portrait of "Robert Nugent, Viscount Clare," wherein the work throughout is so generalised as to be scarcely of any value at all.

One of the most noteworthy portraits in the exhibition is "The Artist's Mother," by James Ward, R.A., the well-known animal painter, which, however, does not altogether realise the qualities called for in the limner's art; this portrait, as it is engraved in these columns, will speak for itself.

In the second gallery are two little cabinet gems of the Dutch school, of the authenticity of which there can be no shadow of doubt. The first, by Jan Steen, "The Guitar Lesson," is singularly free from the coarseness usually disfiguring that master's works. The scene is an interior of a room, in which a lady dressed in white satin is playing the guitar, whilst a gentleman at her side is instructing her, and in the background are two figures. The lady is probably pretty according to Steen's notion of female beauty, but at any rate the realisation of character is perfect, the execution admirable, and a suggestion of elegant social life one might have expected from Netscher, scarcely from this delineator of roystering drunken boors and similar individuals. But even more invaluable is Baron Rothschild's little panel, "The Tête-à-Tête," by Gabriel Metzu. Sometimes indulging in historical and allegorical designs, it can hardly be considered, however, that such were really his forte; the artist was certainly most at home in *genre* subjects, like the present. Metzu was, as we know, the intimate friend of Steen, but certainly was not impressed by that painter's idea of art. In Baron Rothschild's picture, a lady robed in white satin, red fur-trimmed cape, and white headdress, is seated at a table playing the guitar, opposite to her a cavalier, who is also seated, holding in his hand a wine-glass. The treatment of this work is exceptionally good, and whilst there is no lack of finish, the painting is remarkable for freedom of touch.

The interest one would naturally feel in the collection of Holbeins in the fourth gallery is somewhat marred by the number of works of doubtful authenticity which appear there. There can be no question that several are not by the hand of the great Augsburg master. To refer to a few of which no doubt can exist—a work of astonishing beauty and power, every touch indicating the master-hand of the sturdy, resolute Hans, who kicked Harry the Eighth's offending courtier downstairs, is "Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk." The duke is pictured in half length, life size, nearly full face, wearing a black cap, coat, and ermine-lined surcoat; he holds in his right hand the gold stick as Earl Marshal, and in the other the white staff as Lord Chamberlain. His life was a chequered one; for, Lord High Admiral of England, commanding at Flodden, he was loaded with honours by his sovereign; but on the disgrace of his niece, Katharine Howard, was found guilty of high treason, and would have been executed had not the implacable old tyrant,

Henry VIII., died the day preceding that appointed for the execution. Holbein's portrait shows him in his sixty-sixth year, his face suggesting a man of strong mind and will, and one, moreover, if the exigencies of the state necessitated it, who could be of inflexible purpose. What a lesson to modern artists is there in the lean, bony, nervously energetic hands! "Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan," is the famous life-size whole length portrait of the charming daughter of Christian II. of Denmark, from the Duke of Norfolk's collection. The pretty duchess is standing, full face towards us, her black hood concealing the upper part of her forehead, with white collar and cuffs, and her hands, one of which holds a glove, in front of her. The face wears a half-smiling and slightly satirical expression, and the modelling and execution of the work generally are beyond all commendation. It is more than a pity that the painting has been so "*restored*," that much of the original work has disappeared from the canvas.



THE REV. MR. SCORE.

(*By John Jackson, R.A.*)

Other great examples of Holbein are "Sir William Butts," the king's physician, and his wife, "Lady Butts." "Sir Nicholas Carew," "Henry VIII.'s Master of the Horse," is also surely not by Holbein, but probably by some Flemish master. The only two remaining works I can refer to as undoubted originals are "Edward VI. when Prince of Wales," lent by the Duke of Northumberland, representing the little fellow as a child of the age of two years, wearing a striped skull-cap, and over it a red gold-embroidered cap with grey feather; crimson frock, cloth of gold under-jacket, white collar and frills. He is standing on a green velvet cloth thrown over a stone tablet, on which are inscribed some Latin lines by Sir Richard Morysine. This work, again, bears evidence of the master's touch, but has at one time or another been terribly bemauled by picture-cleaners. A bust, three-quarter face, black beard with a few grey hairs, "Portrait of a Man," is also a choice example of Holbein, of which the happy owner is Mr. J. E. Millais, R.A. M. P. J.

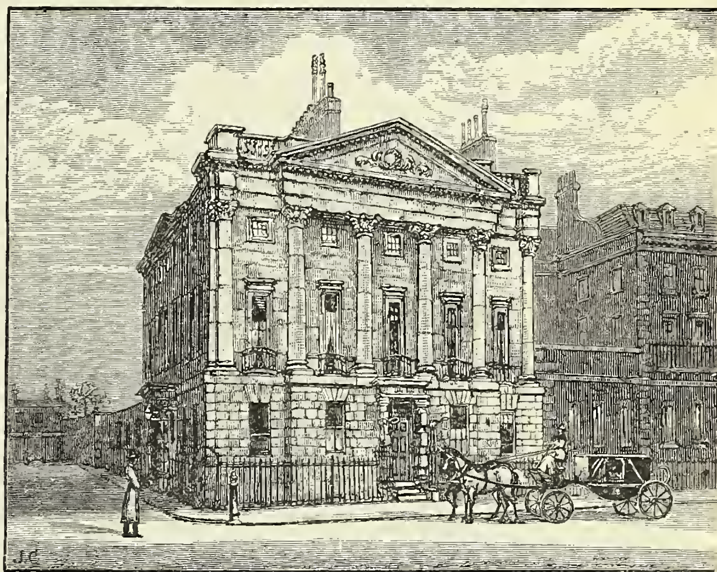
"VIOLET."

(From the Painting by George D. Leslie, R.A., in the possession of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Chas. H. Lindsay, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876.)

ART IN THE STREETS.—II.

IT was Sidney Smith who made the pleasant remark about a certain sermon or story being as long or monotonous as Wimpole Street, which, like the neighbouring Harley Street and others of the same pattern, exhibits the British house in its most uninteresting and feeble aspect. Indeed, an hour's walking through these thoroughfares, with an occasional patrol up and down Gower Street, would speedily reduce the highest spirits to a state of blank depression. The reason of this effect is that these are not properly "rows of houses," so much as stretches of wall pierced with windows, doors, etc. For the builder finds it far cheaper to build a long wall broken up by partitions into houses, than a number of separate mansions, and this has certainly been the destruction of all effective architecture in London.

On the other hand, if we turn to Portman, Berkeley, or Cavendish Squares, we shall find numbers of old British mansions, similar to that here engraved, of good effect and a certain majesty, and which belong to an era of better taste and more liberal ideas. Some of these, exceedingly simple and unpretending as to architectural ornament, have an air of dignity and spaciousness inconsistent with the scanty ground covered. This will be found to be owing to the sense of elegant proportion which then reigned. The architect seems to have considered what should be the height of his house in relation to its breadth, and to have made the spaces between his windows greater than that of the width of each window, and to have made the roof a marked feature. Now-a-days it is the fashion to make each window an opening running from the top to the bottom of the room, like a long glazed strip or doorway; whereas the true ideal of a window, at which you stand and "look out," is an opening with a parapet rising above the knees of the spectator, so that he is protected and has something to lean against, otherwise there is a sense of insecurity, and an idea that the knee or foot may break the glass. Without this moderation and homage to proportion there is no securing such a thing as a façade that shall be effective. Neither will the interior be effective, as it will be a room, not with its four sides, but with three—the side to the front being virtually open. If it be necessary to gain the balcony, one window should be in the nature of an honest doorway. How ineffective, too, is the average piece of cage-work that serves as a balcony—a precarious, ever-dangerous thing, never used—propped up on frail iron girders; or, where



11, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

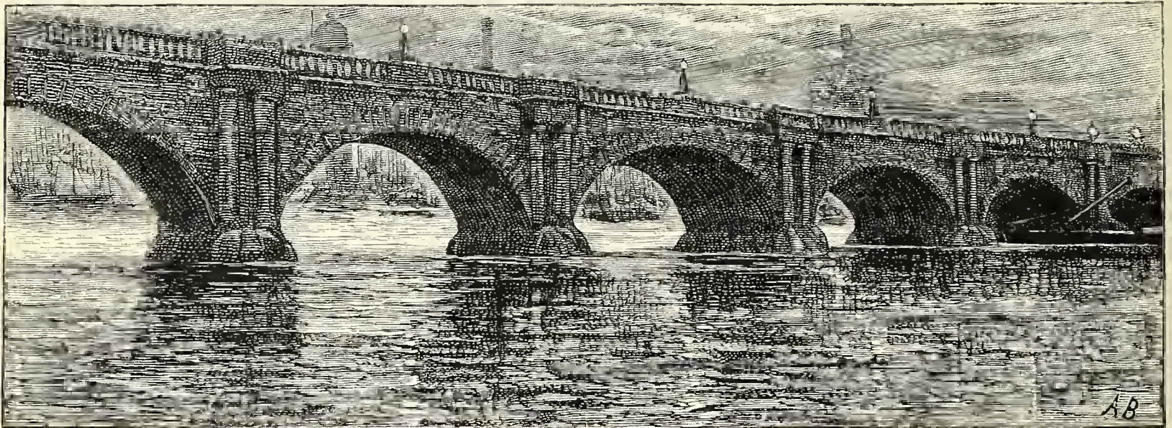
it is substantial, formed out of the top of the portico, which has thus "a double debt to pay." This is a favourite device in the new houses in Belgravia, yet the effect is that of a makeshift. Infinitely more effective would it be to leave the portico to its own duty, and throw out in front of the windows a handsome gallery, as is done in the case of the Venetian palaces. If this were broad and flowing in its outline, detached from the doorway, and thrown out airily, it would become an elegant architectural feature. The solution of this and such questions is this: "Seek the thing that is desired, and fashion it so that it will carry out that view in the best way." As in this instance, let us ask ourselves for what do we desire this balcony? Is it not to come

out upon; to rest upon its balustrade, and look downwards and up and down the street; to be at the same time in perfect security; also that it shall have an airy effect, as something hung from the window? But these Belgravian balconies are regular structures solidly built—almost so much so as to rob the parlour windows below of all light and air.

Returning to our Portman Square type of house, it will be noted that the storeys are marked boldly on the façade, or, rather, declare themselves. This is owing to the sense of proportion before alluded to, the size of the windows being nicely graduated, and sufficient room being left between the bottom of one row and the top of the next for the eye to supply, as the portion between the floor and window-sill, or between the ceiling and the top of the window. We feel, in short, that there are rooms behind, with windows in them; whereas the modern-built house seems to consist of long, slim windows almost touching each other. This excellent and creditable type of house cannot escape notice. With good taste, the owner usually allows the old blackness of the bricks to remain unscoured, the surface being close and smooth as that of a billiard-table. The front is broad and low; the windows not too "tall;" the doorway narrow and unpretending, not burdened with thick pillars, and yet marked and effective, because proportioned to the house; the iron-work of the railings is good; and the two obelisks at the bottom of the steps quaint enough. Latterly the outline of most of these edifices has been spoiled by an additional storey.

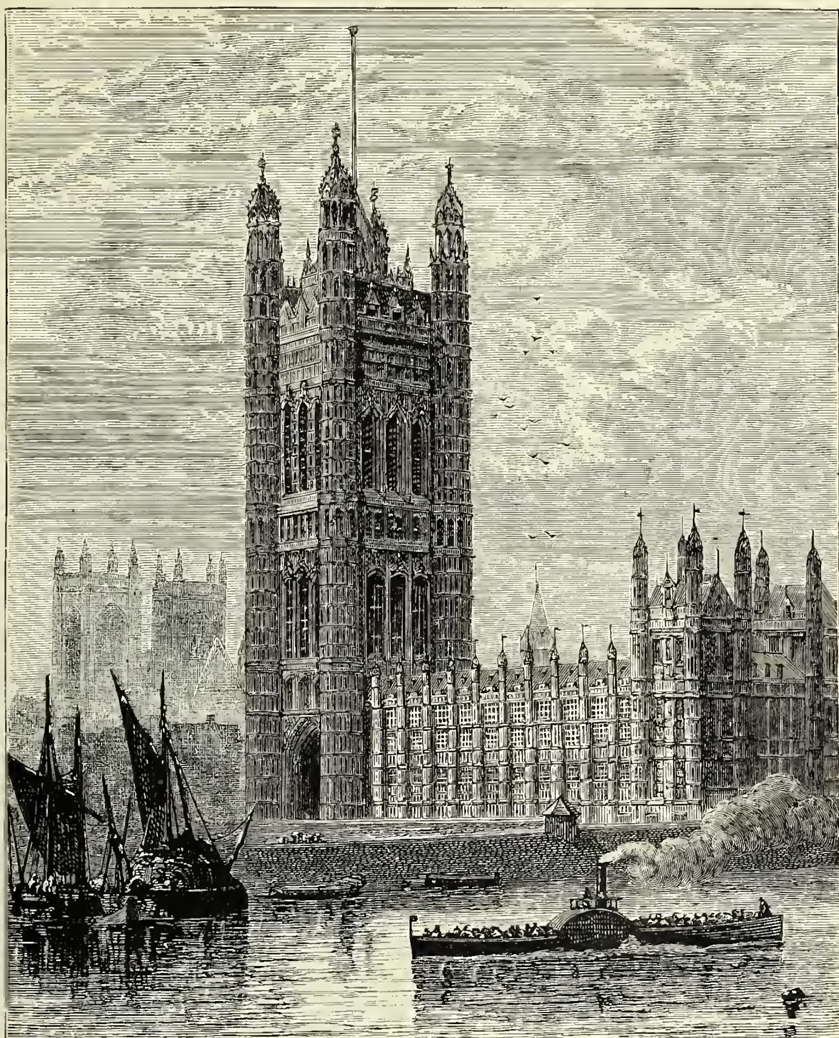
Any one walking from Hyde Park Corner to Victoria Station will have noted the pretentious and costly stone mansions in Grosvenor Gardens, each with its tall spreading porch supported by Aberdeen granite columns. This covers in the whole of the steps; but as it is open on all sides, the effect is bad, and heavy without being solid. The vice lies in its affecting to be what it is not, for it gives no shelter from wind; and what with the balcony—the *real* object of its existence—and its own uselessness as to its own function, the result is a sort of shambling, disjointed air, very different from the direct purpose exhibited in the old well-built houses. There you can stand close and snug, the shoulder to the deep bay, the pillars which touch the wall acting as a protection. In some of the old houses about Soho, it is astonishing to see the effect and dignity of some such small and unpretending door.

Again, with regard to these Grosvenor Square and Portman Square houses, another reason for this good effect is that each is distinct and separate, and proclaims that it is distinct and separate. Each has something characteristic in its height, breadth, or treatment to show that it was built separately—that it had engrossed the attention of owner and builder exclusively during its erection. This thought and attention was not distributed over a long line of houses, or long wall divided into compartments. And, further, this idea of separate houses standing side by side finds its account not merely in the picturesqueness derived from inequality, but in a greater comfort, security from noise, to say nothing of the dignity arising from the apparent separation (though the houses touch), and independence. In the other system the shabby device of one wall doing duty between every two houses makes the whole row virtually one house separated



WATERLOO BRIDGE.

into compartments by partitioning walls. And, indeed, it appears to be no more on the outside. This can be noticed particularly in a huge stone block, with its high Mansard roof and elaborate chimneys, in the Grosvenor Gardens—a triangle rather than "square"—which is close to the Victoria Station. It has wings and a centre, and a kind of Hôtel de Ville look. Yet this is really made up of a dozen houses, while each individually suffers from the spectator's disappointment, and becomes smaller and more pitiful from their merely forming elements in a great whole. From such an outline one would expect indications of vast apartments and halls. Instead, we can trace the small drawing-rooms and smaller doors. The façade seems to say, "See, I am a building!" while the divisions make a counter-protest, and proclaim, "No; we are a number of small houses!" Thus they neutralise each other.



THE VICTORIA TOWER, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Another reason for the good effect and genial satisfactory air of these old London houses, is the famous brick-work which they exhibit. Of this fine material little is really understood now-a-days, and the whole treatment, the make of the bricks, their "setting" and arrangement, is on wholly false principles. The old brick was good, sound, close, well-baked—and rather a tile than a brick; the new brick is a lump of mud dried in the fire, open, its surface full of holes, and, like Dr. Johnson's leg of mutton, "ill-kept, ill-dressed, ill-served, and as bad as bad can be." The idea of a true and well-built brick wall should be a smooth surface, the edges of the different bricks lying close, as in a well-built

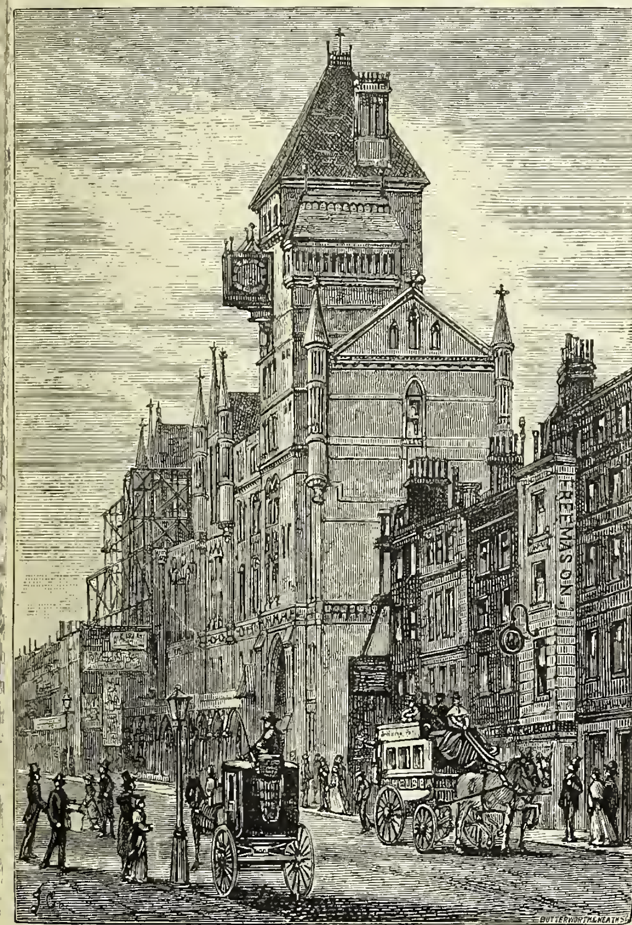
wall of cut stone, so that by-and-by the whole, by the action of the weather and its own, shall become one mass, in which the details shall be scarcely noticed.

In modern brick-work we have the system of "pointing," which marks the outline of every brick by a staring white line, which is the builder's ideal of everything that is neat, clean, and perfect. The principle is quite a false one, for the divisions between a number of objects like bricks should be rather effaced than marked, and the mere "joinings" of any two objects should only be indicated. "Pointing" dwarfs and contracts a house, destroys the sense of sober outline; for the eye is diverted to the minute and glaring details. But, unfortunately, this "pointing" is a necessity, for it is used to hide the vice of the modern bad brick-work. Mortar being now cheaper than bricks, the aim of the builder is to interpose between the courses a sufficient layer of mortar, often as deep as half or three-quarters of an inch, so that in half a dozen courses this mortar-work will be equivalent to a layer of bricks, and in the height of a house a great many courses will be saved. Thus there is a surface of mortar which the weather soon wears away, and the bricks not resting on each other, their edges also decay. The only remedy is the pointing process. Thus we see how nearly related are good taste and good workmanship. In the old brick-work the bricks lay close, secured by just so much mortar as would *paste* them together, neither air nor wet could get in, and the houses were warm and firm. Such is the philosophy of true and false brick-work. Scattered about London there are very many picturesque old houses built of good sound bricks. These become, of course, encrusted with dirt, and the repairer scrapes the whole skin away, and duly points. The effect of this treatment in some of the old houses, where red and yellow bricks are mixed, is truly horrible; for their own original colour is not left to view, but a gaudy mixture is daubed over. The white of the "pointing" is, in its turn, neatly flanked with a crimson cement, and the mixture produces a result like the dyed and raddled face of some old impostor. Grimed and black as it may be, the old surface attained a certain hardness and smoothness. To find the opposite of this, we have only to go down to Delahay Street, and look at Judge Jeffrey's house, a well-designed, portly brick mansion, in fine condition, the brick-work dark as old furniture, with its good roof and effective cornice. By-and-by some new tenant will come and scrape and "point" to his heart's content.

This old mansion (see page 208), which is considered one of the best bits of old brick-work in London, presents a good instance of the old mode of joining the roof to the house by a cornice. Such a mode seems infinitely more suitable and satisfactory than the modern slate edging projecting over, looking as precarious as it is really frail, or the mean parapet, behind which the meaner roof skulks, as if ashamed of itself. The roof is the "hat" of the house, and should be as boldly expressive as the good broad brim of the cavalier days. Such was the old pattern, but the modern type is as "skimpy" and poor as the modern hat with its meagre brim. The angle of the old roof is always boldly obtuse, or almost a right angle; that of the modern very acute, which, of course, entails weakness. For the same reason, the large slates look inharmonious; they seem like slabs laid on. Neither are they secure, as they crack when anything falls on them, and get loose easily. But nothing is more welcome than the detail of small slates, which cover the roof like a woven texture, while each slate becomes incrusted in the rest. The effect, as can be seen in the high roofs, is most picturesque; we feel that it is the true system, and so Mr. Street has adopted it for his Law Courts.

In London it is melancholy to think how many fine architectural buildings have been lost or spoiled; and the surprise is, that with the mean instincts of vestrymen and boardmen, more terrible blunders have not been committed. It might seem difficult to name what is the finest structure, or "thing," in London. We should certainly be inclined to think that the boldest, most noble-looking object is—Waterloo Bridge (p. 204). The solidity and simplicity, the size, the directness and straight line with which it sweeps across the river, are truly ennobling and majestic; as Canova said, "It was worthy of the Romans." It is a grand road-way, and conveys the idea of the land being continued, instead of being a means of crossing the water. When we compare it with its fellows, we can see how steadily the spirit of bridge-building has deteriorated. Westminster has a certain elegance, but is trifling compared with the other. The new Blackfriars Bridge, with its enormous dumpy columns, supporting nothing but a recess for a seat or two, is a gross, uninviting, commonplace sort of thing. It is extraordinary that, in this land of iron, some attempt has not been made at

treating iron airily, for there always is a waste of strength. The girders and springing arches of iron that support the roof of the Great Midland Station seem needlessly massive. Light iron sprays springing in branches from a trunk, and fining off into twigs of metal—the supporting power being distributed according to the laws of strains—would surely be sufficient, more elegant, and less costly.



THE LAW COURTS.

As we are now at the river-side, we may continue to note what our artistic sense makes us observe. Standing by Westminster Bridge, or approaching it from the Embankment, it must be said that the view and general combination of objects is very fine. The clock-tower is original, the pinnacles and mullions behind and beside it, the bridge, and the river itself make a very striking collection of objects. It is curious, too, to think that the whole, even to the very ground on which we stand, the bridge, the buildings, are all new, and set there within the last thirty or forty years. It has been urged that if the Houses of Parliament had been built upon a platform raised to the level of the bridge, the effect would have been finer. But this may be doubted. A building built at the water's edge should surely spring from the water's edge, and there is, moreover, a certain piquancy in the different levels. What, too, would have been done with Westminster Hall? There is a fact, however, connected with this building which is not generally known. The Victoria tower (page 205) was intended to be the chief feature, as, indeed, its enormous dimensions betoken. Yet who is there that has not found the effect unsatisfactory? It seems dumpy, inelegant, and certainly does not give the idea of a vast towering mass. The fact is that the proportions have been spoiled, or lost, as it is some twenty or thirty feet too short, and this has destroyed all sense of height or airy elegance. Parliament, after a certain height had been reached, stepped in, and required the builder to stop. In possession of this knowledge, we at once see why it is that the eye is so painfully affected, and that a sense of unutterable squatness is ever present. It seems rather a great building than a tower; and, as we mentally supply the missing portion, we can see how it would have drawn together the rather scattered elements of the main building, and shortened the length of the river façade. Not so well known either is the fact that the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square has been maimed in a similar way, being shorter by many feet than it ought to be. This is unfortunate for "the finest site in Europe"—a truly ridiculous boast. The *coup-d'œil*, however, is gay and effective enough, though the arrangement of the Square is but an indifferent one. Still, we would not part with the National Gallery, for all the abuse that has been showered on it; for there is an effect in its long and broken front full of shadows, and we know not what new-born monster may take its place. Even now a sort of yellow campanile, belonging to the new additions, lifts itself from behind, and is anything but reassuring. The pepper-caster cupolas could be modified. But anything would be better than such terribly garish structures of terracotta as the new Museum of Natural History. The buildings on the two sides of the Square—Morley's Hotel and the College of Physicians—are not bad; even the hotel seems

more to harmonise with the view than the pretentious "Grand Hotel" that has risen in front of it. With taste, much could be done to improve the Square. Two or three broad flights of steps might lead down from the gallery, instead of the balustrade which now runs across. The present steps are clumsy and awkward. The basins of the fountains are surely too vast for the fountains, and for the space on which they are placed. There is an unmeaning row of stone posts running across by the Landseer lions. The walls that

JUDGE JEFFREY'S HOUSE.

slope down at each side are quite fortress-like, and, above all, the statues are arranged in a most capricious and inartistic fashion. The London theory appears to be that all statues must be herded together as much as possible, as if in a museum: witness the gathering at Palace Yard, where a sort of *quadrille* of statues is being formed. A statue will tolerate no rival; and, indeed, to have due effect should be the centre of a space. This naturally flows from the compliment paid to the personage represented, and the costly form it takes. These effigies should be put more back, on broad substantial pedestals. The present ones are mean and ill-proportioned. Or they should be used as architectural adornments as corners to the Square, much as are the well-known figures on the bridge of St. Angelo in Rome.

Returning to Westminster Bridge, we find that the clock-tower has, within the last few years, been made to do unmeaning service, being turned into a sort of beacon or gigantic lamp-post — not, indeed, to give light or a warning of danger—but to announce, to whom it may concern, that the House is *not* up. This may seem, at first sight, an indifferent matter, and one that would have but little bearing on a question of art. Yet there can be no question that it acts as a pernicious schoolmaster, and insensibly preaches what is mean and degrading. The tower was a useful and faithful servant; "Big Ben" booming out—albeit a little hoarse and cracked—the hours by day, and the huge illuminated dial telling the hour by night. It could be seen from afar, and the note heard still further away. It was a handsome and pleasant object to look at. Suddenly a gap is made in its fretwork over the dial, an ugly semi-circular lantern is thrust out, which, through the night, gives out a fierce glare. All is changed, and with it the associations are changed. The handsome clock-tower is now present, to our minds, as a sort of gigantic candlestick, with the associations of smoke, fierce heat, flare, and glare. The light is not, as in many cases, hung out from the tower beaconwise, but the tower itself is the beacon. The effect of the association is disastrous to a degree that is not utopian or fanciful; for there is always something degrading in seeing a fine and noble object reduced to base uses; and it familiarises the crowd with the idea of noble things in the moral order being thus also degraded. An air of triviality is also suggested, this elaborate and conspicuous device being adopted for a matter of trifling convenience. Again: from the elaborate open-work character of the "cap," or head, of the clock-tower, as well as from its function of holding a number of bells large and small, for which there is no room save in the body of the tower itself, it was to be expected that the whole was to be pierced, and have an airy, open treatment like a church spire. This was actually the architect's intention, as will be seen from the slits that ran all the way up. These, however, he was forced to "glaze," and fill in with windows, which gives the whole a heavy, clumsy air, instead of a lightness and elegance. And *àpropos* of clock-towers, Mr. Street's new clock at the Law Courts (page 207), hung out in the picturesque style of Bow Church,

is surely too trivial and small. The fine massive tower behind seems to be holding out a watch instead of a clock, and is thus actually robbed of its own majesty. These may seem trifling matters to dwell on, but the principle involved goes to the root of all art. Most passers-by will see that something is wrong, but perhaps may not recognise the principle, that where an object is out of proportion to the function set to it, either in excess or deficiency, it will appear grosser or smaller than it is actually. Thus, a pediment supported on two slender pillars will appear heavier than it really is; or, in the reverse case, the pillars will appear to be stouter and more "dumpy" than they are. It is as with a man with a hat too small or a coat too tight for him. The contrast makes him seem too large, instead of the coat too small, and so with Mr. Street's clock.

It may be thought that out of such trivial matters as lamp-posts and railings not much in the way of art principle could be extracted. Yet these are most important elements in a great city, for the gratification of the eye, or offence to the nice instinct of good taste, from their being encountered at every step. A street lamp, and a railing to a house or public garden, involve design, elegance, fitness, pleasure, or repugnance. As a matter of fact, nothing could be worse than such things in London. They answer their purpose fairly well, and we are accustomed to them, but in design and construction they are, for the most part, rude and barbarous. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Ruskin, standing before a street lamp, could illustrate by it most of the principles of art and design, and, further, could show very clearly what should be the true artistic model.

A lamp-post is a lantern set on a hollow pillar or post, of such a height as to illuminate a distance of a hundred yards or so in every direction. It would not seem difficult, therefore, to carry out this aim by means of an elegant or becoming arrangement. Yet the attempts made have been of the rudest kind, as will be seen by the specimens of the old and the new or improved street lamps set up in the City. An object also is to have the framework that holds the lantern as light as possible, so that there shall be nothing to cast shadows on the ground below, and make the space round the lamp dark. Hence we find the lantern secured to the post in the most precarious way, so that we often see it bent or ready to drop off. The pillar itself is fashioned with a shaft and pedestal, with some attempt at a Grecian model, and is planted in the ground like a tree, so that it is often out of the perpendicular. In short, it is a combination of shifts and failures entailing constant repairs.

Now this comes from not seeking the true principles, and carrying them out. A lamp-post is not only a post, but a tube for conveying the illuminating fluid; this therefore should be expressed, and no attempt be made at representing a solid Grecian pillar, with a long rectangular pedestal. It should be round and widening; for greater strength would, of course, be required near the ground. The lantern, too, should not affect to be a transport case placed like the old oil ones, to be taken out and put in again, but a cover or shield from the blast, which is lifted off and on the end of the tube to which the jet is affixed. With these principles kept in view, the French set to work, and in Paris and other leading towns we find an elegant specimen of the gas "standard."

In connection with this subject it may be said that the gaselier system, with its weights and globes—the cumbrous attempt at making what is detached appear fixed, and *vice versâ*—is one of the most disagreeable standing violations, to a refined or cultivated eye, of all art rules that can be conceived. In modern churches we find the system of brass "standards," with little bouquets of flame-jets of fiery spray, without "globes," giving the air of gas torches. That this is the natural and most becoming mode there can be no doubt. That handsome music room, the St. James's Hall, was illuminated by a number of such sprays hung from the ceiling in the air, and there was a certain fanciful airiness in the effect. Now, some two or three fiery furnaces, yclept "sunlights," rage and glare aloft. In a dining-room, however, the gaselier must be hung from the ceiling, and the flame must be shielded. It would not, surely, be difficult to devise something more artistic than the "globe," with its rickety support, and the singular device of screws, claws, etc., by which it is fixed in its place. There should be no attempt at imitating a hanging chandelier, but there should be a fixed firm tube descending from the ceiling, and supporting branches. Some sort of graceful-looking lantern could be devised, a skeleton frame into which the glass could be inserted. By keeping what is desired steadily in view, artistic means of execution will be certain to suggest themselves.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

THE KYRLE SOCIETY.

THE Kyrle Society, which takes its name from the "Man of Ross" (the Howard of his age, who for his goodness to the poor deserved to be celebrated, according to Dr. Warton, "beyond any of the heroes of Pindar"), was founded about two years ago with the object "of bringing the refining and cheering influences of natural and artistic beauty home to the people." It numbers amongst its supporters Prince Leopold, Princess Louise, the Duke of Westminster, and Lord Ronald Gower, besides Mr. William Morris, Mr. Watts, and other artists.

It was felt by its originators that hitherto, in all schemes for the benefit of the poor, the fact that beautiful and attractive objects seldom entered into their lives had been almost entirely overlooked. Much has been done in the various parishes for their bodily wants, but few people seemed to think that the poor, as well as the rich, needed something more than meat and drink to make their lives complete.

A few years ago it was thought by many earnest-minded people that beautiful things were, if not sinful, at least unnecessary, and might tend to lead our thoughts away from the higher life; but, fortunately, such mistaken ideas have given way to a growing desire to make our surroundings as harmonious and lovely as possible. When we look around us and see the harmony which pervades all nature, and how wonderful is the beauty which fills our earth, so that the tiniest flower speaks aloud to us of the supreme power of the great Father of us all, we must feel that He intended us to enjoy all His marvellous works. It would be very selfish, if those who have the means to beautify and elevate their lives did not try to bring some of this beauty home to the poor. It is in large towns, especially London, that the poor lead the saddest lives; the ugliness, monotony, and coarseness that surround them everywhere depress and weigh them down equally with their poverty. They cannot spare either the time or money to go often into the country, their visits to picture-galleries and museums can be but rare, and, as yet, little can be done to decorate their homes; they are thus debarred from the powerful and refining influences which might be derived from tasteful and harmonious surroundings.

Conscious of the difficulty of supplying this loss in the homes themselves, it was resolved by the Kyrle Society to beautify and decorate, as far as possible, by means of pictures, mural decorations, flowers, and other attractive objects, public rooms, such as hospital wards, workmen's clubs, school and mission rooms. The largest work undertaken by the Society has been the decoration of two of the wards of Westminster Hospital—the Women's Convalescent and the Bouverie Ward. The designs for the former were given by Mr. William Morris, and the work was carried out under his direction. The walls are a pale green, till within about two feet of the ceiling line, where a frieze has been executed, introducing a conventional treatment of fruit and foliage. They are hung with engravings, which were given to the Society, for this special purpose, by Mr. Graves, of Pall Mall.

The Bouverie Ward was decorated entirely by volunteer workers. The whole of the painting is executed upon a patent washable material, and consists of a frieze of wild flowers, symbolical of the four seasons. Immediately above this frieze, and below the ceiling, mottoes are painted in clear and distinct characters. The panels of the doors and cupboards are adorned with fruits and flowers. The fireplace is of ebonised wood, with alternate panels of American walnut and tiles, and above is a chimney-piece, with divided shelves and a looking-glass. Thus, wherever the eye turns it finds something pleasant to rest upon, and the decoration has been fully appreciated by the inmates. A lady belonging to the Society relates the following anecdote, which will show how much the poor appreciate the efforts of those who are so kindly striving to brighten and cheer their lives. When visiting the Bouverie Ward, in order to judge of the finished work, she went up to the bedside of one of the patients, who said to her, "I knowed you directly I seed you; you painted our club." "Yes," the

lady replied, "I did, but I am afraid the flowers are getting dingy and dirty." "Oh, no, they ain't; we likes 'em, and we keeps 'em bright and clean;" and then, after some sympathetic talk about his ailments, he whispered, "Do you know, marm, I think it is almost a blessed thing to be ill to come here in this lovely place?" Now this was not intended as a compliment, for the poor man was so impressed by the beauty, cleanliness, and kindness which he found in the Bouverie Ward that he could only whisper his thanks to his kind friend. This little anecdote will appear to most minds very touching, and is but one amongst many which might be told showing how deeply the hearts of the poor have been touched by the sight of this artistic decoration, as unexpected as it is lovely. The thought that so much trouble has been taken to cheer and please them makes them wishful to show, by the future conduct of their lives, that the good lessons they have acquired in the hospital, in which beauty, order, and cleanliness are combined, are not only not lost upon them, but are carried away to their own homes, to be copied as far as means and aptitude will permit. It may be as well to mention that the whole of the work has been arranged so that it can easily be removed without injury, and thus allow for the annual cleansing of the rooms. Similar work, though on a smaller scale, has been effected in another ward of the hospital.

Of other institutions which the Society has decorated or otherwise improved, the principal are the Mission Room in Great Ormond Yard, rooms in the Boys' Refuge, Whitechapel, the Working Boys' Home, Southwark, the Girls' Home, Charlotte Street, and the College for Working Women in Fitzroy Street.

Besides permanent mural decorations to many workmen's clubs, a good deal has been done by this Society by means of loans of pictures. When a workmen's club is first started, it is an important element in its success to make the room look as cheerful and inviting as possible. In such cases application is often made to the Kyrle Society. As it is, however, difficult to tell beforehand whether a new club will prosper or not, pictures are never *given*, but granted on loan for six months, with the understanding that they are to be returned before that time if the club be given up; if it survives, a fresh application must be made at the expiration of the six months. Should the institution then seem to be on a permanent footing, the pictures are presented to the club. This has been found to be a most useful branch of the Society's work, and the presence of interesting and nicely framed drawings or photographs on the walls often leads members to make efforts of their own to improve still further the general appearance of the room, and to feel a pride in making it look as pretty and bright as they can.

A voluntary choir of singers has been organised, to give oratorios and concerts in churches, halls, and school-rooms situated in the poorest parts of London, where good music could hardly otherwise be heard; and believing, as we all must, that men are ennobled and raised to higher levels by lovely and harmonious sights and sounds, surely no work of this Society, which strives so earnestly to elevate the thoughts of the poor by means of such powerful influences, ought to be more supported than this. It may be that music touches the human heart more nearly than any other of the gracious gifts of Providence. How often the most callous and hardened reprobate is softened when upon his ear fall some well-remembered strains, sung perchance by his mother in his innocent childhood—

> "Songs that have power to quiet
> The restless pulse of care."

In teaching the poor and neglected by means of music and other beautiful things, we may hope, with some confidence, to lead them gradually away from the ignorance and vice in which so many dwell, and nearer to the pure light of knowledge and goodness.

Another aim of the Society has been the procuring and preserving of open spaces. For this purpose a special sub-committee has been formed. It was mainly owing to the representations made by the Kyrle Society, and the Commons Preservation Society, that the Corporation of the City of London were induced to purchase Burnham Beeches, and to give the ground for the use of the public for ever. The committee are now trying to procure the opening of Lincoln's Inn Fields at stated times to the children of the neighbourhood. Efforts are also in progress to secure the site of the Horsemonger Lane Gaol for a public garden. The Society is very anxious to enlist the sympathies of landowners in the needs of the people, and to encourage the dedication of private land to public use.

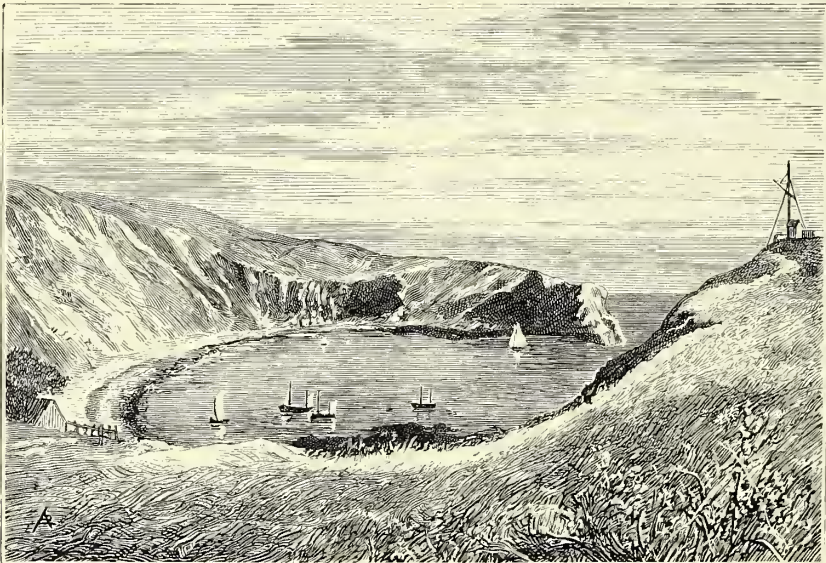
The importance in London of open ground as mere breathing-space cannot be over-estimated. The Kyrle Society has helped in converting long-disused churchyards, or any other available strips of waste ground, into

pretty gardens. Such churchyards are often found in crowded neighbourhoods, far away from the parks, or any other cultivated places, and where it is a great relief and enjoyment to those of our poor who live in some dark, unhealthy alley or court, to be able to sit quietly in one of these "open-air sitting-rooms" and forget for a while, in the peace and beauty that surround them, the cares and troubles of their daily lives. Perhaps it is not too much to say that many of the poorer working classes, who frequent these gardens, find therein the only glimpse they may be able to obtain of nature in her simplest and prettiest forms of flowers, grass, and trees.

All the undertakings of the Society are carried on by voluntary workers, who, assisted by the kindly interest and co-operation of the eminent artists above referred to, give much time and trouble in the preparation of beautiful and artistic objects. It is believed that other persons would be willing to co-operate with the present members if the beneficent objects of the Society were more widely known, and that in this way its modest and useful work may be promoted. Should any of the readers of this Magazine sympathise with the objects of the Kyrle Society, and be desirous to further its efforts by personal help, it may be useful to note here that the address of the Honorary Secretary is 14, Nottingham Place, London. Quarterly reports are published by the Society, giving an account of what work has already been accomplished, and what kind of help is most needed.

FAVOURITE SKETCHING GROUNDS: LULWORTH COVE, DORSETSHIRE.

LULWORTH COVE, with its rock-girdled lap of blue sea, is a place quite unique of its kind. East and west along the south coast we may look in vain for so completely a land-locked inlet of the sea. Approached by water, it gives no hint of its existence until our boat is actually abreast of the entrance, so narrow and over-lapping is the opening in the face of the jagged cliffs, through which the blue-green sea finds its way into the circular basin worn in the chalk during countless ages by the restless tides. Coming upon it from the land, and seen from the summit of one of the lofty downs, in the midst of which, gem-like, it lies embosomed, it is not the less striking. Only of late years has the strip of Dorsetshire coast between Weymouth on the west and St. Alban's Head on the east—and of which Lulworth is about the



THE COVE.

centre—become generally popular with the brethren of the brush. Turner knew it, as what paintable place did he not know? and Clarkson Stanfield knew it, and worked along it many and many a year ago. But its popularity as an artist's haunt is of comparatively recent date.

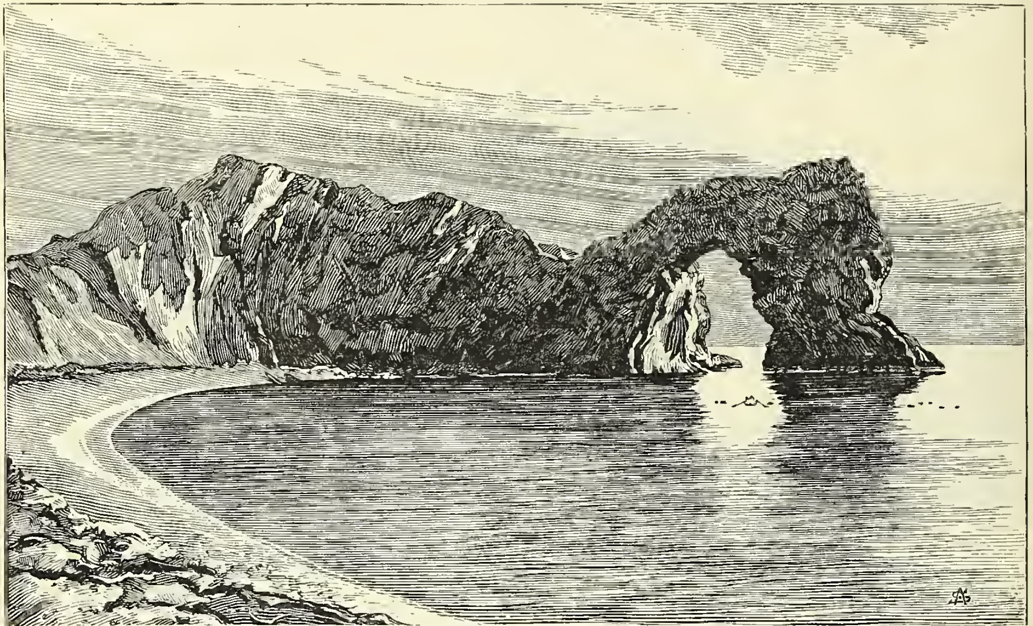
The best way of reaching Lulworth is by the South-Western Railway, stopping at the little by-station of Wool, the first beyond Wareham, and about eight miles short of Dorchester. Here a walk—or, if the explorer be fortunate enough to get a conveyance, a drive—of five miles will bring him to the village of East Lulworth. The way lies across a wildish bit of common, and then skirting the noble trees of Lulworth Park and Castle (page 215), the seat of the Welds, it emerges at some cross-roads upon the Downs. Turning to the right and west, and winding in amongst these "grand steadfast forms," the character of the country through which the road passes is completely changed. Beyond a few wind-worn trees here and there, and some isolated, yet straggling copses, no foliage breaks the varied, rolling outline of the Downs; whilst glimpses of the sea are caught at the termination of some of their lowest valleys. Ever descending, and passing the little square-towered church, and away through the scattered thatched cottages of the village, with their patches of garden ground, old draw-wells, farm-sheds, and the like, the route gradually winds down to the margin of the cove, or stopping some yards short of this, brings up at the little inn named after the place. Towering hills rise on either hand, precipitous to the left, more gently sloping to the right, but everywhere smooth and grassy, save where the top of a jagged cliff peeps up at intervals, and conspicuously the summit whereon the coastguard look-out stands with its flag-staff dominating the western side of the entrance to the little natural harbour. A fine coast and sea view is to be had from this spot, with the long flat line of Weymouth and the Chesil Bank, ending in the bold form of Portland, prominent on the western horizon. It is the coast, of course, which forms the attraction of this locality for the artist. Essentially wild, bold, and irregular, much indented and varied in outline, it will supply him with endless subjects. Even here, at our very feet, to the right of the look-out, there is a grand and romantic mass of reft and fissured crag called "Star-Hole," probably on account of the star-shaped little arches at its base, through which the waves thunder and roar, into a second and miniature cove, oblong in form.

"THE CASTLE" INN.

Much may be and has been done with this queer nook. As a mermaid's haunt, a smuggler's retreat, the wrecker's stronghold—for any such subject it would be available as a background or principal feature. Westward still, a big bluff juts out seaward, rising to a

great height, surmounting which, by a sturdy trudge over the springy, sweet-scented, sheep-browsed grass, we drop into a finely sweeping bay of great extent. This is faced by perpendicular cliffs, margined alternately, according to the tide, with golden sand, silvery beach, or rich brown rock, and terminated at its western horn by an impassable and finely outlined round, crested crag.

This same bluff or crag, again, upon its western side, takes the shape of a majestic arch, pinnacled and pointed in the mass through which the orifice is worn, and once more becoming the breakwater of a cove, one side of which, however, is wide and open, trends away into another bay, this time ending with a sheer down white-faced cliff of enormous height known as "Whitenose." The natural arch aforesaid is called "Durdle-Door," and will be regarded with great interest by every painter whose taste runs geologically, or towards the romantic.



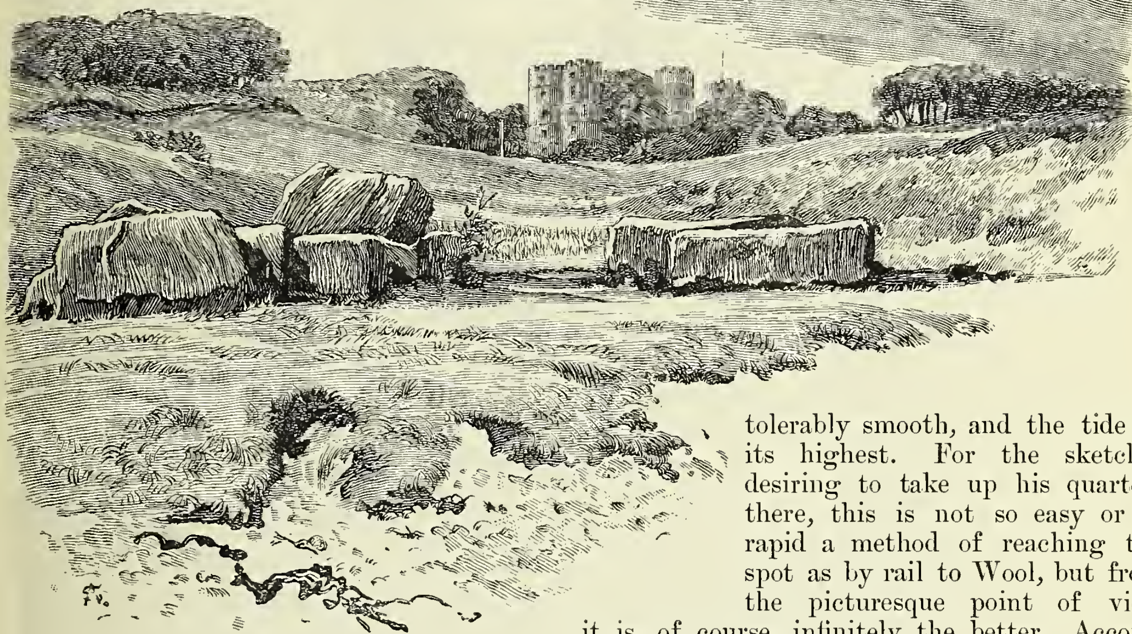
DURDLE-DOOR.

In conjunction with the sheltered water upon its landward side, it makes a fine subject for study, sketch, or picture. Beyond Whitenose the coast softens in character, until by degrees it loses itself in low hills and the sandy flat shores of Weymouth Bay. The artist, therefore, clings to Lulworth Cove and its immediate neighbourhood, and should now explore the cliffs and rocky shores to the east of it. For it may as well be said here, that beyond grand overlooks from the lofty downs, and a few isolated studies of old cottages and sketches of village bits, inland there is not much to hold him long. To the coast, then, he will inevitably give his attention, and amidst the varied masses of tide-worn boulders and seaweed-fringed rocks of fine colour and form, quiet tide-left pools, furrowed sand and most picturesque beach and shore, he will find ample food for brush and pencil. Eastward the actual shore is more generally accessible than to the westward, when once the boundaries of the cove are passed. Less lofty and less perpendicular, many a rough-and-tumble path is to be found down to the beach, over the cliff, and so the deep, varied, and irregular indentations of the coast can be got at readily.

Abreast of a spot hereabouts known as "Beacon Hole," several large groups of jagged, isolated rock run out to sea, looking like the ugly teeth of some skeleton mammoth, against and around which the angry waves roar and dash themselves furiously into clouds of spray. With a gale blowing from the south-east, nothing can exceed the wild grandeur and desolation of the scene that is here presented. Woe betide the hapless barque, beating up Channel, that does not give it a wide berth! The Bay of Warborough, of which this line of rock makes the western horn, and the valley running up from it, with the little streamlet finding its way to the sea, may be called the

mit of the Lulworth sketching district. Beond this, to the eastward, the cliffs rise again ntil they reach St. Alban's Head, and, as t were, form a natural barrier to our progress long the coast. Do we desire to explore yet urther, we are obliged to strike almost inland, nd mounting once more the billowy downs, nd the aspect of the country gradually changng. Fine and extensive as are the views herefrom, however, our business for a little onger lies within the district of the more barren downland.

The shores of Lulworth Cove itself are ufficiently characteristic, but do not present much "picturesque lumber," xcept for the few fishermen's boats, nd that belonging to the coastguard, n odd shed or two, and the sparsely



LULWORTH CASTLE.

dotted houses that straggle down the narrow road to the beach. Lulworth village has not much claim upon the artist's attention. Emphatically, as has been said, it is the neighbouring coast that induces him to make it a favourite haunt, and though chalk is the prevailing geological formation, it is sufficiently intermingled with others to give it plenty of colour and variety, and though a considerable distance off, it may be recommended as the wildest piece of coast scenery within easy reach of the metropolis. Throughout the summer months a little steamer makes excursions two or three times a week from Swanage or Weymouth to Lulworth Cove. In fine weather this is a delightful trip, as by no other means can a fair estimate of the boldness and grandeur of the coast scenery be arrived at. The approach and entrance to the Cove, as has been hinted, is especially striking, and has been likened to Balaclava in miniature. The way, however, is so narrow and treacherous that no attempt is ever made to run the steamer into the "blue basin," unless the sea is tolerably smooth, and the tide at its highest. For the sketcher desiring to take up his quarters there, this is not so easy or so rapid a method of reaching the spot as by rail to Wool, but from the picturesque point of view it is, of course, infinitely the better. Accommodation in the summer is not by any means certain to be found on a sudden, for the small inn is much frequented, and lodgings are scarce, for the simple reason that the cottages and houses are equally so. Lulworth is certainly not a place to go to with the intention of staying, unless arrangements for the purpose have been made beforehand.

As is the case, generally, on a wild unfrequented coast of this description, the sea-bird, in many of its varieties, abounds, and in the breeding season a rare spectacle is presented of feathered life all along the cliffy heights. The cormorant finds many a stronghold amidst the inaccessible crags and peaks of such places as "Durdle-Door" (page 214) and "Star-Hole,"

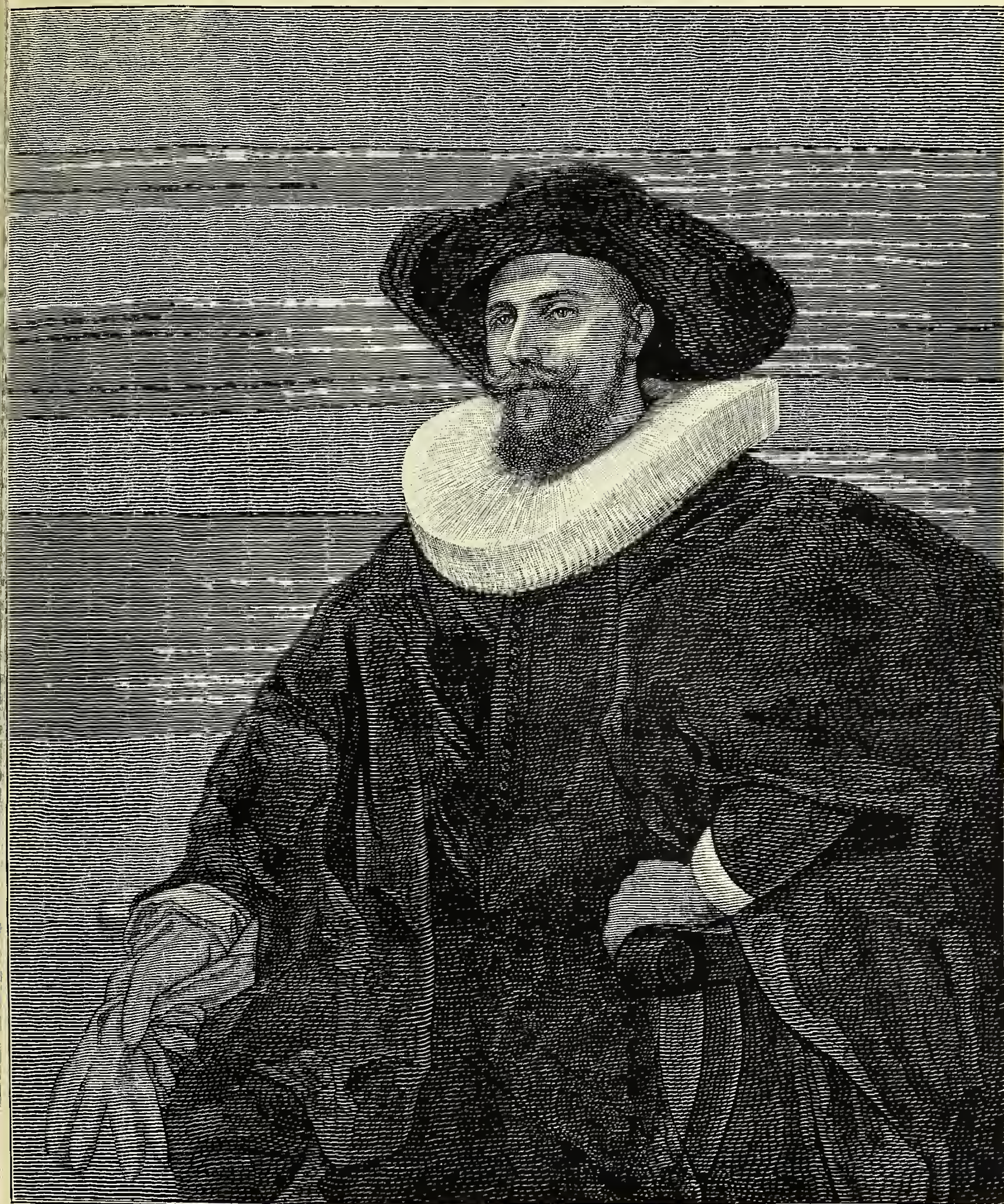
and coming round a headland suddenly in a boat upon the outer face of these, fine accidental incidents, appropriate to such scenery, may be seen arising out of the scare created amongst these huge, weird, uncanny-looking birds. Almost at all seasons, too, the common gull makes the air sadly melodious with his call, or odd, short, little, sharp pipe; and with his bright wings carries off gently into the sky and sea-tones, the sometimes over-dazzling brilliancy of the white chalk cliffs. Puffins, kitty-wakes, and the rest likewise abound, offering no mean addition by contrast to the general feeling of solitude which the region engenders; for though, in one sense, the absence of fishing-boats and their kindred incidents is a drawback to Lulworth from the artist's point of view, it is, in a measure, compensated for by the undisturbed tranquillity to be found on every height, and in every bay and inlet. Beyond a solitary boatman occasionally to be observed hauling up or lowering his lobster-pots in some deep rocky creek, or the shepherd and his dog tending the flock that has wandered hard upon the verge of the tall cliffs, and now and then the coast-guard on the look-out, or passing between the white-washed barracks, which, on this as along all our shores, peep up at intervals, there is no life going on. "The fisherman's boy," or "the sailor lad," is a rarity in this sequestered district, and, except in an odd instance or two, there is no sea-faring population to give it much attraction in the eyes of a figure-painter. Nevertheless it may be added that Mr. Millais spent several weeks here painting his notable picture of "The Romans leaving Britain;" but he, to be sure, did not select that black-eyed, dark-haired beauty, or the stalwart Roman warrior, her lover, from the natives. It was again the fine outlook upon the irregular coast and open sea, the background to his incident, that drew our eminent painter to the spot, and so finally we come back to the fact that it is to cliffs and sea and rocky, wild, bold shore that the artist, who would make Lulworth his head-quarters, must look for his subjects. W. W. Fenn.

THE SPRING.

"PORTRAIT OF A DUTCH GENTLEMAN."

By Bartholomew Van der Helst.

LIVING in the brightest period of Dutch art in the seventeenth century, and the contemporary of such men as Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Metzu, Wouvermans, Terburg, and Jan Steen, Bartholomew Van der Helst maintained a position in the foremost rank with those great masters. It is considered indeed, by some critics, that he is only excelled in his finest portraits by Rembrandt. But little is known of Van der Helst's career, although it appears probable he was born at Haarlem in 1613, was the son of one Severinus Van der Helst, and studied under Pinas and Francis Van Hals. Of his masterpiece in the Musée at Amsterdam—an immense canvas, upon which are twenty-four life-size figures of arquebusiers at a banquet given by them in commemoration of the peace of Westphalia—Sir Joshua Reynolds, himself a keenly observant critic and excellent judge of art, remarked that it was perhaps the first picture of portraits in the world, comprehending more of those qualities which make a perfect portrait than any other he had ever seen. It is truly an astonishing production, of which the President's unmeasured praise appears scarcely to have been misplaced. The example of the master we engrave is the fine work which elicited such universal admiration in the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1878–79, "Portrait of a Dutch Gentleman." It is the property of Mr. S. H. De Zoete. The



PORTRAIT OF A DUTCH GENTLEMAN.

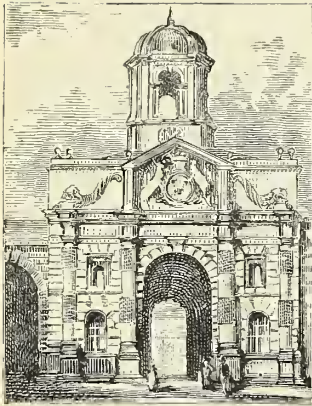
(*By Van der Helst.*)

figure is dignified in posture, and the execution of the picture throughout solid and masterly, the large white ruff, quaintly characteristic of the costume of the period, being so marvellously painted that the high finish of the rest of the work alone prevents this mere detail of the dress appearing unduly obtrusive. Van der Helst married Constantia Reijnst, a lady of good family in Amsterdam, and died in 1670.

M. P. J.

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—VI.

CHATSWORTH (*continued*).



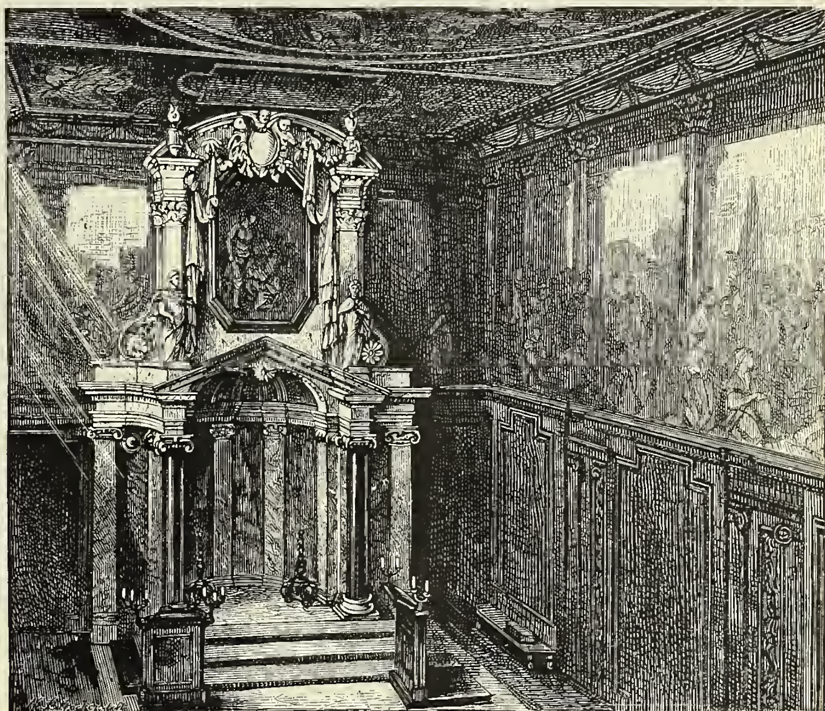
GATEWAY TO THE STABLES.

IN the old state bedroom at Chatsworth there are more sights for the curious. Aurora chases away night across the coved ceiling in great splendour of colour. Embossed leather of a striking arabesque pattern, heavily gilt, covers the walls. The wood-carving again calls for our admiration. There are cabinets, vases, and old beakers that would gladden the soul of a virtuoso; and there is a particularly interesting model of the tomb of Madame Langlan, at Hildebank, near Berne, in which the spirits of the mother and her child are seen bursting the barrier of their grave. This bedroom has no bed. It contains, however, a noble state chair with ancient embroidery, marvellously worked by a countess whose fingers are now dust; together with the coronation chairs and foot-stools of George III. and Queen Charlotte, of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and — shade of Sartor Resartus!—the wardrobe of Louis XVI. The state music-room: more wood-carving, more mythological gods in allegorical cloud-land on more coved ceiling, more embossed leather walls, this time relieved with blue. Here is the vigorously painted portrait of the first Duke of Devonshire, which was attributed to Vansomer. But the special object of interest in this room is a clever piece of painted delusion, executed on one of the double doors leading to the gallery. It is a fiddle painted with such minute *vraisemblance* on the inner door that, in the subdued light of the half-closed outer door, it has all the appearance of a violin hanging upon a peg. At first sight any one would conclude it to be a rare old fiddle, a priceless Stradivarius, one of the treasures of the place. Everybody is taken in by the happy forgery, just as everybody is duped by the deceptive paintings in the museum at Brussels by the morbid yet gifted brush of Wiertz. Some people must touch before they can be brought to believe. The tradition is that the fiddle was painted by Verrio to deceive Gibbons, who, in one of his carvings, had deceived Verrio. How anecdotes of art repeat themselves. Century endorses century. Did not Apelles induce a horse to neigh in recognition of the steed he had drawn? Did not Zeuxis imitate fruit so closely that the birds came and pecked at his painted grapes; and was he not himself deceived by thinking the painted curtain of Parrhasius real? Another exquisite carving is a feather by Watson. It is as light as swansdown. A gentle zephyr, you might almost think, would ruffle the hard wood.

We now enter the state drawing-room. The walls are hung with Gobelin's tapestry from the cartoons of Raffaelle, representing Jupiter and Antiope with the Muses on Parnassus. Phaeton is driving the horses of the sun across the ceiling with much spirit. The principal wood-carving is a military trophy. The sumptuousness of the appointments in this room gives one a sense of oppressive splendour. The furniture is richly carved and gilt. There is old china that would make an ordinary collector wild with delight. There are cabinets of ebony and ormolu of great beauty. Behold, in addition, this table of brilliant green; it is of pure malachite, once one of the rarest of minerals, and is the largest, in that material, in the world. Look, too, at this table of polished black marble inlaid with a mosaic of various coloured marbles, forming a wreath of flowers—lilies of the valley, convolvuses, wild roses, blue-bells. The effect on the black ground is charming. Here is a copy of the Venus de Medici in marble displayed in the centre of a round ottoman. In the state dining-room, which next awaits our inspection, the ceiling is by Verrio. It is a conception, in classic allegory, of the Fates cutting the thread of life, and is regarded by competent critics as one of the best paintings of the kind. There is in this room so much choice wood-carving that it almost palls upon one by its profusion. It is well worthy of the closest scrutiny. Look at the fragile delicacy of the festoons of flowers in the panelling of the wainscoted walls. Turn your attention to the doorways: over that doorway a group of leaves and corn; over the other two entrances groups of crabs, lobsters, fish, and shells. Framing that octagonal cabinet is the triumph of the wood-

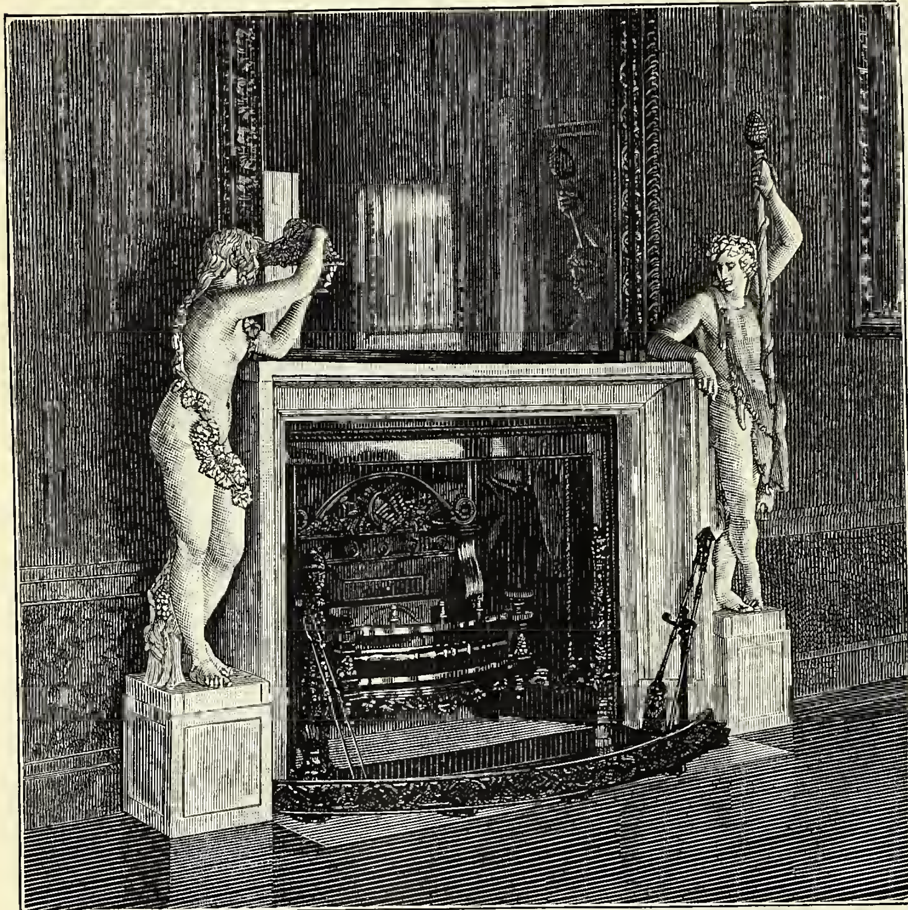
carver's art. It is a study of dead game. The summit is crowned with heron, pheasants, grouse, and other birds: over these the net of the snarer is dexterously thrown. This, hanging down the sides of the tablet, forms festoons from which are suspended snipe, quails, partridges, and pheasants. Each bird is a picture. Fluttering wing and soft plumage are produced with a fidelity to nature which bewilders the spectator by its absolute perfection. This work is no doubt wrought by the crafty hand of Grinling Gibbons, although the criticasters, who would deprive Shakespeare of the authorship of "Hamlet," and would persuade we puzzled Philistines that the statues of Praxiteles were done by vicarious assistants, are of opinion that it was shared by the other carvers in wood to whom I lately referred. Did not Horace Walpole write: "There is no evidence of a man before Gibbons who gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species"? The busts in this room, by Chantrey and Nollekens, are of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia and his Consort, Fox, Canning, the Duke of Bedford, and others. On the central table is the rosary of Henry VIII., together with ivory carvings, silver filigree, and antique bronzes. There is a clock in pure malachite, the gift of the late Emperor Nicholas, and a charming marble model of the Victoria Regia. Carved marble doorways give access to the grand staircase. Here is a room worthy of a visit from the fact that when the doors are closed the entire apartment is a picture, the whole surface from floor to ceiling, doors included, presenting one painting. The subject is "The Rape of the Sabines."

Leaving the state apartments, we now proceed to the grand drawing-rooms. Here are several notable acquisitions of art. Among the pictures is Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of "The Beautiful Duchess" of Devonshire. There is a powerful head of a Jewish Rabbi by Rembrandt, and Titian gives a full-length portrait of Philip II. There are fine portraits, too, of the Archbishop of Spalatro, and of the Admiral Nicola Capello, in Tintoretto's best manner. Holbein gives us a striking full-length of bluff King Hal; and here is a life-size portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Zucchero, certainly one of the most pleasing of the presentments that have come down to us of the pathetic Scottish princess. There is, further, an expressive portrait of Charles I.—as a young man—by Cornelius Sansen; while Dobson gives us the Duke of Albemarle. There are several striking family portraits, one by Vandyck, another by Kneller. Observe, likewise, the unfinished picture, by Sir Joshua, of Georgina, Countess Spencer, and her daughter Georgina, afterwards the Duchess of Devonshire. The noble lady is almost a finished portrait, but the child's face is amusingly inchoate. At the end of the room is the "Hebe" of Canova (page 222). Byron said that the world possessed but one Canova; but at Chatsworth there are several undisputed masterpieces of that sculptor, as we shall presently find out. The "Hebe" before us is a poet's dream of beauty and grace. The spotless daughter of Jupiter and Juno is descending from the skies, and lightly touches with one foot the throne of



THE CHAPEL (FROM THE GALLERY).

Jove. In her left hand she holds a cup; in the right is a pitcher, from which she is pouring out a libation of nectar for some festival of the gods. In purity of conception, and skill in



CHIMNEY-PIECE IN DINING-ROOM. (*By Westmacott.*)

execution, this is a masterpiece of chiselled loveliness. Chatsworth is rich in classic chimney-pieces, but the two in the dining-room are particularly notable. Both are of large dimensions, and executed in the purest Carrara marble. The one engraved above is the work of Westmacott the younger, and is embellished with life-size figures of a Bacchus and Bacchante. Sievier contributes the other, and in this, Bacchus is crowned with vine-leaves, and an attendant priestess is replenishing his wine-cup. A Hopton marble plinth, of beautiful colour and lustre, surrounds this apartment; the doorways are of African marble and Siberian jasper. Family portraits adorn the walls.

In resuming our inspection we will first visit the gallery of paintings, the ceiling of which is painted boldly and well by Sir James Thornhill. The present apartment occupies two sides of the quadrangle, and the earnest art-student may devote many profitable hours to a careful consideration of its notable canvases. Here is the original of a picture with which engravings have made everybody familiar, and one approaches it as an old friend. It is Sir Edwin Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time." This elaborate composition is certainly one of the most ambitious and most successful of Landseer's efforts. Unfortunately this modern picture shows signs of great deterioration, which are painfully evident in another of Sir Edwin's masterpieces in the same collection—"Laying Down the Law." The colouring in this famous conclave of dogs, this canine *Vehmgericht*, painted within years so recent, is cracking and tesselating, leaving black disfigurements underneath. Close by this picture you will notice a "Jesus," by Murillo, the tints of which are as pure and fresh as if laid on but yesterday. The old masters painted for posterity, and their colours stand and defy time. Here you will notice the original of Collins' pleasing picture, "Rustic Civility," which a thousand and one engravings and wood-cuts have made familiar to us. Here is the "Spartan Isidas," by Eastlake, representing the youthful Grecian with sword and spear engaging the Theban warriors. It is a very spirited picture. Passing "The Temptation of St. Anthony," by Teniers, and a number of family likenesses by Reynolds, Lawrence, and other notable portrait-painters, we pause before what is, to my mind, one of the most striking and expressive pictures in the gallery. Its title is "Monks at Prayer." This surely is one of those examples of art which Mr. Ruskin would say teaches us "what is meant by painting, as distinguished from

plastering, from rough-casting, from chromo-tinting, from tray-varnishing, from paper-staining, and from the sort of things that people in general do when you put a brush in their hands and a pot within reach of them." Observe the wonderful lighting of the chapel from the upper window at its extremity. The sombre monkish figures are executed in high relief. Every expression of reverence and attitude of devotion is presented. What humility is shown in that bowed head; what intensity of earnest aspiration in those clasped hands and that pleading fervour of face; what utter self-abnegation in that prostrate figure! The depth of the dark shadows, and the sharp light piercing the window, and the mellower reflection of the tapers, would suggest that the picture is the subtle inspiration of the joint geniuses of Rembrandt and Schalcken. But the painter was Tranet, and the painting formerly belonged to the collection of the Duchess de Berri. There are many other good pictures in this gallery, but space fails me, so we will enter the library, the pride of the Palace of the Peak.

The perfume of Russian binding, sweetest of odours to Charles Lamb, greets us. The room itself in its structural arrangements and decorations is unique. The circular paintings on the ceiling are the work of a Frenchman of genius, Louis Charon. This library enshrines, perhaps, the most perfect private collection in the country. Here are books and MSS. so rich and rare that it is impossible to reduce their value to money. These four large volumes are the catalogue of the library. They are the composition of Sir James Lacaita, and the work is one of the most sumptuous of modern contributions to bibliography. A fifth volume—in course of preparation—will be devoted to the Duke of Devonshire's dramatic rarities. The initial letter of each division of this *magnum opus* is embellished by a choice quartering from the Cavendish arms. The vignettes adorning the head of each section illustrate the scenery of Chatsworth. In addition to thus tabulating his literary treasures for the benefit of bibliographers, His Grace has cheerfully allowed MM. Braun and Co., of Paris and Dornach, to reproduce, in permanent

GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

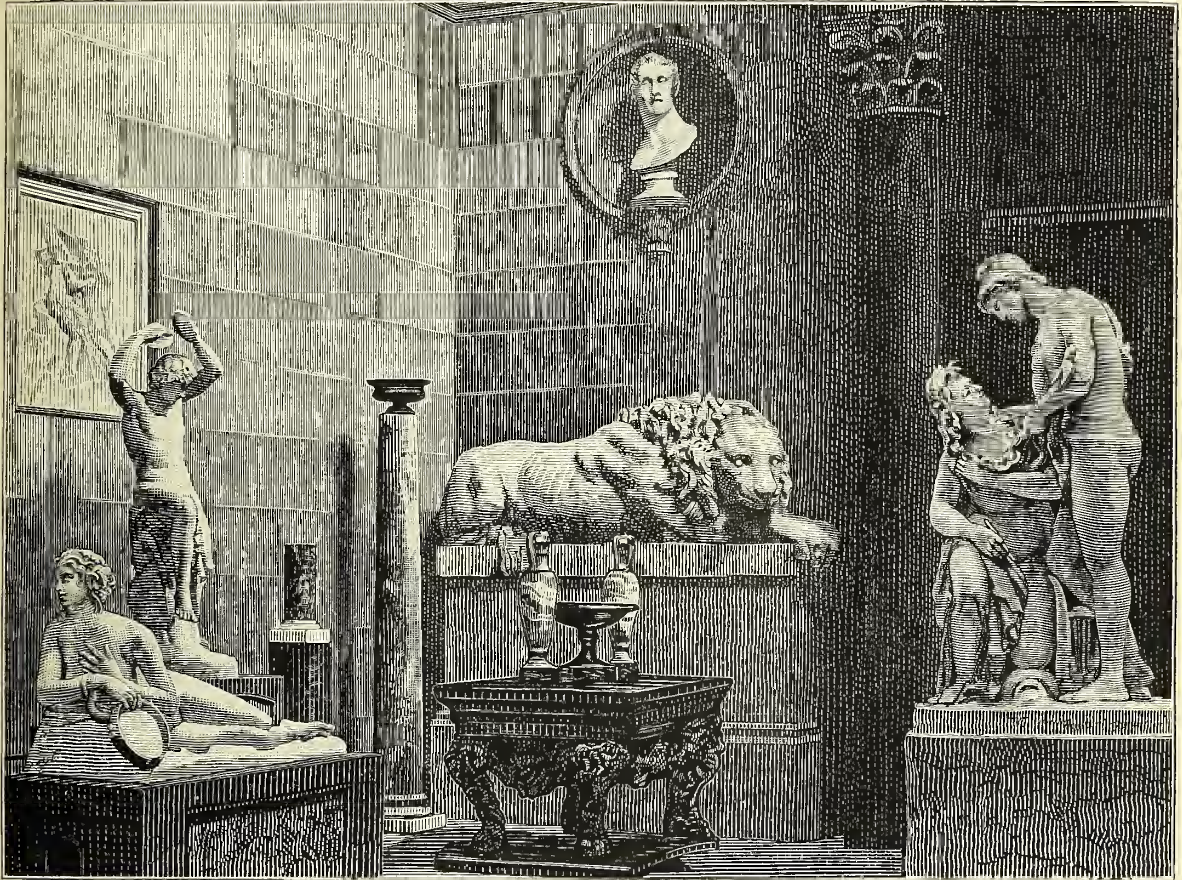
autotype, about two hundred of the drawings by the old masters which we saw in the sketch gallery; while Mr. Richard Keene, of the Art Repository at Derby, has photographed the pictures, the statuary, and rooms of Chatsworth. In a library of 25,000 volumes even the principal works are too many to enumerate or even to epitomise. Among the MSS. is the Anglo-Saxon MS. of Cædmon, a Benedictionale, executed for Æthelwold, Bishop of Winchester from 970 to 984. It is a small folio book of 118 leaves of vellum, and Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, the Derbyshire antiquarian, speaks of it as being the most important and finest MS. of the Anglo-Saxon period. The pictures, beautifully coloured, are numerous; the borders are illuminated; and gold and silver are introduced in the illuminations much in the Byzantine manner. There are other valuable relics of illuminated monastic caligraphy. There is the oldest Florentine edition of Homer, printed on vellum. There is the Mazarine Bible, the first book ever printed. There are the first quartos of Shakespeare's plays, and rare impressions of the first productions of Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, and other pioneers of printing. But to the artist the most interesting volume is the famous *Liber Veritatis* of Claude Lorraine, for which the sum of £20,000 was once bid. It contains drawings and sketches of all the pictures painted by that immortal master.

HEBE. (*By Canova.*)

The next room is the ante-library, the ceiling of which is enriched with the paintings of Hayter and Charles Landseer. This in turn gives access to the cabinet library, smaller than its companion apartments, but, perhaps, the more beautiful. It has an ornamented domed ceiling, divided into decorated compartments, and supported by columns of alabaster and marble, surmounted by Corinthian capitals heavy with gold. The doors are painted to resemble the adjoining book-cases. The sham-titles of the "dummy" volumes are the droll conceits of Thomas Hood the Elder; so that the comic spirit of Momus sports among philosophical tomes, grave histories, and scientific treatises; tickling theologians under the ribs, and behaving with positive levity before solemn jurists and sententious statesmen. Examine the titles of Hood's merry mock-library. How should you like to read "Lamb on the Death of Wolfe"? Are your tastes scientific? Here is "Boyle on Steam." Are you epicure or etymologist? Here is "Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue." What do you think of "Recollections of Bannister by Lord Stair"? Imagine the contents of "Cursory Remarks on Swearing;" and how entertaining must be "Barrow on the Common Weal," "Inigo on Secret Entrances," "Chronological Account of the Date Tree," and "John Knox on Death's Door." This library is in itself a picture; but, framed by the gilded windows of the palace, there are other pictures, which are irresistibly attractive. The entranced eye wanders over light terrace and graceful lawn, sculptured columns and sunlit fountains, to rest on the green undulations of the glorious park, and the dreamy reaches of river radiant among the trees, and the great burly heights, softened with wood, that rise close up all round like an investing line to jealously protect the enchanted place from the indignity of the besieger. Nearly every window at Chatsworth affords a picturesque prospect; and it is a relief sometimes to turn from the overwhelming profusion of splendour within to the repose of the fair landscape without.

The sculpture gallery (of which we give illustrations on pages 221 and 223) is a fine apartment more than one hundred feet in length and thirty feet in width, lit from the roof, and approached from either the dining-room or the orangery. Walls of finely-dressed sandstone; door-cases of marble; entablatures supported by Corinthian columns, and pilasters of marble with capitals of gold. We are greeted by the marble figures of two heathen deities which Lord Clare sent from Guzerat. There is a

statue of Buddha, not artistically noteworthy, but remarkable for the exceeding beauty of the material, which is in an almost white nephrite. At the other end of this gallery are two colossal lions in Carrara marble. One is the work of Rinaldi, the other is by Benaglia. Both are copied from Canova's monument to Clement XIV. in St. Peter's at Rome. It would be tedious to enumerate the sculptors, some of whose greatest works render the magnificent gallery of the "Palace of the Peak" so worthy of careful inspection and study. And especially in these days, when the significant decadence of a noble art is attracting so much attention and regret in art circles. The collection is, indeed, thoroughly representative of both the Continental and English schools, and is of almost priceless value. Of the works by Canova in this gallery, distinguished as they always are by such softness and delicacy of execution, and excellent handling of the marble, it is difficult to say which is more admirable, the Endymion sleeping, with his dog watching at his feet, or the statue of the mother of the first Napoleon. The classic shepherd is a very poetical conception, poetically executed, and on the marble face of the young sleeper is that magic beauty that drew Diana to the slopes of Mount Latmos to gaze on its loveliness. The *Mater Napoleonis,* on the other hand, is a masterpiece of pose and expression. The historic Corsican lady is represented in a position half sitting, half reclining, an attitude of meditative composure. One arm rests upon the back of an antique chair, and the figure is clothed with drapery that is a study in the natural grace of its lines. The face is beautiful, but intellectual strength and commanding dignity are the leading characteristic of the features. It is a sad, pensive face, that bears no resemblance whatever to that of her son, the warrior-emperor, which is close by, a colossal bust also by Canova. This characteristic likeness has also much of the ideal character of ancient Greek sculpture. We admired the easy



A CORNER OF THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

and animated attitude of Canova's fair goddess of Youth when we saw her in the drawing-room. There is here, also noteworthy, "The Filatrice, or Spinning Girl," by Schadow—a young girl diverting herself with a ball of thread and a spindle. Ideal beauty and natural ease are combined in the figure with great success. This "Venus" is Thorwaldsen's; that, Wyatt's. Passing on, we come to Gibson's "Mars and Cupid." Here is the "Cymbal Player" by Westmacott. The "Wounded Achilles" is by Albicini, and the "Cupid and Psyche" by Finelli. Full of artistic grace is the group by Tanerani—"Cupid Extracting a Thorn from the Foot of Venus;" and the bas-reliefs by Thorwaldsen, representing "Night" and "Morning," should be carefully examined. We will now proceed to the orangery, where sculptured marble shines white among the dark and light greens of the plants.

Our tour of inspection is not completed. If Chatsworth is delightful in-doors, it is none the less charming out of doors, with its terraces and lawns, its French garden—a forest of tall columns crowned with busts and trellised with leaves—its fountains and cascades and its great conservatory, from which the idea of the Crystal Palace was taken, and with which the honoured name of Sir Joseph Paxton will always be associated. A visit to Chatsworth would be woefully incomplete without a glance at these, and lo! here is the gardener in chief, who will take us from the bleak moors of the Peak into sun-fed palm lands and we shall wander in a glass-closed world among flowers and fruits, and sweet smells and pleasing colours.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

"QUIET LIFE." By GABRIEL MAX.

HIS picture of what the Germans call *Still-leben*, but which our idiom requires to be translated "*Quiet* Life," is neither one of the most thoughtful nor one of the most brilliant of Gabriel Max's many compositions, but it is a very satisfying example of how rounded and complete he can make a subject in simple *genre*. There is no forcing here, no disagreeable suggestion of the posed model, so characteristic of the works of many French and Belgian artists, no affectation of manner, no pretensions to what the French call *chic*. The picture is no more than what it pretends to be—a modest illustration of "quiet life." Its leading characteristic is spontaneity with a careful eye to detail, especially as regards the treatment of the hands, which are wonderfully refined and natural.

The work, indeed, is remarkably suggestive of the quiet, unassuming manners of the man. He rarely leaves the sacred precincts of his own happy home, and lives only for his family, for music, and for nature. To few does the sentiment of home bring more hallowed associations; and in this respect he is peculiarly German. Whatever he does comes from the heart, and when he seeks traces of what is God-like he never fails to find it in humanity. Professor Frederick Pecht, the famous art-critic of Munich, regards him as one of the most individual painters in Germany. He shows a preference, he says, for cool rather than for glowing colour and paints light and shade in flesh better than most of his contemporaries. We may add that his manner is sweet and smooth, and his drawing and modelling of unusual perfection. One rejoices with him in what he has actually accomplished without having to wish that he had done more or carried his work further.

Gabriel Max is still in the prime of life; was a pupil of Piloty, and is now a professor in the Royal Munich Academy, where he was bred. To the untravelled Englishman he is known by such works as have been exhibited from time to time in the French Gallery, London, and among these we may note his "Head of Our Saviour" as seen on the handkerchief of St. Veronica. It will be remembered that the eyes are open or closed, just as the spectator happens to catch them. Then there have been "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," in whose sweet face we behold the first dawning of returning life, as the great Master bends over her; and the no less touching picture of "The Wandering Jew" contemplating the dead child, and wishing that like it, he too could be at rest. Gallery visitors will also remember "The Lion's Bride," wh

has come with her affianced husband to gaze upon her feline pet, whom she had so often fed and patted. The story goes that the king of beasts, seeing her gaily attired and with a stranger, in a fit of leonine jealousy smote her to the earth. The moment chosen by the artist is when the keeper's daughter lies dead beside the cage, no man's bride, but the lion's. They will also remember the remarkably characteristic heads of "Judas" and of "Mary Magdalene." In Germany he is further known by his illustrations to Goethe's "Faust" and to Wagner's "Tannhäuser;" and if our readers will refer to our notice of last year's International Exhibition at Munich, they will find that we singled out his "Infanticide"—a young mother in a lonely place pressing to her lips in a paroxysm of remorse and despair the yielding and unconscious little round head of her slain innocent—as being, in our opinion, one of the supreme successes in the whole range of contemporaneous German art.

"QUIET LIFE." (*By Gabriel Max.*)

Indeed, for completeness of representation and individuality, M. Gabriel Max stands quite alone. His individuality, moreover, has nothing about it forced or self-asserting. He is as modest and unassuming on the canvas as he is in actual life, and in each case the higher merits come to light with the more intimate acquaintance. In short, Gabriel Max is one of those artists who seek our sympathy and love rather than our admiration. As we write he is working under the inspiration of Shakespeare, whom he holds, in common with all the rest of his intellectual countrymen, as the greatest expresser the world has ever seen. The subject is from "Richard III.," and represents his meeting with Anne in the second scene of the first act. It has already been purchased by the Messrs. Fleischmann, of Munich, through whose hands pass many of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of contemporaneous German art. As an apt illustration of the way in which Continental powers treat those who are at all concerned in forwarding the art-interests of the country, it may be mentioned that for the services he rendered last year in preparing the catalogue of the International Art Exhibition, the King of Bavaria has decorated Mr. Riegner, a member of the firm just mentioned, with the Order of St. Michael.

J. F. R.

PIETRO TORRIGIANO.

THE artistic force of the Renaissance cannot be more clearly exemplified than by the fact that in the sixteenth century Italian artists were welcomed in foreign countries with a cordiality which has never been seen since this remarkable period. It became, in fact, the pride of a great monarch or powerful noble to seek out artists and honour them as superior even to the most successful soldiers. To this fashion of the time—for fashion it essentially was, since it was not caused by any genuine feeling for or admiration of the fine arts—we owe one monument and work of art which remains a constant witness to the extraordinary force of the Renaissance. This is the tomb of Henry VII. in his chapel in Westminster Abbey, which was largely wrought by the workmanship of Pietro Torrigiano, and was wholly executed under his skilful superintendence. Indeed, the Italian of to-day who seeks for specimens of the work of this capable contemporary of Michael Angelo must come to this inartistic island, since here are to be found the only three works which are usually ascribed to this Florentine sculptor.

It is unfortunate that so little is known of Torrigiano's career. Had he left us, like Benvenuto Cellini, an autobiography, there must have been many parts of his wandering life of artist and soldier full of various and curious incidents. As it is, from Vasari's meagre memoir and from a few lines in the life of Cellini we gain all the information we possess, except such as can be gathered from the three works which now remain to us in this country. In his youth Torrigiano was one of the students who learnt the rudiments of art in the celebrated garden of Lorenzo de' Medici. Here he worked with Michael Angelo, Lorenzo di Credi, and other artists of great if of inferior fame, and it was while in company at this period with Michael Angelo that he struck him the blow on the nose which disfigured the former for life, and caused Torrigiano to fly from Florence to escape the anger of his patron. Thus it may be that from this chance and boyish encounter, arising out of some youthful joke on the part of Michael Angelo, Florence lost Torrigiano, and he became a wanderer for most of his life. Not, however, that at any time he was a man of a peaceful and quiet temper, or one likely to have lived at home at ease, for in the masterly portrait of him in Cellini's amusing work he is drawn as an uncommonly handsome man, bragging and bold, with sonorous voice and gestures that overcame men smaller in mind and body. Indeed, in appearance he was much more the soldier of fortune than the artist in bronze or marble.

If we follow Torrigiano in his wandering, we see him first leaving Florence, whence he found his way to Rome, where he set to work to mould groups and bas-reliefs; but in no long time was fighting, evidently as a kind of free-lance, in the army of Paulo Vitelli against Pisa; and then, in 1503, he earns high praise for bravery in the battle of Garigliano under Piero de' Medici and his French allies.

More fortunate, however, than his leader, he escaped with his life from the victorious Spaniards; but leaving the army somewhat disappointed, he went off with a company of merchants to try his fortunes in England. Here he attained high fame as an artist, but among "the brutes of Englishmen," as he called them in his conversation with Benvenuto Cellini, he was not more liked than in his own land. It was, however, during his stay in this country that he executed the works which cause him to be ranked among English sculptors. These were the monument to Henry VII. and his queen in Westminster Abbey, the fine effigy of Dr. John Young, Master of the Rolls, in the Rolls Chapel, Chancery Lane, and the life-like relief portrait of Henry VIII. at Hampton Court, which is at present hung in the South Kensington Museum. That the first of these monuments is a genuine work of Torrigiano there can be no doubt, as there is abundant evidence to prove it, but in regard to that of Dr. Young, the fact that Torrigiano was its creator can really only be considered a sound conjecture. It was erected in 1516, when he certainly was in England, but though always ascribed to him by the authors of the most reliable guide-books, and by historians of London such as Pennant, yet Horace Walpole is the single authority of these persons, and he, again, rests his ascription solely on the opinion of Vertue. But both the date of its erection and the character of the work render

the ascription tolerably to be relied on. The monument to the founder of the Tudor dynasty was to be finished by the end of November, 1519, and apparently it was completed by that date; and it must have been when engaged on this work that Torrigiano re-visited Florence to find assistants to help him with this important undertaking. There can be no doubt that Torrigiano executed many more sculptures than the three we have mentioned, but Vandalism and time have deprived us of them, and the latter has begun to tell, too, on the edges of the Rolls Chapel monument. But this bold and restless artist did not remain long in England when this, his chief work here, was done; he went away to Spain, where, after executing many works, he was accused of heresy, and died, according to Vasari, in prison in 1522.

When we come to look at his actual work, there can be no question that the reputation which Torrigiano gained among his contemporaries was thoroughly well earned, and it is to be regretted that his two fine monumental works are so inaccessible. Surrounded as the royal monument at Westminster is by a high and closely-worked bronze screen, it is next to impossible to view it satisfactorily; and the judge's effigy is placed in such a dark corner of the little known Rolls Chapel (which is always kept locked, and is inaccessible to the public without a special application), that it can scarcely be properly appreciated by the few who visit it.

In character these works are thoroughly realistic, and fashioned much more after the life-like and unideal style of Donatello (allowing always for the advance in time since that master) than in the grand and imaginative spirit of his contemporary and the rival of his youth, Michael Angelo. Both are recumbent figures, and the clear-cut, severe, and handsome features of the king are in repose, with their bronze profile against the light, a singular contrast to his troubled and ambitious life. Of the body of the tomb much, no doubt, was done by Torrigiano's assistants, and it is probable that in the figure of the king we have most of Torrigiano's own handiwork. Both monuments are characterised by an obvious blending of the spirit of mediæval art with that of the Renaissance. The first is chiefly visible in the general form of the figures on these tombs, for recumbent statuary was essentially a characteristic of the monumental works of the artists of the Middle Ages. In the various chapels of Westminster Abbey we may see constant examples of this suggestive tendency; and he who moves from the Rolls Chapel to the Temple Church cannot fail to notice—and may profitably compare—the effigies of the earlier Templars with the figure of the judge in the chapel. Again, too, the pose of the figures—the crossed hands, and the desire to render clear to the observer the quietness and repose of the tomb in sharp contrast with the hurry and restlessness of life —are as noticeable in these two monuments as in any of those which we owe to the earlier Gothic sculptors. But when the features of the king and judge are noticed, when we see how naturalness and truth are plainly conspicuous in every part of the figures—in the exquisite workmanship of the features and in the minute truthfulness of the hands—there is no difficulty in perceiving that the artist is working under the influence of a wholly new and freer spirit, and that in place of an archaic simplicity and of an unnatural stiffness, the sculptor is animated by a desire to render with perfect truth and vigour the mental power and the spirit of inquiry which effected so much in the sixteenth century, and form, if not in its highest and almost divine aspect as it appeared to the sculptors of ancient Greece, yet in a natural and perfectly life-like manner; in these two instances in quiet repose, as though the long day's work was happily done. In some respects the terra-cotta or plaster figure of Dr. Young is at once less severe and more life-like than that of the king and queen; the technical execution is remarkably good, and we have in it very evidently a portrait-statue full of likeness, and executed with admirable simplicity and artistic feeling; and the reposeful effigy of the mediæval judge lying with closed eyes and quietly crossed hands close to the busy court, crowded by the practitioners of our day, is a suggestive commentary on the ceaseless contentions of the litigants and the quickly passing ambitions of the lawyers who throng the court.

In the portrait of Henry VIII., a bas-relief in a round frame, the most noticeable feature is the remarkable realism of the work; the folds and plaits of the dress, the ornaments which the king wears are worked out with minute care, but without loss to the striking bluff naturalness of the figure, and the bold though irresolute cast of countenance. But all three works in their naturalness are thoroughly characteristic of the Renaissance, and we see in them the spirit of the art, which Donatello and Michael Angelo carried to so much perfection in the depiction of sacred and ideal subjects, brought to bear on the carrying out of works, one at any rate of which possesses not only great artistic interest, but is an invaluable historical memorial.

E. S. Roscoe.

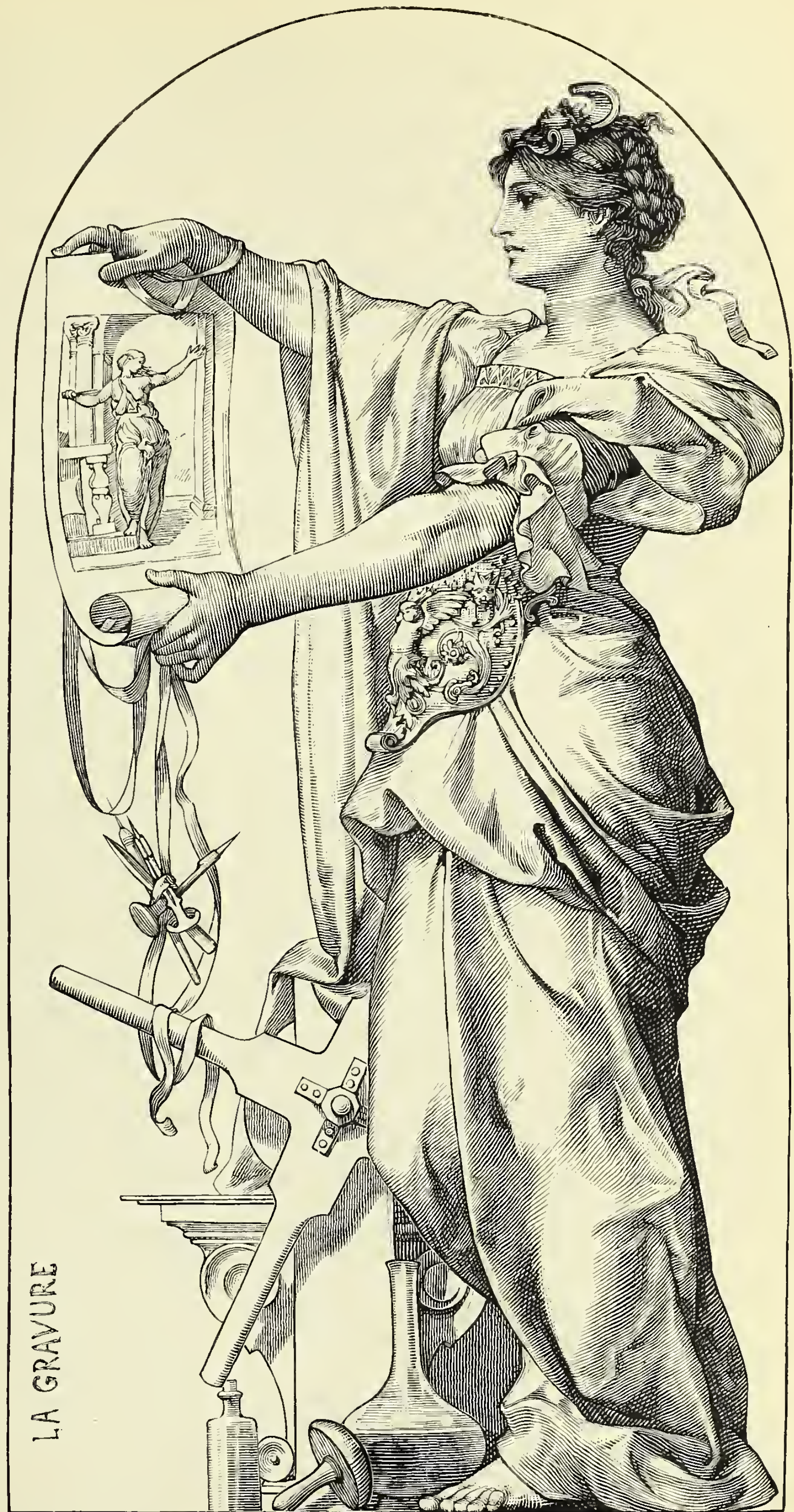
"PAINTING."

(From a Plaque by M. Deck, of Paris.)

MURAL DECORATION.

MUNICIPALITIES abroad are often exercised in their minds as to the beautifying and decorating the interior and exterior of buildings contained in their several towns. How refreshing it would be if some of ours did so occasionally! Bare and empty spaces are continually striking us as with a sense of something wanting, like the sightless eyes of a blind man. We are sometimes perforce constrained, by this paucity of eye-interest, to turn with relief to the hoardings that are filled, every square inch of them, with illustrations that are oftener gaudy than neat. In place of the eternal stucco pillars, the highest flight our insular fancy takes, we might amongst the monotonous drabs and greys pleasantly break out, now and then, into the warm red of terra-cotta, or the cool blue of glazed tiles. Allegorical designs in a large and grand manner, as well as of the merely decorative, might be advantageously introduced, so that the eye of the multitude may be insensibly educated. Art must be brought to the people here in England, they have no time to seek it out for themselves. Every one knows the appreciative admirers the itinerant artist on the pavement collects, with his rainbow-hued mackerel and nightmare-looking eye of staring blue. The people possesses the material faculty of observation and intelligence. It is our duty to mould it aright. As long as art is an unknown language to the majority of us, we must ever remain the shop-keeping nation our neighbours love to call us. M. Deck, of Paris, has executed plaques of an exceptionally large character, from the masterly designs of M. E. Ehrmann, well

adapted for the purposes of mural decoration. We engrave specimens of two of them. They are bold and simple in design, and the meaning of each figure is apparent, scarcely requiring the titles, which tell us that one represents "Painting," and the other the art of "Engraving." The draperies are well expressed, and the outlines lose nothing of their power, although expressed in lines of studied gracefulness. "Engraving" is particularly fine; and the implements of her craft are picturesquely grouped at the base of the figure, and serve to balance the composition. "Painting" is represented a little too much like a female Mercury, and although intense in her expression, gives one the idea, with her loose and flowing garments, that she has taken to the most difficult of arts, as an *agrément* rather than a profession. There are certain details in this figure which are open to criticism; it may be doubted, for example, whether the left knee should not have been bent to sustain the painting, the right leg supporting the weight of the figure. There is a sense of unfitness in the manner in which the designer has placed the canvas against a straightened limb. If the colour, and we have no reason to doubt it, be equal to the design, we have to congratulate M. Deck, whose reputation for admirable faïence is already world-wide, in his conception of figures especially adapted for exterior decoration. L. J.



"ENGRAVING."

(*From a Plaque by M. Deck, of Paris.*)

SOCIÉTÉ D'AQUARELLISTES FRANÇAIS.

IT is curious to note that in Paris, where the artists may be numbered by thousands, where art is so much encouraged by the government, and where the popular interest in art is more general and more developed than in any other capital of Europe, the number of exhibitions of paintings is so few, while in London there are, upon an average, some eight or ten galleries always open. Paris, the *salon* once closed, could, until quite lately, only boast of the one or two exhibitions which take place annually at the artistic clubs, an occasional display by the "impressionists," and in the event of the death of some celebrated artist, an exhibition of his works at the "Académie des Beaux Arts."

Last year, however, the "Société d'Aquarellistes Français" was formed, somewhat on the basis of one of our own water-colour societies, and met at once with the most deserved success. As it is the intention of the members to hold only one exhibition of water-colours yearly, they decided to fill up the time between such exhibitions by a display of pictures and sketches in oils by members of their association. It is the first exhibition of this description that we have just seen.

It may be interesting to know that the rooms in which these pictures are exhibited are most appropriate as regards lighting, decoration, and general fitness for the purpose for which they are used. The light is admitted solely from above. The red velvet of the lower part of the walls, against which the paintings are hung, and the neutral tone with slight Japanese decoration of the upper part, are admirably adapted to show off the pictures to the greatest advantage. The rooms are pleasingly furnished in thoroughly good taste, and here and there fine old Japanese bronzes, filled with plants, help to give an air of comfort and of luxury to the place. These rooms are situated in the Rue Lafitte, a few yards from the Boulevard des Italiens.

The most striking painting, and that which occupies the place of honour, is undoubtedly the decorative panel entitled "La Pêche" ("Fishing"), by Louis Leloir—a painter who, despite his youth, may be looked upon as the cleverest of that popular body of French artists, of which this exhibition is the expression, who appeal more to the *dilettanti* and amateurs of society than to the more serious lovers of art.

Two young people, it is almost needless to say, a man and a woman, dressed in sixteenth century costumes, are sitting in a punt fishing. The punt is moored right across the picture. The man, leaning over, is in eager expectation of a bite, while the lady by his side shares his excitement and is intently watching the sport. The whole effect of this charming picture is delightful; it is a masterpiece of delicacy, in which neither breadth nor effect has been sacrificed. The hot, misty morning atmosphere, the limpid water, and the costumes of both man and woman are of the most delicate greyish tones; while a note of contrast is given by the black bodice, striped with gold, of the fair lady, and the shadow and reflections of the boat in the slow-running stream—a very symphony in grey.

Near to the above, the same artist exhibits a fan, a little *chef-d'œuvre* of drawing, colour, and movement. It is a simple plain wooden Japanese fan, on which is painted a man, in red mediæval costume, singing as he dances to the sound of a lute which he is playing. This little figure combines all the qualities of this young master. The fan is worthily mounted in a gold frame under glass and decked with ribbons; for who is the fair who would not too much respect this gem to put it to its ordinary use?

Louis Leloir is also represented by two other pictures. In one, "Le Violiniste," a man in the costume of the period this artist so much affects, is practising a difficult piece of music; he is seated by a table in an old oak-panelled room, surrounded by instruments, music, and books. Although this picture displays many fine qualities, it is less freely painted, and has decided signs of labour which somewhat mar the general effect. "Les Marguerites" is the title of his other picture; it represents a pretty girl of some nineteen summers, clad in a white gala dress of the time of Queen Elizabeth, asking her fate of a daisy, "He loves me—he loves me not." Beside her, or rather at her feet, also richly dressed, sits a patient swain; there can be little doubt about his feelings! The effect of these essentially in-door costumes in a forest glade, evidently studied solely by an

ordinary studio light, is too anomalous to be entirely satisfactory.

Maurice Leloir is a brother of the preceding artist; although a pleasing painter, he must rank far below his brother. He affects somewhat the same style, but chooses more rustic subjects. His large picture, "The Rat-catcher," has some fine detail painting. A rat-catcher in eighteenth century costume, leaning against the window of a farm-house, is describing his skill to some maidens within, who listen attentively to his tales of death. The composition is poor, and the whole picture wanting in effect, although the principal figure and some of the accessories are well painted.

Jehan Georges Vibert, both in his "Monseigneur en visite" of Paris life and in his Spanish "Il ne vient pas," shows himself at his best. In the former picture, the subject of which is a church dignitary being entertained at afternoon tea by two fashionable young ladies, the ladies, their dresses, the self-contented nonchalance of Monseigneur, his robes, the furniture and the thousand nicknacks of an elegant Parisian drawing-room, the character of the personages, and the whole arrangement are alike admirable, and the execution clever to a degree.

In the other picture the subject is yet more simple. We see a young Spanish beauty, dressed in yellow silk and Spanish lace, sitting on the edge of a table just spread for three persons, in a fit of undisguised impatience and annoyance at the non-arrival of her lover. An old lady, who should be the mother of the fair expectant, pushes aside a screen that protects the *al-fresco* feast from the glare of the sun—for this all takes place on a little terrace—to look down into the street to catch the first glimpse of the tardy beau. Here, again, the rendering of character is well given, the story capitally told, and the painting of the figures, buildings, flowers, and other details not to be surpassed. Vibert sends some other paintings; one, the "Atelier du soir," is a very clever and very true study of a studio in the artist's house, the portraits of some of the students are admirable likenesses. Another picture is called "Ivresse Rose" — a lady dressed in rose-coloured muslin leans against a window hung with rose-coloured blinds; in the foreground is a huge heavy green curtain, and on the floor some champagne glasses and a bouquet. The whole is alike unpleasant in harmony of colour and in quality of conception. His young lady in a farm-yard feeding a calf is quite unworthy of his powers. On the other hand, the pleasant picture of a cardinal leaning over a fountain surrounded by flowers and bric-à-brac displays this artist's cleverness of execution.

Worms exhibits several little studies of his favourite Spanish subjects; clever in handling and harmonious in effect, though rather lacking in originality, his barber talking to a fair neighbour at a window is certainly the best.

Detaille, the well-known pupil of Meissonnier, and the rival, though friendly one, as a military painter, of De Neuville, sends an important picture, entitled "Souvenir des Grandes Manœuvres." A battery of artillery has just unlimbered and come into action on the brow of a hill; the lieutenant in command is talking to a colonel on the staff, who is in charge of the foreign officers deputed by their several governments to follow the manœuvres; these officers, all mounted, are intently watching the action. The pictorial arrangement of these officers is admirable, and their grouping a masterpiece of composition. The manner in which the different uniforms are treated and certain national mannerisms of each officer are shown, from the gorgeous Austrian hussar to the modest English rifleman, is much to be admired, and shows that the painter is the soldier as well as the artist. Behind the group is a huge windmill, which crowns the summit of the hill and forms an important object in the picture. In the left foreground is a group of peasants and other civilians watching the proceedings, equally remarkable as a study of character. The whole picture is a truthful transcript of such a scene on a fair summer's day.

Isabey, the father of French painters, is well represented by four pictures, of which two are church subjects—one of these represents a procession of bishops and dignitaries of the church in the eighteenth century descending the steps of an ancient cathedral; it is a *chef-d'œuvre* of this venerable master, and is remarkable alike for colour, composition, and movement. His "Alchemist's Laboratory" is also well worthy of notice.

Heilbuth's "Bas Meudon" is an exceedingly clever piece of delicate painting. River, sky, trees, and figures all harmoniously blend together in the softness of the warm daylight. Anything more charming and more true than the delicate tones of the sky and river it would be difficult to imagine. The simple subject which gives scope to all these fine qualities is a young mother, dressed in a fashionable costume of rose and white muslin, reclining languidly in a boat, with her arm

round her little girl, evidently awaiting the arrival of "monsieur son mari."

Jacquet exhibits studies of female heads. He is evidently inspired by Greuze and Fragonard, and some of the results are charming. His painting is of a soft vaporous quality, which might be considered a fault in more serious art, but in this kind of work cannot demand close criticism.

Gustave Doré is represented by some landscapes of the most unnatural description, evidently painted in the studio, and without the least apparent reference to or regard for nature, in which trees look like cabbages, and smudges of black and white do duty for grey rocks. It is sad to see such work produced by a man of great natural talents.

Madeleine Lemaire, well known for her charming water-colours of flowers, sends some figure pictures, which are not equal in interest to those studies of flowers on which her reputation is based.

Some beautiful studies of landscape by Français are well worthy of attention and study—one especially, of Vesuvius seen from the south, is remarkable for truth of atmospheric effect. Another, an avenue of trees on a sunny day, under which winds a hot, dusty road, is true to nature, and reminds one in many ways of some of the best Low Country painters, notably of Hobbema. His picture of reapers in a cornfield surrounded by trees at twilight is full of poetry and of truth. Lambert contributes two pictures: one the portrait of a close-shaven, *truffé* (*i.e.*, with black spots on the skin, a peculiarity much prized by the French fancy), white French poodle and a monkey; the other a group of a cat and kittens. Never was there such a painter of cats as Lambert; these are no exception to the clever and picturesque way in which he always makes one feel how intimately he is acquainted with the character of both cats and kittens. Baron and Jourdain complete the list of exhibitors; De Neuville, though one of the original members of this society, is conspicuous by his absence.

An exhibition of the works in water-colours by the same artists has just been opened.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

GEORGE DUNLOP LESLIE, R.A.

ART has many missions, one or other of which becomes important and urgent according to the times. Noble military painting is of the highest value in too commercial days; sincerely spiritual and ascetic art is a necessity in an era of Sybarite indulgence; and the more purely æsthetic revival, which most of us have smiled at and many of us have laughed at, is not altogether *mal àpropos* at an epoch when the world has by a gradual process, and by many operating causes, reached a pitch of outward ugliness never attained in any previous age of its history. It is good for a democracy to be reminded of chivalry, and for an ornamental monarchy to remember the austerer virtues of a republic; art steps in, in both cases, with its historical memories and its aspirations. As for our own age, its needs are various enough, but none of these, perhaps, is so pressing as the need for sweetness and cheerfulness of heart. The painter therefore who, towards the end of a melancholy century, gives us the images of free and serene happiness, has understood his art and his time, and his work is as welcome as are flowers from the March woods to the wintry streets of London. Mr. Leslie has not chosen the mission of his art without deliberation of purpose; he has appreciated the wants of his day. "My aim in art," he says, "has always been to paint pictures from the sunny side of English domestic life, and as much as possible to render them cheerful companions to their possessors. The times are so imbued with turmoil and misery, hard work and utilitarianism, that innocence, joy, and beauty seem to be the most fitting subjects to render such powers as I possess useful to my fellow-creatures." He has from childhood nourished his exquisite art upon what it would best assimilate—garden scenery, flowers, the gentle but not enervating sweetness and charm of nature in rural England where all is peaceful, pure, and honest, tender but not effeminate, dreamy yet eminently healthy. On the banks of the Thames, the head-quarters of the English loveliness, Mr. Leslie has spent the greater part of

his summers and autumns for nearly thirty years. Nor could any truer reflection of the genuine Thames spirit be found than in his pictures; for his work is not only beautiful and joyous, it is distinctively national, also by deliberate choice—as national as was that of the old masters, who never forsook the country and the time which were familiar to them, and of which simulate the past by an antiquarian erudition which would have little interest for a succeeding generation. For instance, his "Nausicaa and her Maids," which our readers may remember as the loveliest picture of its year, was undisguisedly a group of English girls; if we remember right, some critics took exception to the absence of local colour in the types and

Yours faithfully
G. D. Leslie

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

their representations had the value of sincerity and sympathy; the pre-Raphaelite masters giving the spirit of their Umbrian hills to the Scriptural scenes they painted, and the Venetians filling their glowing classical allegories with the genius of their contemporary Venice. In the same way Mr. Leslie, even when his subjects are not English—and this is seldom enough — prefers to give them a distinctively English character, rather than to accessories, but in truth the artist had intended to reproduce only the local colour of his own time and country. We can name no painter a glance at the list of whose works is a pleasanter task; we look back through the vistas of a garden of girls than whom the flowers with which they play are not more fresh and lovely. At the same time it is impossible to accuse Mr. Leslie of sentimentality or prettiness; he never lacks that touch of quaintness

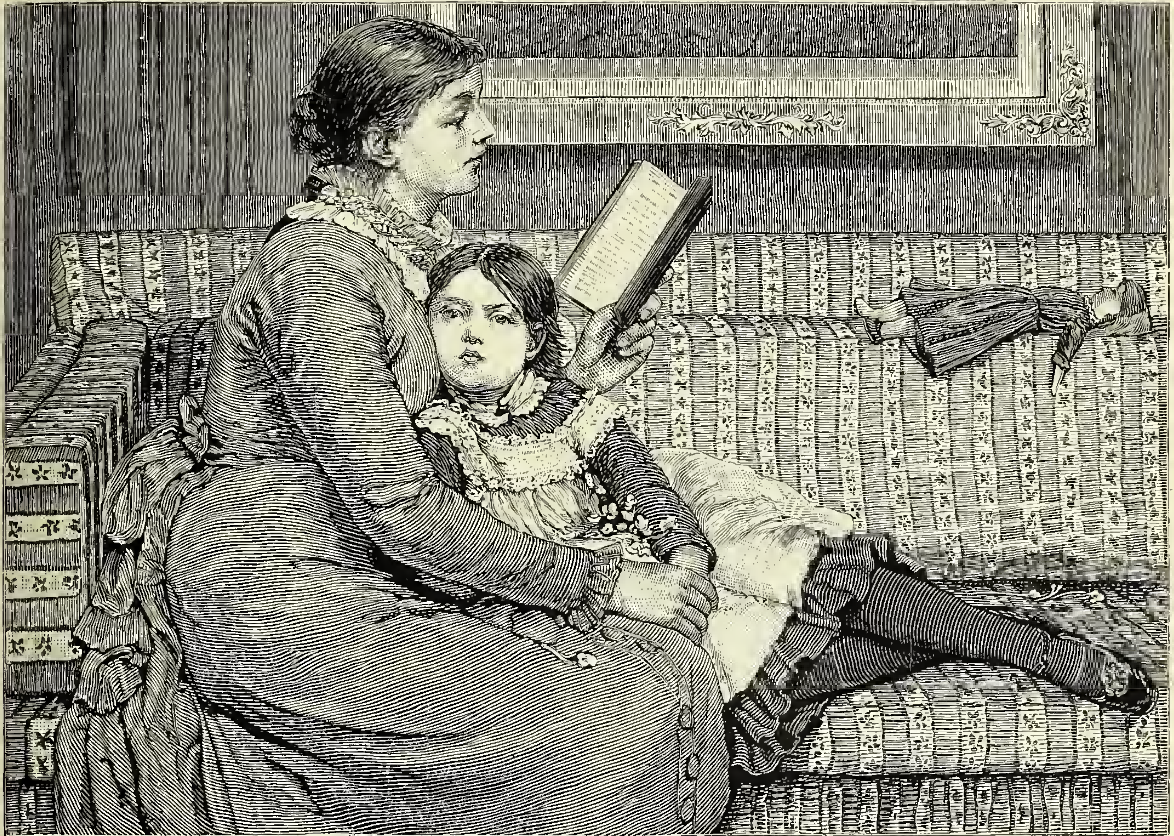
—that salt, that flavour—which is an animating preservative against the faintness of "too much sweet." Besides, the beauty he paints is true artistic beauty, which prettiness can never be.

George Dunlop Leslie was born in London in July, 1835. He inherited an illustrious name, and with it that birthright of genius which is often so curiously altered, even when fully preserved, in transmission. The artistic faculty itself in passing from father to son is sometimes changed beyond recognition; it might be said to have been so with the two Leslies had they not one quality in common—a supreme refinement. Technically, the work of no two men could well differ more widely, whether we consider their colour, or their manner of execution, or their arrangements of light. The younger artist has wisely encouraged his art to take its own course, for he has felt the double need, in the son of a great man, of originality. Though he inherited much from the true and charming artist whose name he bears, nothing of that inheritance has marred his own individual character; and we may find some sign of his own determination that it should be so in the fact that he painted his first picture in secret. More than one young literary aspirant, from the days of Miss Burney onwards, have kept their tentative authorship from the knowledge of parents and friends until the fame of the first venture has extorted a confession; but we do not remember any instance of the same thing in artistic life besides that of Mr. George Leslie.

At that time (1857) he was a student in the Life School at the Royal Academy, whither he had passed after a course of study at Mr. Cary's School of Art in Bloomsbury, and he exhibited his first picture, "Hope," in the rooms of the British Institution, now an extinct gallery, but in those days an important feature of the London artistic year. On the day of the private view the young artist was at his place in the "Life," and it chanced that his father, who was visitor in that class, overheard Mr. Charles Landseer congratulating his son on the purchase of "Hope" by Lord Houghton. The pleasure of the father may be imagined, nor surely could any surprise be more delightful. A visit was paid to the private view of the British Institution, where Mr. C. R. Leslie had his first opportunity of giving criticism and encouragement to his son's finished work. He took some objection to the dryness of the style of work, but pronounced an augury which experience of modern art fully confirms when he said to the young artist, "Well, at any rate you need never starve, for you can paint a pretty face." Mr. George Leslie has followed up that first pretty face with a whole gallery of faces which have been something more than pretty. In the same year two pictures appeared from his hand at the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Unfortunately the painter so dear to our fathers did not live to see any further success of his son's, for he died in 1859; on his death-bed he had the young artist's work of that year brought to him, and the colour of one little picture delighted him. He had thus lived only long enough to enjoy the prospect of his son's possible future. Every expectation on that subject, however, with which he died has been more than fulfilled. For now, when Mr. George Leslie, by his great loss of that year, was thrown upon his own resources, he applied himself to his work with a real determination and industry that had been strangers to him before, and he started upon his career at this serious crisis of his life strengthened by the unstinted praises of one whose good word—a law to the world of art—hall-marked, as it were, the work of any young artist happy enough to merit it. Mr. Ruskin had for several years produced that little pamphlet of "Notes on the Royal Academy" which were so precious to students, so momentous—and at times, it must be owned, so fatal—to artists, and so eagerly read by the whole of the art-loving public; and in that particular year, 1859—the last of the continuous publication of those notes—Mr. George Leslie had the good fortune to experience the cheering and bracing effects of high praise from a high source. It is worthy of remark that when, after the lapse of sixteen years, Mr. Ruskin resumed for a single season his criticisms on the Academy, the same artist's work won these most pleasant sentences of commendation from the great master-teacher of the time. It may be scarcely necessary first to remind the reader of the subject and composition of "School Revisited," the group of girls in a garden receiving the call of a lately married companion who has bloomed into an elegant and exquisite lady, and the details of whose picturesque costume the affectionately envious school-girls are conning with delight. "I came upon this picture early, in my first walk through the rooms," says Mr. Ruskin, "and was so delighted with it that it made me like everything else I saw that morning. It is altogether exquisite in rendering some of the sweet qualities of English

girlhood; and, on the whole, the most easy and graceful composition in the rooms." Of the figure of the youngest child he says: "The little thing on the extreme left, with the hoop, is as pleasant a shadow of nature as can be conceived in this kind; and I have no words to say how pretty she is." In another passage he declares this to have been one of the four pictures which induced him to re-appear once more as a pamphleteer upon the Academy, and he also gives his approval to Mr. Leslie's principle of nationalism: "English girls by an English painter. Whether you call them Madonnas, or saints — or what not—it is the law of art-life; your own people, as they live, are the only ones you can understand."



ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

(*From the Picture by G. D. Leslie, R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy in* 1879.)

From 1859 to the present date Mr. Leslie has worked well and systematically. The Royal Academy catalogues show no break in the sequence of his labours; and the pictures we mention here are not all, but only the most important, which he has produced. "Matilda" and "Bethlehem" were exhibited in 1860; "Fast-Day at the Convent" in 1861; "A Summer Song" in 1862; "The Lost Carcanet" and "The War Summons" in 1863; "The Flower and the Leaf" and "Say Ta!" in 1864; "The Defence of Lathom House" in 1865; "Clarissa" in 1866—this picture represented the artist at the Paris International of the following year; "Willow, willow," "The Country Cousins," "Ten Minutes to Decide," and "The Rose Harvest" were painted in 1867; the last-named appeared at the Dudley Gallery, and represented an exquisite English garden scene, a red-brick wall, a group of lovely women in last century attire, and the profuse harvest of roses, magnificently painted, red, yellow, and cream-white, gathered into blue and white china bowls, while over all glowed that delicious light and tone, and that altogether distinctive and most lovely colour, which form so great a part of the charm of Mr. Leslie's pictures. "The Rose Harvest" is one of the pleasant memories of the London picture-lover. In 1868 followed "Home News" and "The Empty Sleeve;" in 1869 "Celia's

Arbour" and "Cupid's Curse;" in 1870 "Fortunes" and "Carry;" in 1871 "Nausicaa and her Maids," which we have already referred to, and in which the princess's face was of most memorable beauty; in 1872 "Lavinia," a lovely illustration of Thomson's most quaintly sentimental autumn idyll; "An Elopement, A.D. 1790," in which the fine landscape—no mere accessory to the figures, but a complete picture—would have done honour to any landscape-painter, and "Lucy and Puck;" in 1873 "The Fountain;" in 1874 "Pot-Pourri"—an interior, with two graceful ladies busy in the manufacture of that fragrant composition of roses and spices—"The Nut-Brown Maid," and "Five o'Clock;" in 1875 "School Revisited," "The Path by the River," and "On the Banks of the Thames;" in 1876 "Roses," "My Duty towards my Neighbour," "Violet," the subject of one of our illustrations, and "Lavender;" in 1877 "Cowslips," and "The Lass of Richmond Hill," the artist's diploma picture; in 1878 "Home, sweet Home;" and in 1879 "Alice in Wonderland," which we also engrave, and which contains portraits of the artist's wife and little daughter.

Mr. Leslie's special studies have been in the schools of the great masters of beauty of all times—Raphael, Gainsborough, Romney; while the chaste line of Flaxman, the innocent grace of Stothard, and the pleasant artificiality of Watteau—showing such different phases of loveliness—have all had their share in influencing his taste. Nor can less power be attributed to the father's pure and noble affectionateness of disposition, under the example and inspiration of which could alone be formed that abiding love of gentleness and innocence which has been the motive of the son's whole art. We know much of Charles Robert Leslie's domestic interior through his happy biography — the happiest artist's life that has ever been given to the world—and in reading that serene record we do not care to separate art and love. The wife to whom all the confidences of his professional life are made, and "the babes" who are never forgotten in his letters, group themselves as naturally round the memory of the elder Leslie as do the pictures we all know so well. It is pleasant to learn that this lady is living, her abode being at Henley, the summer resort of her son, in the very heart of the beauty of the upper Thames.

Studying the great schools of the world, and keeping the traditions of such parentage as his, Mr. George Leslie has been reared and developed in a purely artistic atmosphere. His associates have also been artistic, Sir Edwin Landseer having in his late years given the young painter, whom he frequently admitted into his studio, and one of whose pictures he bought, the assistance of his friendship and guidance; while George Mason and Frederick Walker, whom the English world of painting has not ceased to regret, were his companions. Nor has the Royal Academy been slow to give recognition to a life so devoted to one interest, for he was elected an Associate in 1868, and an Academician in 1876.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

INDIAN METAL-WORK.—I.

By J. R. Royle.

FROM the earliest ages India has been famous for its wealth in natural products, and at a very early date it became known that not only was the land rich in gems, spices, and valuable timbers, but that it also possessed among its inhabitants cunning artificers whose work was coveted by all other nations.

Perhaps the Indian armourers and workers in metal have a reputation not inferior in point of age to that of any other handicraftsmen, for golden armour, coats of mail, and various arms and tools are frequently mentioned in the Rig Veda—a collection of hymns forming part of the Hindu Scriptures, which were written 1,200 or 1,300 years before the Christian era—while swords of Indian steel have had their praises sung by poets and writers of all ages. To descend to comparatively recent times, Edrisi, an eminent Arabian geographer who flourished in the twelfth century, says that "it is impossible to find anything to surpass the edge that you get from Indian steel;" and Colonel Yule considers that the Ondanique mentioned by the great Venetian traveller Marco Polo as having been used in his days so largely in Persia for

mirrors and swords, which were highly valued, was in all probability Indian steel. He adds that steel seems to have been regarded in those days as the product of a perfectly different ore from that which produced iron, and Indian steel seems to have been considered a distinct natural species from ordinary steel (Yule, "Marco Polo," second edition, i. 96).

Fig. 1.—LOTA OF HAMMERED COPPER, FROM TANJOR.
(Lent by Dr. Birdwood, C.S.I.)

A still-existing proof of the early skill of the Indian workmen in forging iron is the "lâth," or wrought-iron pillar, bearing an inscription in honour of Vishnu, at the Kutub in Dehli; it is more than 23 feet in height, with a diameter of about 16 inches at the base, its weight has been calculated to be not less than six tons, and Mr. Fergusson supposes it to have been made between the years 363 to 400 A.D.

The mineral wealth of India is enormous, and in many parts of the country there exist traditions of mining operations having been carried on at a very early date. Thus Buchanan (in his "Travels in Mysore," vol. ii. p. 41), in describing the iron mines of Doray Guda, a hill in Mysore, says: "No tradition remains concerning the time when this mine began to be wrought, for the natives think that ore has been taken from it ever since the creation of the world, or, as they express themselves, since the hill was born." The miners also have a tradition that formerly there had been dug into the hill an immense cavern, from whence the whole neighbourhood was supplied with ore; the roof of this cavern is said to have given way and to have buried the miners of seven villages, with all their cattle. The appearance of the hill somewhat confirms the truth of this tradition, there being evident proofs of a part of it having fallen in at some very remote period, and the mouth of a cavern may be seen—probably part of the old mine.

But although there is plenty of evidence that the Hindus have from early ages been skilful workers in metals, yet in modern times their skill seems to have been somewhat lost sight of—perhaps mainly because of the few specimens of artistic workmanship which were brought to Europe.

In the early days of England's commercial dealings with the East, merchants naturally contented themselves for the most part with bringing over such produce as could be obtained in large quantities at cheap rates, and could be sold readily in Europe at a considerable profit; and the importation of Indian manufactures, other than textile fabrics, was mainly left to travellers and others who would bring home with them as presents for their friends some few specimens of curious workmanship, which, though frequently intrinsically valuable, were looked on for the most part simply as curiosities brought from a semi-barbarous country.

But the Great Exhibition of 1851, which gave a fresh impetus to the arts and manufactures of all countries, brought prominently before the eyes of the public the fact that the natives of India had not only not lost their ancient skill as handicraftsmen, but were even in some respects—notably in harmony of design and colouring, and in the beauty of form of some of the objects exhibited—superior to the workmen of the countries nearer home.

Fig. 2.—LOTA OF SCULPTURED BRASS, FROM TANJOR.
(Lent by Dr. Birdwood, C.S.I.)

The many subsequent International Exhibitions which have been held in the different European capitals have gradually brought Indian art manufactures more into notice, and, encouraged by the fact that specimens of the best

workmanship sold readily at these exhibitions, dealers have been induced to import some of the most admired goods, while European manufacturers have gladly availed themselves of the valuable hints as to design and form which are to be obtained by a study of Indian wares. In metal-work, as much as in any other class of manufactures, the skill of the native workmen is seen; and this is the more marvellous when we take into consideration the small variety and the extreme simplicity and even roughness of the tools they use—tools which would in most cases be thrown on one side in disgust by any European artisan, though the natives will with them turn out works which are unsurpassed in beauty of form and in the patience with which the elaborate details of the surface ornamentation are worked out. It must, however, be confessed that where any merely mechanical work has to be performed, such as the accurate fitting of a lid, or the neat formation of a hinge, the native workmanship leaves very much to be desired. European influence is now, in some districts, to a great extent overcoming this tendency to slur over important mechanical details; *e.g.*, some of the guns and locks made at Monghyr (a town which has been called the Birmingham of India on account of the quantity of this work performed there) are perfect copies of good European workmanship, and the same may be said of the cutlery from Salem. In other districts, however, the same influence—misdirected, and applied to details of art—has, in place of improving the work, had the worst possible effect. Thus, instead of having the merely mechanical portions of European work copied, those who have set patterns before the workmen have induced them to copy also forms and designs which are in execrable taste, as witness the specimens which may now be seen in many London shop windows. Further than this, the contamination of bad example has taught them to work in spurious metals, with the result that the expression "Indian" gold or silver, which used formerly to be considered as a synonym for almost pure gold or silver, is now held to be descriptive of metal which must be carefully examined and tested before any reliance can be placed on its being what it professes to be. The writer has himself seen work professing to be of silver, but in reality of copper plated, in which deception had been carried so far that small holes had been drilled for some depth into the metal before plating it, in order that purchasers, seeing these holes covered with silver, might be persuaded that the metal was good throughout.

It need not, however, be feared that these remarks apply indiscriminately to all Indian work in the precious metals; many classes of gold and silver work contain no more than the requisite proportion of alloy, and it is hoped that some of the specimens illustrated in this series of papers will afford evidence that many beautiful forms are still to be obtained.

With the exception of articles of jewellery, the Indian metal wares are not, as a rule, suited for European use except as objects for ornament; for this purpose they are, however, eminently suitable, and it is the object of these papers to show how many beautiful varieties of such work are available for purposes of decoration.

Nearly all the domestic utensils which are in common use among the natives of India are made either of unglazed pottery or of metal; it is only with the latter that we have at present to deal, but it is interesting to note that most of the elegant forms for which Indian metal-work is so noted owe their graceful curves to the fact that they are copied or adapted from models made in a more pliant material, which has been carefully fashioned by means of the potter's wheel. Thus it will be seen that nearly all the forms of metal vases illustrated here have been derived from some one or other of the well-known forms used in Indian pottery.

The metal vessels used for domestic purposes by the lower and middle classes are generally made either of brass, bell-metal, or copper; sometimes of zinc, pewter, or sheet-iron; the wealthier classes frequently use vessels of silver. The more solid of the brass or bell-metal vessels are cast in clay moulds as follows: a solid core is made of a mixture of clay and midden-waste of the size and shape of the inside of the desired vessel; this core is then dried and covered with a layer of wax of the same form and thickness as the vessel is intended to be, the wax is covered with more clay, and the whole is placed in a fire until the clay hardens; the heat of the fire melts the wax, which runs off through a hole left on purpose, thus leaving a space between the two clay moulds, which is afterwards filled with molten metal. When cold, the external mould is broken off, and the core broken up and removed; the rough casting is finally cleaned, and fixed in a rude lathe and turned. Vessels of this description—as used by the poorer classes—are usually perfectly plain, or at most are ornamented with one or two bright-turned rings.

Lighter and less substantial vessels are made of sheet-copper or brass hammered into the requisite forms on properly-shaped moulds or stakes.

From the plain vessels just described to those of a more ornamental character is but a step; the turned castings or hammered shapes are handed over to the engraver or embosser. In the case of the castings the pattern desired is traced on the surface, and then worked out with engraving tools (if desired to be in relief, the general outline of the design has been previously formed in the wax before casting, and the engraver has only to fill in the details and accentuate the outlines); in the case of the thin hammered work the vessel is filled with tations of certain natural objects—mainly from the vegetable kingdom—yet there is infinite variety in the graceful arrangement of different patterns—and, as we shall see when we come to the inlaid, encrusted, and niello work—in the combinations of two or more metals, and the effects produced by a proper balancing of design and groundwork. For the Indian workman does not, as is generally the case with his European *confrère,* merely copy or transfer a stereotyped design, but, starting with a general scheme of ornamentation for the particular piece

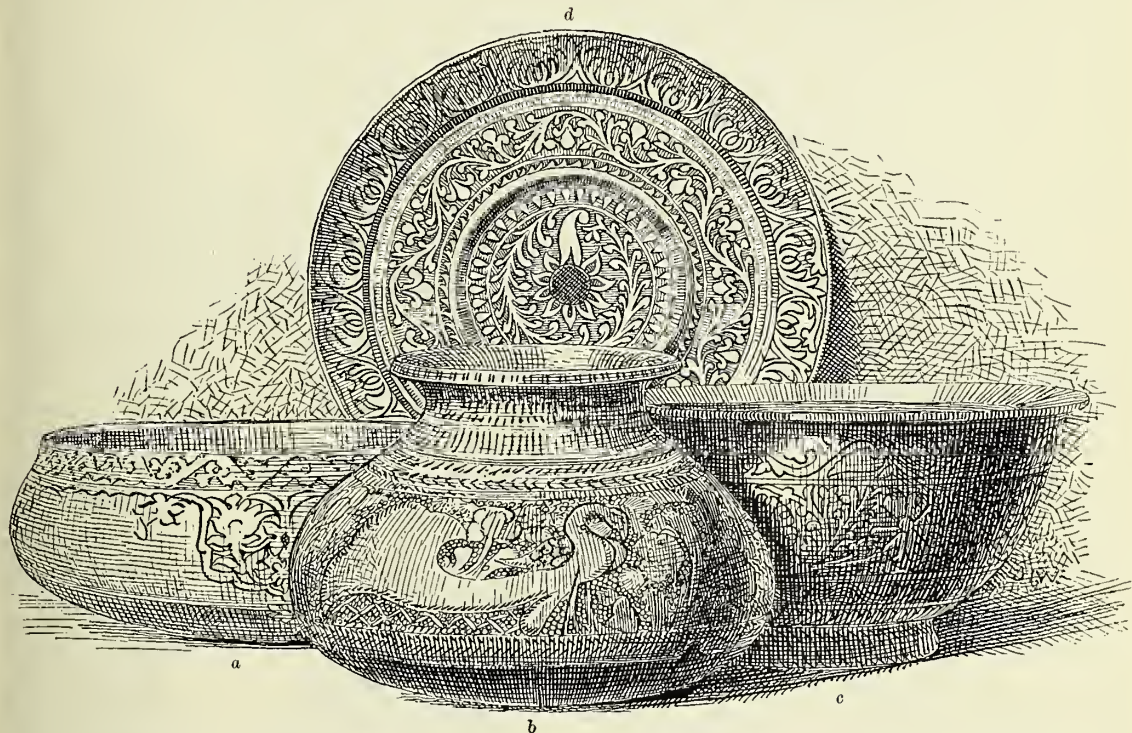


Fig. 3.—GROUP OF INDIAN INCISED METAL WARE.
a, Bell-metal Bowl, from Sháhpur; *b*, Brass Lota, from Benares; *c*, *d*, Bowl and Plate of Brass, plated and incised, from Moradábád.

a melted composition of lac, which soon solidifies, and yet retains a considerable amount of elasticity; the pattern is then traced out as before, and is brought out in relief (*repoussé*) by means of hammering with properly-shaped punches.

It is in these stages that there is most scope for the exercise of the artist's talent, for although the forms employed have been handed down from generation to generation with but little variation, as can be proved by a comparison of the modern forms with those represented on the Amravati and other ancient sculptures, and although the designs used as ornaments are also to a great extent traditional, and are either taken from well-known mythological subjects, or are conventionalised represen- of work on which he is engaged, he carries out the details according to his own fancy. In this he is much assisted by the fact that some of his earliest lessons as a child were in freehand drawing, for it is the custom of native mothers to teach their children drawing at a very early age by means of the simple appliances of a pointed stick for pencil, and the sanded floor of the house for paper.

The word "manufacture," as pointed out by Dr. Birdwood in his "Handbook to the Indian Section at the Paris Exhibition, 1878," "has come at last in Europe to lose well-nigh all trace of its true etymological meaning, and is now generally used for the process of the conversion of raw materials into articles suitable

for the use of man by machinery;" but, through the causes above mentioned, it turns out that the wares made by Indian workmen are in the strictest sense art manufactures, *i.e.*, the handiwork of a race of artists.

Figs. 1 and 3 show examples of different modes of ornamenting the plainer vessels above referred to; and Fig. 2 shows a rather higher class of ornamentation, the subject being a very favourite one in Hindu decoration, viz., the ten Avatāras, or incarnations, of the god Vishnu.

The best metal manufactures are not, of course, turned out indiscriminately in all Indian towns, though there are few towns of any importance where some work of the kind is not carried on, but, as in Europe, each town has its speciality: thus, good engraved brass-work comes from Benares and Moradábád, in the Bengal Presidency; while both engraved and embossed brass and copper work are well done at Tanjor and Trichinopoli, in the Madras Presidency, and at Násik and Ahmadnagar, in the Bombay Presidency. Plain or very slightly-ornamented brass vessels for domestic use, but of forms as elegant as those which are more highly ornamented, are made in many towns, such as Amritsar, Ambálá, Ludhiana, and Jalandhar, in the Panjáb, from which towns they are exported to Kashmír, Kábul, etc.; also at Kelsi and Puná, in the Bombay Presidency; while Mandlá, in the central provinces, is celebrated for the excellence of its manufactures in bell-metal, and from Kashmír come vessels and trays both of zinc and copper richly engraved; some of these are now electro-plated, so that they can only with difficulty be distinguished from the silver vessels of the same forms which will be mentioned further on.

From Karnāl (a town about seventy miles north-west of Dehli) comes a peculiar class of metal-work which it is believed is not produced in any other part of India. It is of the nature of an open trellis-work of cast brass, and panels of it are generally used for the sides and top of caskets, etc., the open-work panels are usually backed with coloured velvet or foil, and of late years the brass is frequently silver-plated.

In addition to the engraved brass above mentioned, Moradábád is famous for work of a rather more ornamental character, two examples of which are shown in Fig. 3, *c* and *d;* the material of which these specimens are made is brass, and they are plated with an amalgam of tin and quicksilver. The intended pattern is then traced on the surface with a pointed instrument, and the requisite parts of the plating are cut away with engraving-tools, leaving a slightly sunken device in brass, with a bright silvery groundwork. Sometimes the pattern is filled in with a black composition of lac, and thus a kind of cheap but effective niello-work is produced.

In his report on the manufactures of Bombay for the year 1872–3, Mr. Terry says that the town of Ahmadábád, in the Bombay Presidency, turns out a great many copper vessels, which are largely used throughout Western India. The copper for this purpose is all imported from Europe in sheets, and hammered into the requisite shapes by the native workmen.

In the same town iron-work is also hammered with great skill, and formerly some very fine workers in metal dwelt there. The beautiful gates of the tomb of Sháh Alam are fine examples of perforated brass-work.

Some of the metal vessels used in Bhután are of exceedingly elegant forms, and are decorated in a most tasteful manner, but they are probably procured from Tibet, and are not of Indian manufacture, as the ornamentation partakes far more of a Chinese than an Indian character. These vessels are generally of copper, or in some cases partly of copper and partly of brass; they are ornamented with plaques and bands of open tracery in silver, almost resembling filigree, and these plaques and bands are frequently further decorated with a few dots of rough turquoise, the effect of the *tout-ensemble* being most pleasing.

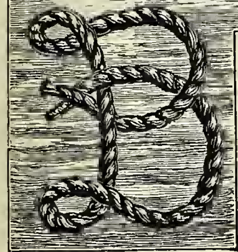
Although they are not usually very remarkable for the beauty of their form, and are only occasionally conspicuously ornamented, yet a word must be said concerning the gongs and bells of India, which are celebrated for the depth and purity of their tones. English people newly arrived at an up-country station in India are frequently surprised, on waking at night, to hear what they take for the deep tones of the bell of a church clock, and they find in the morning that the sounds were only those of the gong suspended outside the guard-room and used for striking the hours.

The bells suspended over temples in Burmah have clappers which terminate in a broad leaf-shaped pendant, which is caused to sway to and fro by every passing breeze, thus constantly reminding worshippers of their duty.

"LIFE, LIGHT, AND MELODY."

(*By H. Herkomer, A.R.A. By permission of Mr. A. W. Mansel Lewis.*)

LEAVES FROM A SKETCHER'S NOTE-BOOK.



BY daybreak on a fine morning in June we hailed a smart-looking schooner-yacht lying at anchor in the Medway, off Sheerness.

The sky, blue and bright above us, had a few white clouds scudding across its pure surface in the direction of the seas we hoped to be soon traversing. The snowy sails of our yacht vied with the whiteness of the clouds. The light breeze stirred the surface of the broad river into a thousand tiny waves, which lapped against the shining sides of our vessel with a music enchanting to our ears. The surface of the water was alive with craft of various descriptions, from the stately man-of-war with pennants rippling in the breeze, to the humble fishing-boat with its rich tanned sails standing away towards the distant town of Southend, which lay sparkling in the sun to the northward.

We have hired our schooner-yacht for a three months' cruise, and are starting with no particular object in view, beyond enjoying ourselves, studying the beauties of Nature on sea and land, and recruiting our health, weakened by the turmoil and strain of London life.

We propose to sail direct for Harwich, the attraction to that port being the annual regatta, which is about to take place, and may be a sight worth seeing. To take advantage of the ebb tide, we found, after a consultation with the skipper, that we should be under way at three o'clock in the morning; and accordingly we all turned in betimes, in anticipation of an early start, the two seniors retiring to the luxury of the after-cabin, while the others made up their own beds on the sofas in the saloon. A last look-out on deck showed the yellow moon in a cloudless sky reflected on the smooth stream, while a hundred lamps and anchor lights completed a "Nocturne" after Mr. Whistler's own heart.

Next morning, at least an hour before sunrise, we were roused from our slumbers by a tremendous clatter overhead, and hurrying on our clothes, we went on deck, and found the crew busy getting the sails set and the anchor weighed. It was very cold, and we shivered in our bare feet on the wet deck while we assisted, or fancied we assisted, the men in their work. There was not a breath of air to ruffle the glassy surface of the water, a thick bank of purple clouds lay on the horizon, and the sun, like a ball of fire rising up behind it, gilded the spars and hulls of the various craft lying at anchor around us. The effect was very placid and beautiful, but just then we had not much sympathy with pictorial matter, and would rather have had a little breeze to waft us out into the Thames, as the strong tide had caught us, and we were being swept down like a cork

on to one of Her Majesty's steamers lying right across our course. A collision would have been a serious affair; but the skipper saw the danger in time, and ordering the gig to be lowered, by the help of four stalwart arms and a pair of oars we just cleared the vessel.

Presently a fresh south-east breeze sprang up, which our yacht soon began to feel. The music about her bows told us we were beginning to go through the water. Sails were trimmed, the chart consulted, and we lay our course for Harwich, with the pleasant prospect of making our port fairly and well.

We were much pleased with the performance of our ship: she slipped smoothly and quickly along, and carried her canvas well; the skipper, also, seemed quite up to the mark, and knew his way through the tortuous channels and dangerous sandbanks that make the mouth of the Thames so difficult of navigation. This fact was ominously brought home to us by the sight of a wreck on the Gunfleet Sand, some hapless merchantman that had perished, perhaps in a wild winter's night at the end of its voyage, and almost within sight of port.

The coast of Essex cannot be called picturesque. Stale and unprofitable it may not be, but flat it undoubtedly is, and as we passed the endless stretches of mud and marsh we marvelled at the ugliness of the landscape, and welcomed, as oases in the desert, the glistening terraces of Clacton-on-Sea and Walton-on-the-Naze.

Walton-on-the-Naze is not perhaps a locality that an artist would voluntarily seek for the purpose of filling his sketch-book, and yet a day or two spent there would not be altogether lost. There are some wonderful effects of sunset to be seen over the flats behind the town, and there is a windmill which stands up dark and picturesque against the golden evening glow. The promontory of the Naze, about half a mile from the town, has some elements of the picturesque about it. The outline is bold and striking, and the mingling of gravel and London clay at this spot gives a pleasing variety of tints, ranging from deep orange to cool soft greys. In the irregularities of the cliffs, caused by a succession of landslips, there are some pretty hollows where wild flowers grow in the greatest profusion, and where one might spend many pleasant hours gazing over the blue expanse of the German Ocean.

JETTIES AT HARWICH.

After leaving Walton there was still plenty to delight the eye; for, besides the sea, sky, and sunshine, there were the picturesque Thames barges all around us, deeply laden and lying over to the breeze, with their tall spars and richly-coloured sails of every shade of orange, and their yellow freights of hay and straw for the omnivorous London market.

The Beach End buoy, at the entrance to Harwich Harbour, was passed at 11.40, and at 12.30 we dropped anchor opposite the hotel, in the middle of a fleet of yachts, all come down for the regatta.

Harwich did not look a promising hunting-ground for the artist, but a sketchable subject was soon found in a group of old wrecks which had been utilised as a series of jetties

in connection with a shipbuilder's yard (page 244). Resplendent in colour, deep green of sea-weed, bright emerald of old copper, red of rusty iron, and blue-black of old tar, their weather-beaten sides and broken masts telling of many a stormy battle with wind and wave, they reminded one of a human counterpart of bygone times, a group of pensioners ending their days peacefully in the placid haven of Greenwich Hospital.

Soon after breakfast the next morning we were under way, with a nice little off-shore breeze, and made sail seawards, to watch the starting of the yachts in the various races.

A pretty sight it was to see them manœuvring to get into good positions on the right side of the imaginary line, which they were not to cross till the gun fired, each one trying to steal to windward of his neighbour; and when the signal to go was given, how gracefully they slipped away, with every stitch of canvas set that they could carry! If the breeze had held there would have been fine racing, but, alas! as the sun rose higher the wind dropped, and before long it was almost a dead calm.

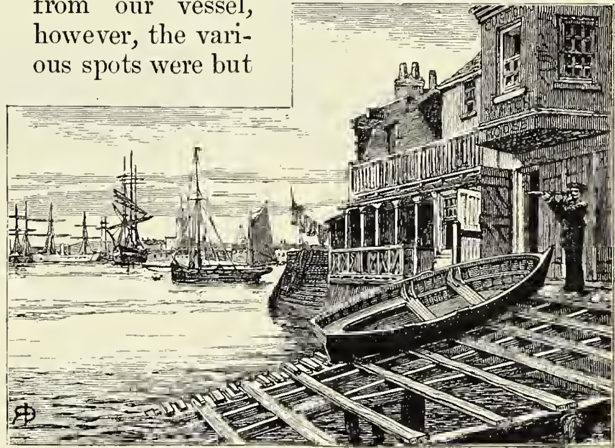
With the dread of a night in the streets, as the skipper expressed it, we did not follow the large yachts in their lengthy course, but contented ourselves with tacking about among the smaller class, and watching the varied fortunes of the race. Towards evening, the wind having entirely dropped, we drifted up the harbour to our moorings, and let go our anchor at seven o'clock in our old berth. As we swung round to the tide the winners in the smaller classes crept past us towards the flag-boat higher up the harbour, which they had to round before concluding the race, their crews all looking very ill-tempered, as yachtsmen generally do after a calm day. The larger vessels, less fortunate, and having a longer distance to go, did not complete their weary course till three o'clock in the morning.

Shortly after sunrise next day the inexorable skipper called us up to impart the welcome news that there was a fair breeze, and advised an immediate start. To this suggestion we cordially assented, some of the party showing the intensity of their nautical enthusiasm by coming on deck in airy garb, to help to set the canvas.

Our destination was Portsmouth. With variable winds we threaded the intricate channels which lay in our path. There is not much to interest one before rounding the South Foreland, but as Dover Castle and Shakespeare's Cliff hove in sight, a lurid cloud hung over the coast of France, which betokened a coming storm. We had only time to get the yacht under snug canvas, when the storm broke—

> "Then came a flash from out the cloud,
> And a stunning thunder-roll."

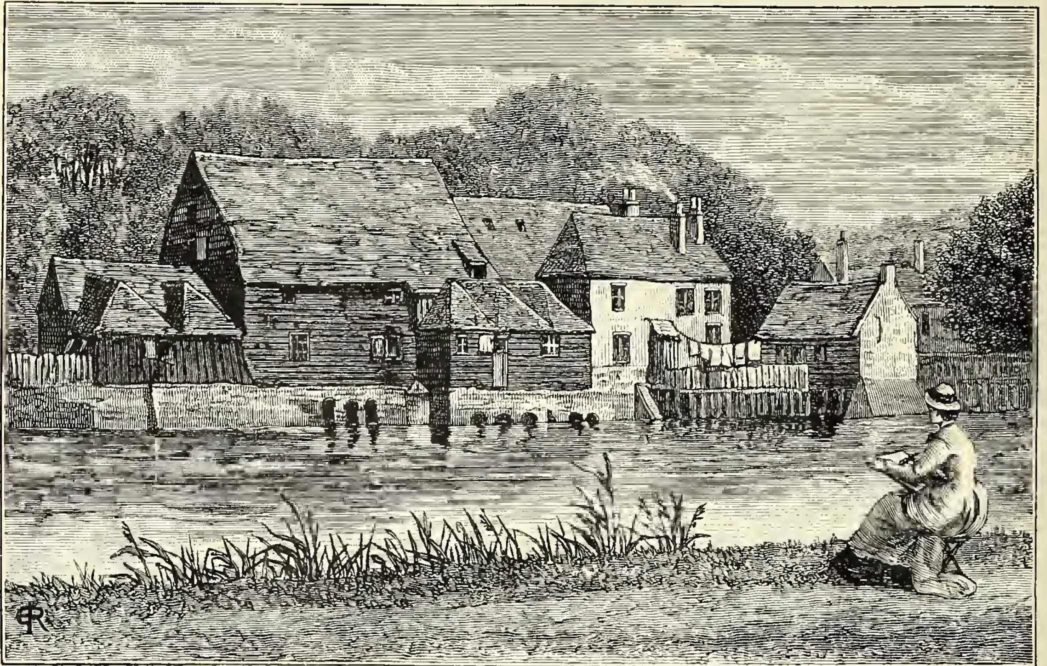
The sea, the sky, and the white chalk cliffs were lit by the vivid lightning almost to the brightness of noonday, while the thunder seemed to shake our little craft from stem to stern. There was hardly a breath of wind, but as the storm passed, a fresh breeze came from off the shore, and a brilliant moonlight night succeeded the stormy twilight. Slowly we drifted on past the fine range of cliffs lying between Dover and Folkestone, while on our left the vivid moonlight spread a broad path of glory out to the dim horizon. There are some picturesque nooks among the cliffs lying to the east of Folkestone, and a mile or two at the back of the town some glorious sweeps of upland, where the artist may obtain profitable employment for his pencil. Lower down the channel the fine chalk mass of Beachy Head presents many an aspect of beauty for the lover of coast scenes, and even after the coast falls flat beyond Brighton, the explorer may find some pretty nooks if he chooses to make his way steadily along from Worthing to Hayling Island. Seen from our vessel, however, the various spots were but a series of dissolving views. I shall not easily forget our run, with its varied incidents and rapidly changing sights. Many a stately ship we saw, beating up channel, and when night came on, red and green lights began to twinkle around us, showing that other craft besides our own were under way. The friendly moon gave us many a vision of rare effect, among others



PORTSMOUTH POINT.

one that will not easily be effaced. A barque crossing our course, with all sail set, the canvas telling light against the sky, the red port lamp shining like a ruby from the rigging, and reflected in the gently heaving swell. On the evening of the second day from Harwich we glided placidly into Portsmouth Harbour, and dropped anchor, as the sun was setting over Haslar Hospital, near the celebrated "Hard" at Portsea, a place which may be called classic ground in the annals of the British Navy.

On our way in a picturesque old tavern, with a quaint verandah and balcony over it, on the "Point" at the Portsmouth side, attracted our special attention (see page 245), and subsequent visits confirmed the first favourable impression. The Customs Watch House adjoins the tavern, and from the bow-window over the boat-house the coastguard hails each in-coming vessel, and notes her name and port of departure.



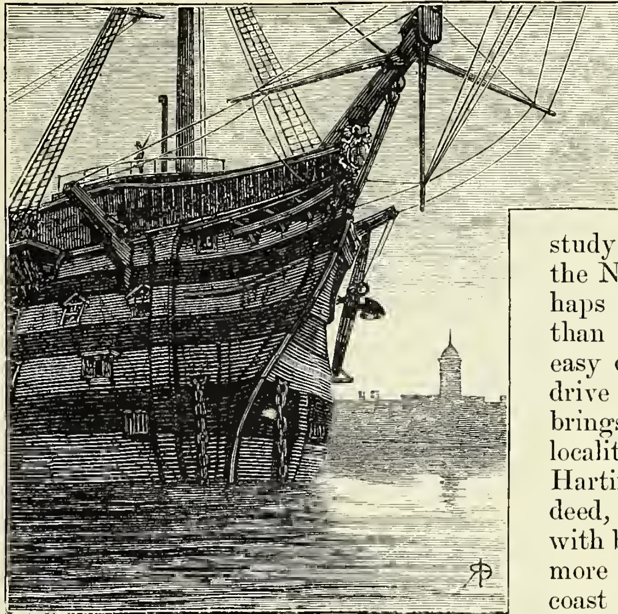
OLD MILL ON "FAREHAM LAKE."

An expedition next day by rail to Fareham, a pretty town situated at the top of Portsmouth Harbour, amply repaid me for the trouble of dragging my paint-box, sketching-stool, and other impedimenta in the broiling sun. The old mill, both in form and colour, was a subject to which the above sketch can do but scanty justice. Built on the margin of the water, called here Fareham Lake, which is, in fact, an estuary of the sea, and therefore tidal, the effects of the reflections are constantly changing with the ebb and flood. The red-tiled roofs, lichen and moss covered, the tarred planked walls and the brick foundations, green with sea-weed, require the brightest colours to approach the truth of nature. The inevitable visit to Portsmouth Dockyard had to be made, and being fortunate enough to own a friend in the navy residing in the neighbouring groves of Southsea, we pressed him, not resisting, into our service, and did our duty to our country by traversing miles of sheds, forges, dry docks, basins, and other adjuncts to the head-quarters of Her Majesty's fleet.

A careful examination of the latest iron-clad the *Dreadnought* filled us with wonder and admiration at the many ingenious contrivances for utilising the power of steam. By means of it, everything necessary to be done on board ship, from raising the anchor to loading the enormous guns with which the turrets are armed, can be accomplished, and we were astonished at the strangely successful devices to get light and ventilation into depths and recesses far remote from sun or air.

What a contrast between this monster of the deep and another of Her Majesty's ships to which our friend next conducted us—the old *Victory*—a glorious relic of the past, inseparably linked with the memory of Nelson and that great war, when Britain for ever made good her title to rule the waves. W

were shown the spot where Nelson fell, and the gloomy cockpit where he breathed his last, cheered by the news that the day was won, and conscious that, from the admiral to the humblest seaman, every man that day had done his duty. The interior of the ship is much changed from what it was in her early days, and her spars are greatly reduced in dimensions, but the hull remains the same; and woe to the economy-bitten First Lord who proposes to break up the old *Victory*, and save the few pounds annually which her maintenance now costs the country.



H.M.S. "VICTORY."

At Portsmouth we are within an easy journey of many spots dear to the soul of the artist. We can run over to the Isle of Wight in half an hour, and spend a day in exploring the beauties of the Undercliff, through Bonchurch and Ventnor to Blackgang; or we can extend our excursion to Freshwater and Alum Bay, with their grand slopes of downs and white chalk cliffs dropping abruptly to the channel waves. Netley Abbey, too, is within easy reach, and also on the other side of Southampton Water, as we all know, there is an endless field of study in the lone recesses of the New Forest, which is perhaps less overrun by artists than any other spot within easy distance of London. A drive of a few miles inland brings you to the charming localities of Petersfield and Harting and Midhurst. Indeed, the whole district teems with beauty. There is nothing more lovely on all the south coast than Harting Coombe, especially when the heather is in bloom. But this is wandering too far from our vessel, which is still lying peaceably in Portsmouth Harbour, and whose further progress must be reserved for another paper.

J. E. R.

A BUNDLE OF RUE:

BEING MEMORIALS OF ARTISTS RECENTLY DECEASED.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK (*concluded*).

UT of the enormous mass of matter produced by Hone and Cruikshank, let it suffice to quote two. One was a complete re-issue of the writings of the pamphleteer, illustrated by a hundred and twenty designs from the latter's hand, a most interesting work, deriving added value in the eyes of all Cruikshank collectors by the frontispiece, which shows the artist and author in close consultation over a table. The dual origin of most of the works in which he had a share is here well expressed, as it was later by drawings of Cruikshank and Dickens, and Cruikshank and Ainsworth, similarly engaged. Hone also published the famous "Bank Restriction Note," got up in imitation of a Bank of England note, and containing an elaborate design, by Cruikshank, in satire on the barbarous practice, then in vogue, of hanging wholesale for petty forgeries. In 1818—within the lifetime of many now amongst us—he saw eleven persons at once, of whom two were women, hanging outside Newgate for this crime. The design strikes the eye now as more ingenious than impressive, but it made at the time a prodigious sensation; and Cruikshank was proud of announcing the conclusion of the matter—that no man or woman was hanged from that day forward for passing false one-pound notes. When his connection with Hone ceased, his political caricatures ceased also. Book-illustration and

the production of separate and original designs comprised the really important work of Cruikshank's life. In the first instance he was associated, now with the weakness of Harrison Ainsworth, now with the power of Dickens; in the second he laboured under one master—Hogarth. That great father of English caricature worked in a manner which was to the full as literary as it was pictorial. Artists who are artists for the sake of art can hardly claim him as a brother. And not only in this respect does he stand in the attitude of a genius in revolt against acknowledged laws, and strong enough to make his own, but also in his manner of telling his story—all insistence, all explanation, all emphasis—he is at variance with the masters of the art of impressions and suggestions. In one thing only could the method of Hogarth find its triumphant justification—and that one thing is his strength. This constant emphasis, this insistence would result in childish obviousness if the artist's strength relaxed even for a moment. Of all methods, then, it is clear that his was the most properly personal to himself, the most dangerous for a following of disciples. Cruikshank was his disciple — his greatest. But that his power is so unrelaxed in all his work that his violent story-telling is never offensively obvious, no one who has carefully considered his whole series of social caricatures would be willing to assert. That he did so often succeed in the practice of his great predecessor's dangerous principles is, however, sufficient evidence of his extraordinary talents. Now and then, indeed, as in his illustrations to "Oliver Twist," his work is entirely strong and satisfactory; the weakness is chiefly apparent when he is enforcing a moral, as in his famous "Bottle" series. One great deficiency in Cruikshank (his utter incapacity for the representation of any kind of beauty, grace, or high breeding) makes much of his work for Ainsworth not only meaningless but unintentionally grotesque. Cruikshank's burglars are generally admirable — but Cruikshank's ladies!

The first important illustrations produced by our artist, who in this and in many other instances in his earlier career worked in combination with his brother, appeared in 1821, in a book called "Life in London," famous in its day, but as imbecile in humour as it was vulgarly vicious in its morals. The Cruikshanks adorned this volume with thirty-six scenes "from life." It is hard to understand how the tendency of such a work should have been mistaken by any one engaged in its production; but however this may be, we are told that George Cruikshank was dismayed at finding that the inane pages which he had doubtless begun to illustrate in mere gaiety of heart were likely to become a handbook of all the evils of London, and he withdrew his co-operation as soon as possible. His pencil was better employed in 1824 on the "Tales of Irish Life," and in 1827 on "Mornings in Bow Street," one of his best works. The ten succeeding years were filled with drawings from his pencil—some of them famous, some remembered only by the curious in such matters—the mere enumeration of which would occupy more space than we can spare.

With a word of record to the "Comic Almanack," illustrated by Cruikshank, and published with inveterate drollery year by year from 1835 to 1853, we hurry on through a mass of minor events to the artist's first collaboration with one of the typical geniuses of his time, Charles Dickens. Not collaboration only but a warm friendship was established between the two men; and if, in after-years, the partnership in art was dissolved and even the friendship cooled—such alterations were not uncommon in the novelist's singularly emotional life. To be Dickens' friend was to be also the friend of almost all that was eminent, or prominent, in English art and literature. A prospectus of one of the great author's beloved theatrical enterprises — the performance for the benefit of Leigh Hunt, already alluded to—lies before us, and contains Cruikshank's name in an interesting connection. "The company," it states, "will comprise Mr. Dudley Costello, Mr. George Cruikshank, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Augustus Egg, Mr. John Forster, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, Mr. John Leech, Mr. G. H. Lewes, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Frank Stone, and Mr. T. J. Thompson." Most of these names are known to fame, though those of Dudley Costello, a busy author and journalist, Augustus Egg, a graceful artist, and Frank Stone, A.R.A., are not very familiar to the present generation. The last name (that of the father of the painter of "The Roll-Call") represents the only *dilettante* on the list, and is also that of the only survivor of the whole *troupe*. Dickens' "Sketches by Boz," his first book, was illustrated by Cruikshank, so was the "Life of Grimaldi," and so was, more memorably, "Oliver Twist." The artist afterwards claimed to have been the originator of

this work, insomuch as his sketches had suggested its situations, and had in effect been "written up" to by the author. There is, no doubt, a certain indignity implied to literature by this reversal of the common order of things. Illustrative art takes its right place as the servant of letters, legitimately and indisputably, though we would relegate no other form of art to a secondary rank; nor can we consider the arts at their best when they are mere collaborators. Dickens disputed Cruikshank's claim, and his biographer Forster replied to it with a contemptuous denial which caused the artist no little pain. His work of about the year 1848 was at its surest and best, and now more than ever he was engaged upon independent and original designs. In the same year these began to be illustrative of that war against drunkenness which he carried on with characteristic energy until his death. It is, and surely ought to be, no secret that George Cruikshank in his earlier manhood was far from being an abstainer. His sudden and complete resolution to adopt, henceforth, habits of rigid temperance, which followed the death (from one of the most terrible of maladies) of a friend he loved, gives the value of intimate sincerity to much in his after-work which not seldom seems foolishly melodramatic, and the touch of tragedy and truth to puerile moralities which otherwise we should be slow to accept seriously. Vulgar also we could not but consider his "temperance" designs (not, of course, because they deal with vulgar people, but because they are coarsely and insistently trite in conception) did not the knowledge of this fact of his life prove to us with what straightness and simplicity they are intended; and not much vulgarity can exist with straightness and simplicity of intention. It is only necessary justice to the man as an artist, therefore, that this fact should be put on record. The most famous of these total abstinence productions was undoubtedly the "Bottle," a series of designs originally accompanied by verses, but best known as unaided by letterpress, and telling their own story, indeed, with an inveteracy of over-emphasis which leaves any possible verbal explanations, even enforced by numberless notes of admiration, far behind. A curious comparison, of keen interest for the inquirers both into the ethics and the æsthetics of art, may be made between the sham realism of the didactic draughtsman Cruikshank, and the true, non-didactic, but indeed awful realism of a contemporary French writer who has recently described through literature what the English artist has described through art—the decadence, by means of drink, of a labouring family. The fall of these people is not less sure or less entire in the book than in the drawings, nor less inevitably to be ascribed to one only and sufficient cause; but in the former case real life has been painted, with its own unforced and inimitable completeness; in the latter a form of reality has been given to an arbitrary set of facts. It

OLIVER TWIST RECOVERING FROM THE FEVER.

(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

may be said that Cruikshank's designs were professedly intended to appeal to a class ill able to appreciate the value of the reserves and reticences of fine art; but we are by no means sure that the labourers and "roughs" whom Cruikshank desired to impress would *not* value reserve and reticence as strongly and as instinctively as children certainly value them, or that they will accept without a large pinch of salt the moral lesson conveyed in "The Fiend's Frying-Pan," "The Gin-Shop" (a parody on the "House that Jack Built"), or "How Sam Adams's Pipe became a Pig." Cruikshank, by the way, had become, from an enthusiastic smoker, as rigid a total abstainer from tobacco as from intoxicating drinks, and devoted the labours of his pencil almost as energetically to the one cause as to the other.

Our artist's drawings for the romances of Harrison Ainsworth formed an important part of his illustrative work. Seven of these novels were decorated with designs from his hand, among them the celebrated "Jack Sheppard." A glance at Cruikshank's other works in his capacity as illustrator shows us a bewildering number and variety of books, from the comic ephemera of the day to the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost," at which he tried his hand in more serious moments. In 1827 he illustrated Grimm's "Fairy Tales;" his best comic work, or at least the work which is the most comic to the feeling of our time, is to be found in these drawings. His impish inventiveness is here in quite delightful antithesis to the thorough humanity and realisation with which he treats the magical, supernatural, and diabolical. It is easy to laugh candidly over these designs. In 1830 he etched twelve plates for Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," also admirable. But it is difficult to make selections for mere mention amongst so much and such varied work.

As an oil-painter Cruikshank probably will be forgotten, in spite of the ambitious humility with which, at sixty-four, he became a student in the schools. At seventy he painted his picture—which is in no sense a picture — of "The Worship of Bacchus," now at the National Gallery. Sensationalism is the routine charge brought against this curious production, but its real absurdity lies in the poor, feeble little puerilities of the stories it tells. He took his design on a lecturing tour, to his great pecuniary loss. Indeed, in the matter of money this famous artist was not a prosperous man. Mr. Sala expresses his opinion that at no time did that busy pencil and needle, which are estimated by Professor Bates to have produced some 15,000 to 20,000 pieces, earn for George Cruikshank more than £600 a year. In 1866 Mr. Ruskin came, in company with others, to the pecuniary assistance of the man he prized so greatly. A testimonial was set on foot, but with little success. In his last years, however, Cruikshank received a pension of £100 from the civil list, and £50 from the "Turner" annuities at the Royal Academy.

In 1878 George Cruikshank died — after his time. There was no room in the crypt of St. Paul's where it was proposed to bury him—with perhaps a little excusable exaggeration of the claims of an energetic caricaturist. But his funeral had its own distinction, for by Lord Houghton, Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, Mr. Charles Landseer, Mr. George Augustus Sala, Mr. Ellis, and General McMurdo, was his body borne to its last resting-place at Kensal Green.

That his contemporaries held Cruikshank in the highest esteem, we have the evidence of an enthusiastic popularity which no humorist in art of our time has ever attained—although our time boasts of one exquisitely witty caricaturist in George Du Maurier, as pure in line as Flaxman, broad in humour and subtle in satire; and of a comic artist in Charles Keene, who is no caricaturist, but who has mastered the extreme humour of commonplace expression, in a manner too purely true for caricature. Neither of these, nor John Leech who closely followed Cruikshank as to the time of his fame, has ever approached the place held by him in popular esteem—nay, in the popular heart. To be master of this heart is no slight conquest; that it has been gained by many, in literature, in art, and in music, whose victory is hard to understand, scarcely makes it less coveted by those who may command the applause of the fit and few but not of the many. It might even be worth while to forego a little fastidious praise for the sake of swaying those emotions which, if inconsiderable in the unit, are surely noble in the aggregate. But George Cruikshank gained both; every one admired him; every author chose or would have chosen him as an illustrator; he seems to have caused genuine laughter, and also to have raised respect for his serious powers; for publishers secured his pencil for works so various as "Paradise Lost" and "John Gilpin." If Dickens applied to younger talent for collaboration with his own more matured, more finished, and less uproarious books, it can

never be forgotten that it was Cruikshank he chose in his early freshness. Thackeray was no art-critic; we cite him therefore in praise, not of the art but of the spirit of Cruikshank. "He has told us," says the author of "Vanity Fair," "a thousand new truths in as many strange and fascinating ways; he has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people; he has never used his wit dishonestly; he has never, in all the exuberance of his frolicsome nature, caused a single painful or guilty blush. How little do we think of the extraordinary power of this man, and how ungrateful we are to him!" Ernest Chesnau, who more than any other writer has seized and defined national character in art in his admirable "Nations Rivales," speaks of the works of Cruikshank as "full of imagination, impulse, fire, energy, ardour, phantasy, character, caprice." Mr. Hamerton, Mr. Palgrave, Mr. Wedmore are among the critics who have, on technical grounds, continued his praises; and in the crowd of lesser testimonies we pause over that of the master Ruskin, mingling as it does a characteristic eulogy with more characteristic regret. To him—the most serious of all living thinkers, who, though humour and wit shine both in his bitter and in his gentle moments, has taken life and art too intimately to heart to be very patient of farce—it is deplorable that a fine artistic power should be devoted to the grotesque, and still more deplorable is it to his high and liberal mind that art should need to do battle with filthy vice. "The genius of Cruikshank has been cast away in an utterly ghastly and lamentable manner: his superb line-work, worthy of any class of subject, and his powers of conception and composition, of which I cannot venture to estimate the range in their degraded application, having been condemned by his fate to be spent either in rude jesting or in vain war with conditions of vice too low alike for record or rebuke, among the dregs of the British populace. Yet perhaps I am wrong in regretting even this; it may be an appointed lesson for futurity that the art of the best English etcher of the nineteenth century, spent on the illustration of the lives of burglars and drunkards, should one day be seen in museums beneath Greek vases fretted with drawings of the wars of Troy, or side by side with Dürer's 'Knight and Death.'" The great, significant, and exquisite pathos of this lamentation yet leaves us free to hold that though Cruikshank's war against vice may have been vain, it *might* not have been so, and that one reform, or even one effort at reform, in the moral order, is worth much art in the æsthetic order. Also, that no man who has in his day promoted, however evanescently, the sane and human gift of laughter among men, has cast away his art. We can scarcely smile—we frequently shudder indeed—at Cruikshank now; our minds have changed with regard to farce, and will change again, but we will not withhold our gratitude from any true humorist, for every such man has given a bracing stimulus to all that is masculine, wholesome, and upright in his time.

ALICE THOMPSON.

ON SOME PICTORIAL ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH SECULAR ARCHITECTURE.—IV.

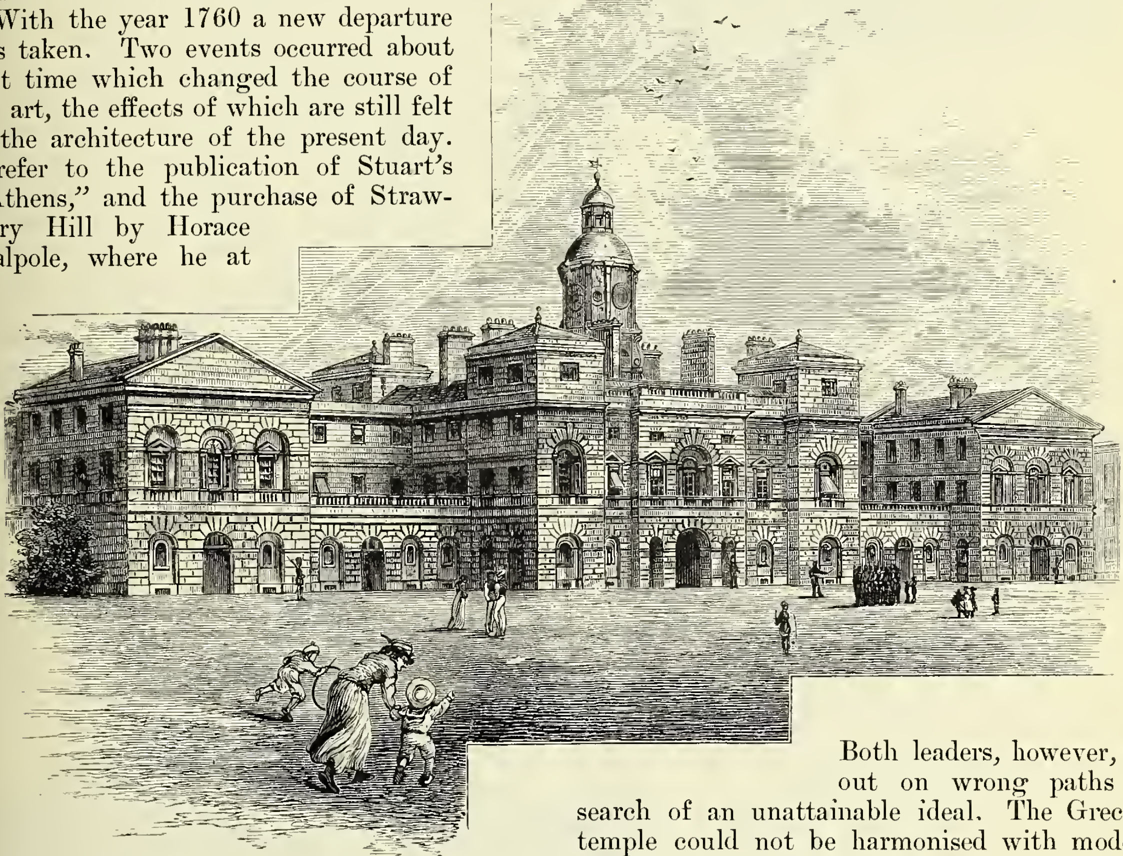
THE eighteenth century may be not untruly called the dark ages of domestic architecture as an *art*. At no previous period of our history had all feeling for the picturesque been so conspicuous by its absence, and in nothing was its absence more marked than in its domestic buildings. Their interior arrangements were always comfortable, and the effect of their large and lofty rooms was often charming, sometimes even grand, but their exteriors were altogether cold and joyless. The fashionable mode which Inigo Jones introduced was taken up by less able men, and in their hands it became more and more expressionless and feeble. The ponderous works of Vanbrugh had a certain savage magnificence, due to their exaggerated bulk, which distinguished them from the works of his contemporaries; but, in spite of the encomium of Reynolds, his works can lay but little claim to be considered picturesque.

With the other architects of that time the only ambition was to be correct, and to follow carefully the prescriptions of the Italian architects of the preceding age. They were nothing if not classical. Unfortunately, however, the freedom and *abandon* of the Italian examples found no counterpart in the colder English works. Their authors built circumspectly, hesitatingly, as men speak when using a foreign tongue—missing its idiomatic force and

flexibility. It was of the first importance with them to avoid everything which would impugn the purity of their taste, or their fidelity to the examples of antiquity. In the end they only succeeded in being tame. Of individuality their work showed no trace. The art ("if art that may be called which art had none") no longer afforded, as in the Middle Ages, or even in the Tudor times, a field for the expression of feeling or the play of fancy. It became a mere passionless exercise of the intellect. Like poetry, architecture was, for the first time in its history, hampered by the imposition of inflexible rules, and the weight of the rule crushed all the vitality out of the art. It has been more than once pointed out that as civilisation advances poetry declines—the form becomes more polished and perfect, but the feeling evaporates, and the smoother the cadence the emptier the thought—and so it is with architecture. The "five orders" were reduced by degrees to accepted proportions, and their application regulated by rigid formulæ, until architecture seemed fitter to take rank with the exact sciences than to find a place in the company of the fine arts. Every superfluous piece of ornament was pared away, lest it should disturb the classic grace and simplicity of the design, and the burden of the proprieties became so onerous that even so mild a piece of architectural dissipation as a "broken pediment" was written down by the critical Dogberrys as a thing "most tolerable and not to be endured." It is true that the works of this period were not actively offensive; they were simply insipid. Their fault lay in an over-refinement of details and a kind of simpering grace. The *dilettanti* of the day applauded them as miracles of art. They fitted to each portion of the structure some learned name, and discoursed about the merits of their favourite style with complacent volubility. It became at last as easy to compose façades by the aid of Gibbs or Vignola as to write heroic couplets on the model of Pope, and both were turned out with the same copious facility. But the buildings bore that relation to the vigorous work of the Elizabethan architects which the smooth and mechanical versification of the followers of Pope bore to the rugged but passionate numbers of the Elizabethan poets. The imaginative faculty was dead in each. The form was "faultily faultless," but the spirit had fled. Mr. Matthew Arnold has, in a recent essay, pointed out that while the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the age of English poetry, the eighteenth was especially the age of English prose. In it our modern prose style arose and was formed, and acquired the precision, force, symmetry, and balance which distinguish it. This note of the age was faithfully responded to by its architecture. Of the architects of that time, perhaps, the only one who possessed any feeling for the pictorial side of architecture was the one most mercilessly lampooned by the wits of his day. I refer to Kent, who was, after all, more of a painter than an architect. He composed some of his designs upon lines quite foreign to the fashion of the day, and he was in some cases, I think, remarkably successful. The Horse Guards is an example with which every one is familiar. Seen from St. James's Park, it must strike every one by the picturesqueness of its composition. The detail is as severe and unobtrusive as one could desire. There is not an ounce of ornament about the whole structure. It is free from the absurdity of superimposed "orders," which was a prevailing weakness with Kent's contemporaries, but there is something about it which, looked at from a painter's point of view, is eminently satisfactory as contrasted with the buildings of his day. There is a pleasing relation and due subordination of parts, an artistic grouping around a central feature which we may look for in vain in the works of the same date. The clue to this superiority in point of picturesqueness which this building may undoubtedly claim over the majority of those of its time may be found in the fact that Kent's design reproduced almost exactly the leading lines and distinguishing features of the original "Barracks for His Majesty's Horse and Foot Guards," erected by Charles II. The pavilions, the central cupola, and the main elements in the composition which differentiate it from Georgian work are due to the Stuart architect, and were all repeated by Kent with only such modifications and simplifications as the translation from wooden construction to stone and the necessary concessions to the severer taste of the age demanded. The older building was, as a matter of course, the more picturesque of the two, and is shown by Canaletti's drawings and prints to have had a plentiful share of the high roofs and quaint wooden balconies and balustrades current in its day. Its successor nevertheless preserves, fairly well, the traditions of the older composition, and is in so far distinctly superior in the matter of picturesque outline and pictorial effectiveness to other works of the same date, and even by the same hand—as the old Treasury close by

demonstrates. Compare it with, say, the river-front of Somerset House, and think what a similar treatment might have given us, with such an opportunity and on such a site, in place of that long monotonous façade crowned by its twopenny cupola. The Strand front and the new flank have no doubt considerable merits, but no traveller along our "silent highway" would think of taking that dreary pile as a subject for his pencil. It is in such cases as this that we feel the absence of the exuberant fancy and constructive daring of the Tudor and Stuart architects.

With the year 1760 a new departure was taken. Two events occurred about that time which changed the course of the art, the effects of which are still felt in the architecture of the present day. I refer to the publication of Stuart's "Athens," and the purchase of Strawberry Hill by Horace Walpole, where he at once attempted to revive in his villa the obsolete beauties of the mediæval buildings. Stuart's book and Walpole's building were each hailed with acclamations by separate sets of enthusiasts. In each was seen a panacea for all the architectural ills which afflicted the world. The fashionable mode was at last dying of inanition, and we were bidden to go back severally to the source and fountain of all pure and noble art—Greece—and to the study of the neglected works of the Middle Ages. The disciples of Stuart set themselves to reproduce with mathematical precision the ancient glories of the Acropolis. The followers of Walpole longed only to resuscitate the picturesque charms of the decaying abbeys of our native land. The Athenians had the advantage of a more accurate knowledge of their originals, and were supported by the classical culture and temper of the time. But Walpole lent to the movement which he inaugurated the countenance of a man of the first fashion and the prestige of a brilliant name.

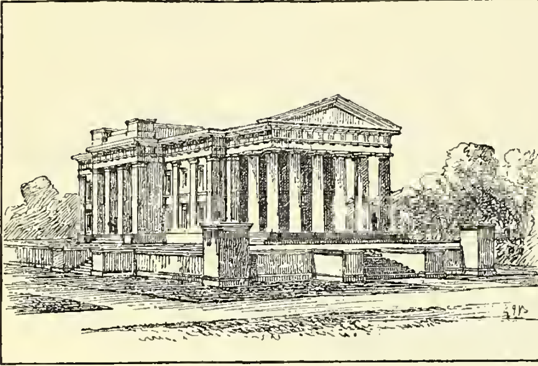


THE HORSE GUARDS, FROM THE PARADE GROUND.

Both leaders, however, set out on wrong paths in search of an unattainable ideal. The Grecian temple could not be harmonised with modern uses, and the ruined abbey could not be reproduced without the spirit which created it. The effort to adapt to modern requirements, and in a different climate, the refined yet sombre grace of a Greek temple, led to such monstrous failures as Grange House, of which a rough sketch is given on page 254.

The attempts at a revived Gothic were scarcely more sensible or more immediately satisfactory, but the pictorial quality was wholly on this side of the controversy, and the example of Walpole was destined to bear fruit hereafter. He was eminently fitted by nature to give an impulse to this new phase of art. "Every school-boy will remember"

Macaulay's brilliant description of his character and his work:—"He had a strange *ingenuity* peculiarly his own—an ingenuity

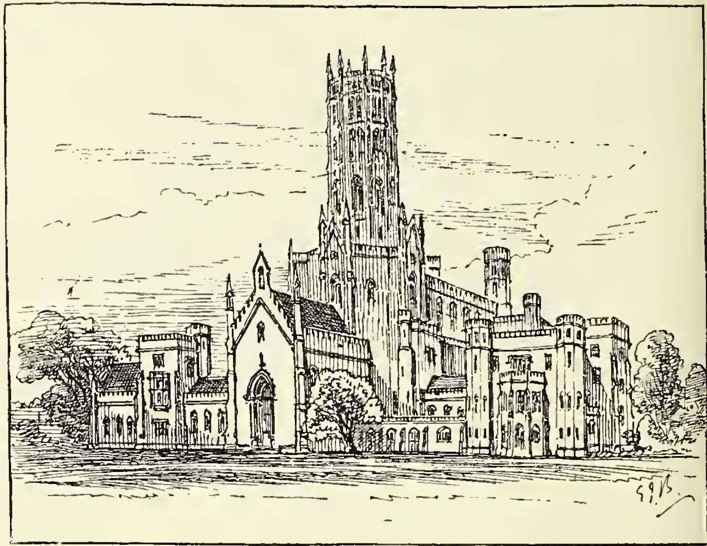


GRANGE HOUSE.
(*Misapplication of a Classic Model.*)

which appeared in all that he did, in his building, in his gardening, in his upholstery. To chat with blue-stockings, to superintend a private press, to decorate a grotesque house with pie-crust battlements, to procure rare engravings and antique chimney-boards, to match odd gauntlets, to lay out a maze of walks within five acres of ground—these were the grave employments of a long life. After having indulged in the recreation of making laws and voting millions, he returned to more important pursuits — to researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea-fight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrel. In his villa at Strawberry Hill every apartment was a museum, every piece of furniture a curiosity—there was something strange in the shape of the shovel, there was a long story belonging to the bell-rope. With the sublime and the beautiful Walpole had nothing to do, but the *odd* was his peculiar domain." No man of the time, probably, combined so many qualifications for giving an equal impetus to the Gothic Renaissance. For the revival of an art in which *ingenuity* of any kind had ceased to find a place, "he was, *point device*, the very man."

The doctrines he taught and the example he offered soon found followers, with the very best intentions and the very worst results. The author of "Vathek" sought to give magnificent expression to the new manner in an ambitious edifice at Fonthill, designed as a lordly pleasure-house for himself, and to represent at the same time "a convent in ruins." The latter part of the description was alone realised. The structure had not the remotest resemblance to any convent that ever existed, but it speedily became a "ruin." The poor lath and plaster subterfuge tumbled down in building, and again on its re-construction, nearly burying its unfortunate owner in its fall.

I give a rough outline of this strange caprice (as it was left by its builder in 1822) as a companion picture to Grange House, and am lost in wonder how any sane beings could have built two such monsters, so utterly unlike, so outrageously preposterous, with the belief that they were providing in the "highest style of art" a suitable residence for an English country gentleman. It seemed "as though some planet had outwitted men," for common sense found no place in the minds of those who could perpetrate such puerile absurdities. Nevertheless the pictorial element was entirely, as I have said, with the Gothic buildings, foolish and faulty though they were in conception and execution. The antiquarian spirit which Walpole popu-



FONTHILL.
(*Designed to represent also "a Convent in Ruins."*)

larised and Beckford followed was destined to re-appear in a healthier and more robust form in the romantic poetry of Scott, whose building at Abbotsford, by the way, was not so *very* far in advance of the vagaries of Fonthill. It was indeed long before the "true principles" of Gothic art found a suitable exponent. When

the Gothic villa became in turn "the mode," the later Perpendicular or Tudor works were generally taken for the model, and the most conspicuous features in the new buildings were the battlemented parapets, and a plentiful and symmetrical arrangement of perfectly useless turrets, duly loopholed for the archer or the musketeer. By some misfortune the word castellated got applied to these queer structures, and thenceforth they wore indeed "the *front* of Mars." Frowning machicolations, impracticable portcullises, parodies more or less close or comical of all the obsolete defensive machinery of an Edwardian fortress, were simulated in stucco. Sometimes even such audacious absurdities were actually perpetrated as those satirised by Pugin, where, with all manner of sham outworks and defensive appliances to the gateway, "an easy entrance night and day" into the drawing-room is provided round the corner, through a conservatory and a French casement. These absurd delusions were kept alive by the writers of the day, and even in the preface to the work of the elder Pugin we find the same radical error, the desire to reproduce literally an earlier building "with the propriety and consistence *it assumed as an ancient work*, in this case [*i.e.*, the one then under description] a small monastery partly modernised and adapted to the habitation of a gentleman's family." It must be owned that the classical revival did not land us in such absurdities as these. But their sway was only temporary. The lying spirit was at last exorcised. It was reserved for the wider and more exact knowledge of Welby Pugin to dispel this architectural nightmare, and to enforce, with all the fire of his genius, the axiom that the one thing we should learn from our ancestors was not to copy line by line their work, copy we never so faithfully, but to discover and adopt the principle upon which they worked and embodied the actual needs of their day in buildings of enduring beauty.

While the learned of both factions were spending fortunes on the kind of buildings above adverted to, there were being erected, by men who had no theories to govern them, simple structures of small pretensions indeed, but of sterling excellence. No one has thought it worth his while to sketch for us those temples over the correct beauties of which the Georgian wits were so complacent. They have no pictorial value whatever, and never gave a human being a moment's healthy pleasure. But no one can have travelled through an English county without being touched by the quaint picturesqueness of the quiet homestead, the village school, or even the peasant's cottage—types with which the drawings of Birket Foster and his followers have made us familiar. The lingering traditions of the Tudor builders are felt in these simple buildings, in which every artist finds delight. They seem to belong to the scenery in which they are set; growing naturally out of the soil and melting into the foliage which embosoms them; their tints are "carried through the picture" and form an harmonious whole. They satisfy, moreover, our sense of the fitness of things, and are eloquent of the homely comforts of English life. The great chimney-backs jutting boldly out from the enclosing walls speak plainly of cosy hearths and warm "settle" nooks. The hospitable porch gives at once that shelter which the "vast melancholy portico" in the neighbouring park does *not* afford, and offers inviting benches for gossip as the sun goes down. The tiled roof is itself a picture, perfect in its natural blending of lovely colour ranging from the brilliant yellow of the lichen through broken tints of orange and purplish browns to patches of the deepest crimson. I must, however, here draw to a close these desultory and imperfect remarks upon an inexhaustible subject. Its proper treatment would fill volumes, and, as Hallam pointed out long ago, would repay, in many ways, the earnest inquirer. Of these quiet homesteads, far away from the stir and fret and fever of life, and of the domestic architecture of the present day, I hope to speak hereafter. To my mind that architecture is full of hopefulness. In spite of some extravagances and occasional lapses into ultra "Queen Anne"-isms (wrongly so named, but more aptly designated "Queen An(ne)tics"), there is a common-sense element in it which goes hand in hand with a recognition of the equal claims of art. In many instances the attempt to combine the perfection of convenience with the satisfaction of the æsthetic sense is conspicuously happy, and will occur, I doubt not, to every reader of this magazine. I break off now in the hope that I may find an opportunity of returning to the subject, and to complete these fragmentary essays on one aspect of an art I love, by an inquiry into its present position and future prospects, with a view of seeing wherein lies the true hope of English Domestic Architecture.

E. Ingress Bell.

SCULPTURE AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

ONE of the chief features of the Paris Exhibition of 1878 was the magnificent waterfall beneath the Trocadéro Palace and the grand basin at the foot of the cascade. At the four angles of this basin were gigantic groups of animals, the bull, the horse, the elephant, and the rhinoceros, typical of the various quarters of the globe, while around it spouted streams of water from an infinity of grotesque heads, or masks. These masks, modelled by M. Legrain, were among the most amusing examples of the sculptor's art in the exhibition, and the one we have selected for our present illustration was perhaps the best of the series.

The idea of a jet of water issuing from the human mouth has, even when treated by the most refined artists, something of a repugnant character, and in the case of drinking water it is difficult to escape this feeling. In his numerous adaptations of masks for this purpose, some others of which we hope in time to illustrate, M. Legrain has, however, succeeded remarkably well in avoiding suggestions other than those of the most comic and ludicrous nature. There is something intensely laughable in the head which forms the subject of our present observations. The eager earnestness with which our friend is engaged in contributing his quotum to fill the grand basin, the inflated cheeks, the puckered lips, and the staring eyes are full of character, and there is a passionate energy in the way he is performing his allotted task which cannot fail to impress even the most casual observer.

COLOSSAL BULL.

(By M. Cain. Grand Basin of the Trocadéro Palace.)

Our other illustration represents the famous bull which was modelled by M. Cain. It was colossal in size, and was executed in cast-iron richly gilt. The bases on which the groups were placed were square in plan, and this form was evidently one which gave the sculptors some considerable difficulty in the arrangement of the animals. M. Cain, by the bold manner in which he disposed the rockwork on which the bull stands, entirely avoided the awkwardness of the square pedestal. Beneath the animal, thus chosen to typify Europe, we hav

a plough and some wheatsheaves to remind us of her agricultural pursuits.

The water-supply for the cascade which filled the grand basin was pumped up from the Seine, and the stream of water which flowed from the

GROTESQUE HEAD.
(By M. Legrain. From the Cascade Basin.)

nain reservoir required no less a volume than ?,800 tons of water per hour. One of the most ingular facts concerning these magnificent rtificial basins and cascades, and one which vas generally unknown to the great mass of 'isitors to the Paris Exhibition, was that the ntire site of the Trocadéro Garden and Palace had been for ages the stone quarry of Paris, and the subsoil was pierced in every direction and honeycombed out into vast caves, the arched roofs of these subterranean vaults being supported by stone pillars, left for the purpose. In order to receive the water-works a layer of solid concrete of enormous thickness had to be spread over the old workings, and so thoroughly was this done that the whole structure remained as sound and free from leakages as if it had been placed upon a bed of rock.

"TONE HARMONIES," AND THE MODERN SCHEME OF COLOUR.

THOSE who watch with attention the caprices of fashion must have been latterly very much puzzled to reconcile their preconceived notions of the laws of beauty and harmony in olour, with the present predominance of ull and sober tints — the juxtaposition of broken colours which by rights ought not to harmonise at all; in short, the violation of nearly every accepted canon of taste in colour which is rife in dress, in decoration, pottery, and furniture.

Unfortunately not even the simplest elements of the science of colour are commonly taught in schools, so that it is not usual to find, ex-

cepting amongst experts, more than a knowledge of the three primary colours, and their relation to each other in the formation of the secondaries; with a floating idea that certain colours are ugly in combination, and certain others are beautiful. But even to those who have gone much farther in the science, who have studied the works of the best writers and exponents on the subject, the immense acceptation which has been achieved by the "tone harmonies" of Mr. Whistler in painting, Mr. Morris in decoration, and the daring and subtle colouring of the Japanese, must have been bewildering.

Now, without pretending to decide upon the relative merits of the older as compared with the present school of colour for which the time is scarcely ripe, or attempting a criticism of the latter, it may nevertheless be useful to try to define the root of the distinction between them. In order to do this intelligibly it will be necessary to come to an understanding upon the technical meaning of two of the principal terms of the science of colour and the *art* of colouring. These are different things, quite as distinct, in fact, as the science of music and the art of musical composition. As in the case of music, too, the power of appreciation differs much in degree in different individuals, some persons being extremely sensitive to shades and tones of colour, whilst others are almost callous to anything short of the most violent contrasts. Just as it is of no use to attempt to make a musician of one who has "no ear," it is equally futile to try to make a colourist of one who has "no eye."

The parallelism between the two sciences does not stop here, and it would be easy to instance many singularly striking coincidences between them.

The earlier writers upon colour, beginning with Field and David Ramsay Hay, accordingly adopted many of the terms of music, and applied them to parallel phenomena in colour, as the readiest means of conveying distinct ideas to the minds of students. Whether this is an unmixed advantage may well be doubted, as we are hereby presented with a series of words which have different significations according to the science to which they are applied. It is, however, too late now to alter the terminology of the science, and we must be content to use the words in the sense which custom has sanctioned.

The two terms which, for the present purpose, need consideration are *harmony* and *melody*.

In colour, when we speak of *harmony*, we intend such a scheme of contrasting colours as shall contain all the three primaries, red, yellow and blue, in their correct proportion for the particular tone aimed at, which tone is determined by the predominance of one or two of the three primaries.

By the term *melody* we mean two or more colours in such juxtaposition that they form a part or the whole of the prismatic spectrum, whether in their natural direct order or inverted.

These two terms being understood, we shall be prepared to realise what is meant when we say that the older colourists founded their scheme upon harmony. This is stated in Hay's book, on "The Laws of Harmonious Colouring," almost in the same terms that we have used in the definition of harmony. Hay also treats upon the subject of melody, pointing out, in his remarks upon each colour, its natural melodising hues, which are, of course, those next in order on either side of the given colour in the prismatic spectrum. Harmony, or the combination of the three primaries, is, however, the dominant idea in the minds of the older colourists.

Examining the works of the more advanced colourists of the present day by the light of the same test, we shall find that it no longer applies. In these works, for example, we shall have, in a whole room, nothing but a series of dull and undecided greenish-blues and bluish-greens, or of yellowish-browns and brownish-yellows, relieved, it may be, by a bright spot or two of relatively decided colour. And yet, strange to say, the effect of these combinations, in skilful hands, is not only harmonious in the sense of not presenting any discords, but it is often deliciously sweet and tender. Neither is this work monotonous, nor gloomy, nor dingy, notwithstanding that it is certainly not in accordance with the fundamental principles of colour according to the old school. In it we see the use that may be made of two only of the primaries, nor is the absence felt of the third, the neutralising effect of which is so much insisted on as a necessity by the older writers. It is, of course, true that in a sense the third primary is in all cases actually present, inasmuch as none of the tertiaries can possibly be ever approached without the admission of the complementary colour, and some may therefore prefer to say that the modern scheme is only a natural extension of the old one, but characterised by a predominance of low toned colours. Whether this is so or not, it will be more convenient for our present purpose, admitting that there is a strongly-marked distinction in aim and effect between the two schools, to adopt a theory for the later one

which, while it gives the key to its divergence from the other, is also an index of its peculiar characteristics.

Such a theory may be found in supposing that *melody*, as previously defined, and not *harmony*, is the principal object of the artist. For this purpose the elements are the colours of a portion only of the prismatic spectrum, and not the whole of them as in harmony. On examination of the works of the modern school, we shall find melodising colours constantly used in juxtaposition, harmoniously contrasting or complementary ones seldom. Thus, while the old school would never use blue without its neutralising colour orange, and so forth, the modern one commingles blues and greens or reds and purples. The colourist of the old school would also, for example, use purple as a melodising colour between blue and red, but he would also want a mass of yellow to complete the harmony. Our modern colourist will take his red and his blue, and ring the changes upon low tones of the two combined, without feeling the want of the complementary colour. In any russet hues that might be introduced, the third primary is of course present, but not in any sense in sufficient quantity to harmoniously neutralise the other two.

If, without insisting upon scientific exactness, it is admitted that this theory affords a sufficiently convenient distinction between the two schools, we might shortly characterise them respectively as—first, the school of harmonious contrasts; second, the school of melodious intervals.

We must not, however, be understood to imply that the old colourists ignored or even unduly depreciated the value of melody, for that would be incorrect, melody being, in fact, an essential part of their theory. It was not, however, the dominant characteristic of the style.

Of course it also does not follow that one scheme is right and the other wrong. I would rather say that the modern one is a natural development of the old (the latter being a necessary preparation for the other), owing its birth to a more refined appreciation of the laws which govern decorative art. Whether the style now in vogue be permanent or fleeting is not now the point, but after excluding much that is only *bizarre*, and of purpose wild and eccentric, there yet remains a sufficiently palpable residuum of sterling work which seems to be part and parcel of the great advance in artistic insight characteristic of the present time, and although fashion will, of course, remain inconstant to the end of the chapter, we may, I think, conclude that we shall no more return to the comparatively obvious and crude scheme of contrasting colours for decorative purposes, than we are likely to take up again with the Gothic craze which was the accompaniment of the beginning of the art-revival of the age.

CHARLES W. DEMPSEY.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

HUBERT HERKOMER, A.R.A.

ENGLAND has always shown a facility—nay, an alacrity—in assimilating the elements of the foreign genius. Insular we must needs be, but our insularity is modified by a genuine receptiveness. Our language is distinctively our own, yet it is combined from the tongues of alien races with more richness of various mixtures than is to be found in the speech of nations "unwalled by seas;" our blood is mingled, and the more mingled the better for intellectual strength and physical beauty; and now our art, which has of late been much less general than the other phases of our life and culture, has begun again to profit by the example and experience of those countries which have more of the pictorial, as we have more of the literary, genius. And it is not merely example and experience for which we owe thanks to France, Italy, Holland, Hungary, Spain, and Bavaria; for they have lent us the more vital elements of contemporary work. The name of Mr. Herkomer is immediately called to mind as that of an illustrious stranger within our gates, who has given English art this most effectual help, and from whom it has derived an individual kind of vigour. Nor, indeed, is there any work in our galleries which, in matter as in manner, has stronger purpose and more living power than his. He has apparently so little sympathy with any but

the austerer phases of life and character that he hardly ever deals with the youth and beauty and affluence of this world. Two things are to him superlatively attractive—old age and poverty; and these he treats, not with sentimental softness, not with an over-insistence upon that pathos of labour of which we have had so much in recent art; he does not seek to make the decay of life pretty by investing it with what we may call a kind of vulgar poetry; but on the other hand nothing which he touches is left prosaic. No one who rates at its true value the facile picture of peasant life with which we are all familiar can fail to understand what we mean by vulgar poetry; and no one who knows the Dutch school of Jan Steen and the English school of George Cruikshank is ignorant of the most prosaic of all prose in the art which deals with "low life." Mr. Herkomer has taken the line of truth, sincerer than that of the sentimentalist, and nobler than that of the "humorist." It is his love of truth, indeed, which has made the peasant dear to him; only by singleness and sincerity can such a subject be understood and loved. And with regard to this love he has adopted a quasi-paradox of Mr. Ruskin's, whose heart is altogether with every true painter of the grave and innocent life of shepherds and villagers: "The painter must love the peasant more than his picture, but the picture must be something better than the peasant." Moreover, Mr. Herkomer paints his subject with a sympathy which can only come of intimate knowledge. For though English

Yours faithfully
Hubert Herkomer

(*From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliot and Fry.*)

"EVENTIDE."

(*By H. Herkomer, A.R.A. From the Picture exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1878.*)

in his studies and by choice, he seems to be also a Bavarian, and a Bavarian of the mountains, at heart. It was Mr. Ruskin, if we remember right, who first drew attention to the fact of the keen, tender, and abiding patriotism of the denizens of hill-countries in comparison with the feeling of dwellers in plains. It is true that the Dutch are, and have been always, politically patriotic, but their heroic love of country has clung rather to their own people and their own principles than to the actual soil; whereas the mountaineer passionately loves the rocks and rivers, the sheep-tracks, the lonely dwellings, the outlines of the hills upon the sky—forms to which his eyes have grown familiar as to the constellations of the skies themselves. It is the evidence of such a love of the soil which gives to much of our artist's work its most serious charm and its truest value.

Hubert Herkomer was born in Waal, Bavaria, in 1849, so that the fame which he has acquired has been gained within the unusually early age of thirty years; and his great picture so far, *par excellence,* and the one which obtained for him a memorable distinction at Paris, was painted at twenty-five or twenty-six. The child's cosmopolitan experiences began early. In 1851 his father, a wood-carver of ability, settled for six years in the United States, after which England was chosen as a place of abode, the father of the family being in search of a fairer field for his labour and talents. Hubert was so delicate a child that his education lagged for a time; in one respect, nevertheless, he was not behindhand, for he began his studies at thirteen in the Art-School of Southampton, and gained a medal in his first year. In 1865 came a spell of Bavarian life, the artist's father having received a commission for wood-carving in the city of Munich, and then followed a short five months in South Kensington—a school which, whatever its defects may be (and we have Mr. Ruskin's word that they are many), has certainly the credit of having either trained, or assisted in training, some of the foremost of the younger artists of the day. Hubert Herkomer's studies there were interrupted for a time, as he found it necessary to return to Southampton. His artistic activity, however, was unabated, for at the place of his first efforts he not only assisted in setting on foot a life-school, but organised an exhibition of the works of the young local artists, and himself enjoyed that important event of an aspirant's early years—the first sale of a picture. His intermitted studies at South Kensington were resumed in 1867, but again only for a few months, for in the following year we find him working, under grave difficulties, in the village of Hythe. In 1869 he exhibited for the first time in London, and from this date begins his London career—for he established himself in town at the same time—a career which shows an unchecked course of progress and success. The Dudley Gallery, which has provided so many with a friendly entrance into the public world of art, was the scene of Hubert Herkomer's first triumph—the distinction of the "place of honour," which, by the way, not even the open Dudley Gallery accords often to an unknown name. This was in the spring of 1870, and the work thus favoured was a water-colour entitled "Hoeing." It was in water-colours, indeed, that the young artist first attracted decided attention. Having joined by invitation at about this time the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, he exhibited in its galleries a number of drawings of exceptional originality and force. They were executed in a manner peculiar to himself, with strong outlines and audacious impressionary effects of out-door light, having for subject little garden-scenes, fishing-scenes, and any of the more accidental passages of nature and of climate. With these were more important and more national figure-subjects, "Abendbrod," "At the Well," and "Rest," among others. He was working meanwhile in black and white, having joined the staff of the *Graphic.* In 1870 he painted in Normandy a scene of the Franco-German War, "Reading War News," and in 1873 occurred that first appearance at the Royal Academy which is one of the landmarks of every artist's life. The leap was sudden, indeed, from these more or less tentative works to "The Last Muster" of only two years later. One water-colour, indeed, had appeared in the intervening season at the Institute—"Im Walde"—which was in a manner the herald of his great triumph; nevertheless "The Last Muster" was a surprise. The youth of the painter and the solemnity of his subject, the simplicity of materials and the nobility of feeling, the unimportance, as pictures, of his previous suggestive water-colour drawings, and the impressiveness, completeness, and greatness of this sudden *chef-d'œuvre,* all combined to form a series of antitheses of startling interest. We are told that the Selecting Committee at the Royal Academy, though weary with a long day's work, were fresh enough at the appearance of the Pensioners to welcome the picture with a round of applause; and Sir Frederick Leighton

and Mr. Richmond, among others, wrote their congratulations to the artist. It was hung on the line, and, as every one remembers, proved to be emphatically one of the pictures of its year. Its great popularity, indeed, makes it hardly necessary to remind our readers of its most touching and most significant subject. Heroic old age, conquered by time in spite of heroism, the veteran in whom the ashes of an old fire still smoulder, the flickering life, and the extinct face which droops in the centre of the composition—these are elements into which either easy or overstrained sentiment might easily have intruded. Mr. Herkomer's conception of his subject has been neither facile nor unreal, but nobly simple and true. As is almost invariably the case with work of really fine quality when it has a readily intelligible motive and intention, "The Last Muster" took the popular heart, Mr. Herkomer being one of the happy few who have touched the public emotion by obeying and not by violating the highest laws of their own art. Three years later the seal of an international verdict was set on this picture at Paris, where the jury, most truly representative of the modern taste of many races, awarded it the highest honour in their gift.

In 1876 Mr. Herkomer's academy picture was an equally serious one—in the best sense of the term. The subject of "At Death's Door" is rather solemn than sad if looked at in the grave and sincere spirit in which the scene of actual life is acted, and in which it has also been painted. To a rude Bavarian dwelling on the cold hill-side towards twilight the priest has brought the sacraments from the village church; a peasant is dying within, and the tapers of the little procession are seen burning through the windows; on the stones of the mountain-path outside kneel a group of peasants, men and women, also with lights in their hands, undemonstrative in action, reserved yet purely unconscious in expression, as pathetic as Nature herself, yet with as little effort after pathos. A gayer incident of religion in the Bavarian highlands followed in the succeeding year, when Mr. Herkomer exhibited "Der Bittgang," the "Prayer-walk" of peasants through the fields in supplication for a blessing on their harvest; and in 1878 appeared "Eventide," the original of one of our engravings. Here the courageous artist deals not with heroic old age, but with old age in its most abject phase, and not with the noble poverty of peasants among their mountains, but with the unhappy pauperism of London; and yet he has not failed to impart to the types of these old work-house women a certain dignity which the eye of the thoughtful and worthy artist sees in all human things, and which his hand is able to liberate. To the Grosvenor Gallery, as well as to the Academy, Mr. Herkomer industriously contributes, and among his works there exhibited was the "Life, Light, and Melody," a Bavarian village scene, which we engrave; a portrait of Richard Wagner, the compatriot and friend of the artist, who is himself an accomplished musical amateur; "Who Comes Here?" a strikingly vivid study of expression; the well-known portrait of Alfred Tennyson; "A Descendant of the Romans;" the portrait of Mr. Ruskin, exhibited this year in Bond Street, which ranks among the noblest of his works, and many more. Mr. Herkomer was represented at the Paris International Exhibition by water-colours and etchings, as well as by paintings. To the art of etching, indeed, he has devoted time, thought, and labour during the last two years, with great results. While avoiding the perhaps too stenographic note-taking of the modern French school, he has preserved that principle which is the genius of the art—the principle of interpretation as opposed to imitation; his needle expresses his subject and his own feeling with the fine sympathy which no other instrument probably can so sensitively secure. And he has learned to express himself not only by the needle, but also by the burin; a picture from his hand, and the artist's own engraving of it, are in this year's Academy. Moreover, he intends to study landscape-painting with redoubled assiduity this summer, having himself perfected an invention of huts and tents by which he will be enabled to wait on Nature in her own shy moments, and watch her with the sincerity and patience which tell so unmistakably in a picture. His faithful life of strenuous effort in difficulties, and of sensitive feeling in keen sorrows and joys, cannot fail to give its own true stamp to his art.

Mr. Herkomer was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in the spring of 1879. He is also a member of the Vienna Imperial Academy of Art, of the Brussels Institute of Water-Colours, of the Liverpool Institute, and of the Royal Society of Water-Colour Painters at the Hague. Thus the different and rival schools of several nations have already adopted him, but England claims him as her permanent guest; his greatest work has been a picture of our soldiers; and the ties of friendship and of marriage have, we trust, bound him for life to the country which becomes yearly more proud of him.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

MIRROR-FRAME.

FROM the days of Grinling Gibbons to our own, we have had only one wood-carver up to the highest mark of excellence, viz., the late Mr. Rogers, father of H.M. former Consul at Cairo. Although this dearth of talent has lasted more than a century and a half, with the emphatic exception we have named, we are glad to see that public interest in this beautiful art is being once more revived, and that active steps have lately been taken to ensure its being properly taught. With the view of keeping alive this interest, we have transferred to our pages a mirror-frame by a Venetian wood-carver named Paneiera Besarel, whose work exhibits more

MIRROR-FRAME.
(A Wood Carving by Panciera Besarel, of Venice.)

character and plasticity than perhaps any other Italian that could be named. The works of half a score wood-carvers were exhibited at the Naples Exhibition, but none of them came up to our artist. As in the case before us, nearly all Besarel's subjects are composed from the figures of nude children. The late Mr. Rogers was remarkably happy in the same field, and gave wonderful form and flesh texture to his cherubs; but we do not remember him ever forming a whole wreath of little ones as we have here. The variety and naïveté of attitude, the perfection of the modelling and the simplicity and completeness of the grouping of the children, and the elegance of the general contour into which that grouping is thrown, all speak loudly in favour of the art-genius of Signor Panciera Besarel. J. F. R.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE spring water-colours in this attractive little general exhibition show as steady an improvement as the winter oil-paintings in the same place; and the Societies, in spite of their distinctive standing and character, have every year a more and more attractive rival at the Egyptian Hall. Fresh ideas, styles in vogue, the ephemeral but taking phases of the fashion, the touch of Continental influence, are felt here in all their pleasant freshness more quickly than elsewhere. The spring show of 1880 contains something more than good level work; here and there a drawing of quite unusual power makes its own memorable mark. Such, for instance, are Signor Cabianca's three grand Venetian studies, Mr. Alfred Parson's "Drowsy Land," Mr. John White's "Sweets," and M. Jules Lessore's "Notre Dame." In these there are qualities of vigour, freshness, and masculine originality which will never be common on the walls of any gallery. Signor Cabianca, indeed, is one of the masters of his art; his water-colour work is among the grandest, richest, and truest of its time. "Sisters of Charity" is one of those studies which, in spite of their low tone, or perhaps because of it, managed as it is by him, shine with a light which no brightness of colour could compass, and which no neighbouring brightness can overcome; nay, the "killing" effect of the simple white bonnets of these "Sisters of Charity" on the bright passages of any drawings near it is, unfortunately for the latter, only too complete. Signor Cabianca's materials are as simple as his subjects, and his colour has a richness which he has the rare power of combining with a general coolness—indeed, with the avoidance of anything approaching to a hot tone. As regards execution, his easy and somewhat rough mastery of surface, texture, and atmospheric effect is united with a certain tenderness of touch which makes a grey space of wall in his drawings more poetical than a sunset light or a touch of moonlight would be in other hands. "An Asylum for Old Women, Venice," has more glow of varied colour, but the grandest of his three drawings is undoubtedly "Snow at Venice." We have seen the Adriatic city wearing in art every aspect except this of snow, in which Signor Cabianca is perhaps the first to exhibit her; he has caught the chill, the misery, the contradiction of his subject with subtle feeling, and the expression of the figure—that of an old woman shrinking down some steps towards a gondola which lies in the foreground water—is as finely expressive as are the inanimate components of the desolate little scene. There is no expanse of snow, no white surface, but only the down and fringe of chilly powder which has alighted on wall and ledge, accentuating the desolate blackness and bleakness of water, wall, and chimney; the distant glimpse of sky is also finely touched with frost, and yet there is not a cold colour in the picture—indeed, a technically cold tint is as impossible to a fine colourist as is a hot tint. In composition these drawings are as complete as in their other qualities.

"The Drowsy Land" is the not altogether happy title of the best of Mr. Parson's excellent landscapes, in which the freshness and freedom of effect, the cool greys and greens, admirably studied cloudy sky, and the audacity of an ugly black and white wooden bridge which spans the picture, give anything but an idea of drowsiness either in the artist or in his subject. "Sweets," by Mr. John White, is a portrait of a baby, flaxen-haired and dressed in rich browns, with the light falling on the top of the little head; we do not remember to have ever before seen infantine character in pose and expression so intelligently caught, the action of the hands alone being a study of entire truth. Nor is any figure-subject in the room superior to this in force of manner. In "Notre Dame," a small grey

sketch on one of the screens, M. Jules Lessore cleverly gives a ceaseless movement and the vital coming and going of a city, by the merest suggestions.

Our short survey of the Dudley must perforce be confined to the best drawings exhibited, and among these are to be placed Mr. Pownoll Williams' "Golden Sunshine, Venice," and "Near the Ponte Lungo," the first being quite extraordinarily luminous and bold. Mr. Percy Macquoid sends a clever studio interior which he calls—and some will protest against the extra-pictorial wit of the title—"A Disarrangement in Blue." Two dogs, very well drawn and good in action, have pulled down a lay figure with all its carefully disposed draperies, and are playing with the ruins; turquoise blue is repeated with varieties throughout the drawing. "Leaning Spire of Lehore Church, Brittany," by Mr. W. Forbes Macbean, and "Holding On," by Mr. Yeend King, are both excellent for their freshness and truth, as is also Mr. Hugh Wilkinson's "Study from Nature." Mr. Waterlow contributes as usual a number of mellow and finished if rather literal works, each one of which is full of pleasing qualities, while strength and originality are to be found in the small and modest drawing of gipsy's carts, "Beside the Course," by Mr. C. Lambert. Mr. Leslie Thomson, intending to grapple with the facts of the world, exhibits a tender little landscape with the title of "The Iron Age," in which he has set some dozen tall chimneys smoking into a clear sky. But as this sky would in real truth have been defiled from the horizon to the zenith in such a centre of industry, we are led to ask whether it is possible for the arts to deal quite frankly with these features of the modern world. Mr. Coventry Patmore has written an ode on the autumn fields, in which he sings of the buzzing steam-engines, manned by stokers, which do the work of the reapers in the modern harvest, but we doubt whether he has succeeded better than Mr. Leslie Thomson with his chimneys. We must not conclude without a word of praise to Mr. Schmalz's "Cologne from Deutz," to Mr. H. Tuke's "Wood near Torquay," and to the drawings by Mr. Arthur Severn, Mr. Mark Fisher, and Mr. W. Magrath.

MICHAEL ANGELO: A SKETCH.

FOR more than two hundred years Italy had been giving forth her great men—marvellous geniuses in literature, and art, and architecture. Her greatest poet had come and gone, and left his undying impress upon the world. Great painters there had been, from Cimabue and Giotto, to Perugino and Giovanni Bellini, while architecture had found a noble representative in Brunelleschi. But in that rich Renaissance period, whose stores of intellectual and artistic culture are inexhaustible, sculpture had not yet found a master worthy of its early perfection, though the great names of Pisano, Donatello, and Ghiberti recalled the grace and beauty of early art. Its glory still dwelt in the exquisite Greek works which had found their way to Italy in imperial times, or owed their existence to Greek artists who had settled under the wings of the new mistress of the world.

It remained for a Michael Angelo to prove to his countrymen that an Italian lived, so great a master in his art, that he rivalled the Greeks themselves, and founded a school of sculpture which, in genius, and majesty, and power, nothing has ever surpassed. Touches there are, too, of deep tenderness and pathos in his great works which awaken in our hearts love as well as reverence, but in dexterity and grace one cannot but feel that he is not near his great masters and models, the early Greeks. The criticism of Gibson the sculptor is somewhat harsh as to this—"Michael Angelo was a wonderful mortal, but celestial beauty and grace he never arrived at. If Phidias could have seen his great works in Florence he would have exclaimed, 'Here is indeed a most clever and wonderful sculptor, but a barbarian.'"

The Greeks entrance us with the loveliness, and playful fancy, and winning grace of their sculptures, and even in some great works, like "The Dying Gladiator" and "The Laocoon," touch our most sympathetic feelings. Their religion taught them nothing more. It is the Christian sculptor who awakens in us depths of reverence and awe; we bow the head in humility as in the presence of a great soul—a mighty Titan in loftiness of conception and grandeur of execution; and we feel that he carries us to something beyond and above. Such associa-

tions must his "Moses" and "David" awaken —associations to which there is nothing parallel in the finest works of the Greeks. It is something like the difference between the exquisite imagery and graceful diction of Tennyson's beautiful poetry—the flowers that delight our eyes and refine our minds—and the majestic numbers and mighty thoughts of Milton's great epic, which bring us face to face with the eternal truths for which our immortal souls cry out.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti was born in 1475 at Caprese, in Tuscany, of which town his father was *podestà*, or chief magistrate. His family was noble, descended from the Counts of Canossa; but he, according to the custom of his age, was put out to nurse. His foster-mother was a stonemason's wife in the village of Settignano, near to Florence, where his family returned soon after his birth. He used playfully to remark in after-life that he drank in his love of handling the chisel with his mother's milk. His boyhood was passed in Florence amidst the rare beauties of nature which surround that city, amidst the studios of the celebrated painters of the day—under the shadow of Brunelleschi's majestic dome, whose beauty and strength were ever an enchantment to him, and of Giotto's exquisite campanile, which Professor Ruskin calls "that headstone of beauty." Beside these he could study the great principles of architecture, from which he afterwards constructed and perfected one of the greatest architectural marvels of the world.

Lorenzo de Medici ruled in Florence at that time. The cultivation of letters was the prevailing taste, and young Buonarroti's father desired that his son should be a scholar, and take his place amongst the accomplished men of his time. Great was his mortification at the determined bent of the youth's mind, but after much opposition he had to give way, and at last consented to his son being apprenticed in the studio of Ghirlandajo, one of the eminent painters of Florence. While there he painted some of the figures in his master's frescoes, which are still to be seen in the Church of Sta. Maria Novella in that city.

Michael Angelo must have been of a somewhat turbulent disposition — uncompromising we know he was—for before his term of apprenticeship expired he had quarrelled with Ghirlandajo, and quitted his studio, or was dismissed by his master's jealousy, while to his dying day he bore the disfigurement of a broken nose inflicted by Torrigiano the sculptor.

Accident introduced the young artist to Lorenzo the Great, who speedily discovered his talent. He had been much struck with an antique faun which Michael Angelo had sculptured, and forthwith invited him to his table, and even got the young sculptor's father, unwillingly, to consent to his dwelling in the Medici Palace. It must have been no small privilege for the young Buonarroti to be admitted to the society of the wits, and poets, and scholars who daily met in the wonderful *réunions* of the Medici Garden, who discussed and adored Plato, and revelled in the "golden poetry" of Greece. Doubtless this cultivated his taste and informed his mind, and yet it did not destroy the simplicity of soul and grandeur of character, the loving nature (sensitive to beauty) and craving affection, which shone forth from beneath the rugged exterior of the man. He has been likened to Beethoven, who was another massive genius and rough exterior with a tender soul and refined nature; and the parallel still holds good as to their being the "somewhat scornful students of masters, great in their own line, but inferior in fire and originality of genius," for Beethoven also quarrelled with his master Haydn, and left him.

But there were other influences at work on the mind of Michael Angelo as well as the scholarly society of his age. There was the study of the works of Orcagna, replete with imagination and power, as we can see them in the frescoes of the Strozzi Chapel at Florence; there was the kindred poetry of Dante, in which the deeply religious spirit of the young sculptor delighted; and there was the preaching of Savonarola, that noble soldier and martyr of the cross, who bore the standard of truth and righteousness aloft, and swayed the minds of men to such an extent that even sceptical, luxurious, licentious, scoffing Florence yielded to his powerful influence, and for a time turned from her sins. Lorenzo himself was moved to repentance, and sent on his death-bed for the great preacher of the Duomo, who thundered out, with such power, the terrors of the law; but Lorenzo died unshriven by Savonarola, for his ambition, his darling sin, was the one thing he could not give up.

One can well imagine how a great aspiring nature like Michael Angelo's would be filled with admiration and reverence for such a being as Savonarola, and how the deep piety and truth of the one man would find a full response in the heart of the other. When, on the expulsion of the Medici from Florence, the young Buonarroti went to Bologna, he carried in

his heart more of the deep religious teaching of Savonarola, and the spiritual meaning of Dante, than the vain philosophies and classical conceits of the Medici gatherings. Dante and his Bible he studied there most intently, and their influence is to be traced in all his works. In later life he, along with many of his fellow-citizens, petitioned the Medici to claim the precious dust of their great poet, and bring him back to Florence, offering to execute a monument to him; but the prayer of Michael Angelo met with no response.

At Bologna he contributed to the figures of S. Dominic's tomb, the fine work of Niccola Pisano, and produced that lovely kneeling angel, holding a candelabrum, which is pre-eminent amongst his sculptures for grace and beauty, executed, as it was, before his intense study of the Belvedere Torso at Rome had, as Gibson tells us, led him somewhat to exaggerate the anatomy of his figures. Here also he studied, with great admiration, the bas-reliefs of Jacopo della Quercia on the façade of S. Petronio—fine works on the subject of the Creation, some of which Michael Angelo reproduced years afterwards in his great frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. Forced to leave Bologna by the jealousy of his brother artists, he was invited to Rome by Cardinal San Giorgio in 1496, and his first work there was a *Pietà,* which now stands in one of the chapels of St. Peter's. He was but twenty-one or twenty-two when that group was executed, and time had not yet developed the full result of his anatomical studies. The whole fabric of society at Rome was frightfully corrupt at this time, from the infamous Alexander VI., who held the Papal chair, to the lowest grades of the populace; and we can picture how the proud, reserved soul of the young sculptor held itself aloof from the glittering hollow-hearted throng, and worked at his *Pietà* with all the reverence of his strong nature. On this sculpture he inscribed his name—a solitary instance—which looks as if he specially loved it. He left Rome in 1501 to return to his own city, to which he clung with the love of a true patriot.

Then he began his great work of "David," which took him two years of incessant toil to accomplish, occasionally varying it by painting the only easel picture which we feel certain of being his, namely, "The Holy Family" in the Tribune of the Uffizzi Gallery at Florence. It is a fine picture and a beautiful group, but the colouring strikes one as cold and grey, surrounded as it is by rich Titians and Raffaelles. Undoubtedly sculpture was Michael Angelo's forte, though his great genius made him a master in the three sister arts, and found vent also in the kindred spirit of poetry. Many of his sonnets breathe forth the highest expression of poetry. It was the great soul pent up within that somewhat harsh exterior, embittered, while still young, by want of sympathy, angered by the vices of his countrymen and his inability to set wrong right, which sought an outcome for his deepest feelings in stone, and marble, and frescoes which are the wonder of the world.

We see his deep passionate nature in all his works, ennobled by the constraint he put upon himself, but with a sense of latent power within them that fills one with awe as to what his "Davids" and "Moses," his "Isaiahs" and "Elijahs" might be roused to do. How every stroke of the chisel was fraught with the man's heart! And the sculptor had no slight work in those days, for he did not merely mould his model as the modern sculptor does, and leave the design to be worked out in marble by dint of his workmen's tools, and measuring line, and compasses—only putting the finishing touches himself—but with his own hands he worked out of the block of marble the conception of his heart and brain; he dug therein until he found, according to ancient theory, the beautiful form which was imprisoned in the mass of stone.

For the mighty "David," eighteen feet high, Michael Angelo had no other guide than a little wax figure of as many inches, which he had designed. As he says himself—

> "When divine Art conceives a form and face,
> She bids the craftsman for his first essay
> To shape a simple model in mere clay:
> This is the earliest birth of Art's embrace.
> From the live marble in the second place
> His mallet brings into the light of day
> A thing so beautiful that who can say
> When time shall conquer that immortal grace?"

The "David" of Florence and the "Moses" of Rome seem to us the most noble of all his sculptured works. The former represents the young shepherd just after he had slung the stone which slew Goliath; and we have to remember that he was a youth of sixteen or seventeen, to account for the size of the head compared with the breadth of the shoulders. But Michael Angelo strove to be true to nature in every particular, and the tall, overgrown figure, the splendid limbs somewhat loosely set, and the undeveloped chest are just what you would expect in a youth of that age. The head is grand, and the expression full of strength and sweetness, showing promise of the great war-

rior-king who was already the "sweet Psalmist of Israel." This statue was a commission from the city, and Michael Angelo was permitted to choose its site, which he did at the entrance of the Palazzo Pubblico. And there it was placed with public pomp, and stood for two hundred years, the pride of Florence; but when last we were there it had been removed to the Accademia delle Belle Arti, as a crack in one of the feet had alarmed the authorities lest their great statue should become more injured by exposure. The Florentines mourn deeply the departure of their beloved "David," and some of them say it would have been better to let him moulder in the course of the next two hundred years in the sight and with the love of succeeding generations, than to shut him up where no one can see him. They have erected a bronze model of the "David" in a commanding position on one of the hills overlooking Florence.

"MOSES."

(By Michael Angelo.)

Michael Angelo was engaged on various works during this two or three years' residence

at Florence, amongst which was his famous cartoon of "The Bathers," which was the groundwork of the exaggerated style that distinguished his imitators. It was never completed, and has since perished.

By this time, 1505, Julius II. had ascended the papal throne, and cherished the idea of perpetuating his memory by a mausoleum which was to surpass everything of the kind in the world. For this he called Italy's greatest genius to his aid; and now commenced the weary struggle of Michael Angelo's life, "the tragedy of the sepulchre," as it has been called, which took forty years to bring to a close. His grand "Moses," perhaps the most impressive work which ever left his hands, was intended for this monument. When finished it was temporarily placed in the Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, in Rome, and remains there still. The adjoining figures of "Rachel" and "Leah"—the work of his pupils after his own design—and the unfinished "Bound Captives," in the Boboli Gardens at Florence, were destined for the same monument.

The position of the "Moses" is not to its advantage. It was originally intended to surmount the memorial pile which Julius had designed for his posthumous glory, but which death, and wars, and tumults, and many vicissitudes prevented being ever completed. But though, as Forsyth says, "cribbed like a prebendary in his stall," the majestic lawgiver is too glorious a figure for the monument of any man, pope though he be. There he sits, as our illustration shows, decorated with the mystic horns, emblematical possibly of the Spirit of God with which Moses was filled—more probably the result of a curious mistranslation in the Vulgate—looking as he might have looked when delivering to the people the Law he had received direct from the hand of the Almighty. (*To be continued.*)

C. DUNCAN.

DECORATIVE ART.—III.

DOMESTIC DECORATION—OUR HOUSES AS THEY ARE—THE COSTLINESS OF COMMONPLACE—THE COST OF ART-SHAMS—THE SLIGHT EXCUSE FOR THEM, AND USE OF THEM—THE SHALLOWNESS OF THE IMITATIVE IDEA.

If ornament is everywhere to be found, it is in the house that it is most at home, and it is in reference to domestic decoration that I propose to discuss it now. The preceding chapters will to some extent have cleared the ground for what I have to say, and further philosophising will perhaps prove more acceptable and more digestible if administered incidentally and in small doses. A long draught of theory is anything but refreshing.

And first in reference to our dwellings themselves, I am inclined to complain that we do not care for them enough. We are too much accustomed, in these days of locomotion, to look upon our houses as mere halting and resting places between the stages of our journey through life, and to treat them with as little respect as if they were inns or railway stations. Surely there should be some sanctity about our homes! The place where we were born, or where we began the new married life, where our children were born—and died perhaps—and where we hope at last to die, should have some claim on our reverence. Formerly I think it was more so; men were more accustomed to build themselves houses, with the idea that there they cast anchor, there they would live their lives, and after them their son, perhaps, and their son's son after him; and so they cared for their homes with an affection that men of this generation do not feel, if even they understand. Home-loving people as we are supposed to be, do our homes *look* as if we loved them? It is not to be supposed that buildings "run up" to let will ever bear comparison with the house built to live in. The dwelling that a man takes for a term of seven years, in the hope that at the end of that time he will be in the position to remove to a

more imposing residence in some more fashionable neighbourhood, cannot excite an interest which it does not so much as pretend to deserve. There is no need to lament the days that are gone; there is little room for doubt that this nineteenth century is, all in all, better than the eighteenth, and that the twentieth will be better still. Nor is it proposed that every one who has once taken a house should, then and there, make up his mind to live and die in it. Too often it is the case that the sooner he gets out of it the better. Certain it is, however, that the present conditions of house-tenure are no more in favour of the development of art in the house, than is the restless ambition which characterises the age we live in. There is no denying the demoralising effect, so far as art is concerned, of that foregone determination not to stay in a place longer than one is obliged, that eager intention of taking another house so soon as one can afford it. The wished-for time may never come; but the hope of it holds back the householder from undertaking a multitude of improvements, both in its comfort and in its appearance, which were within his means. It is scarcely worth while to do this or that when he may so soon be leaving! He does not see the advantage of decorating his rooms for the benefit of the next tenant, or purchasing furniture that may not fit the future mansion. So it happens that what ought to be done, and under more settled circumstances would be done, is left undone, and that which is done is done without either thought or thoroughness. There is no heart in it. It has been left to the "decorator." Taste, feeling, intention, harmony of effect, you shall seek in vain, but everywhere is evidence of the guiding spirit of commerce.

The cant of art is just now in fashion, and passes current everywhere. The business man appreciates its commercial value, and adopts it accordingly. No need, however, for him to provide art for his customers, when a gloss of pretence answers all his purpose. It is cheaper, too, than even the most modest art, and therefore sells more readily. According to the morality of modern commerce, he is not to be blamed if, seeing that what his customers want is novelty, he provides it; nor if, being shrewd enough to see that they prefer to buy their novelty under the name of art, he tickets it to their liking

DECORATIVE PANEL OF MEDLARS.

Supposing a decorator to be an artist (and there are such cases), he is tradesman as well, and the interests of art and of trade are not always identical. Which way, think you, will he be likely to lean in his dealings? Of the few decorators, then, who are artists, only those whose love of art is stronger than their love, or perhaps their need, of profit, could be trusted to give altogether unbiassed judgment in matters of taste. The furnishing upholsterer is, it may be assumed without injustice, neither better nor worse than other men, and does not pretend (except to his customers) to have any other motive in carrying on business than profit. The curious thing is that the public should suppose that he has any appreciation of art, apart from its marketable value. He is just as willing to line our halls with paper that is meant to look like marble, to make our dining-room dingy, as well as dirty, by the contrivance called flock-paper, and to bedizen the walls of our drawing-rooms with bunches of flaunting flowers that have the impudence to pretend to be natural, as he is to supply the most admired Gothic, Jacobean, or Queen Anne decoration in vogue. What matters it to the manufacturing cabinet-maker, or to the retail dealer, whether the sideboard he sells is constructed on the principles of sound workmanship, or whether the jambs of the door open with it?—it is not his business to have any theories of right or wrong taste. Veneer does duty for solid wood-work, and if the public like it, it does that duty substantially enough for him. His prejudice is in favour of the saleable; his preference is for what sells best. So long as the proportion of outlay to income remains about the same, it makes little

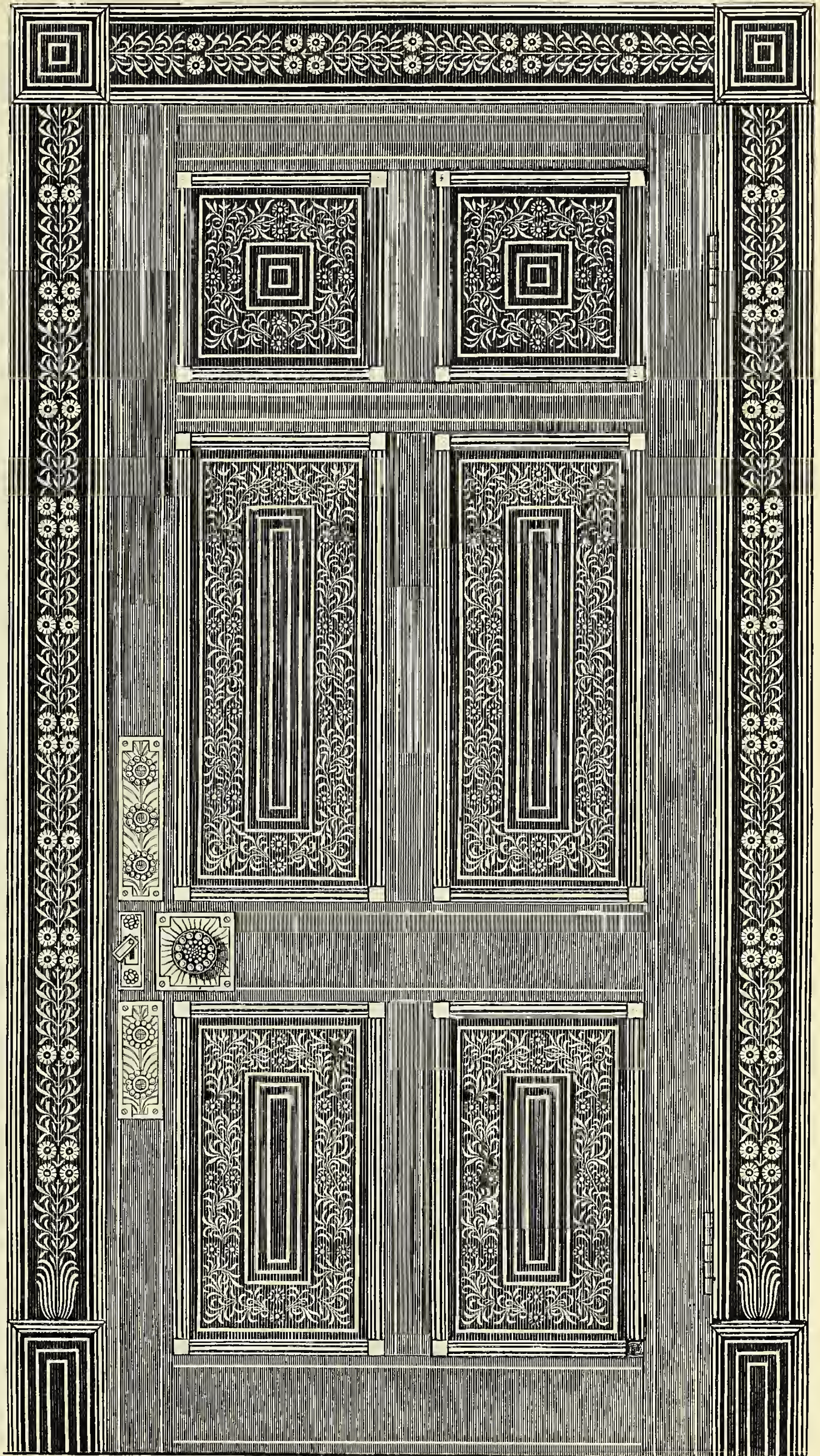
difference to him what the popular fancy to be flattered is. But it stands to reason that the risk and trouble involved in art are infinitely greater than in following any one of the cut-and-dried ideas of decoration; and, most persons being anxious to keep down their expenditure, real art-work usually implies a considerable amount of added thought and toil and risk, without anything like adequate increase of remuneration.

One simple illustration of this very evident truth will suffice. A room is to be decorated and furnished, and the decorator is called in. He knows very well that paterfamilias has probably settled in his own mind a sum which he proposes to expend, or at all events that there is a limit to which he will confine his outlay; and his natural business instinct is to secure such a liberal percentage of that sum in the form of profit as his conscience may permit. So far as in him lies, therefore, he recommends such things only as are safe and bear a distinct and assured profit; he studiously abstains from suggesting anything that may turn out a failure, or that may be successful only at his pecuniary loss. It might occur to him that such and such a prominent feature in the room deserved special treatment. There is only one door, and that in a most conspicuous position, and for a very few pounds sterling he might decorate it with delicate brush-work, such as is shown in our illustration on page 273; but the design of such ornament would not be peculiarly remunerative. Or a painted frieze of foliage and flowers, after the manner of that illustrated above, might suggest itself; but it would have to be painted by an artist (as would the fruit panel on page 271), and he is not quite certain whether his painter is equal to it, or how long it would take him, or whether his patron would like it when it was done. He falls back discreetly upon something that is safe and simple. The manufacturers supply him with patterns of costly papers and stuffs; he shows them to paterfamilias, who is gratified by the "large selection" offered; and if in the end he is dissatisfied with the effect, no one but himself is to blame, for the choice was his own. In any case, the decorator cannot fare amiss. The material bears a definite profit; the price of hanging, and the like, he can estimate to a fraction; the work is all such as he can depend upon his ordinary workmen to carry out and his foreman to superintend; it gives him neither trouble nor anxiety; and the net result is what he calculated.

FRIEZE OF FOLIAGE AND FLOWERS.

It is no fault in the tradesman that he seeks safety; but the effect of his caution is that we have had to live in white-and-gold drawing-rooms, and maroon flock dining-rooms, to confront ourselves at every turn in huge looking-glasses, to contemplate the "picking out" of over-elaborate cornices with gaudy tints in lieu of decoration, and to pay for yards of vulgar gilding because that was his one idea of richness. The fault is in ourselves. There is no scapegoat that can be made to bear the weight of the universal sin against taste. If small details, which it does not answer the purpose of any but the householder to see after, are neglected, is it not his fault? If we purchase big polished-plate glasses that we do not want, and ungainly cornice-poles which do not support any curtains, have we not ourselves to thank? Whose fault is it that the word "drawing-room" is almost a synonym for "flimsy"? Some share of the responsibility for the things we encourage must be ours. The "occasional" furniture that is so dangerously light, the settees and sofas padded out of all shape, the scrolly deformity of the consol

tables, the chairs not to be sat upon by a grown man without danger, were not inevitable. The ribbon-bedizened carpets on which we learn to walk without picking our way are of our own choosing. Perhaps we are more responsible for the curtains with their fussy fringe, than for the tawdry cornices that crown them; but the pretence of the fire-irons not to be used with impunity is our own; and surely the incongruousness of the chintz pinafores that cover the covers of cushions apparently far too grand for their place is very indirectly due to any one but the householders.



I have said that the interests of the decorator are not exactly those of his patron. The former is able, however, to advance his interests at the latter's expense, and at the expense of art, because, little as he knows of art, he probably knows more of the two, and because, in the end, he does know something of practical work, which knowledge enables him to throw all manner of difficulties in the way of what does not answer his purpose. The amateur naturally, and wisely,

shrinks from the responsibility of that which is discouraged by the practical man, who ought to know best, and so the practical man has it all his own way.

One great difficulty of the public is in knowing what is the relative value of this and that. Art is worthy of its hire, and decorative art is certainly not too well paid. But neither is it to be had gratis. Artists must live like others, and most men's idea of living, in these days, is something more than bread and cheese. None the less the fact remains that what is paid for in so-called decoration is usually not art. Let us say that £500 have been spent on the decoration of a house—it is probable that not £50 of it have been paid for art. Yet all the plain, substantial, necessary work *might* have been done for £250, and an equal amount would have been available for art.

When the estimate for decoration is sent in it invariably amounts to more than was anticipated. Then comes the question as to how it can be reduced to reasonable proportions. One by one the instances of art are eliminated, and the plain, straightforward contract work remains to be carried out. Much of this was altogether unnecessary, but paterfamilias could not well know this; he accepted what is "always done" for what *must* be done. He simply did not see where expense could be saved except in the obvious instance of art-work; that could certainly be omitted, and so, reluctantly, he let it go.

Art does indeed cost something, but it is not the costly thing some would have us believe. It is as great a mistake to look upon it as ruinous extravagance, as to think it can be had for the asking. The real costliness of decoration and furnishing is in doing what need not be done. Excess, elaboration, superfluity are what cost most, whether in gilding, painting, or furnishing. Let me not be misunderstood. Thoroughly good workmanship is always the best investment, and not only costs more, but is worth more than the showy manufacture made only to sell; what passes for ornament is very often introduced for the very purpose of concealing the evidence of scamping. In a perfectly plain piece of work a child can tell whether the joints are accurate, the lines true, the surface finished. There are no flourishes to hide the faults. It is as if a clumsy penman should attempt to work in plain Roman character; the crookedness of his lines stares us in the face, naked; but dressed up in flourishes a very shaky letter will pass muster. So it happens that the simple, plain, honest work costs rather more than that which is pretentiously florid. Good work minus art is, even commercially, worth more than poor work plus the cheap ornament that covers it; and, intrinsically, one piece of good craftsmanship is worth all the cheap ornament that was ever stuck on to something which was unsaleable without it. The cheapest furniture in the shops is that which is dear at any price. Next to that, for cheapness, comes the plain work which is good of its kind and without any kind of pretence. Then there is more elaborate work, more or less worth what is asked for it; but the increased value as art is not at all in proportion to the increase in price, or even in proportion to the labour bestowed upon it. Every exhibition produces numbers of examples that illustrate at once what *can* be done, and what *ought* never to have been attempted in the way of ornament. As a rule, one may say that the simpler work will be better value than the more elaborate. Another word of caution — bad workmanship in the construction is almost certain proof of tawdriness in the ornament superadded; on the other hand, excellent construction does not so surely guarantee good art; but you seldom find good ornament in connection with flimsy construction.

Some allusion has already been made to marble-paper and veneer: it will be as well before going further to discuss the right and wrong of shams. The late Owen Jones maintained that marbling and graining were "only objectionable when the wood or marble would itself be out of place." I should say rather that, if there were a circumstance that would render them unobjectionable, it would be the fact that the thing itself could not possibly have been employed, and that therefore there could not have been any thought of deception. It is idle to say that trickery is not intended. We have become so accustomed to certain of these simulations that to some people there seems to be a sort of homeliness about them which they really like. Again, no one imagines that the speculating builders who run-up eight-roomed houses at £35 per annum, or the persons who inhabit them, flatter themselves that the paper in the hall will pass for marble, or the folding-doors for bird's-eye maple. But it is different with important public or private buildings, where the columns might well be marble, and would then only be in accordance with their surroundings. How mean the mock granite seems on the staircase of the British Museum. I think I never realised all the shabbiness of sham marble till I saw it in the entrance hall of the

mansion of one of the riehest noblemen in England. Happily it was being effaeed. The more appropriate the real thing would be, the more offensive beeomes its imitation, for the more obvious it is that it was meant to deceive. We can exeuse the quasi-malachite eolumns employed for facing a buteher's shop—at least there is no fear of our mistaking them for anything but what they are. Where deception was intended, neither the transpareney nor the sueeess of the cheat will justify it. This, too, must be remembered that, whatever its use now, its origin was pretence, and that if we adopt the habit of pretenders we must not eomplain that we are mistaken for them. We aceuse ourselves.

Judged on its own merits, apart from its insineerity, what is there to be said for sueh imitation? Onee in a way, as a kind of praetical joke, such a thing might be amusing, but no joke was ever so little able to bear repetition. Considered as invention, what is there in it? It simply betrays the laek of inventive faculty in the men who eould fall back eontentedly on such an expedient. As eolour it is sometimes not amiss, but the eolour might just as well have been obtained without the imitation. From the praetieal point of view it is contended, and fairly, that it *wears* better than plain paint and simple paper, and that the varnish on it is a proteetion; but plain paint and simple paper are not the only alternatives to pretenee, and there is no law against the use of varnish wherever it may be neeessary. An easy, cheap, and durable alternative for graining would be to *mottle* the colour of the wood-work something after the manner of eertain Japanese laequer. This method would lend itself to very rich and varied effeets of eolour, and, without imitating anything, would wear as well, and be as easily touched up, as graining. The plea that effect is everything, and, so long as you arrive at that, no matter how you reach it, seems to me none the less unscrupulous that the unscrupulousness is exereised in the matter of art. That true artists have used it proves, not that it is good, but that they were fallible. And the argument that it pays better to supply the demand for graining, than to endeavour to make a demand for something worthier, is only an argument of the poeket, and does not toueh the truth of the matter. There may be no great harm in this prevaricative kind of ornamentation, but is it not essentially dull, stupid, and commonplaee? It is totally devoid of invention, interest, or eharacter; and whatever beauty there may be in it (and it is, as has been admitted, sometimes satisfaetory enough as to colour) is more than counterbalanced by its pretentiousness. A eurious fact in eonnection with graining is that really good work of the sort is almost as expensive as the wood itself would be. But then the polished wood-work would have to be of the best, every eraek and every elumsy joint would be exposed to view, whereas painting hides a multitude of sins, and men live in happy ignorance of the yawning gaps in the joinery that have been stopped with putty and covered over with paint. Pattern work as elaborate as that shown in my illustration (page 273) would seareely be more eostly than the best graining. It is a consolation to know that the craft does not enjoy the favour that it did, and that the first-elass grainer has often "got no work to do." Nor need we waste our pity on his want of employment; his extremity is our opportunity, and now is the time for us to persuade him to turn his hand to painting of a really ornamental kind.

I have pursued the discussion of marbling and graining at some length beeause they are about the most flagrant examples of shams; but they are far from being the only ones, nor are they the worst. Tile-papers, for example, whieh are now as fashionable for lavatories and bath-rooms as ever marble-papers were, are quite as objeetionable, and equally so are the wonderful Freneh wall-papers that one may at first sight mistake for tapestry, brocade, or satin. Then, again, we have printed eretonne that effaees itself in the effort to look like woven silk or wool; stueeo that, for a week or two, looks almost like stone; seeming earving that is only paint; veneer that has not the frankness to eonfess itself what it is. Well-nigh numberless are the pretentious expedients that are adopted (and in the name of ornament) to save trouble and supply the plaee of skill.

Not all imitation ean be aeeused of meanness. Some of it is outspoken enough. The Japanese, for example, love imitation for its own sake, and will even imitate in a eostly material the form and eharaeter of a eommoner substanee. The moral exeuse for it is in its frankness. It is not, however, on moral grounds ehiefly that the objeetion to shams rests. The flimsiness of the deviee, and the laek of feeling, fancy, and invention that it implies in the artist who is guilty of it, are enough to render it eontemptible in the eyes of those who think that deeorative art should be something more than a trade.

LEWIS F. DAY.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—I.

THE great art-season of the year never comes round too quickly for the general public, whatever it may do for the painters, who are often found to complain that the spring light only shines in time to show them the weak points of the work done in darker weather, without leaving them a sufficiently long period, before the exhibitions open, for the task of rectification and deliberate completion. Particularly has this murmur been heard in the studios during the spring of 1880, following, as it did, a winter that will long be proverbial for generally dismal weather, accentuated every now and then by a fog of almost Egyptian darkness. Nor is it only the young and less experienced brothers of the brush who would willingly put back the shadow on the dial when the sending-in day of the Academy comes round. Mr. Millais himself, every February and March, we believe, experiences something like despair in looking at the unfinished work on his easels; nor did even his immense capacity for labour prevent his failure to complete his "Princess Elizabeth in the Tower" last year in time for the current exhibitions. We are, however, the richer by that canvas this season, for it is destined to be an early summer attraction in Bond Street. And the anticipation of a similar gain next year by the losses we suffer in this ought to be some consolation for the admirers of Mr. Fildes, A.R.A., who has not attempted any large work since the last exhibition, and for those of his fellow-associate, Mr. Long, who is also represented only by smaller works, having given up nearly at the last moment his important picture of the year, "Christiani ad Leones," representing a lovely Ephesian maiden refusing her last chance of offering incense to Diana and the last entreaty of her Pagan lover, before being thrown to the lions in the crowded amphitheatre, of which a glimpse is given: altogether a work of thrilling pathos and deep meaning. In spite, however, of these very notable absences, and some others hardly less to be regretted, we cannot think that the picture-lover has any ground to complain of the

HOME WITH THE TIDE.
(*By J. C. Hook, R.A.*)

season. We have been too much accustomed to hear of bad harvests lately in the world of

THE HOUSE-BUILDERS.

(Portraits of Sir William E. and the Hon. Lady Welby Gregory. By Frank Dicksee.)

nature, but in the world of art the harvest is progressive year by year, whether we judge by the number of aspirants for space on the walls of Burlington House, or by the general excellence of the canvases hung, or by the increasing number of minor exhibitions. These latter are in especial force this year. The crowd that would have gathered at the Academy round Mr. Frith's new sensational series is diverted into King Street, St. James's, where "The Race for Wealth" is depicted in five typical stages, bearing the names of (1) "The Spider and the Flies," (2) "The Spider at Home," (3) "Victims," (4) "Judgment," and (5) "Retribution." The City of London has opened an exhibition of its own. The Graphic Gallery of Ideal Beauties has agitated the feminine world as much as it has interested the artistic. The Grosvenor Gallery is as attractive as ever; and almost under its shadow are the rooms of the Fine Art Society, with special claims on public attention. Nor need the list end here. If, therefore, any of the critics should make up their minds that the show at Burlington House is "below the average" (that mysterious standard to which allusion is made every year, but which no one was ever yet able to gauge), a visit to these supplemental galleries ought to convince them that there never was a larger number of good contemporary paintings simultaneously on view in London than at the present time.

Having expressed with unusual satisfaction an opinion on the general art of the year, we first proceed to give more detailed attention to one of the minor exhibitions just named. The central attraction of the Fine Art Society's Bond Street Gallery is, of course, the grandly successful experiment of "The Defence of Rorke's Drift;" painted by the most French of Frenchmen. Before we speak of this picture, however, we must make a few brief notes on the lesser works which are gathered about it, foremost among these being Mr. Herkomer's full-face portrait of Mr. Ruskin. This artist's method in portraiture is to deal with the lines of the face in a round, smooth, yet not undecided manner, with no accentuation of angles and no insistence upon the structural and anatomical forms. But in this portrait he has

PORTRAITS OF MRS. DOMINICK GREGG AND CHILDREN.

(By J. Pettie, R.A.)

followed his method less entirely perhaps than in that of Mr. Tennyson, exhibited last year at the Grosvenor Gallery. The likeness to the greatest of art-critics is absolute, and full of individuality; it is also a good study of warm colour pleasantly contradicted by the characteristic blue of the eyes, a fuller azure in the life than is often seen even among the blue-eyed races, and rather emphasised than diminished by the almost equally characteristic and invariable blue cravat. Among the few oil-pictures which our space permits us to mention are two or three, mostly marine, of very especial beauty. Mr. Henry Moore's "Squall in the North Sea" is one of those extraordinarily truthful studies of nature in which consummate art has reached absolute and literal reality—the art, nevertheless, "effacing itself" with a supreme modesty. The free and undisguised mastery of the "dexterous" Continental schools has much that is frankly delightful to us; but Mr. Henry Moore is the artist whose perfection in the purely English manner would easily lead us to the conclusion that, when in perfection, no other manner is so entirely to be respected. Miss Clara Montalba contributes a beautiful picture of "Hastings," and Mr. Pownoll Williams a "Souvenir of Venice," charming in quality and colour.

M. de Neuville has succeeded brilliantly—nay, triumphantly—in one of the most trying tasks of modern art. English painters have often attempted scenes of French warfare, but few French artists have ever identified themselves with a purely English military interest; and such an identification is a matter of very great difficulty to the French genius. M. de Neuville has painted the German soldier (in "Le Bourget"), and painted him with a memorable meaning, but the artist had also fought the German soldier, whereas with English military life and types he was until last year entirely unacquainted. Add to this the remoteness of the scene depicted, and the fact that "The Defence of Rorke's Drift" was painted principally in Paris, and we shall not be judged to have exaggerated the drawbacks with which he has had to contend. M. de Neuville has taken as his principal incident the rescue of the sick and wounded from the hospital which had been set on fire by the Zulus. The moment following the bursting of the flames is that which he has chosen; the cruel slaughter has just taken place within, but thirty of the patients are in the act of being saved from under the very hands of the enemy. Meanwhile the little platform in front of the blazing building, defended by its improvised redoubts of mealie-bags and biscuit-boxes, is the object of attack, not at one point but at many, from a swarm of Zulus who are scarcely seen, being on lower ground and masked by the dwarf barricades. Major Chard and Major Bromhead are engaged in the defence at different points of the composition; Surgeon-Major Reynolds is in the act of applying a hasty bandage to the wound of the heroic Dalton; the Rev. George Smith is energetically serving cartridges at the same time that he does what he may to repress the strong language that is flying about the little stronghold; and Corporal Scheiss, of the Natal Contingent, is another conspicuous figure. The very dog, which belonged to Surgeon-Major Reynolds, is historical, though his part in the fray seems to have been negative. Note has also been taken by the artist of every peculiar characteristic of that night's warfare—the sheer downward firing of our men, who knelt upon the bags and boxes and delivered their volleys straight on to theheads of the Zulus; the reckless heroism of the enemy, who tried in several instances to wrench the bayonets from our rifles with their hands, being at the next moment blown to pieces at point blank. Yet, careful as the artist has been about individual actions, his chief aim has been to render the general pictorial aspect of the scene, and this he has done with fine effectiveness. His perfect mastery over the technical qualities of "tone" and "relation" is hardly to be matched in contemporary art; and wonderful is his skill in the management of the firelight, the red of the uniforms, the white helmets in cold and warm light, and the composition of the several groups and of the whole crowd of figures. With respect to likeness he has not been in every instance successful, a defect which may well be explained by the distance at which he executed the greater part of his work with merely the aid of photographs. The figures of Major Chard, Surgeon-Major Reynolds, and Mr. Smith were indeed painted from studies made in England, and were finished direct from the life in subsequent sittings; but in two of these instances we are inclined to think that M. de Neuville's pictorial instincts have induced him to add something of the heroic to the scale of the originals.

A scrupulous, quiet, and close fidelity to the very smallest accidents of individual character and peculiarity, a truthfulness which is its own apology and its own strength, distinguishes the rival "Defence of Rorke's Drift," Mrs. Elizabeth Butler's large representation of the same feat of arms. In a work requiring, as

this does, a vivid imagination in the artist, such fidelity argues more dramatic power than the most inventive fancy could do; for the painter's grasp of personal character is not the mere mechanical reflection of a photograph or mirror, but the intensely intelligent comprehension of the understanding. Mrs. Butler's portraits of her heroes are, to employ a word often abused, *subtle* as likenesses, not merely as regards face and figure, but in the very poise and line of movement which express the man, so that even the inflections of his voice seem to be conveyed to the mental ear. This is especially the case with the principal, yet the quietest, figures of her composition—those of Major Chard and Major Bromhead, who are exchanging a few words of consultation in the midst of the little plateau, and of Surgeon-Major Reynolds, who is kneeling at his work of mercy somewhat to the right, and looking up with an observant, undemonstrative action to see how things are going with the defence. Not that there is any lack of fire or energy where these are within the character of the men and of the incident. Byrne, shot in the act of bringing water to a wounded comrade, dies with his arms cast up in the air in an attitude full of the abandonment of nature, while the wilder spirits among the privates busy at the barricades may be heard to shout and swear, with the light of battle in their faces. The incident of the burning hospital and of the rescue of the patients is less important in Mrs. Butler's work than in M. de Neuville's; his picture may be pronounced to be more pictorial, hers to be more intensely characteristic; his executive dash is supreme, but more virile and significant is her reserved power. Every year has brought her an unmistakable advance in technical qualities; her manner of painting, however, will probably always be less dexterous and emphatic than that of the French painter, whose handling is extraordinary in its facility of style. The competition has been an unusually close one—of great interest to the public, but perhaps to no one more productive of pleasure and profit than to the two competitors themselves.

OXFORD.

(By J. Aumonier.)

In happy contrast to the "wrath and ruin" of these battle-pieces are some of the beautiful landscapes sent to Burlington House. Among the number an honourable place must be given to that of Mr. Aumonier, of which we give a sketch. In "Oxford," this artist, who is thoroughly English in spite of his name, gives us a work marked by that breadth of style combined with a surprising completeness and finish in detail, by that fine feeling and delicately just rendering of the various planes of a landscape, and by that peculiar love of long lines and horizontal spaces, with which he has already made us familiar. Equally characteristic of himself is Mr. Hook's principal picture, which we also sketch (page 276). In a Banffshire fishing haven the boats are returning from a night's toil, while a fisherman's wife, with her baby in her arms, is waiting till her husband comes ashore with a few fish for the midday meal. A fresh breeze—in Mr. Hook's pictures one can almost feel the breeze—is dashing the waves against the low rocks that protect

the little harbour, and the hills of Caithness are blue on the horizon. Of the two striking pictures, by one of which Mr. Pettie gains fresh laurels as a portrait-painter, and by the other of which Mr. Frank Dicksee follows up the triumph of his last year's "Evangeline," we give drawings now (p. 277), reserving a fuller notice till we come to them in their places on the Royal Academy's walls.

The dismal and vague twilight of the early history of Teutonic Gaul is broken, as every one remembers, by the lurid lights of the wars, passions, and revenges of Fredegonde and Brunehild, Queens respectively of Austrasia and of Neustria in the sixth century. Mr. Alma-Tadema has chosen the former, probably the more wicked, and certainly the more turbulent, of these two great political women, as the heroine of one of his works; he illustrates the moment in which Fredegonde sees the bridal procession of her lover Chilperic pass her windows. She sits watching the pageant from behind her concealing curtain, and in her face presages may be read of the fate of the unfortunate bride Galswinde, who was found a few weeks after her nuptials strangled in her bed—whether or not by the hand of her rival, history has not determined. Mr. Alma-Tadema is a happy painter who seldom deals with the tragic emotions; in this instance he has treated them with true power, while the technical excellences of this work surpass even the high standard to which he has accustomed us. The painting of the curtain, for instance, is a marvel of execution. Our sketch must needs be meagre indeed, failing as it does to do more than remind the reader of the colour of the picture—colour, it may be noted, which the artist frequently altered before fixing it at its present perfection. "I have just seen Mr. Alma-Tadema painting out a thousand pounds," somebody once said, who had visited the characteristic studio near to Regent's Park; and the remark was so far true that Mr. Alma-Tadema will never spare any pains over his canvases to bring them as nearly as possible up to his ideal, and thus belie the mournful assertion we have heard made by a painter as eminent as Mr. Alma-Tadema himself, that "every picture is a subject thrown away"—so little does it fulfil, when completed, the hopes and promise of its conception and first sketches.

FREDEGONDE VIEWING FROM HER ROOM IN THE PALACE THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY BETWEEN CHILPERIC AND GALSWINDE.

(*By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*)

A second work of Mr. Alma-Tadema's will be catalogued under the title of "Not at Home." That familiar phrase in modern life in this instance denominates one of those scenes from old Rome which this painter has made so thoroughly his own. A girl in a purplish garment, embroidered with gold, stands against a curtain of olive-green, and has her feet significantly planted on the customary "salve," while she denies entrance to an unwelcome admirer of the blonde beauty—presumably her sister—who sits laughing within.

"FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

(From the Painting by Louise Jopling exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874.)

QUEEN VICTORIA AND ART.

"KING WILLIAM IV. is dead" —so wrote David Wilkie in the July of 1837, in a letter to William Collins, his fellow-academician and his friend—"and Queen Victoria on the throne. At seven o'clock in the morning she had to be wakened out of a sound sleep, to be told she was Queen of England; and when she came out of the room, half dressed, to receive the intelligence, she burst into tears. We have had a meeting of the Royal Academy for an address of condolence—the thinnest meeting I ever was at. The address, proposed by Sir Martin Archer Shee, was correct and proper, but, on the whole, chilling and cold." The receipt and acknowledgment of this expression of sympathy was not the young Queen's first communication with the Academy of which, in virtue of its prefixed "Royal," she had become the nominal patron and head. She was already familiar with its exhibitions. In the May of that very year of 1837—the year in which the Academy exchanged their old quarters at Somerset House for their new ones in Trafalgar Square—the Princess Victoria came to the "private view" with her mother. This was the first time she had mingled in the artistic throng which gathers on those occasions, her inspection of pictures in previous years having been obtained at "private views" which did not belie their name. The strictly private view doubtless afforded better facilities for an examination of the walls than the conventional private view at which all London congregates, and where the people, more than the pictures, are the centres of interest and attention. But the latter method is the more lively of the two, and so, no doubt, the young Princess found it. "She has all the charms of health, youth, and high spirits," writes one who observed her closely on this particular occasion. "She could have seen little of the exhibition, as she was herself, from the moment of her entering the room, the sole object of attraction, and there were so many people among the nobility present whom she knew, and every one of whom had something to say to her. She heard that Charles Kemble was in the room, and she desired he might be presented to her, which gave him an opportunity of making one of his best genteel comedy bows. She shook hands and chatted with Mr. Rogers." That the Princess did not see so much of the pictures as she wished is evident from the fact that, three months later, she visited the galleries again. In that short interval she had ascended the throne; the death of her uncle, the late king, had called forth the condolence of the Academy, already alluded to; and it was, perhaps, in graceful acknowledgment of that address, into which David Wilkie had thrown an element of "heart," as much as her love of the arts, that brought the monarch once more to the exhibition in the early days of her mourning, and with the burdens of State weighing in all the force of freshness on her. But though the Princess of the visit in May had been transformed into the Queen before the visit in August, it was noted that her manner was as unaffected and graceful on the latter occasion as it had been on the former, and that towards her mother, who again accompanied her, she appeared, as Leslie tells us, "the same affectionate little girl, still calling her 'mamma.'" Before Her Majesty left the rooms, the members of the Academy were presented to her by Sir Martin, at her own request, and she addressed a word or two to each by name.

Nor was this the end of the Queen's intercourse with the leading artists of the day during the first year of her reign. She found time to give sittings, not only to Pistrucci for her coin, but to some half-dozen historical and portrait painters. The first to whom she sat was Alfred Chalon, R.A., who, along with Hayter, was appointed portrait-painter to Her Majesty. His picture, a small whole-length figure, represents the Sovereign seated, and wearing the robes in which she appeared when the old Parliament was dissolved; not very striking robes, presumably, for Leslie, in speaking of this portrait, which, by the way, he thought more like the Queen than any of its contemporaries, says she is "in her every-day dress." The copyright of Chalon's work was snatched up by Moon at a large price for an engraving, which had an immense sale. Hayter's portrait was painted for King Leopold; and there was yet another by Sully. Indeed, the Academy of 1838 (which was also visited

by Her Majesty at the private view) was, as we learn from the art annals of the year, an academy

(From an Etching by Her Majesty the Queen.)

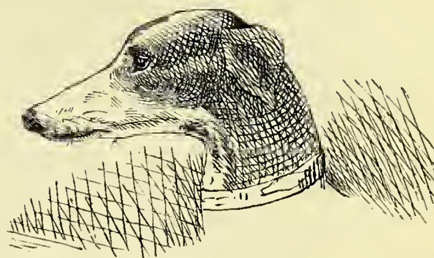
of queens, of all sorts and sizes, good, bad, and indifferent. Succeeding exhibitions brought to light many others, an equestrian portrait by Sir Edwin Landseer among the number.

Of even more importance than these were two historical works in which Her Majesty was the central figure, namely, "The Queen's First Council," by Wilkie, and "The Queen Receiving the Sacrament," by C. Leslie. The interesting history of both paintings may be gathered from the scattered letters and journals written by the artists themselves at that date. The appointment of Painter in Ordinary had been renewed to Sir David Wilkie by the Queen; and he was soon called on to fulfil the pleasant duties of his post, for we find him writing thus to his sister in October, 1837:—"Her Majesty gave me a sitting to-day, and has commanded a picture of her First Council, and has been telling me *who* to put in it." (Wilkie evidently was less careful as a grammarian than as an artist.) A few days later he writes:—"Her Majesty has been most gracious. Her face I have painted nearly in profile—it is thought like her. She sat to-day in the dress—a white satin, covered with gauze embroidered. I think it looks well. All here think the subject good, and she likes it herself." A more detailed description of the picture and of the royal sitter is given by Wilkie in a letter to Collins: "In October (1837) I received a message from the Lord Chamberlain to attend the Queen at Brighton, with the view of beginning the Embassy picture, but was told the Queen had heard of a sketch I had made of her First Council. Accordingly, on seeing Her Majesty, and finding her strongly set upon this, I sent for a canvas from London, and began the figure of the Queen at once. She is placed nearly in profile at the end of a long table covered with red cloth. She sits in a large chair, or throne, a little elevated, to make her the presiding person. Having been accustomed to see the Queen as a child, my reception had a little of the air of an early acquaintance. She is eminently beautiful, her features nicely formed, her skin smooth, her hair worn close to her face in a most simple way; glossy and clean-looking. Her manner, though trained to act the Sovereign, is yet simple and natural. She has all the decision, thought, and self-possession of a queen of older years; has all the buoyancy of youth, and from the smile to the unrestrained

(From an Etching by Her Majesty the Queen.)

laugh is a perfect child." Wilkie was never tired of recording the favourable impression made on his mind by the royal maiden. "The

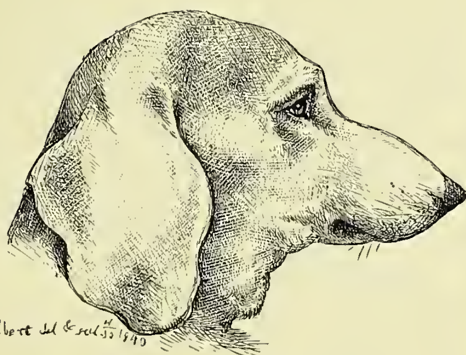
regal power in so lovely a form is perfectly new to us," he says; "it seems sent to charm the disaffected by presenting a settled government under the most engaging aspect. Her Majesty is an elegant person; seems to lose nothing of her authority either by her youth or delicacy; is approached with the same awe, and obeyed with the same promptitude, as the most commanding of her predecessors." And he repeats that "she has all the buoyancy and singleness of heart of youth, with a wisdom and decision far beyond her years." Moreover, Her Majesty possessed another virtue—one which only a portrait-painter can properly appreciate—she was an excellent and a regular sitter. "She appoints a sitting once in two days," we find Wilkie saying, "and she never puts me off." This picture of the Council that was called when the death of William IV. became known contains a large number of figures, including portraits of the Dukes of Sussex and Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lords Melbourne, Lansdowne, and John Russell, and was therefore somewhat of "a plague" to the artist to compose. He succeeded well, however; and the figure of the girl of eighteen, dressed very simply in white (for it was not etiquette that she should be in mourning until after the funeral of the King), seated at the head of a long table, unattended by any other woman, and surrounded by all these great dignitaries, is very striking in its effect. The canvas is nearly five feet high by about eight feet wide; and six hundred guineas was the sum paid for it by Her Majesty.



FAVOURITE DOGS.

(From Etchings by Her Majesty the Queen.)

The members of the Royal Academy received tickets of admission to Westminster Abbey for the Coronation; and Leslie went among the rest. He could not fail to be struck with the ceremony, but he left it with a firm resolve that, if another Coronation should take place during his life, he would not put on a Court dress, get up at three o'clock in the morning, and remain in the Abbey till five in the afternoon, to see it. His presence on this occasion led, however, to his painting the picture already named—"The Queen Receiving the Sacrament at her Coronation." In the December of 1838 we find him putting up with "mine host" of the "Castle Inn"



DOG'S HEAD.

(Drawn and Etched by the Prince Consort.)

at Windsor, waiting on the convenience of the Queen for sittings. These were not given with quite the readiness which had been shown in the case of Wilkie, perhaps because the work was not a royal commission, though it was afterwards purchased by the Queen. An ideally affectionate husband and father, he grudged even a few days of separation from his wife and children; and his life at the inn, where he had for a coffee-room companion "a villain" who monopolised the only arm-chair in the room, was not at all to his mind, in spite of the "good and plentiful luncheons" which were sent to him every day when he worked at the castle—"the best wine in a beautiful little decanter with a V.R. and the crown engraved on it, and the table-cloth and napkins with the royal arms and other insignia on them as a pattern." Things soon brightened up, however. At the inn the villain went away and left Leslie in undisputed possession of the coveted chair; and at the castle the picture made progress. The Queen was much pleased when she first saw the canvas, and suggested certain changes in the composition. Leslie was soon able to say that the Queen had sat five times. "She is," he adds, "so far satisfied with the likeness that she does not wish me to touch it again. She sat not only for the face, but for as much as is seen of the figure, and for the hands with the coronation ring on her finger. Her hands, by-the-by, are very pretty, the backs dimpled, and the fingers delicately shaped. She was particular also in having her hair dressed exactly as she wore it at the ceremony every time she sat." As in the case of Wilkie's "Council" picture, so in this, there were many figures to introduce. The Duke of Cambridge, during his sittings, only once addressed the artist, and then with a series of tiresome questions: "Do you paint all day? Are you a Royal Academician? Are you painting any other picture? Do you walk or ride?" The Duke of Sussex, if he talked better, was still more unsatisfactory. He wasted Leslie's time miserably, keeping him idle for three days by failing to fulfil appointments. The Duke of Wellington had more conversation—quite enough, in fact, to show that he did not always know what he was talking about. "You have made my head too large," he said, "and this is what all the painters have done to whom I have sat. Painters are not aware how very small a part of the human figure the head is. Titian was the only painter who understood this, and by making his heads small he did wonders."

Under all these circumstances it is not surprising to find that the artist sought for consolation during hours of enforced leisure in the palaces, when royalty did not keep its appointments, by copying an exquisite De Hooghes and a Nicholas Maas; and that although at one moment he confesses "it is very amusing being at the houses of royal personages and seeing how they live," and although at another time the Queen puts him "in high spirits about the picture by liking it very much," on the whole he was thoroughly homesick, as his letters to his wife abundantly show. Not even the undisputed arm-chair at the inn, or the table-linen bearing the royal arms, keeps him from confessing to his "dearest Harry," as he calls her, "I had hoped to be with thee to-morrow, but am sorry to say I cannot," or from "looking anxiously for one of thy nice letters," or from bidding her "tell me what little cheap toy I can bring for each of the children—something easily packed." Leslie's labours, however, came to an end; the troublesome canvas was put into its frame at last, and it was one of the "pictures of the year" at the Academy of 1843. Her Majesty is represented as habited in the coronation robe, having taken off, before approaching the altar, her crown and her jewels. The peers and peeresses have also taken off the coronets they donned the moment the Queen was crowned. The sacrament is administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury in full canonicals; the State sword is borne by the Iron Duke, while the Lord Great Chamberlain (Lord Willoughby D'Eresby) holds the crown. Five of the eight young ladies who bore the Queen's train appear in the foreground. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, is there, attended by Lady Flora Hastings; also the other ladies of the Royal Family and their attendants, surrounded by the Earl Marshal, two pages of honour, and the officers of State.

It is pleasant to remember that neither Wilkie's nor Leslie's intercourse with the Queen ended with the two important works, over the history of which, as illustrating pleasantly and characteristically the relations between Her Majesty and the artists whom she has employed, we have lingered. Wilkie, in 1840, painted a whole-length portrait of her in her robes for the Lord Chamberlain's office, and another for Sir Charles Forbes; while, in the year following, his portrait of the Sultan Abdul Medjid was added to Her Majesty's collection. Also in 1841 Leslie painted a second picture for the Queen — "The Christening of the Princess Royal." He was admitted to the ceremony to

make a sketch of it, and a few days later he made a study of the little Princess, then three months old. Leslie was also one of the artists chosen to decorate in fresco a little pavilion in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, where he had for colleagues Maclise, Landseer, Sir Charles Ross, Stanfield, Uwins, Etty, and Eastlake, all of them men whose art owed more or less to royal fostering. This brings us to the year 1843, and therefore to a time when the Queen had in Prince Albert a husband whose carefully trained artistic taste moulded and strengthened her own. Henceforth she was guided by his judgment in her patronage of painters, encouraged by his enthusiasm in her love of the limner's craft, by his praise in her own practice of it; and supported by his presence on those public occasions, such as the opening of exhibitions, which at once marked and developed the progress of the arts. As patrons and lovers of the brush the names of these illustrious personages will always be commingled. Together they visited exhibitions, together they planned the artistic features of their new homes, together they furnished their galleries, exhibiting a taste so discriminating as to buy, for instance, the first work which the young Frederick Leighton sent to the Academy, and so catholic as to hang in company with the embryo President's "Procession of Cimabue's Madonna," full of Florentine feeling, a work as characteristically British as "The Alms-deeds of Dorcas," by W. C. Dobson, R.A. A visit to Buckingham Palace will suffice to show not only the extent of Victoria and Albert's patronage of contemporary painting, but the happy wisdom which guided their selection. With the death of the Prince, the Queen ceased to visit the Academy exhibitions, but she still continues to be a patron, having recently purchased, among other important works, Mr. Frank Holl's "No Tidings from the Sea," and "The Roll-Call," by Mrs. Butler, who is now engaged on a picture illustrating a scene in the Zulu War undertaken on Her Majesty's commission.

But the Queen is not merely a *dilettante* admirer of painting, she is herself an artist. Although Mr. Ruskin's dictum that it is more important for a child to learn drawing than writing, had it been uttered before Her Majesty got into her teens, would probably have had little weight with those to whom her education was entrusted, nevertheless that accomplishment was not forgotten thus early in the little Princess's curriculum, nor was her artistic training abandoned when she left the nursery. All her life it has been one of her favourite occupations to handle the pencil. Take up her "Journal in the Highlands." At Blair Athole, in the autumn of 1844, "We sat down on the ground, and Lady Canning and I sketched;" in 1852, when her husband had shot a stag, "I sat down and scratched a little sketch of him on a bit of paper, which I put on a stone;" in 1862, within sight of the Lomond Hills, "I made some hasty sketches;" and on board a yacht in Cork Harbour in 1849, "While Albert went on shore I occupied myself in writing and sketching;"—such entries as these mark scores of occasions on which nature caught Her Majesty's eye with a peculiar beauty, or when she plied the pencil to while away the hours during which she waited on lonely hills and in the solitary woods for her husband's return from his sport. Of that gentler exercise of the pencil (which in the case of men even we would gladly see supersede more generally the exercise of the rod or rifle as a source of amusement) there is in this volume other evidence than these entries—some of the sketches themselves. Nor is this the only instance in which Her Majesty has run the gauntlet of criticism by submitting her work to the public. To several exhibitions at home and abroad has she contributed; among others to that of Philadelphia, where she sent a series of etchings, which we specially mention because they indicate that the co-operation already alluded to as existing between the Queen and the Prince Consort in the study and patronage of the fine arts was also carried to the extent of collaboration in the practice of them. And the mention of these etchings reminds us that some of the royal handiwork in this kind narrowly escaped being made public against the will of the artists. This was in 1848, when some copies of etchings, the joint work of the Queen and the Prince, were stolen by a workman in the employ of a printer at Windsor, who had been engaged to take impressions from the original plates; and these were reproduced by a publisher in Paternoster Row named Strange. The Prince instructed the Queen's private solicitor to apply for an injunction preventing the issue of copies of any of the private engravings referred to in "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Royal Victoria and Albert Gallery of Etchings;" and this was granted by Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, whose decision was appealed against a few months later before the Lord Chancellor, by whom, however, it was finally confirmed.

Of the royal sketches which accompany this

article, and which speak for themselves, not a single word of criticism is needed, but many words of grateful acknowledgment to Her Majesty for having permitted this Magazine to be the latest medium for placing her frank, naïve, and delightful handiwork before such of her subjects as vie with their Sovereign in a love of art.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

AN OLD BRETON TOWN.

PERHAPS it is the proximity of the melancholy ocean, and the influences common to a storm-beaten, wind-swept coast, that so often remind us in Brittany of our own land just across the sea, and help to make Brittany more popular than many other far more beautiful districts of inland France. Like, but like in difference, they certainly are, and the opening lines of "Enoch Arden" well describe many a Breton fishing-village: the long lines of cliff, the chasm marked by foam and yellow sands, the clustering roofs about a weather-beaten quay, the mouldered church, the climbing street, and above and beyond grey downs, marked by Danish barrow or Celtic dolmen—the fossils of that pre-historic borderland over which hang clouds and darkness, through whose mysterious shadow science has yet only partially penetrated.

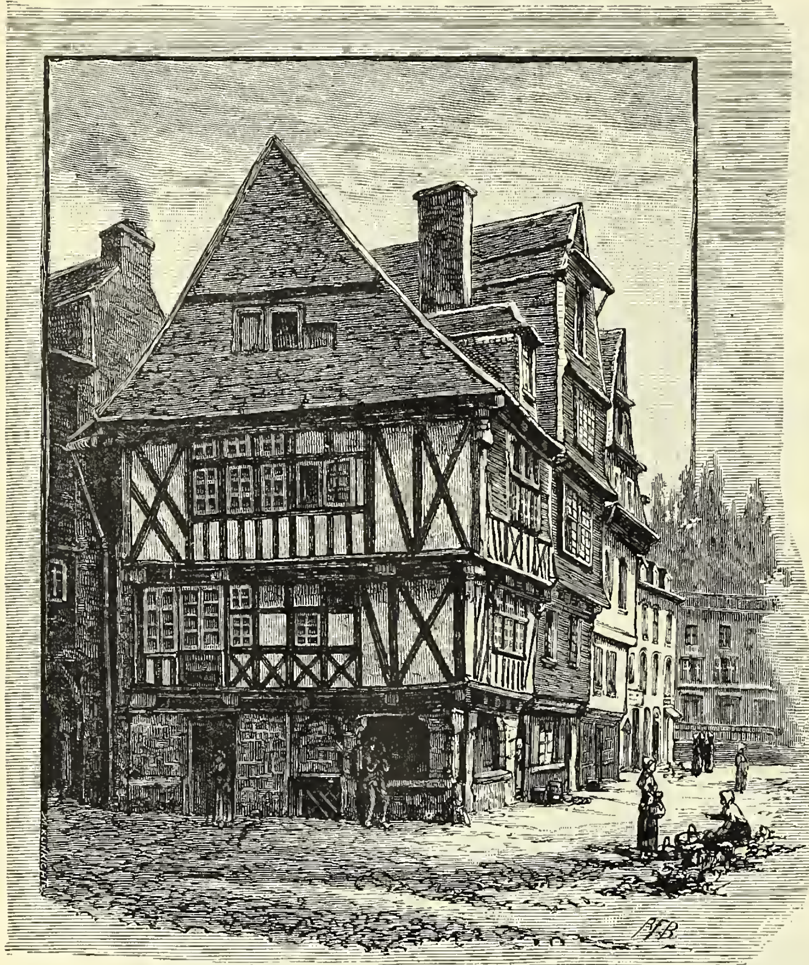
The towns, though placed farther back, are all, or nearly all, accessible by creek or river from the sea. Everywhere in Brittany one realises the fact, by a certain something in the people, something seen only in a race dwelling in sight of the wild waste of waters, a mournful sternness or wildness in the eyes akin to foamy wraith and ghostly peak, and even when at some distance from the coast one ever hears, or seems to hear, the murmur of the sea. Morlaix, Finistère, which may be taken as a typical example of an old Breton town, is, like the rest, reached by a tidal river running through a narrow valley just wide enough for its passage. We will for the nonce ignore the huge viaduct, 190 feet high, thrown across it, as some transient nightmare. But the reason we select Morlaix for our literary peg is that, although by no means so decayed or deserted as some others, it has preserved more of those most interesting and picturesque old timber-framed houses than, perhaps, any other town in Lower Brittany, not excepting Vannes or Vitré. The Grande Rue is alone worth a journey, without the Rue des Nobles and the Rue du Pavé thrown in. We have always entertained an ardent affection for old houses apart from their picturesque side. As the habitations of past humanity, where men, generation after generation, laboured and loved, lived and died, around whose firesides centred joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, long ago blotted out of time, they are to us invested with something sacred, and we feel more disposed to stand with uncovered head in such tenantless dwellings than in the most voluptuously-furnished modern apartment. What character there is in such houses! What a world of meaning may be traced in an old overhanging double-gabled tenement! With a stoop in one of its shoulders, and a rick in its neck that has been caught in the long night-watches of two or three centuries. Its head is bent forward—not backward—meditatively, and not without a certain elderly grace; and under the eyelids of its broad eaves the old diamond casements seem heavy with an introspective gaze, as if dwelling on the days that are no more. There is an expression in the acuteness of the gable, and odd quips and cranks lurk in the seamed face and mellowed tones of sculptured cornice, and in the twisted curves of the grand old carved barge-board. Contrasted with them, how poor and characterless are many modern abodes! Then, their individuality, and endless variety. One tall and angular, another broader, sturdier, and "comical." How we love to see, as sometimes may be seen, two old fellows of this class leaning inwards against each other as if seeking mutual comfort and support. There is a reminiscence of the sma' hours about them, as though they had been droning, "We have liv'd and lov'd together, through many changing years." A Sancho-Panza-like air lurks in the more plebeian proportions of the shorter one, contrasting curiously with its neighbour's half-sad patrician melancholy. Hausmannised raids everywhere sweep away these interesting witnesses of the past. They stand here and there as landmarks, high and dry, pointing out where their old companions have gone down, submerged by the rising tide of modern improvement. Pathetic in their

mute sufferance, an unremembered past broods like a presence among the eaves and roof-trees of those that still linger. There are few left of the highest class, but when met they are impressive enough. Preceded, perhaps, by a dozen commonplace shops, that have settled down like a flight of sparrows on some new clearance, stands, apart and isolated, a grave and reverend signor, a patriarch amongst ancient houses, full of dignity, which finds expression in ample width of doorway and depth of shade in its venerable porch. There is no puckered window or skimped corbel; all is full and generous, and stiff as a recorder's silk gown. Its very aspect awes small people. *Garçons* never play marbles just there, nor hide on the doorsteps—not from any formal prohibition, but the look of the façade is enough. They would as soon think of playing in the beadle's cocked hat, or shooting cherry-stones at the *sergent de ville!* Morlaix has had its day of regal shows and temporal importance. Mary Stuart came sailing up the narrow river in 1548, with all her retinue, on her way to become the wife of the Dauphin of France, happily unconscious of the after-days that fate held in store. The Breton nobles turned out in great pomp to do her honour. They seem to have forgotten that but twenty-

SCALE-SLATED HOUSE, PLACE DE MARMES, MORLAIX.

SCALE-SLATED HOUSES, PLACE DES HALLES, MORLAIX, FINISTÈRE.

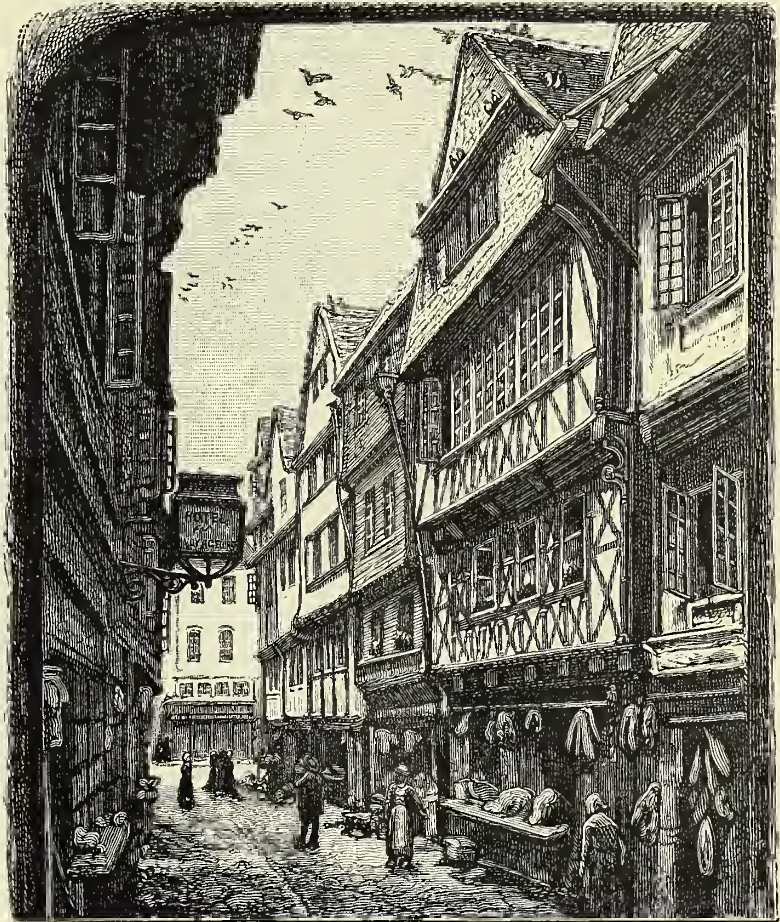
five years before, Henry VIII., when incensed with Francis I., had sent the English fleet under Surrey the same road, when, by a sudden and well-timed surprise, they set on fire and pillaged the old Breton town. Perhaps the fact that some six hundred of the hindmost, encumbered with loot, were cut off, and perished in the retreat, was held to be a sufficient set-off. A spring called "Fontaine des Anglais" still marks the locality. Morlaix, like all Breton towns, has always furnished a large contingent to the French Navy—the men who contested with us in many a well-fought engagement the supremacy of the neighbouring seas. It was also the birthplace of General Moreau, the victor of Hohenlinden, and otherwise a considerable figure in the history of the Consulate and the Empire. Morlaix is particularly remarkable for the number of curious examples of houses sheathed with a kind of scale-armour made of small semi-circular slates, each storey being fronted with an apron of slate-scales. The Place des Halles is almost entirely composed of them. Wynds and alleys abound with isolated examples in every stage of decrepitude. The symmetrical arrangement of the slates is very noticeable; and after a shower of rain, when the sun breaks forth, the wet scales shine out brightly like those of a fish. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and it cannot any longer be said that the costume of the people is thoroughly in keeping with the buildings, though one may often see the *bragou bras*, the broad-brimmed hat long hair, and other characteristics of what Froissart calls the "Vrai Bretagne Brettonnante." Away from the towns it is easily seen that the Bretons are a people apart in race and feeling from the rest of France. The poetry that wells spontaneously out of the Celtic nature has never had its course checked by other influences, as in Wales and Cornwall. The preservation of ancient usages, traditions, and ceremonies has ever been a religion in Brittany, and song has been the great instrument by which it has been chiefly effected. A richer ballad literature, a larger stock of popular idyllic and religious poetry does not exist in any part of Europe; and, as in Italy, much of it is oral, having been passed on for centuries from sire to son by recitation. These lyrics are almost always of a profoundly mournful cast when they are not of the weird supernatural order. If Shelley's dictum, "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought," is to be accepted, then these Breton songs are of the best. One is reminded of the peculiar spiritual atmosphere that pervades the wilder parts of Skye, and the interminable songs chanted with monotonous regularity by the boatmen, keeping time to their oars, around Loch Scavaig and the Cuchullins. They equally belong to an imaginative race that pre-eminently may be said



TIMBER-FRAMED HOUSES, MORLAIX, FINISTERE.

to see visions and dream dreams. Sir Walter Scott relates the belief entertained in the Highlands of an apparition of mounted warriors riding on the precipitous flanks of the mountains where no living horse could keep his footing as portending war. In Brittany it is Arthur's host that appears on the mountains, headed by their mystic chief, who awakens from his charmed sleep in the Valley of Avalon whenever war impends over his beloved Cymry.

The Léonais, which includes Morlaix, forms the extreme western horn of Brittany, and is the richest and most varied region of Finistère. Its fertile fields seem always green—"too green" say many artists who have grown weary of its sameness—the result of the excessive moisture of the climate. The *marchand des parapluies* is one of the most numerous and thriving professions in the country. When the clever caricaturists employed on the staff of the Paris comic journals desire to indicate a Breton they put a huge umbrella in his fist. In all pictorial satires of Brittany and its inhabitants umbrellas invariably figure largely. We owe to them the ridiculous "gingham" originally made at Ginngamp, Finistère. The Parisian wit who manufactured the *mot* that "*les Anglais do* sometimes quit the side of their wives, but their *parapluies*, never!" could certainly never have been in Brittany.



THE GRAND RUE, MORLAIX, FINISTÈRE.

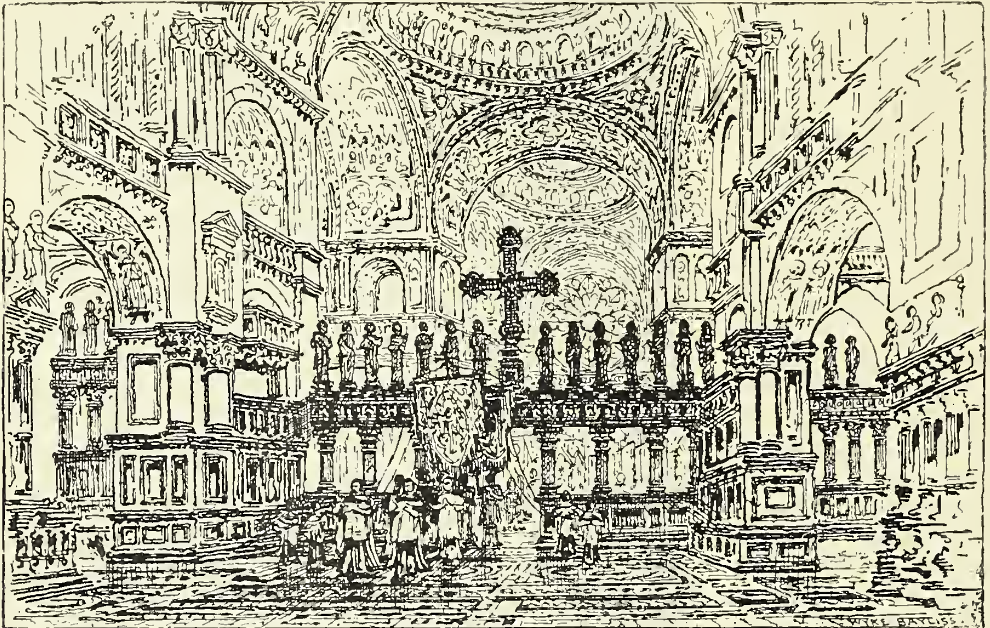
But we must return to our old Breton town and its quaint streets, over-hanging roofs, and antique aspect; its monastic remains, religious institutions, and picturesque houses. The interiors of these *anciennes maisons* should be noticed as well as the exteriors. Some of them are richly ornamented with flamboyant carving, and one in the Grande Rue has a noble staircase. We wandered into one late on a July evening, and rambled—as any one could do — through long passages and recesses, studying the rich carving of pillar and post, buttress and balustrade, amid dust and decay, for it was past habitation; peopling it anew with former occupants of the broad seats in the bayed window of those bygone days. The house was evidently old enough to have sheltered many generations of Bretons. The walls might have heard one of the old *noblesse* describe the beauty of Marie Stuart on her landing, and yet have listened to hear, two centuries or more later, some surviving sous-lieutenant tell of those who fell at Nile's proud fight, or in Trafalgar's bay. Full of these things, we descended slowly in the fading light. A rattle of wheels and jingle of—anything—and the echo of voices sounded from outside in the street below. To our heated imagination it might have been Moreau re-visiting his boyhood's home—rich from the spoiling of the Teuton—who darkened the ample porch in front; but another glance revealed the shining gossamer of a Parisian *commis-voyageur*, and the jingle of sounds was not that of arms, but came from numerous portmanteaus of *articles de Paris!*

STEPHEN THOMPSON.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

IF any of our readers have felt a doubt whether, in our recent notices of this Society, we have been over-sanguine in our estimate of the progress it has made in artistic merit and public favour, we are quite sure that a visit to the exhibition now open in the Suffolk Street Galleries will satisfy them that we are justified in all that we have said. No such collection of pictures has been seen upon its walls, at all events within our recollection. The large accession of rising artists to the ranks of the Society has told favourably, not only on the works of the members, but in encouraging a stronger body of voluntary exhibitors to avail themselves of the opportunity of placing their works before the public in such well-lighted galleries, with the result that not only is the Society itself better represented than usual, but the contributed works of Messrs. A. H. Burr, Lionel Smythe, Fred. Morgan, C. W. Wyllie, J. Aumonier, Ernest Waterlow, Blair Leighton, and many other well-known painters add very considerably to the interest and attractions of the exhibition.

We do not know whether it is a designed arrangement, or a coincidence only, but the four pictures which occupy respectively the centres in the great room are representative each of a distinctive division of the art-world. The first, "Clouds Clearing Off for a Fine Day" (p. 295), by A. F. Grace, is landscape pure and simple. Its appeal is to everything that is pure in the sensuous part of our nature; and its success lies in recalling the sense of the sweetness of fresh air, and the scent of mown grass, and the sight of the moving clouds, and their shadow on the fields, and the pleasant sounds of distant labour.



INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA OF ST. MARY AND ST. MARK, VENICE.

(*By Wyke Bayliss.*)

The second is a portrait by John Burr. It is the daring, and we think successful, attempt to paint *mind*. Its appeal is not to our sense of beauty, but to our intelligence; and its success lies in making us forget the substance, forget the paint, forget even the painter, and think only of the thought that has been embodied.

The third picture, "The Assizes," by John Morgan, is Art as a story-teller. It shows us the ante-room of a court of justice. Barristers, attorneys, police-officers, with the usual motley crowd of hangers-on, fill the canvas with incident. The scene is dramatic in the extreme,

and fulfils the artist's aim—that is to say, it tells the story that is to be told, and the story is a good story. Its appeal is to our curiosity, to our interest, to our sympathy; and its success lies altogether in touching our hearts.

The last of the four pictures is a cathedral interior — "St. Mark's, Venice," by Wyke Bayliss, painted with his accustomed power. As complex in its material as the landscape is simple, as delicate in detail as the portrait is massive, as serious in its motive as the painted story is playful—it is an attempt to grapple with every difficulty that Art can present and to employ every resource that Art can yield. Its appeal is to the imagination.

Now it is a very grave matter for a critic to approach pictures like these, differing so widely from each other in aim and method of working, and to pronounce off-hand a judgment of their respective merits. Who is there that can consider himself entitled to deal with these artists (specialists as they are, each having given a life to the study of his branch of the profession) and determine their places like children in a class at school? For ourselves we decline to undertake such a task, and think we shall do our readers a better service by indicating, as simply as we can, what they may expect to find if they visit the exhibition we are noticing.

LE BAL DES PAUVRES.

(By A. Ludovici.)

Bearing in mind, then, this fourfold division of the subject, let us begin with the pictures which take for their theme the beauty and freshness of out-door life. Landscape has always been a strong feature in this Society. The finest works of Dawson, and Pyne, and Vicat Cole, and H. Moore have been seen on its walls. James Peel, George Cole, and W. Gosling are well represented, while the reputation of the Society is not likely to suffer in the hands of the younger landscapists of the day. W. L. Wyllie, besides a singularly fine study of the Alps under a pale twilight effect, "The Moon is up, and yet it is not Night," has several exquisite little pictures in his best form. Messrs. Jno. Reid and Jno. White, recently elected, have each contributed some spirited and brilliant studies. J. E. Grace and Stuart Lloyd are refined and pastoral as usual. E. Ellis is powerful and effective, notably so in a painting in the south-east room, "Eventide," which is astonishingly luminous in the sky. J. W. B. Knight is always tender and reticent in colour. J. Aumonier has a work of first-rate importance as well as beauty, "A Cornish Orchard," with the blue sea gleaming through the apple blossoms. We observe also, in the same room, a small but charming example of Ernest Waterlow's work—"A Path across a Common." G. S. Walters is still painting the picturesque craft to be seen on Dutch rivers, with his wonted breadth of treatment and luminous sense of colour; but he has also a rough grey coast scene, in the first room, very fine in its cool pure tints of fresh sea and pearly sky.

Still keeping to out-of-door effects, we come upon pictures in which the motive is not limited to the loveliness of cloud or sunshine, or summer fields, or grey twilights, or broad rivers, or waving trees, and yet in which all these are included as accessories to some direct incident of human life. Of these there is, perhaps, none more complete in some of the finer qualities of Art than H. Bartlett's picture, two children on the seashore, Florence and Paul Dombey. "'The sea, Floy—what is it always saying?' She told him it was only the sound of the rolling waves." This is a picture well worthy of note for its true pathos, its delicate perception of character in the children, the rich and sweet harmony of its colour, and for the simple and firm rendering of the accessory effects of cliff and rolling sea. There is no characteristic of this Society more valuable, perhaps, and certainly none more agreeable to the visitor, than that a season never seems to pass without some young painter coming well to the front. One year it is Mr. Gadsby, with his brilliant touch and early mastery of colour; then the younger Ludovici, with his charming rendering of drawing-room or dining-room incident; then Mr. Noble, with his dogs, which really do seem to speak. This year there is no

question that it is Mr. Bartlett whom we should congratulate on a success that gives high promise for a future that should be watched.

Among other pictures of this class—dealing, that is, with incident and landscape—we have noted "A Peat Moss in the Lews," by P. Macnab. The low rich tone of the gloaming, and the toil-worn aspect of the figures pressing toward us, are finely rendered. "Volunteers for the Forlorn Hope," by C. Cattermole, represents a troop of soldiers preparing to storm a battlemented fortress. "The Keeper's Assistants," by Stuart Noble, is one of the best examples we have yet seen of this painter's work. A white pony stands tied to a gate, while two fine dogs wait beside him, evidently watching for their master's coming. Broad and simple in treatment, strong in colour and handling, it is yet full of refined drawing and subtle gradation.

And now, leaving the fields and returning to the great city, we come upon two street scenes, each remarkable in its way. The one is by Lionel Smythe, the other by A. Ludovici. In both the effect is twilight, and it is interesting to observe the extreme contrast in the method by which these two painters have reached the same effect—the one through depth, the other through tenderness, of colouring. Mr. Smythe's picture is quite Venetian in richness and glow. He calls it simply "Summer Twilight," but it might well stand for an illustration of Robert Browning's exquisite poem, "Fra Lippo Lippi,"

"Here's spring-time come, and the nights we make up bands
To roam the town and sing out carnival;"

and a little later, when the tired artist, leaning out of his window for fresh air, and watching the merry groups, hears the patter of little feet as the children pass; and then, lo,

"Three slim shapes, and a face that look'd up."

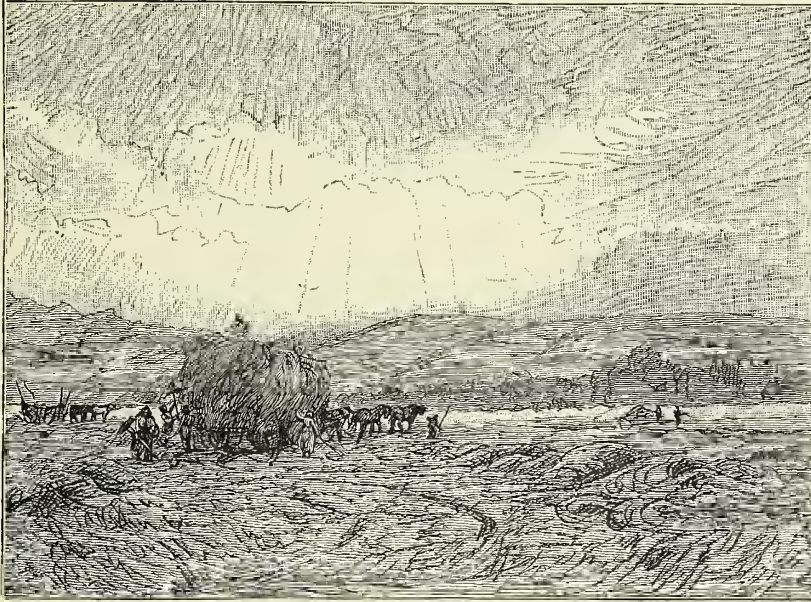
Of Mr. Ludovici's picture we have given a little sketch (p. 293). It is entitled "Le Bal des Pauvres." The incident is most happily chosen. No one who has passed through such streets in London will fail to recognise the truth of it, nor to feel its tender pathos. A street organ, surrounded by children, who are dancing to its music, because from their young hearts not even the gloom of narrow courts and the poverty of the poor of a great city have had time to eliminate the instinct of joy with which we hear sweet sounds. Let them dance on. The poor have still their pleasures as surely as the humblest way-side flower partakes of the refreshing dew.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

(*By A. H. Burr.*)

It is not far from the streets to the fire-side, and so we pass next to a multitude of subjects of in-door life. "The First Night," by W. Holyoake, shows us a group of ladies at the opera. "He Jests at Scars who never Felt a Wound," by H. G. Glindoni, is a group of sprightly cavaliers to whom a jester is holding forth with quaint gesture. "A Terrible Ghost Story," by T. Roberts, represents a fair girl reading to younger children by fire-light, while dreadful shadows flicker on the wall, and the black kitten on the piano is good for any amount of mischief that may be imagined. "The Mischief-maker," by Jno. R. Reid, is a brilliant study of *chiar-oscuro* and colour, in a Dutch interior; the figures are of subordinate interest. Near this painting, as if to show the extremest contrast in the artists' method of seeing things, is a delicately-painted subject by J. H. S. Mann. A sick child, half reclining on a pillow, is sharing her meal with a kitten. In Mr. Mann's work everything is as tender as in Mr Reid's everything is strong. "A Quiet Afternoon," by James Gow, is another delicately-painted picture. A boy, seated by the fire, is reading to his mother; a simple subject, but through the refinement of the painter lifted to the level of the poetry of life. *Genre* subjects are indeed innumerable in this exhibition, though not always treated with so much refinement. In the first room will be found a very clever study by H. Helmick, "A China Hunter." It is a cottage interior, and an old woman is bringing out all her bits of blue for the delectation of a connoisseur, who sits contemplating one cracked cup, which he holds at arm's length with evidently a critic's eye. In the same room is a capital picture by Sidney Starr, "Quiet Enjoyment," and a careful study of a head by Blair Leighton.

And this leads to another, and perhaps the chief, division of Art, namely, the painting of the human face—not for its beauty, not for any story it has to tell, not as part of something else, but the face simply as the expression of individuality of mind. This is indeed the most subtle and difficult phase of the painter's art, and calls for the most perfect mastery of the material as well as the spiritual elements with which he deals. In this department the two brothers John and Alexander Burr are so pre-eminent that we will content ourselves with reference to their work. John Burr exhibits a portrait of Mr. Wyke Bayliss, whose great picture of St. Mark's hangs on the opposite side of the gallery, and whose name will not be unfamiliar to our readers as a contributor to these pages. As a piece of painting this portrait should be studied as a student would study his text-book. The absolute precision of each touch, the fine quality of the drawing, and the grave, earnest expression given to the eyes and mouth, are the characteristics which charm us in Mr. Burr's work, and it will be confessed they are qualities which should be appreciated if only for the rarity of their attainment. The two works by Alexander Burr (of one of which we give a sketch, page 294) will be found in the south-east room. It would be a hard task to judge between these brothers, but happily that is not necessary; their works should be studied together. Each is a master in his craft, and between them will be found everything that is excellent, from tenderness to strength.



CLOUDS CLEARING OFF FOR A FINE DAY.

(*By A. F. Grace.*)

We have left but little space for our fourth division, of which the Interior of St. Mark's was the type. But we give an outline of this picture (p. 292). It would indeed take longer to describe it than to describe any other painting in the gallery. For it must not be supposed that to glance at this interior is to see it, any more than glancing for a moment through the open door of a great cathedral as you pass it is seeing the cathedral itself. There are transepts, and aisles, and chapels to be explored before you realise the glory of it. There is an atmosphere (different from that of the streets) for the eyes to become accustomed to; there are statues, and pictures, and shrines, and jewelled pavements, and delicate tracery—these things are as essential to the cathedral as are the tremulous movements of the leaves, or the march of the shining clouds, or the swathes of new-cut hay to the landscape. And to those whose eyes are at all trained to a knowledge of architectural beauty these things are amongst the noblest gifts of Art.

MICHAEL ANGELO: A SKETCH.—II.

THE story of Pope Julius and his monument has been often told — how Michael Angelo spent eight months at Carrara superintending the excavation of blocks of marble for his work; how the proud spirit of the sculptor would not brook the imperious haughtiness of Julius, who kept him day after day waiting vainly for an audience in his ante-chamber, till one fine morning he mounted his horse and rode off to Florence, leaving word that the Pope might seek him there. And he was as good as his word, for he paid no attention to the impatient summons from His Holiness, who wrote several times to Soderini, the Gonfalonier of Florence, to send the proud sculptor back. That officer at last compelled Michael Angelo to go to Bologna —whither the warlike Pope was going on one of his military exploits—in fear that war would be made on Florence if the orders of Julius were not complied with. The Pope, however, by this time had decided to delay the execution of his own monument till he had prepared a church of sufficient magnitude to receive it; but in the meantime Michael Angelo wrought for him a bronze statue, which is spoken of as having been a very good portrait of that haughty Pope. It stood in front of the Church of S. Petronio, and was destroyed by the Bolognese in a popular tumult a few years later.

The year 1508 found the sculptor again settled in Rome, and unwillingly commencing the decoration of the Sistine Chapel on the strong pressure of Pope Julius. His natural bent was not painting, and it was an arduous task which was thrust upon him, as this fresco roof-painting could only be done by his lying flat on his back on suspended scaffolding, and working out his grand designs, on the ceiling above him, in this unnatural position. How he toiled at this roof! The Pope urged him on, yet withheld the needful funds, but as the sculptor's mighty conceptions took form and grew under his hand, he threw his whole soul into the work and laboured unintermittingly, till in less than three years the wonderful ceiling was completed. One grudges sorely that such precious works are only to be seen under great difficulties. It needs good eyesight and a clear day to make out even those colossal figures of prophets, and Sibyls, who keep guard on the panelled paintings of the Creation, Expulsion, Deluge, etc., and who are painted in such marvellous perspective and relief, that it is difficult to persuade oneself they are not sculptured, nor yet living creatures detaching themselves from the roof, like Titans from the mountain-tops coming down to join mortals below. Nothing can surpass the grandeur and repose of these figures, nor the majesty and power of those portraying the various stages of the Creation. Our modern feelings shrink from the visible representation of the Almighty, but one cannot but recognise the reverence and awe of the painter in the treatment of this part of his subject. His own soul, filled with love and admiration of the grand poetry and prophecy of the Bible, and the strange imagery of Dante, seemed to rise to heights unknown in art; and when the Roman public were admitted to behold his work they gazed in speechless awe at his marvellous creations. As has been said, "His Sistine frescoes contain the stern spirit of Dante, aflame with patriotism—passionate for justice. They embody the philosophy of Plato, the indignation of Isaiah, the wild denunciation of Ezekiel, the grand measures of Jeremiah."

While we are still in the Sistine Chapel, and gazing with the modern multitude, many of whom are stretched on their backs on floor and bench, trying with the help of a field-glass to master the details of Michael Angelo's wonderful works, we must turn to his fresco of the "Last Judgment" over the high altar, which was not painted till nearly thirty years later. We must confess a want of appreciation of this great fresco, and an inability to derive either pleasure or profit from the study of it. It is indeed so dark in hue, partly from the blues and browns in which it is painted, partly from the smoke of the altar candles, that it is very difficult to make out. But when we do disentangle the crowd of writhing figures there seems little of the solemnity and dignity that should characterise so great a subject; while the figure of our Lord is more like some pagan Jupiter fulminating thunderbolts in his wrath, than the great Judge of all mankind. It is doubtless a wonderful work, but decidedly lacking, we think, the majesty and grandeur of the Sistine frescoes. The picture was painted

when Michael Angelo was past his prime and his tendency to anatomical exaggeration had developed itself, but there seems more evidence of failing faith than of failing power, though he generally, throughout all his trials, preserved his reverence for the Supreme Being.

But to return to his earlier works. Julius being dead, and the Medici restored to power, his labour at the great monument was again stopped, to his vexation, and he spent some years at Florence, from 1516—1520, working at the façade of the Church of S. Lorenzo and the Laurentian Library, at the instance of Leo X. (both of which are identified with the Medici), and striving to continue the monument at the same time. Meanwhile the tyrant's chains were again being riveted on his native city, which was a deep trial to his free, patriotic soul. In 1520 he commenced those wonderful works for the adornment of the sacristy of S. Lorenzo—the tombs of the Medici—but it was years before they were finished: troubled years, during which Florence passed through great vicissitudes, once and again

THE DELPHIC SIBYL, FROM THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

(*By Michael Angelo.*)

struggling from under the tyrannous yoke of the Medici, and warding off the grasp of Charles V. with heroic efforts at self-defence, in which our great sculptor took active part. When, after the sack of Rome by the Imperial troops, Clement VII., the worst of the Medici Popes, brought his army to the gates of Florence, the besieged city made a gallant defence. Fortifications were raised under the superintendence of Michael Angelo, and still stand as monuments of his patriotism, while he tenderly protected the campanile of S. Miniato on the hill from the bombardment of the tyrants by surrounding it with woolsacks and mattresses. He loved this fine old basilica church, with its beautiful crypt, ancient even in his days, and he loved the noble view from its height, standing often as he did close to the spot where the bronze copy of his "David" now is. Many an evening sun had the poet and sculptor watched, as we can now watch, setting behind the heights of Fiesole, or the more distant mountains of Carrara, and throwing its softened hues of many colours over tower, and cupola, and all the varied beauties of "Firenze la bella," and making the winding Arno, so turbid and rapid, glow like a golden serpent gliding through the picturesque valley, while the sky reflected back its glories from behind the cypresses of Bellosguarda. No wonder the Florentines love their city. Its natural beauties are unsurpassed, and as a storehouse of art and culture it is unsurpassed too.

The great heart of Michael Angelo was well-nigh broken as the seal of his city's slavery was affixed. He turned to his work in a sort of mute despair, and finished the statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici, which are amongst the finest of his works. They are the guardians of the Capella dei Depositi of the Church of S. Lorenzo, and a more noble and expressive statue than "Il Pensiero" (the Lorenzo) is scarcely to be found amongst the Greek treasures of the Vatican. Of the wonderful symbolical sculptures which are below these monuments it is difficult to speak. They are the expression of Michael Angelo's deepest feelings, wrung out of the anguish of his heart, when once more tyranny and treachery had prevailed and the liberties of Florence passed away. Mr. J. A. Symonds calls them "those groans of a chained Titan expressed in the marbles of S. Lorenzo." These famous works require long and careful study to appreciate and understand their beauties and marvels. The one called "Night" is generally considered the finest of them all. It was of this sculpture that Michael Angelo wrote his exquisite reply to the Italian poet who had bidden the spectator *awake* his wonderful statue:—

> "Grateful is sleep, and still more sweet, while woe
> And shame endure, 'tis to be stone like me;
> And highest fortune nor to feel nor see.
> Therefore awake me not; speak low, speak low."

We add Mrs. Oliphant's poetic description of these remarkable works in her "Makers of Florence":—"The four great statues of 'Day,' 'Night,' 'Twilight,' and 'Dawn' are instinct with the sentiments of modern thought, that profound struggle of feeling which ancient art eschews. 'Night' sleeps, but it is the sleep of a sublime despair; not rest, but oblivion of ill is what the great slumberer has desired, yet sorrow unforgotten hovers upon the very stillness of her exhaustion; and with what pain upon her beautiful brow that sad Aurora awakes: not the rosy-fingered Aurora of the classics, but a heavy mortal queen, rousing herself reluctantly, painfully, to meet the Care who is awake before her! . . . The great 'Day,' bursting herculean from his stony prison, half heroic, nothing known of him but the great brow and resolute eyes, and those vast limbs which are not yet free from the cohesion of the marble, though alive with such strain of action. Here is the great poem of the age, self-mortal sadness, yet incapable, how painful soever the exertion, of failing to the claims of life and nature. The spectator who remembers what was the fate of Florence and of Buonarroti—compelled both of man and city to come back, after the defeat of all their hopes, to the perpetually recurring task to bear the burden which every day brought with it—must bow with reverence at this great setting forth before heaven and earth of the burden of humanity." In this same Capella dei Depositi is a lovely unfinished "Virgin and Child," full of tenderness and reverence, Michael Angelo's last work in Florence.

But we must hurry on to the end of his long life. He turned his back on Florence for ever, and returned to Rome, hoping to complete his long-delayed contract of Pope Julius's monument, about which his heirs had become justly impatient and were threatening legal proceedings. And now, when already past sixty years of age, there came to Buonarroti the greatest happiness of his life—his love for a pure, good, and noble woman. With a heart so true and tender as his, so capable of love, and, notwithstanding his proud reserve, so yearning for it, it is strange indeed that he should have remained the lonely-hearted man he was for so many years. In earlier days it might have been a more o'er-

mastering passion; as it was it was like the rich glow of the afternoon sun, shedding warmth and brightness on the rugged peaks of the great master's heart, and gilding them with glory.

Vittoria Colonna was the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, the widow of the Marquis of Pescara, and forty-four years of age when Michael Angelo became acquainted with her whilst painting his "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. She had already been nine years a widow, and was a woman of deep religious feeling and strong faith, which she would fain have buried in a cloister had she not been prevented by Clement VII., who knew her value too well, as a centre of influence in the world, to permit her complete retirement. Her natural abilities were very great, and her mind was cultivated to high attainments in philosophy and poetry. Flaminio, one of the Renaissance poets of the court of Leo X., writes of her, in his lamentation for the extinguishing of so great a light to Italy :—"Her mind was pure, her manners pure; her virtue lively, her courtesy without a taint of earth; her intellect was heavenly, her learning rare; her words sweeter than nectar, her nobility the highest; her features beautiful in their majesty; her wealth liberally open to the use of good men." And other writers attest that this is not mere poetical imagery. She was indeed a noble woman, beautiful in person, accomplished in mind, and with a life consecrated to high and holy things. During the ten years that Michael Angelo was privileged to enjoy her friendship she exercised an influence over him that contributed greatly to his happiness. In the Palazzo Colonna, on the Quirinal, where her portrait is still to be seen, she lived in great privacy, but she gathered around her a few of her dearest friends, among whom Michael Angelo was the most cherished; and her simple faith and holy life brought back to his bruised and disappointed heart light, and peace, and even joy. He loved her with all the intensity of his deep nature, and light and life seemed to be extinguished for him when she died, in 1547. He watched by her death-bed in an agony of tenderness, he kissed her hand as she lay dying, and afterwards reproached himself bitterly that he had not ventured to kiss her cheek. His sorrowful soul finds vent in the despairing cry of some of his sonnets, written after her death, when he felt as if his guiding star had deserted him :—

"When my rude hammer to the stubborn stone
Gives human shape, now that, now this, at will,
Following his hand who wields and guides it still,
It moves upon another's feet alone.
But that which dwells in Heaven the world doth fill
With beauty by pure notions of its own :
And since tools fashion tools which else were none,
Its life makes all that lives with living skill.
Now, for that every stroke excels the more
The higher at the forge it doth ascend,
Her soul that fashioned mine hath sought the skies;
Wherefore, unfinished, I must meet my end,
If God, the great artificer, denies
That aid which was unique on earth before."

But faith triumphed in the end, and his latest sonnets breathe the fullest and brightest hope.

In the latter days of Michael Angelo's life he was appointed architect of the new Basilica of St. Peter's, which already had been in several hands. The fine old Constantine Basilica had entirely disappeared. What were possible of its beautiful ancient mosaics, carvings, and monuments were preserved in what is now the crypt of the modern church. Bramante and Raffaelle had both worked at it, but neither had lived to complete his design. Raffaelle, indeed, had completely altered the plan of his predecessor, and abandoned the Greek cross of Bramante for a Latin cross as the ground-plan; but Buonarroti reverted to the original design as being the most suitable for the dome that he desired to erect, viz., an improved copy of the beautiful dome of Brunelleschi in his beloved Florence. And so, after he was seventy years of age, the ripe three-score and ten when men are entitled to rest from their labours, he began the greatest work of his life, and, as far as the dome was concerned, finished it—the grandest and most perfect in the world. Death overtook him before his ground-plan for the mighty cathedral was worked out, and so the grand simplicity of his design resolved itself into the Latin cross after all, with the heavy piers as they now exist, while Maderno's ugly, ultra-high façade has done its best to eclipse the beautiful dome. You must go to the Pincian Hill to get a first sight of its exquisite proportion and soft outline. It was 176 years since Julius II. first set Bramante to work before St. Peter's was rebuilt, and it cost ten millions sterling. Pity it is that one cannot think that all this proceeded from a higher motive than the mere glory of man.

And now the great sculptor was nearly ninety years of age. His early friends were all dead and gone; the niggardly Pope who occupied the pontifical chair (Paul IV.) had deprived him of his well-earned pension; and even his old servant, "less a servant, indeed, than a 'brother beloved,'" Miss Owen tells us, died too, mourning only in his death that he was

leaving his master alone in his extreme old age. And so the veteran gathered his mantle about him, and turned his face to the wall, and resigned his weary spirit with the faith and the penitence of a little child. He was engaged on a dead "Christ" to the last, an unfinished work, which now stands in the choir of the cathedral at Florence.

A nephew of Michael Angelo's, who had been sent for, arrived from Florence after his death, and took charge of the veteran's remains. The great sculptor had ever been a generous and dutiful relative, and contributed liberally to the help of his family, who, during the vicissitudes of Florence, had met with reverses. His own tastes were simple and inexpensive, and he set no value on money for its own sake—in great contrast to the venal days in which he lived. His body was removed to his beloved Florence, where he sleeps in the Buonarroti family vault in the Church of Santa Croce, the "Westminster Abbey of Florence." His tomb is adorned with a fine bust, which is a good likeness of Michael Angelo's rugged features, and emblematic figures of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, the three sister arts, in all of which it was the rare lot of the great genius to leave masterpieces associated with his name. He rests in peace after his troubled, stormy life, waiting for the resurrection of the dead, when the problems of life and death, which perplexed him during his ninety years of conflict here, shall be solved for ever in brightness and glory.

We close our brief sketch with the last of his sonnets, written shortly before his death:—

"'Mid weariness and woe I find some cheer
In thinking of the past, when I recall
My weakness and my sins, and reckon all
The vain expense of days that disappear.
This cheers by making, e'er I die, more clear
The frailty of what men delight miscall;
But saddens me to think how rarely fall
God's grace and mercies in life's latest year.

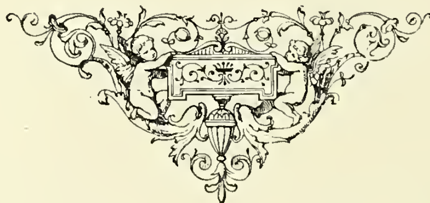
"For though Thy promises our faith compel,
Yet, Lord, what man shall venture to maintain
That pity will condone our long neglect?
Still, from Thy blood poured forth we know full well
How without measure was Thy martyr's pain,
How measureless the gifts we dare expect."

C. DUNCAN.

"SOUS LA FEUILLÉE" ("UNDER THE GREENWOOD").

THE artist M. Adrien Moreau, though still young, has already won his artistic spurs, his canvases being *hors concours* in the Salon Exhibitions. A pupil of M. Pils, M. Moreau has, like many other followers, emancipated himself from the traditions of his teaching and displayed his own individuality in his works. Versatile to a degree, he is equally renowned as an *aquarelliste* as by his productions on canvas. One of these latter, which will doubtless be remembered by many of our readers, excited much attention in last year's Salon—"Les Noces d'Argent" ("The Silver Wedding"), charming, touching, and tender to a degree. M. Moreau is a verification in himself of the artistic axiom that a true artist, when so willed, can give equally good work in landscape as in figures. The reverse being that landscapists never—that is, very seldom—are able to produce even passable figure-work. Mr. Millais is an example of the one, equally good in both, Turner of the other, great in landscape, but in figures always disappointing. In "Under the Greenwood" (a portion of which charming picture graces the opposite page) one is at a loss whether most to admire faces, figures, or foliage. Like Van Dyck, M. Moreau depicts his men as cavaliers, and gives his *grandes dames* as much refinement as grace. His touch is microscopic in its details, and yet the accessories are always kept subservient to the theme of the story. M. Moreau is an artist to the very tips of his fingers.

H. W. S.



"SOUS LA FEUILLÉE" ("UNDER THE GREENWOOD").

(*By Adrien Moreau.*)

IS PHOTOGRAPHY AN ART?

By Captain W. de W. Abney, R.E., F.R.S.

MOST constant is the battle of words which is being waged between the devotees of photography and those whom the world at large call artists. On the one hand a position is claimed for photography as a fine art in the highest sense of the word, whilst on the other we have it pushed out of the ranks of art altogether. It seems that there must be some just mean between these two extremes of opinion, and it may be of some use to dispassionately inquire as to what really is the true status of photography. In many particulars no doubt photography is a branch of science; though, alas! when some use it the science shown is hardly apparent, and is debased to a mere rule-of-thumb practice. To the scientific part of photography belongs essentially the employment of the right chemical processes and manipulations in producing a photograph, and it matters not whether it be a representation of the Matterhorn or a microscopic enlargement of a grain of sand, the application of science should be the same in both cases. The pictorial results, however, are widely different: the one may be a delicious "bit," while the other may only be useful for teaching purposes. The production of such photographs as the latter will not soar above what may be called an industrial pursuit, and may be classed with map-making, the manufacture of diagrams, etc. The production of such as the former may be something more—it may be raised to the dignity of an art. Will it be wide of the mark if the assertion be made when, in the productions of the hand, we can see an impress of the mind—an individuality, if it may so be termed—that then art must exist in such productions? It may be bad art or good art, but if from it we can recognise the producer, still there must be art in it. I am quite aware that the statement, if pressed too far, can be made to appear ridiculous; but it must be remembered that we are only making a generalisation. If, however, we keep within the legitimate scope of the definition it remains true and without absurdity.

From the peculiar colouring of a landscape, or from the mode of lighting a face in a portrait, or from the general lines of composition, critics conclude that they have a Gainsborough, a Claude, or Rembrandt before them, and the fact of such recognition at once teaches us that on the canvas there is an impress of genius. Can there be such distinctive qualities in a photograph as to stamp it as the production of an individual? I say unhesitatingly that there can be. To those who have made a *study* of photographs—we do not mean those who simply purchase photographs as souvenirs of a locality, or who place *cartes de visites* in their albums as souvenirs of their friends—we say to those who have made a study of photographs in the same sense that the *dilettanti* world study pictures, the individuality of a photographer is as easily detected as that of a painter. This is not mere supposition, it is capable of experimental proof. If a pile of photographs by any of our well-known men are placed before them, it is perfectly easy for them to pick out the work of H. P. Robinson, of Payne Jennings, of Rejlander-England, and so on; and we suppose even those least acquainted with the art-science would be able to tell which were by the late Mrs. Julia Cameron. The latter, perhaps, offer no great difficulty, for though frequently artistic, they were certainly indifferent specimens of photography. It may be objected that the colour of the print may be an index, but this is far from the case. Every photographer who is eminent has a style of his own, the composition of the picture is varied, the chemical manipulation of the negative is made subordinate to his will.

Now the artist as a rule is painfully, and it may be said to a large extent intentionally, ignorant of the processes which are employed in the production of a photograph. In the mind of one artist friend of mine the idea was impressed that the whole business of a photographer consisted in putting a glass plate coated with something into a camera which had previously been made, with its single eye, to look at some object, then to take the cap off the lens for a few seconds, replace it, and rush into a dark room or tent. At this point his imagination was arrested, if we except his belief that the subsequent operations must blacken the fingers. When I was a lad I used to colour pictures cut out of the *Illustrated London News*, and when I had daubed the uniforms of Turks and Russians with the proper tints, I had produced a picture. The colouring was mechanical, and not art. Now

had I copied the outlines and put in the shades myself, I should have approached a step nearer to creating an art-production, and had I gone to nature for the outlines and then finished the picture, I suppose it would have been art, but whether good or bad art is an open question. Photographs often are produced in the slap-dash way as my friend imagined, and the resulting pictures may be likened to the coloured prints I have just described. Had he, however, watched any of our good landscape photographers at their work in the field, he might probably have held a very different creed. It is quite true the point of view *they* choose might not be that which *he* would select. In all probability he would cast about for a "comfortable" spot, where he would be free from some of the many plagues which often afflict a person rooted to a place for some hours, and for any small loss that might arise in the balance of the picture as actually seen by him he would compensate from the rich depths of his imagination. Whose production would be most truthful? I well recollect a picture of the temple of Karnak, painted by an artist of known ability. Massively beautiful in every respect is the building, but our painter "improved" it still more. In his picture we find an imposing gateway which should be on the north side, bodily moved, for pictorial purposes, to the east. I have a photograph before me of the same view; it is soft and delicate, rich in detail, but the gateway is not there. Which is most truthful, the painting or the photograph? Now let me try and show the distinction that exists between a photographer who is an artist and one who is not. We will suppose that both include the same view in their respective cameras (a supposition which is, however, unlikely, since the one, as a rule, will carefully select his view, whilst the other will not), and then watch them both developing their negatives. The chemicals applied will be the same in both cases, and if the two glass plates, bearing the images which have to be developed, were treated in an automatic fashion, the resulting pictures would be identical. The conventional photographer will pour a liquid over his glass plate, paying attention only to a certain appearance which the rapidly appearing image should take. That being attained, his labour is over, and after another small chemical manipulation, his negative picture is finished. The artist-photographer, on the other hand (the term is usually adopted by those who are bad photographers and worse artists, but it is used here in its true sense), carefully watches his image as it comes out under the seemingly magic influence of the developer; and at a given instant stops its increasing vigour. He notes that at one point a high light is required, and by using a thin stream of liquid he gradually heightens the light. At another spot he notes that some feature in the landscape requires more prominence, and an application of the fluid, maybe slightly modified in composition, works his will. The liquid to him is what the brush is to the painter, or the style to the etcher. In such a way the photographer can do what he will with his image, and the print on paper from a negative so treated will hardly be recognisable when compared with that from the negative of the soul lacking artistic instincts. True, that like the painter, the impress of his mind as given to his work may be open to criticism, but what then? The fact that it is so open is an acknowledgment that there may be art existing in it. Again, in securing a print from his *cliché* the same difference will be observed. The ordinary professional printer can turn out prints by the dozen from it, but it requires an artistic instinct to make the most of it. By judicious screening of the light from his paper, tone can be given to the background, and mellowness to the distance. Various other artifices can also be brought to bear in order to produce the happiest results, if he but use them with discrimination. How is it then that the art-world looks upon a photograph as something to be despised? The answer is not far to seek. It is in all probability because it *can* be, and very often is, a purely mechanical production, and yet no one would think of casting a slur upon painting, because a few uneducated persons can bend over a pavement and produce in "natural colouring" 20-lb. salmon, a storm at sea, with a ship tossing on wooden-looking waves, or dishes and plates of a wonderful pattern.

There is, in reality, quite as much difference between the photographic-artist who takes "our picter" for sixpence on the sands at Margate, and photographers like Robinson and many others, as there is between the exhibitor at the Royal Academy and the artist of the pavement.

The want of colour in a photograph is undeniably a great drawback to its capacity for pleasing the mind, but it is no more reasonable to take photography out of the category of art on this account, than it would be etching, or other art in monochrome. If a choice had to be made between some pictures to be found in dealers' windows—which are out of drawing and out of colouring—and a landscape photograph taken by Bedford, or such as he, it seems hard to imagine that it would not fall on the

latter, if the true artistic method were consulted. I know perfectly well that the value of an art-production in the majority of cases is measured by the price asked for it; the higher the price asked the greater the value. Hundreds of pounds are frequently spent on pictures absolutely without any pretence to good art, whereas as many shillings would purchase photographs which are in reality more valuable, but which are despised for their very cheapness.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, writing of painting, says, "As our art is not a divine gift, so neithe is it a mechanical trade. Its foundations are laid in solid science; and practice, though essential to perfection, can never attain to that at which it aims unless it works under the directio of principles." For painting substitute photography, and it still remains exact. The tru artist, be he painter or photographer, "work under the direction of principles."

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

LOUISE JOPLING.

F we may suppose that the artistic faculty is divided with fair equality between men and women, experience certainly forbids us to believe that success in any of the arts lies as readily within the reach of the weaker as of the stronger sex. Potential artists may, and in fact do, abound among women, but a thousand causes are at work to prevent the executive fulfilment of their promises. A poet has ventured to question, or at least to wonder at, the Providence which creates "a vain capacity;" and in truth, when we consider that unemployed power is not merely a waste but a source of pain to its possessor, we should find it hard to understand the rich, significant, and yet abortive gifts which are given to women, if we did not remember the all-important female vocation of transmission, which may solve the riddle. That remarkable men have had remarkable mothers is a truism, and those who repeat it do so without much commiseration for the women of genius who have, in all time of the world's history, bequeathed their latent art, their science, their philosophy—that is to say, their large capacity for these things—to aftertimes and to the emancipated executive faculties of their sons. In those rare cases, however, in which a woman succeeds in her own person, she proves herself to be mistress of a higher success than would be a man's in the achievement of like results; and if she actually reaches an eminence at which the indulgence granted to her weakness and her obstacles ceases among critics, and when she can permit herself to re-echo what Mrs. Browning says in one of her letters to Mr. Horne—"You will please to recollect that when I talk of women I do not speak of them (as many men do) according to a separate, peculiar, and womanly standard, bu according to the common standard of huma nature"—then, indeed, a rare and particula homage even justice may pay to her.

And the lady whose name stands at the hea of this article has been exceptionally weighted even among a sex so heavily handicapped. Ros Bonheur had an artist father; and Elizabet Butler and Clara Montalba had their artisti faculty fostered by the best masters here an abroad, and by the sympathetic taste of thei parents, from their childhood upwards. Bu Louise Jopling never learned to draw until sh was twenty-three. During those pliant year which are so precious for training, her art-talen had been hidden, and was brought to surfac only by one of those apparent accidents t which we owe so many great painters, fro the days of Giotto until now. Mrs. Jopling' Cimabue—encountered, not on Florentine hills but in a Paris *salon*—was the Baroness Na thaniel de Rothschild, herself an artist, som of whose water-colour work our readers wil remember at the Grosvenor Gallery exhibi tions. Mrs. Jopling was wont to make littl sketches of her friends, and the Baroness havin seen these, and perceived the power that la behind them only waiting to be trained, urge her forthwith to begin artistic work in goo earnest; which she did.

Hitherto the embryo artist's life had bee uneventful enough as regards the outer world But the personal history of nearly all distin guished persons is so closely interwoven wit their public careers that its apparently trivia details are often significant; and Mrs. Jopling's when it comes to be written, will probably b found to have exercised an even more tha ordinary influence on her artistic labours an aims. Born in November, 1843, Louise Good

was one of a family of nine. Early left an orphan, she became Mrs. Romer before she was out of her teens, her husband holding the post of secretary to Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild in Paris when the incidents already related, to which she owes her professional career, so

Yours faithfully
Louise Jopling

(*From a Photograph by Mons. A. Boucher, Brighton.*)

happily occurred. Taking to heart the hints of her friend, she betook herself to the studio of M. Chaplin (the master, by the way, of another distinguished lady artist, Henriette Browne) in the January of 1867. Under his tutelage Mrs. Romer continued for sixteen months, for the first twelve confining herself to drawings, two of which—heads in chalk—were exhibited in the Salon of 1868. After only the final four months' handling of the brush she returned to England, and there painted her maiden work, entitled "Consolation," showing two girls, one with her head resting on the shoulder of the other. This was sent to the Academy, was there marked "doubtful" by the Selecting Committee, and finally was not hung. Nothing daunted, the rejected of 1870 tried to be, and was, the accepted of 1871, with her "Bud and Bloom," a maiden in her early teens carrying a pot of azaleas, full blown. In the same year, acting on the advice of Mr. Frith, who held it to be excellent practice for

an artist to portray himself, Mrs. Romer painted her own likeness (life-size), which was exhibited in Bond Street, not far from the spot where, less than ten years later, her masterly portrait by Mr. Millais attracts its crowd.

Mrs. Romer had risen with almost unexampled rapidity from the rank of the amateur and the student to that of the proficient and the professional; and henceforth she progressed at the same rate. Beginning her course with a run, she has never slackened her speed. Each year in succession has its own achievement. In 1871 (being three years of age, artistically speaking, at the time) she had three pictures in the Academy. One of these, "In Memoriam," showing some flowers scattered on a pall, bore tender reference to the death of one of the artist's children in that year; while a second was a charming head, which was painted from her sister, and of which Mr. Tom Taylor became the possessor—a purchase from so eminent an art-critic fairly taking rank among the successes of Mrs. Romer's early career. In 1872 she had again three pictures at Burlington House, where also she had two—both portraits—in the following year.

At this date occurred an event—the death of her first husband—which, while it belongs to Mrs. Romer's history as a woman, intimately affects her history as an artist, throwing her, as it did, more entirely on her own exertion, and augmenting her professional zeal. Not less important to her art was another domestic event—her second marriage, in 1874, to Mr. Joseph Middleton Jopling, who, though then holding a post at the Horse Guards, and albeit a crack shot, having won the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon, the St. George's, and many other prizes, is known also to the world as a painter; and if he calls himself an amateur in his wife's profession, his brother artists and the public have long ceased to consider him as such. As a water-colour painter he holds a prominent position, having been for some years a member of the Water-Colour Institute, at one of whose exhibitions his well-known "Fluffy"—representing a girl, life-size, holding up a dog—was *par excellence* among the drawings of its year.

The question, "Should artists marry?" has often been asked, especially in the case of lady artists, without, however, eliciting any uniform or definite answer. Three Presidents of the Royal Academy have set an example of celibacy—Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Sir Frederick Leighton. The first of these, as we all know, not only practised but somewhat roughly preached bachelorhood, telling Flaxman, on his marriage with Anne Dolman, that he would be ruined as an artist. Whether the ill-natured prediction came from Reynolds as a rejected suitor, who would have married Angelica Kauffmann if he could, we need not stop to inquire—at any rate it turned out, in the case of the great sculptor, to be incorrect. Raffaelle, it is true, died unmarried at the age of thirty-seven, but he was an affianced lover at the time. To those who are still in doubt about the right reply to the vital query we would recommend the perusal of the elder Leslie's autobiography and letters, perhaps the happiest record of a married life yet written; nor do we think it would be difficult to trace an increase of power, as well as an added industry, in the works of almost all of our living artists who have followed the old poet's prescription for doubling life's joys and halving its troubles. All which is by way of prelude to the fact that from the time of her marriage with one who shared her own artistic taste, Mrs. Jopling can date an increase in her reputation. In the Academy of this year of 1874 appeared her first important subject-picture, the "Five o'Clock Tea," which we engrave. The artist seized the prevailing fancy for Japanese life, Japanese dress, and Japanese *bric-à-brac*, and turned it to good account on this canvas, every detail of which (except, perhaps, the character of one or two of the fairer faces) is faithful to the quaint reality, and as full of local colour as an Oriental scene painted in England can be. The group is well composed, and the costume—so graceful, yet so foreign and fresh to European ideas of grace—is cleverly treated, with well-drawn, broad, and simple forms of drapery. A smaller work, "La Japonaise," was exhibited at the same time; and in the following year appeared "Elaine" and "A Modern Cinderella," —a girl who may be supposed to be a painter's model, and who turns her back to hang up the gorgeous salmon-coloured robe (matched by a little shoe of the same tint), in which she has been posing. She wears the petticoat and chemise of every-day life, and her equally commonplace gown lies beside her on a chair. This picture we remember to have seen catalogued in a comic paper as "A Lady Artist R.A.-ing Herself." The same year saw the completion of a large canvas, "The Five Sisters of York," which has since been to the Philadelphia Exhibition, has received a bronze medal at the Crystal Palace, and is now at Sydney. Two fancy heads and a portrait of Miss de Rothschild, now Mrs. Cyril Flower, represented

Mrs. Jopling at Burlington House in 1876; and in 1877 a composition called "Weary Waiting"—the mother and child of an Arctic explorer—and four portraits, one of which, "Colonel the Honourable Charles Lindsay," wearing armour and a black velvet Henry VIII. cap, is the subject of our smaller illustration; while another, "Gertrude, Daughter of George Lewis, Esq.," was a child-delineation of singular charm, which was subsequently shown at the Salon.

COL. THE HONOURABLE CHARLES HUGH LINDSAY.

(From the Portrait by Louise Jopling exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877.)

The year 1877 will long be memorable in the history of English art as that in which the dream of an artist and munificent patron of the arts—or, rather, we should say *two* artists and patrons, for Lady Lindsay's name will be linked with that of her husband in this splendid enterprise as long as a love of art shall live—found a fulfilment in the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery. Mrs. Jopling's "It Might Have Been" (engraved in Part I. of THE MAGAZINE OF ART) was one of the attractions of its first exhibition. Also to the Grosvenor, in 1878, she sent her beautiful "Pity is akin to Love," as well as a portrait of "Miss Evelina de Rothschild" feeding pigeons. At the Academy Mrs.

Jopling was represented in the same year; and she also painted for Lord Beaconsfield's gallery a portrait of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild which, in deference to the sitter's wishes, was not publicly exhibited. Last May a portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Romilly at the Academy, and "Little Boy Blue"—a life-size head of one of her own children—at the Grosvenor, were the only trophies of a year, the labour of which was broken in upon by the artist's illness. Of the present year's work we shall speak in another place. Such is the part record of a busy life—a record which, even when we have included frequent contributions to the Dudley Gallery Exhibitions, both in oil and in water-colour, and to the Ladies' Society, is still incomplete. Nor should we omit to mention here that the pages of this Magazine have frequently been graced by papers from Mrs. Jopling's pen, her talent being by no means confined to art, but extending to literature and to music as well.

In face of the life of a wife and mother so devoted to serious and sincere professional labour, we are confronted by the often-repeated problem, "What is to become of the baby of the future?" if the example of work set by Mrs. Jopling and her sisters of the brush be largely followed. Happily the reply is altogether favourable to his prospects. The baby of the future will be cared for none the less effectually and tenderly than is the baby of the present, if women learn to allot to healthy and refining employment at home some of the hours which are now in so many cases devoted to society. The fashionable woman is unblamed for giving to the world far more of her time and energy than the happier artist or authoress gives to her profession; and the domestic future of the race will assuredly be improved rather than damaged by the multiplication of women such as Mrs. Jopling, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Fildes, Mrs. Alma-Tadema, and Mrs. Allingham, who are not only accomplished painters and ladies of general culture, but also exemplary in all the tenderer relations of life.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

INDIAN METAL-WORK.—II.

By J. R. Royle.

It is when we come to incrusted and inlaid metal-work, and to wares in which the ornamentation relies for its effect on a combination of two or more metals, that we see what talent and skill in the grouping of ornament, and in the arrangement of contrasts of colour, and what a perfect knowledge of the principles of design, are possessed by the Indian workmen.

Perhaps the simplest, and yet one of the most pleasing, forms of such work is the imitation niello-work, which was alluded to in the previous article when speaking of the tinned and engraved brass-ware of Moradábád. As previously explained, in this kind of work the design is incised through the layer of tin to the brass groundwork, and it is sometimes left merely showing the sunken yellow outlines; but when these incised outlines are filled in, as is frequently the case, with a black and glossy composition of lac, a very fair imitation of the much more expensive niello-work is produced. Sometimes the ornamental character of the work is further enhanced by removing both the tin and the lac from certain portions of the work and thus allowing the bright brass groundwork to show through. Fig. 1 shows a box ornamented in this manner, the centres of the floral pattern being of bright brass, the rest of the design of bright silvery-looking metal, and the ground a glossy black.

Fig. 1.—BOX FROM MORADÁBÁD.
(*Imitation of Niello-work.*)

In Kashmír, trays and vessels are made of tinned copper, and sometimes of zinc, in which the pattern is incised in a similar manner, and then filled in with a dull black composition. A most beautiful variety of this work was exhibited by the Earl of Northbrook at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. No description of the process of manufacture has as yet been received in England; but the whole surface was covered with bright, silvery, star-like flowers, which looked as though sprinkled over the incised and blackened design with which the groundwork of zinc was decorated.

Mr. Baden Powell, in his "Handbook of Punjab Manufactures," alludes to the rudest form of inlaid or rather incrusted metal-work as being made in Dehli, viz., vessels of pewter ornamented with brass. Specimens of this work are not very common in England, and have little artistic merit, but are interesting as showing the first attempts to relieve the monotony of the metal surface by affixing designs cut out of thin plates of a different metal.

From the Madras Presidency, however, we have vessels of brass richly engraved, and inlaid with pewter, which are good in form and very effective as ornaments. Indeed, the art of ornamenting brass and copper vessels with inlayings and incrustations of other metals is practised much more in the south than in the north of India. Thus from Trichinopoli come a great many brass vessels, which are generally ornamented with somewhat rough representations of birds, brought into slight relief by being overlaid with thin sheets of copper. Tanjor produces the best specimens of work of this class, in the shape of vessels and trays of brass, ornamented in a similar but much more elaborate manner with incrustations of copper, and others of copper incrusted with silver. Fig. 2, *a*, is an excellent specimen of this latter description, and was exhibited in the London International Exhibition of 1872, where it was much admired. There is considerable variety in the patterns used in this work. The principal subjects are birds, animals, foliage,

Fig. 2.—GROUP OF INDIAN INCRUSTED AND INLAID METAL-WARE.

a, Copper Lota, incrusted with Silver, from Tanjor; *b*, Bidri Bowl and Cover, from Purniah; *c*, Bidri Vase and Cover, from Bedar; *d*, Bidri Tray, from Bedar.

diaper patterns, and frequently mythological figures. The designs are first stamped on pieces of thin sheet-metal with suitable punches, and then attached to the vessel to be ornamented by means of heating and hammering round the edges—the portion of the surface of the vessel to be ornamented having been roughened and moistened with a solution of borax.

Among the Prince of Wales's Indian presents was a circular brass tray, which was an excellent specimen of this class of decoration. In the centre was seated a nondescript gorilla-like animal; around him at a little distance was a circle of birds, and around them again an outer circle of animals. All these figures were in copper, and were interspersed with leaves and other ornaments in silver; the whole design standing well out in relief from the brass ground, and being very effective.

The art of damascening (or inlaying iron, steel, and sometimes other metals with gold or silver wire) received its name from having been originally practised and carried to great perfection in Damascus. It is represented in India by the "kuft" work, or "koftgari," which much resembles the beautiful Spanish damascening of which such excellent specimens have been shown at various international exhibitions by Zuloaga of Eibar.

The "kuft" work was formerly employed almost exclusively for the ornamentation of arms and armour, which work was practised principally at Amritsar and Múltán, in the Panjáb. Since the passing of the Arms Act in 1860, the manufacture of arms has almost ceased, but some finely damascened pieces of old armour are still occasionally to be bought, and some of the modern workmen continue to work at breastplates, shields, helmets, and gauntlets, of which a limited number are bought by collectors of armour.

But the modern workmen, who congregate mostly at Siálkot and Gujrát, in the Punjáb, principally devote their labour to producing small wares, such as caskets, trays, pen-racks, inkstands, paper-knives, bracelets, and brooches, many of which are copied from inferior European patterns. They also make a good many hilts for the native swords, or tulwars; but these hilts are not usually samples of first-class workmanship, and are, in most cases, scarcely worth procuring blades for. But although the specimens which are generally produced for sale are frequently inferior both in design and workmanship, the workmen are perfectly able and willing to reproduce really good patterns, if these are set before them; and the details of the ornamentation may safely be left to their own good taste, more especially if they are not unduly hurried or stinted in the price to be paid for their labour. Fig. 4 is an example of the work.

The manner in which this work is produced is as follows:—The steel surface of the article to be ornamented is generally darkened by heating, and then has the intended pattern drawn on it by means of a hard steel pointed tool, the lines being afterwards gone over and deepened with small punches and chisels. Fine gold wire is then beaten into all the indentations, and, using borax and resin as a flux, the work is heated and again well beaten, until the gold and steel have been thoroughly united, after which the surface is cleaned, polished, and frequently blued, the contrast of colour produced by the bright gold on a rich blue ground being very effective. In the inferior class of work the design is merely scratched on the surface, instead of being cut in, and gold-leaf is used instead of gold wire; such work is not very durable, as the gold-leaf only slightly adheres to the roughened outline, and the design easily becomes partially obliterated.

A very analogous kind of work is also produced by inlaying steel with a pattern worked out partly in gold and partly in silver. This work, according to Mr. Baden Powell ("Handbook of Punjab Manufactures"), is known by the name of "Ganga-jamni." A rough system of inlaying with silver on iron is practised at Hushiárpur, in the Panjáb.

The Indian armourers formerly showed very great ingenuity in the variety of modes they adopted for the ornamentation of arms and armour, and in the curious shapes into which they fashioned the blades. Thus they made sword-blades with serrated edges, and others with bifurcated points; straight and curved blades, blades so thin and elastic that they could be worn round the waist and thus concealed under the clothing, and blades with a hollow longitudinal groove cut through the steel for a great part of its length, and with small pearls or shot running freely from end to end of the groove. Among daggers, too, the forms were no less ingenious, as witness the waved "bichwa," or "scorpion dagger," and the variety of "kutar," or broad dagger, which appears as but one broad blade when used for striking, but which separates into five blades by the action of a spring as it is withdrawn from the wound. Sometimes the blades were finely watered, at other times exquisitely damascened, and frequently boldly sculptured with repre-

sentations, in relief, of animals, hunting and other scenes.

Naturally the greatest wealth of decoration was lavished on the hilts, and on the scabbard mounts and accoutrements, in the ornamentation of which gold, silver, jewels, rock-crystal, jade, and ivory were used in profusion, and in greater variety of combinations than it would be possible to enumerate in these narrow limits. In the use of these materials there was ample scope for the exercise of the arts of chasing, embossing, damascening, and enamelling; and few better illustrations of the richness of Indian decorative design, and of its freedom from mere vulgar glitter, could be pointed out than those which might be noted during a careful inspection of the beautiful arms contained in the India Museum and in the Prince of Wales's collection of Indian presents.

Fig. 3.—BIDRI WATER VESSEL.
(*From Bedar.*)

The catalogue of arms in the India Museum, just published by the Hon. W. Egerton, illustrates many of the finest specimens of the various modes of ornamentation.

Not inferior in point of merit to the "kuft" work is the kind of inlaid metal known as "bidri," so called because originally made at Bedar, a large town in Haidarábád, which is still celebrated as producing the finest specimens of this work. It is a favourite material for "huka" bowls with those who cannot afford silver, but yet wish for something better than brass or pewter; and it is used almost exclusively for hukas, water-vessels, trays, spice-boxes, cups, basins, and other small articles, which are all cast in moulds of the same character as those previously described as being used in casting brass-ware. The metal used is made of a mixture of copper, lead, tin, and zinc. After casting, the vessels are turned in a lathe, and stained black by a mixture of muriate of ammonia, saltpetre, salt, and sulphate of copper. The design intended for the surface decoration is then drawn on the article with a sharply-pointed instrument, and, owing to the blackened ground, it stands out with sufficient clearness to enable the artist to make any needful corrections. After these have been made, the pattern is cut deeply in, and slightly undercut, by means of small chisels, and the inlaying is then done in much the same manner as has been described in the case of the "kuft" work. In "bidri," however, the material used for inlaying is generally silver, which is used either in the form of wires or in that of small plates. The whole surface is then polished by means of cakes of lac and corundum, and finally with

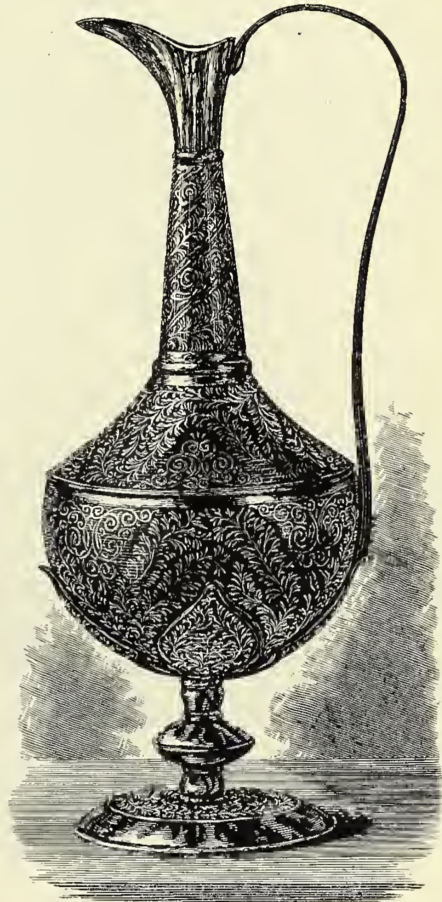


Fig. 4.—SCENT VASE.
(*From Siálkot. Damascened or Kuft Work.*)

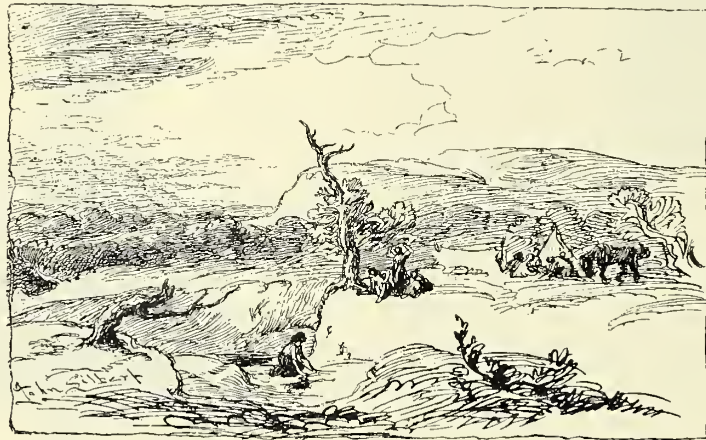
charcoal; and the black staining mixture is again applied to the groundwork. Occasionally gold is used instead of silver for the inlaying, and sometimes the centres or other portions of the patterns are inlaid with gold, the remainder of the pattern being in silver.

In the Prince of Wales's collection of Indian presents were some specimens of "bidri" which were by no means to be admired for their forms. The most conspicuous objects were a complete toilet-set, evidently copied from very inferior crockery patterns, and some large flower-vases of a common Italian pattern. The details of the ornamentation were good, but seemed strangely misapplied to such clumsy forms. Work of this class is also made to a slight extent at Surat, Moradábád, and Dacca, and to a rather greater extent at Purniah. The work of the latter place may generally be distinguished by its showing a larger proportion of the black ground, and by the designs being less fine in detail.

Although the best work still comes from Bedar, yet pieces of great merit have been sent from Purniah to some of the international exhibitions. Fig. 2, *c* and *d*, and Fig. 3, are examples of the work from Bedar, while Fig. 2, *b*, shows that from Purniah.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—II.

But for the serious—nay, solemn—intention of his great "Elijah" of last season it might be said that Sir Frederick Leighton's art has become year by year more light, happy, unemotional, and (in the higher sense) decorative. As has been the case with several poets, he has seemed to turn in his maturer years to the gentle and graceful themes which early youth in its impetuous thoroughness is apt to consider scarcely worthy of high art; and, in fact, it may generally be said that the happiest times of a man's life produce the saddest or at least the gravest art, while in his more serious years he turns to the sunny, the sweet, the recreative —to Chaucer for poetry, to the Greek meadows and sea-shores for the subjects of pictures. This year the President has distinctly avoided the tragic emotions. He has done little in the way of composition of any kind, the greater part of his canvases showing single figures only, while his two groups, as our engravings of them indicate, are of the simplest character. One of these expresses only what Mr. Tennyson would call the "moral of being fair," while the other does express an emotion, but of the most joyous and tender kind. In both the exquisiteness of Sir Frederick Leighton's appreciation of the grace and beauty of childhood is shown with peculiar charm. "The Light of the Hareem" (p. 315) is a sultana who stands adorning her loveliness by the aid of a mirror held up by a little maiden—a repetition, by the way, of one of the most elegant incidents in the South Kensington Museum lunette of the "Arts of Peace." The child's figure is as quaint as it is lovely, and free from the slightest taint of conventionality in its



EVENING.
(*By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.*)

grace. No less beautiful is the little creature who stands on a wall in "The Sister's Kiss" (p. 317), and stoops down to meet the upturned lips of the girl whose neck she clasps. Seldom has the energy of love been expressed with a more fervent impulse of action than in this group—a fervour of impulse, indeed, which might have been more in accordance with the title of "Mother and Child," the name which, we believe, the President first thought of for this fascinating work, but which the youth of the elder girl eventually seemed to belie. In colour "The Sister's Kiss" is at once warm and delicate, while most of Sir Frederick Leighton's works this year are apparently designedly deficient in the former quality, inclining to an almost violet quality in the flesh tints. This peculiarity is principally noticeable in "Psamathe, the Nymph of the Shore," a fine study from the nude, with a background of sea, and the hills of Capri on the horizon.

After the name of the President, that around which the chief interest gathers is undoubtedly the name of Mr. Millais, that great and seemingly almost negligent painter, whose careless and magisterial ease of manner has been compassed by so much close and arduous labour in the past, and, indeed, perhaps covers more of close and arduous labour in the present than is apparent at a glance. We always rejoice to welcome masculine portraits from his brush, for his art is in a special sense virile, and in his best work of this kind there is a man's sympathy with a man, a frank understanding and sincerity, which is one of the healthiest things in contemporary art. In the portrait of Mr. John Bright he has painted a Liberal statesman of a very different type from that which he treated last year in the memorable picture of Mr. Gladstone. In the present work there is, perhaps, less room for that hint of the poetry of portraiture which gave so peculiar a charm to its predecessor. It is, nevertheless, a noble likeness; the attitude, with the hand thrust into the opening of the coat, one finger alone being left out, is thoroughly characteristic, and was caught, as all happy attitudes must be, accidentally. The figure is in three-quarters, the head nearly in profile, and painted almost entirely in light, the modelling about the forehead being exceedingly powerful, yet delicate. Also in three-quarters is the

EVANGELINE.

(By G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.)

portrait of Dr. Holden, a standing figure. The face is full of interest in its character, and striking in colour. A study of himself, painted with extraordinary vigour, is the third of this remarkable series; the artist is looking straight at the spectator, as though in the act of painting

his portrait, a palette in the hand, and a slight observant frown contracting the brow. Of the feminine portraits, those of Miss Sehenley and of the little daughter of Lady Stepney are at the Royal Aeademy, those of Mrs. Caird and Mrs. Jopling at the Grosvenor Gallery. The first is a fresh-eoloured pieture of a young lady in a dress of clear white, with blue eorn-flowers in her hand and in a blue and white china vase behind her. The second shows a little girl in black velvet relieved with white, also holding flowers — one of the most delightful ehild - pietures whieh Mr. Millais has ever painted. "Cuekoo" is a group of two girls, half kneeling on the ground in a wood, with upturned, listening faees full of vivid expression. Two or three primroses in the grass, so wonderfully like primroses yet so lightly touehed in, must be noticed in passing as an instanee of the artist's mastery of rough, yet significant, detail. The sketch of Mrs. Jopling is as exeellent a likeness as it is an admirable work of art. The lady stands in a frank attitude, with her hands behind her, simply elad in a blaek dress with eoloured brocaded ornaments on the front. The bright yet serious expression of the face is full of eharm.

EARLY MORNING.

(By Clara Montalba.)

Mr. Poynter's art has with Sir Frederiek Leighton's the affinity of a certain similarity of subjeet. It is, however, far more severe and less sweet in feeling. For his prineipal eomposition this year he has ehosen one of those simple—nay, trivial—ineidents in whieh mythology abounds, and has dressed it in an aeademic manner. The subjeet is not a new one to the artist, having already been treated by him on a smaller seale. The Goddess of Beauty, with the three Graces in her train, visits Æseulapius to be healed of a hurt whieh she has got in hunting. The artist himself would probably be the readiest to acknowledge that in his last year's subject—the "Game of Ball"—whieh treated of beauty only, and depended for its sueeess entirely on the perfeetion of such treatment, he had failed in part; but though it is proverbially diffieult to pronounee on a matter of taste, most erities will probably agree that if the Beauties of last year were not entirely beautiful, Mr. Poynter has retrieved himself in his rendering of the Queen of Beauty herself. In eolour, also, the present work is far more pleasing than the former one. Altogether distinet and different in his theme is Mr. Orehardson, whose broad and powerful pencil has bidden fair of late years to beeome unalterably associated with the trivialities—refined, indeed, and full of eharm, but still trivialities—of the ball-room. His thoroughly maseuline subjeet this spring will be a surprise to his warmest admirers; and he has not only made a noble ehoice, but has fulfilled it worthily. If ever artistic outsiders—the men of letters, polities, or business — find themselves longing for the painter's power, it is in view of the magnifieent subjects from the history of thought and the history of nations which might be chosen for pictures and are not, the *manner* of painting engrossing so much of the attention of artists that they have little to spare for the *matter*. If they also were painters, these outsiders would probably view their art in preeisely the same praetieal manner; but being as they are in happy ignorance of the absorbing difficulties of art as a handieraft, they are lost in wonder at the opportunities in the way of subjeet which they see wasted on every hand. Mr. Orehardson has apparently resolved to be guiltless of sueh waste. His "Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*" is nobly eonceived; it treats of one of the ehief tragedies of modern history—a tragedy in whieh there is no touch of melodrama, for its whole pathos and significanee are implied in a situation which is retieent and even in a manner dignified. Byron, in common with all the eontemporary eommentators on the fall of our national enemy, sees only ignominy in that overthrow and exile. In his eyes,

> "Contempt makes mirth
> Of these the conquerors of the earth."

But Mr. Orchardson has rightly interpreted the feeling of a more liberal age, which, while it refuses to accord the sympathy of sentimentality to a tyrant's defeat, finds no subject for mirth in it. Mr. Orchardson's work is too masculine to be in any degree sentimental; it is, nevertheless, pathetic in a better way. The emperor stands in his familiar *chasseur* uniform, taking his last look at the coast of France, and behind him are grouped his generals.

We will defer our notice of Mr. Boughton's several canvases until we come, in a future number, to speak of the pictures contributed to our two great May exhibitions by the American contingent of artists; but our sketch of his "Evangeline" (p. 313) necessitates a passing mention of this lovely picture. The realism of costume and character will be somewhat new to those readers of Longfellow who have been accustomed to look at the heroic and ideal aspect of his peasant heroine's character. Mr. Boughton's type, however, if homely, is noble also; the broad throat and small head and beautiful firm features suggest old and pure rustic blood, and there is in the girl's expression something which implies, potentially at least, her future sorrows and constancy. Not her figure only, but the landscape background of a seaside corn-field, the breezy sea, and the cliffs and sky are full of the charming and sympathetic work which belongs to this artist's peculiarly refined pencil. Another painter whose training and traditions are foreign is Miss Clara Montalba; she, almost of course, contributes a Venetian scene, the familiar form of Santa Maria della Salute shining out in the radiance of the sunrise. The tender tones, of which this artist strongly feels the fascination, are diffused through the waters of the canal, while a dark gondola accentuates the colour. The broad, simple, and refined tints of this work constitute its principal beauty, but Miss Montalba is also a mistress of composition, and this merit, at least, can be seen in our sketch (page 314). Miss Hilda Montalba exhibits "Venetian Boy unloading a Market-boat," a work of remarkable quality, showing, perhaps, a certain noviceship in the matter of drawing, but so fine in colour and in a rare kind of luminosity that no one who understands these merits will wonder at its honourable place upon the line. Such attempts at brightness as consist in the free use of brilliant colours Miss Hilda Montalba completely eschews; her colours are almost quieter than even the moderation of nature requires, but she contrives so to capture the light and atmosphere that they seem to be *within* her work, and to shine from it. A little more sweetness and warmth in the tone of the sea, and the avoidance of the rather unlucky accident by which the flesh of the boy's legs and some object to the right exactly repeat each other in colour, would make this striking picture more nearly perfect. Mr. Anthony Montalba, the father of four artist daughters, contributes a small landscape of charming quality, "Fusina;" and in the Sculpture Gallery Miss Henrietta Montalba has two busts of conspicuous merit.

THE LIGHT OF THE HAREEM.
(*By Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.*)

A canvas which, on the ground of its enormous size, may claim to be not only the picture of the year, but of many years, is Mr. Val Prinsep's composition of the Dehli Durbar, at which the Queen's title of Empress of India was proclaimed by Lord Lytton before the assembled native potentates of the whole Eastern Empire. In a notice of Mr. Prinsep's amazing "Imperial India" we remarked some time ago upon the immense difficulties of such a subject, as viewed from an artistic standpoint—difficulties as to which the artist bemoaned himself with all possible frankness. The building, or rather cover, under which the ceremony took place it was perforce necessary to idealise somewhat, but, even as it is, Mr. Prinsep cannot be charged with sacrificing too much truth to the picturesque; nor was the grouping of the Indian princes an easy matter. The artist has made the best of his all but unmanageable materials, and while he gains deservedly the approbation of his patrons, the Civil Servants of India (who, we believe, have commissioned the work as a gift to Her Majesty), and the dazzled admiration of the public, he earns from all his fellow-artists a profound sympathy. To vary the attitudes of the rajahs and maharajahs as they sit in closely-serried ranks was in itself

a puzzle, and Orientals have a peculiarly unpictorial manner of seating themselves; in the action of Lord Lytton, who spreads out his arms with a somewhat demonstrative gesture, Mr. Prinsep has hailed a welcome variation; the draperies, too, of his sky-blue robes of the Star of India relieve the forms of Indian costume. Close to him stand a lady and child in European dress, the Viceroy's wife and little daughter. Trumpeters in red tunics, the imperial herald in a gorgeous tabard, and a distant row of caparisoned elephants add to a scene which does not lack colour. Of Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Fredegonde" and "Not at Home" we have already said a word; our sketch this month is of his "Spring Festival," a brilliant scene of that Roman life which he has made his own, instinct with all the joyousness and light of Italian April weather. The subject is full of motion, the air and sunshine seeming to float and quiver with the dance of the flower-crowned men and women. The latter, by the way, move with feet pointed in a manner which is only taught to stage-dancers by a course of most penitential exercises, being altogether out of nature. We might, perhaps, have expected from Mr. Alma-Tadema, of all painters, the refreshing unconventionality of a foot in the posture which anatomy suggests, and which should not be ungraceful to eyes which appreciate the natural. Sir John Gilbert has given us this year, in his "Evening" (p. 312), more of a landscape subject than is usual with him. The figures are subordinate, yet still thoroughly characteristic of the artist, who draws the form with a peculiar line and flow altogether unmistakeable as his own sign-manual, whatever the subject.

SPRING FESTIVAL.
(*By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*)

Probably the chief success of the year in landscape art will be acknowledged to be gained by Mr. Keeley Halswelle's skies. It must often have struck every observer of nature who is also well acquainted with the walls of the Royal Academy, that hardly a living artist in any school devotes himself to the painting of skies in their immensity and variety. The scenery of the heavens is, in fact, as full of interest, of heights and depths, perspective and distances, as is that of earth; nay, the mountains, plains, and continents of the clouds are as much vaster in scale than those of the world, as their solitude is more awful and their illumination more splendid. Nevertheless, a sky is seldom painted for its own grand sake; it is generally introduced as a background, or rather as a kind of ceiling to a landscape. If any attempt is made to represent its scenery, it is done in a half-hearted way and in subordination to the treatment of the scenery of the land; above all, the *light* of the sky is hardly ever (to use a technical phrase) *valued* rightly. All the more do we welcome such noble studies as these of Mr. Halswelle's, and that of Mr. Henry Moore in his great picture, "The Beached

Margent of the Sea." In "The Flood on the Thames, 1879," the eye which loves sweet and ornamental colour might desire a little more tenderness and ripeness in the greys of the whole picture, for Mr. Halswelle is undoubtedly a little metallic in manner; but his execution is entirely unaffected and sincere, and he denies himself the cheap production of a charming effect by a more emphatic dexterity of hand or a little caprice of colour. In his second work (untitled, but unnecessarily cumbered with a poor stanza of poetry) he has some fine flashes of colour near the horizon. Both pictures may be accused of a rather heavy intensity in the darker passages of cloud. The honesty of which we have just spoken is equally characteristic of Mr. Henry Moore's glowing canvas; a little too much insistence on the full rosy tints of sky and sand is the only fault we have to find with a picture which is a grand specimen of the *best* English work—of a school, that is, which we take to be distinguished in its finest examples by the national literalness tempered with a larger and more accomplished art. While we are on the subject of the important landscapes of the Academy, we would willingly linger over the truly Alpine solemnity of Mr. Hubert Herkomer's "God's Shrine," an evening scene in some pious solitude of Bavaria or the Tyrol. A mountaineer's cottage stands alone in the great valley, on the upland a small shrine, closed under its pointed roof; beyond rise the fir-clad mountains in the cold shadow of evening, while the distance climbs into the rosy light; and these passages of the extreme mountain-tops, with the great shining clouds that brood over them, are most exquisitely poetical and suggestive. Mr. Herkomer has felt and caught the peculiarly pathetic spirit that clings to a far and solitary *plateau* seen from below; he has painted his subject, it cannot be doubted, with true and exalted feeling. Among sea-pieces a foremost place must be given to the work of an outsider—Mr. Walter Shaw's "Ebb-tide over the Bar"—a study of water only, in which the contradictory actions of the advancing waves and retreating tide, with the peculiar oscillation of the massive floods and fluctuation of the wave-forms which these produce, are treated with masterly knowledge, while the execution of the surface is a piece of imitative work wonderful in its finish; and by finish we do not mean mere detail of manipulation, but also, and chiefly, that faithfulness of tone, light, value, and colour through which a true picture is finished from its very beginning. Mr. Shaw's admirable work is rewarded with a conspicuous place upon the line. Nor can outsiders generally complain this year that the posts of honour have been monopolised by members of the Academy.

THE SISTER'S KISS.
(*By Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.*)

Dr. Johnson smiled at the vain aspirations of those whose ambition would leave their names "to rust on medals or in stone decay;" but he was a man of eminently human heart, and he would assuredly not have despised the sympathetic memorial of a picture painted with so much warm and reverential interest as Mr. Adrian Stokes' "Penance of Dr. Johnson." Our readers may need to be reminded of the incident, which is related in Boswell's "Life." "Once, indeed," said he, "I was disobedient; I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault; I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory." Mr. Stokes has given a serious humility to the figure of the man who is quietly exposing to shame and ridicule his old age for the fault of his far-distant youth, a brisk brightness and life to the groups of market-people, and a chilly grey wetness to the weather. The variety of types and actions among the gibing by-standers and the vivacity of the expressions fill the canvas with unusual movement and freshness, and make this well-considered work a valuable example of historical *genre*.

In his speech at the Royal Academy banquet Sir Frederick Leighton warned young artists against the commonplace—a danger which is better avoided by an intelligent research into history and literature, such as has prompted Mr. Stokes in his choice of subject, than by that too frequent straining after the mystical and hyper-poetical which covers some not incapable painters with ridicule.

LANDSCAPE IN FICTION.

THE modern phrase "word-painting" seems peculiarly applicable to the delineation of scenery by a writer, and as in nearly all fiction now-a-days some account more or less elaborate is given of the landscape background to the story, it is a happy coincidence by which our language has been supplied with the precise expression wanted to describe the description. On the other hand, it may not be coincidence at all, but merely the natural working of the law of demand and supply, and perhaps, if the fashion had not set so strongly towards landscape-painting in words, we should never have heard anything of the phrase aforesaid. However this may be, it is assuredly a pleasant fact, and one which shows a growing appreciation of the beautiful in nature, that the scenery of a fiction should be brought into prominence, and that it claims and receives much more regard and consideration both from author and reader at the present day than it did formerly. Scarcely any three-volume novel or short story, good or bad, is now entirely devoid of this element.

The first really great English modern master of landscape-painting in words was Sir Walter Scott, and no inconsiderable degree of the power with which the Magician of the North carries us, who love nature, away entirely out of ourselves and our surroundings, is due to the extraordinary manner in which he makes us feel as if we were actually standing amidst the scenery he describes, quite independently of the incident, whatever it may be, taking place therein. An elaborate essay might be written on such a characteristic of his genius alone; but here space will not allow us to do more than glance rapidly at a few of the more striking examples of the authors who possess a kindred ability. Charlotte Bronté and her sisters are conspicuous in the forefront of modern landscape-painters in words. The description of weather, wind, and sky by the former is sufficient at once to stamp her as a landscape artist of the highest merit. Word-painting, perhaps, never went further than in that account of the weather in "Jane Eyre" the night before the heroine's intended marriage with Rochester, and when she goes forth in the gloaming in the hope of meeting him returning home. Emily Bronté's "Wuthering Heights," again, is full of grand, noble, and even awful pictures of scenery—that bleak, stern, desolate appearance of the Yorkshire moorlands with which their residence at Haworth made the sisters so painfully familiar, and to specify examples of which even would fill pages.

George Eliot is another great pen-and-ink *paysagiste*, as we all know, and to be ranked equally with those above mentioned. The pastoral pictures abounding in her books cannot be exceeded as beautiful examples of pure English country scenery. It is not too much to say that no more delightful or graphic "word-painting" (as referring to our subject) exists than is to be found in "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," or indeed in any of the author's works excepting "Middlemarch," in which latter—with the purpose, perhaps, of bringing her former pictorial efforts into stronger relief—she has abstained from any elaborate delineation of landscape. Its absence in "Middlemarch" is very apparent, the more so as it helps immensely to emphasise and harmonise with the tragic ugliness of the psychological dissections of character with which the story is filled; and this, after all, was probably her high artistic motive for giving no especial force to the occasional rural bits of background which are required. Such scanty dreary sketches of it as do occur (for they are only sketches) make us value the more the exquisite loveliness and finish of pictures like that (to select one out of scores) of the haymaking-time when "Adam Bede" goes forth to his work on the bright summer morning of the day on which his father dies, or of those thickly scattered throughout the pages of "The Mill on the Floss."

Second to none of the modern penman painters of landscape stands R. D. Blackmore—in fact, it is a question whether he should not be placed absolutely at their head. Scarcely in any fiction of the present day do we find such a large space solely given up to the portrayal of natural scenery as is to be met with in this writer's works—space, let it be remembered, which no cultivated reader can grudge or skip; so exquisite, so fascinating is the manner in which the landscape is everywhere described. One cannot wish away a single page of those in "Lorna Doone" which are devoted to the background. As we read we actually seem to be breathing

the very air of the wild, untrodden waste of Exmoor, or to be following step by step young John Ridd through the mysterious intricacies of the romantic path by which he first finds his way into the seclusion of the Doone valley. The observation and portrayal of detail, no less than of the broad and general effects, the light, shade, colour, and composition of the various tableaux, is simply superb, and more than pre-Raphaelite in its truthfulness. The account of the terrific frost in the winter preceding the hero's visit to London, and its effects on the desolate region where the action of the story chiefly lies, may likewise be classed as unparalleled for power. No such winter landscape, perhaps, was ever before painted in words. It is an historical picture which makes you cower over the fire at Christmas or almost long for a top-coat in midsummer, according to the season in which you read it. Again, in his treatment of the smiling beauties of the Kentish cherry-orchards or of the vast expanses of the rolling South Downs as they are presented to us in "Alice Loraine," this master displays an appreciation and reverence for the country which is surely exceptional even among the most appreciative of "word-painters." In another of his books, "Noel Craddock," there is also much of the highest quality of landscape-painting—so much, in short, is there in all his works of this wonderful and delightful power, that no limner on canvas or paper can be said to have completed his education without reading them. They are eminently books for artists.

The above reference to the South Downs reminds us that Charles Kingsley portrayed these "grand steadfast forms" in a most masterly fashion, as will be recognised by all who have read his "Yeast;" whilst "Westward Ho!" "Two Years Ago," and many others, are full of sea and landscape pictures which are hard to beat. Alongside of him in regard to sea and coast pictures William Black should certainly take his stand; and if Mrs. Lynn Linton does not do her word-painting quite so much from what we may term the brush-painter's standpoint as from that of the scientist, her pen-painting of that lake scenery with which she is so familiar and loves so reverently is again beyond compare.

Of course it must be understood that our subject includes description of the elements, for there can be no wide range of landscape-painting either on canvas or in books which is independent of sky and atmosphere. Wind and storm, cloud and mist, deluging rain and parching sun, must each and all in their turn receive the most careful consideration, for undoubtedly the sentiment of a situation in a story, as well as of a scene in nature, can be always enhanced by a due regard to that mysterious sympathy which exists, or seems to exist, perhaps, from mere coincidence between many of our human affairs and the elements.

How universally this truth is felt may be seen in that commonest of old women's sayings which declares that "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on, and happy is the corpse the rain pours on." Herein is but the rudimentary expression of the great principle, and that it can be extended, and is extended, to many conditions of our existence no one will deny. Therefore there is nothing surprising when we find it largely resorted to by all skilled novelists and story-tellers. Some of them, like George Eliot and the Brontës, combine in a marvellous degree not only the power of emphasising the position of affairs in their fictions or of the moods of mind of their characters by the aspect of the landscape surrounding them, but also with the precisely appropriate state of the weather; whilst there are others who seek to express the sentiment of the picture purely by the landscape; whilst others, again, seem to rely chiefly on the elements alone to add force to the drama. Of these latter Charles Dickens may be quoted as a supreme adept. Although he paints landscape beautifully enough, nevertheless he is not so essentially a delineator of scenery as he is of the appropriate elemental conditions. It is when he has to describe a storm, or a high wind, or a great glare of sunshine, heat, and dust, or a biting intensity of frost and snow, or a terror-striking darkness of fog and mist, that he appears at his strongest. He loves the country immensely, dearly—no man more so, as we are aware, but hardly so much with the eye of the pure landscape-painter, like that of Blackmore, as with that of the rambler, the keen observer, and the man of the world. The storm and shipwreck in "David Copperfield;" the humorous and pathetic vagaries of the wind in the opening of "Martin Chuzzlewit," which terminate with the prostration of Mr. Pecksniff by the slamming of his own front door; the fiercely portentous and tragic behaviour of Boreas in "Edwin Drood" on the night of the hero's mysterious disappearance; the sweltering deadly heat at Marseilles when it "lay burning in the sun" at the beginning of "Little Dorrit;" the frosty weather in all his Christmas tales, notably the "Carol" when Bob Cratchett goes down a slide on Cornhill; and the fog which so happily symbolises the procedure of the Court of Chancery

at the commencement of "Bleak House"—these and a host more of similarly powerful descriptions of sky and weather illustrate the consummate mastery of Dickens over this side of the novel writer's craft, and are sufficient to warrant his enrolment in the ranks of the great word-painters of landscape.

Just as we see artists with the brush, who are given mostly to painting sky-pictures, as they are called, trusting to atmospheric effects to express the poetry and sentiment of their subjects, so, on the other hand, some rely more on that phase of pictorial art which may be termed for convenience pre-Raphaelite: there are the broad bold generalisers of the background, and there are the botanists and geologists who fill up their canvas with the minute hard facts of flowers, herbage, and strata. Others, again, there are who have but little recourse comparatively to nature, so to speak, for either of these different styles of painting. A great deal of it is done, as one may say, evidently out of their own heads rather than from any memoranda or sketches made upon the spot, and we would venture to put the late Lord Lytton in this class. He painted beautiful landscapes at times, but they were, like his *dramatis personæ*, immensely idealised and somewhat conventional—high-flown and impossible, it may be, more often than not. They seemed to be derived from his inner consciousness and general impressions, rather than from actual portraiture. He loved placid lakes and waveless seas, purple mountains and chestnut glades, Italian plains, olive gardens and vineyards with the glinting roseate lights of sunset, the mystery of twilight, and the ghostly gleams of the rising moon; but one cannot call him a great word-painter even of any of these things; he gave you an impression of them, and little more. Now, Ouida, on the contrary, paints her landscape in with a firm hand and vigorous definition of facts, albeit her taste leads her to select subjects akin to those of Lord Lytton, and to infuse them with a similar vein of vague, poetic sensuousness.

Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Braddon, and others whose names at this moment escape us, should be included in that class of writers who, whilst not making the landscape stand out conspicuously in their fictions, still always treat it effectively and with the utmost care, so that their readers shall feel the influence of scenery upon the romance, and yet hardly regard it as of importance compared with the thrilling incidents and situations occurring in its midst.

Partaking, as is natural, of the style which distinguishes his development of story and character, Wilkie Collins's landscape is eminently circumstantial; far more so than that of Dickens, and entirely the reverse of Lord Lytton's, and did it occupy a larger proportion of his pages would put its author high up amongst the realistic, if not amongst the poetic, painters of the country. All the limning of the Blackwater region in "The Woman in White," of the coast pictures with the weird quicksands and mournful sea in "The Moonstone," and of the downland in "Poor Miss Finch," is of high excellence.

Yet another order of landscape in fiction must be noted, that of which William Makepiece Thackeray was the high-priest—or, rather, perhaps it would be more proper to speak of "word-sketching" in his case, so few were the touches with which he delineated scenery whenever the necessity for a rural background arose. But what touches they were! how powerful, how incisive; and how much meaning they convey! The scenery and surroundings of Fairoaks and Baymouth, as described in "Pendennis," are as faithful and accurate portraits of the region he is said to have had in his eye as are the pictures of the human beings who move through the pages of his books.

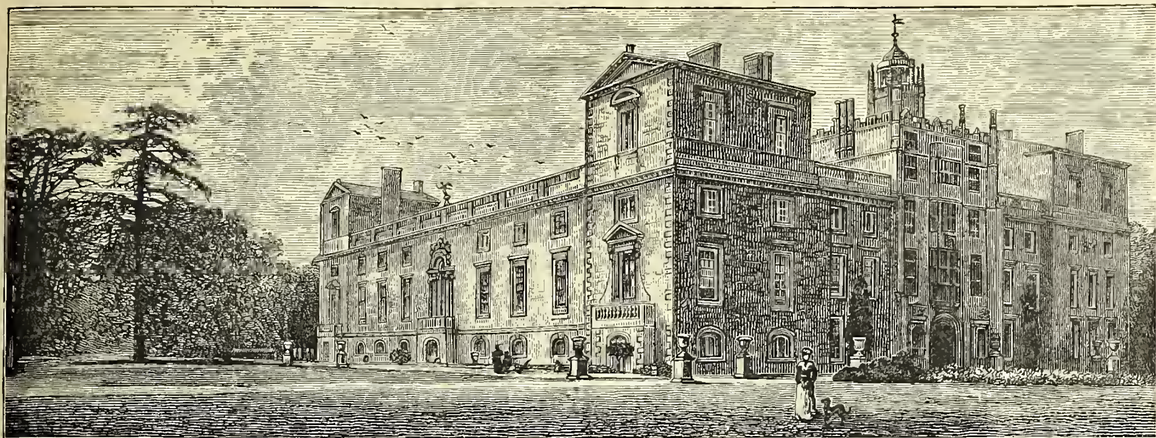
Positive reality characterises Thackeray's portrayal of landscape, as it does his portrayal of human nature, whenever he has occasion to fit in a piece here and there behind his figures. This is not often, but when it does appear it comes with infinite relish from its rarity and its uncompromising veracity. Thackeray had no great sympathy, maybe, with the poetry of nature as expressed in the Dickensian manner, and still less with the soft, sentimental sort of way in which Lord Lytton dealt with landscape. Nor, as we may readily infer, did he love the country as much as he did the town. Had he done so he would probably have run George Eliot hard in the contest for supremacy in that field of word-painting, but as far as he goes he has done more than enough to justify his taking a first place as a *paysagiste*.

Thus having touched upon a few of the most notable modern authors of fiction, as they have occurred to us, who can undoubtedly claim distinction no less as landscape than as figure painters in words, it is no part of our purpose to refer to those writers who do not possess, or at any rate do not display, the power of depicting scenery with any great elaboration or finish.

W. W. Fenn.

"THE ARMADA IN SIGHT."

(From the Picture by Seymour Lucas exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1880. By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas, Publisher, and Sole Registered Proprietor of the Copyright.)



SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF WILTON HOUSE.

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—VII.

WILTON HOUSE.—I.

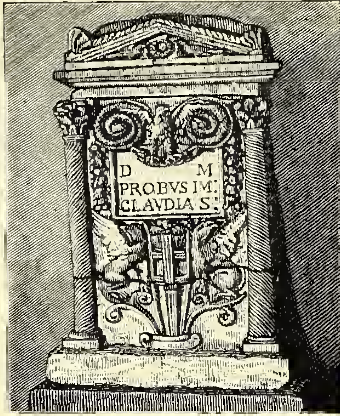
F the ancestral homes of England, probably few may compare in tranquil beauty with Wilton, the family residence of the Earls of Pembroke. The mansion is situated in a lovely valley about three miles from Salisbury, a glimpse of whose cathedral tower is obtained through a long vista of noble trees from the south-east angle of the house; and what with surrounding richly-wooded lands, grand old cedar-trees, wide-spreading lawns — intersected by the winding river Nadder, which is spanned by Palladio's gracefully designed Ionic bridge, and the crowning glory of the historically famous Italian garden, the scene altogether is one of natural beauty, assisted by art, upon which the eye certainly rests with no little astonishment and delight.

With this happy combination of advantages in the exterior of the dwelling the interior very fitly corresponds, for succeeding generations of owners have been those delighting in all that could possibly be done to further embellish their already magnificent abode. And well indeed might such be their feeling of pride, for the historical associations of Wilton are of no ordinary interest. Those with names most illustrious in history—statesmen, princes, poets, painters, and men of letters—have been connected with Wilton by a chain of circumstances the most interesting in character. Shakespeare and Massinger, Sir Philip Sidney, George Herbert, and Spenser were here frequent visitors; Edward VI., Elizabeth, and James I., honoured guests; whilst of Charles I. it is recorded he loved the place so well that he used to visit it regularly once a year. It was during a visit of James I. to Wilton, in 1603, that a brilliant company assembled to hear the play of "Twelfth-Night," at which performance His Majesty was so delighted that he called upon Lord Pembroke to produce the author of the piece that he might receive the royal congratulations; and the earl, then leading by the hand a man scarce above middle height, plainly dressed, and of unassuming appearance, but with a high and noble forehead, wonderfully expressive eyes, moustache and pointed beard, introduced William Shakespeare to the notice of the somewhat ungainly, clumsy-looking monarch.

But if these and similar invaluable historical associations are the heir-looms of the Pembrokes, of scarcely less interest is the history of the mansion itself. About the time of the Reformation "bluff King Hal" bestowed the abbey and lands of Wilton upon Sir William Herbert (subsequently created Earl of Pembroke), who shortly afterwards proceeded to demolish the abbey, and, as no doubt was frequently the case in similar instances, employed the materials thus obtained in erecting a new and splendid structure, in this particular case under the direct superintendence of Hans Holbein.

Lord Pembroke, however, did not live to finish the undertaking, which was completed by the succeeding earl in the following reign; and little, if any, architectural alteration appears to have been made in the building since, with the exception of the south or garden side, which, having been destroyed by fire a century later

(in 1647), was restored from designs furnished by Inigo Jones. Our engraved view of the façade gives some idea of the extent and cha-



URN OF PROBUS.

racter of the mansion, the general plan of which is a hollow square, a cloister surrounding the central space.

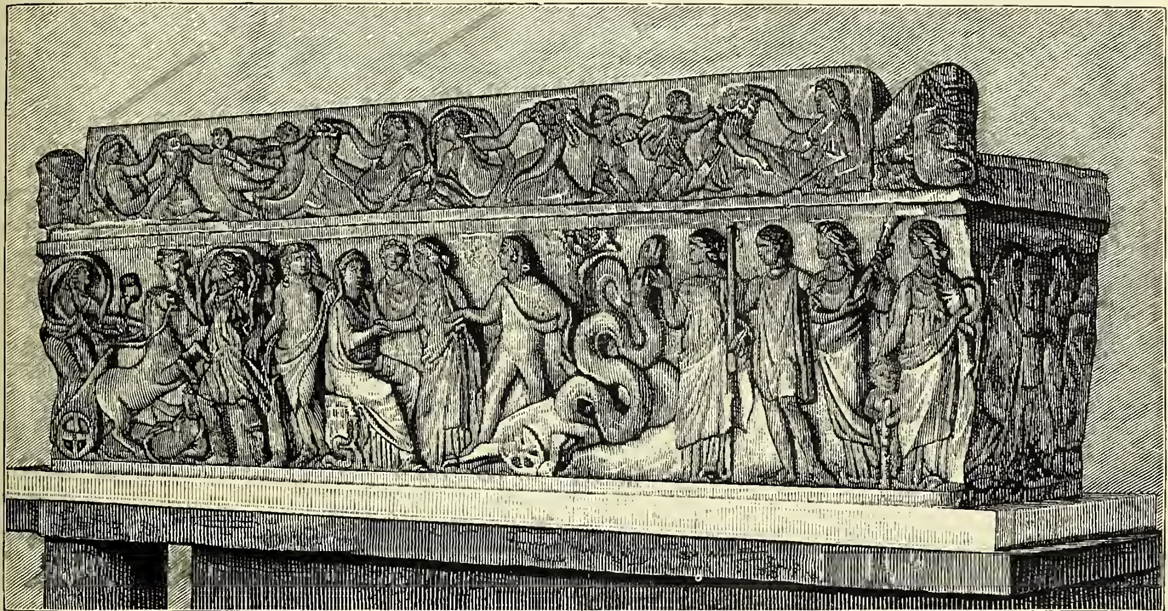
The works of art at Wilton—delightful alike to the archæologist, historian, and artist, consisting chiefly of sculptures and pictures, superb Renaissance mantelpieces, jasper, agate, lapis lazuli, and marble tables, with numerous other objects of decorative furniture—are contained principally in the cloisters and a suite of eight rooms on the east, west, and south sides of the mansion. The collection of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman sculpture, which certainly as regards the busts is second to none in the kingdom, was commenced originally by Thomas, eighth Earl of Pembroke, towards the close of the seventeenth century, his lordship becoming the purchaser of those of the Arundel sculptures which, having been preserved in Lord Arundel's house, were in the best state of preservation; these being subsequently increased in number by acquisitions from the Guistiniani and Mazarene marbles, to which were added some fine busts from Valetta of Naples. A distinctive feature of this portion of the collection is the singularly large proportion of busts, for works of which description Lord Pembroke had evidently a decided taste, so that in the gallery of about two hundred pieces of sculpture altogether, more than three-fourths are examples of art of that kind. The taste amongst those of ancient Rome for sculpture, originating probably in the conquest of Greece, which led to the ransacking for specimens of art of that class, not only the Ægean Isles, but also Asia and Egypt, certainly benefited succeeding generations, for, through the general diffusion of such a taste, it became as common in Italy for distinguished persons to have themselves sculptured in stone or marble as it is in the present day for public characters to have their portraits painted. The result of this has been an invaluable historical record of the principal personages of past ages, so that, as in Lord Pembroke's magnificent gallery, we find all but living representations of famous men, like "the father of song" Homer, the orator Cicero, Cæsar, Scipio, and Socrates, as well as those unhappily notorious only for their crimes, like Claudius, Domitian, and Nero.

To pass on to the more direct consideration of the art-treasures at Wilton. Entering by the great hall, wherein, together with a few statues, are fine suits of armour, worn by William, first Earl of Pembroke, at the battle of St. Quentin, and of the Constable of Montmorency and Duke de Montpensier, who were taken prisoners by the earl on that occasion, the visitor will find himself in the cloisters, in which are the principal sculptures, a large proportion of busts on marble termini; sarcophagi, bas-reliefs, cippi, altars, and fragments of various descriptions. To glance first at works of the latter class, attention is at once arrested by a small

SUIT OF ARMOUR WORN BY FIRST EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Bacchic altar, about three feet high, of early Greek sculpture, upon which is a design of three figures—a bearded Bacchus crowned with ivy, wearing a long tunic (*chiton*), over which is a

veil; in one hand a cup, and in the other the *thyrsus;* preceding and following the god, who is accompanied by a panther, are two priestesses of Bacchus, or Mænades. The altar, which is singularly beautiful in shape, is surmounted by an urn, upon which are figures in relief—Apollo Musagetes, Victory, a female figure with torch, and Jupiter with his eagle. Near at hand is a most curious ancient mosaic, probably one of very few in existence, representing figures in relief of Hercules in the garden of Hesperides, with a female figure standing before him and dragon coiled round a tree. Of several exceedingly interesting specimens of sarcophagi is one we have engraved, a long rectangular marble Roman sarcophagus, a little more than six feet long, which was found near Athens, and brought to France as a present to Cardinal Richelieu. Upon the front a finely sculptured alto-relievo represents an incident in the familiar story of Ceres and Triptolemus, at the time the goddess, having been kindly received by Celeus, King of Attica, when engaged upon her travels in search of her daughter Proserpine, in return for this courtesy taught Triptolemus, son of Celeus, the art of agriculture, and presented him with her chariot drawn by fiery dragons, that he might travel throughout the world communicating the knowledge of agriculture to the inhabitants, who had hitherto lived on acorns and roots of the earth. In the centre group is Ceres seated, with a snake at her side, and she wears a tunic, veil, and head-dress, upon her shoulder being a crooked staff. Standing before her is her daughter Proserpine, who with long flowing hair, and holding in one hand some ears of corn, bids farewell to her mother, whilst next to her, with his hand upon her arm, is Triptolemus in his car. He has a cloak wherein he carries some corn, and at his side is an olive-tree. Two other figures of either sex complete the central group. In front of the car are three figures apparently heralding Triptolemus upon his way, and behind Ceres a Bacchus having his hair entwined with grapes and vine-leaves, at the left corner of the composition being a female figure in a chariot, preceded by her charioteer, a woman, and under the horses a reclining female figure representing the Earth. On the lid of the sarcophagus is a frieze, whereon are four recumbent female figures as the Seasons, Winter and Autumn facing each other at the ends, and Spring and Summer seated back to back. At each end of the sarcophagus a torch in a horizontal position, and a tripod between two griffins. Whilst perhaps in some respects this beautiful work is in the character of the figures, boldness of execution, and completeness of the design altogether a *chef-d'œuvre* in the collection of sculpture, there are other choice sarcophagi, among which may be noted a magnificent Roman specimen in marble with circular ends. Upon the front, very boldly sculptured in alto-relievo, genii supporting festoons of fruit suspended from a *thrysus,* at the



ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS.

sides of which are two pairs of male and female Bacchic masks, and beneath, a panther, bull, goat, and cock, and at the ends discs or shields.

To complete our illustration of the sculptures of this kind, we should perhaps not omit to mention a fine antique sarcophagus with fluted front, having in the centre an Eterna Domus with door half opened to allow the passage of the spirit to the Elysian fields, and at the ends griffins; and still one other really noble specimen with spirally fluted front, in the centre of which is a man in senatorial dress, and at his side a lady; beneath, funeral masks, and at the circular ends lions, a goat, and boar.

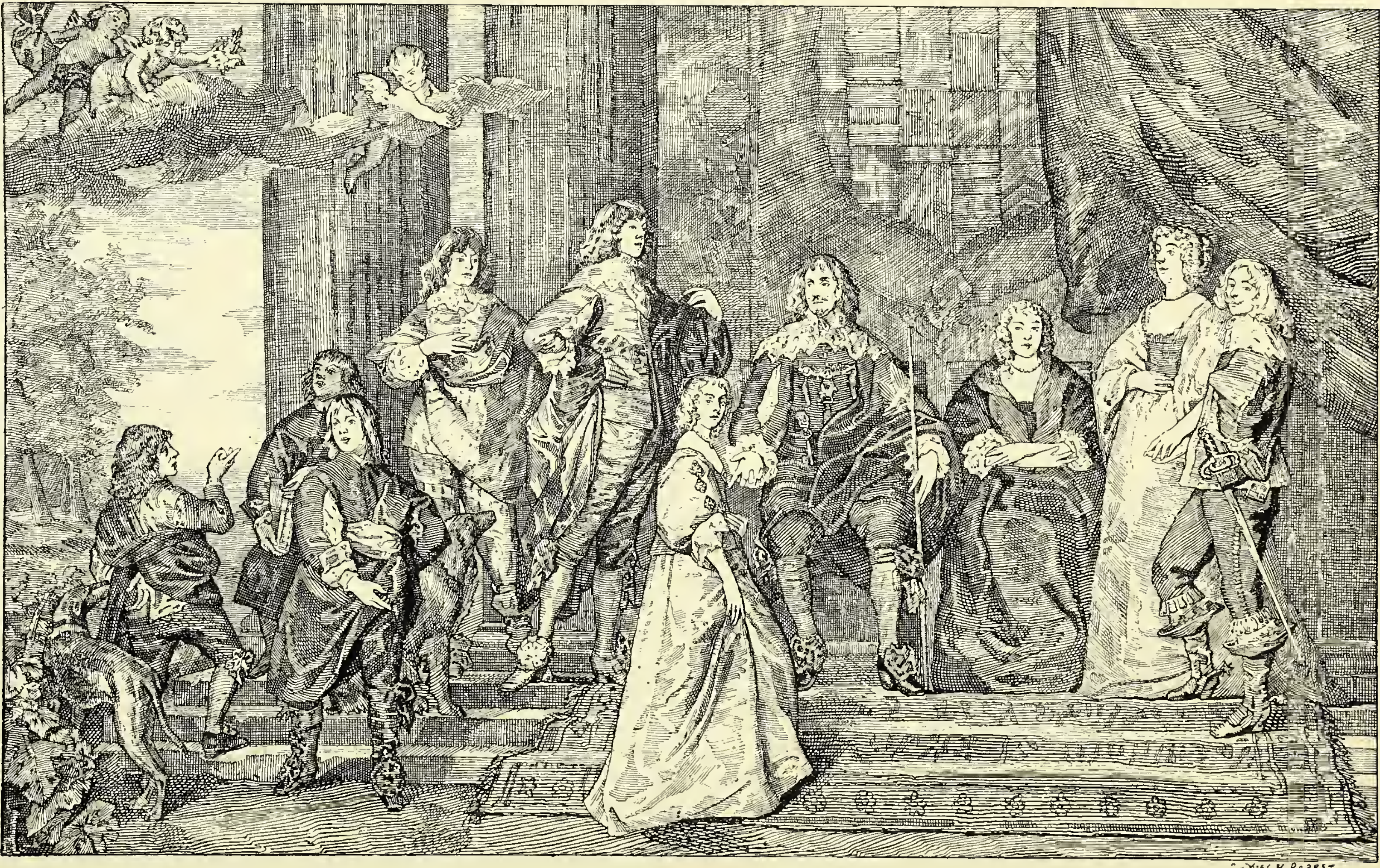
Among the figure-subjects are a vigorously conceived and sculptured group of Hercules and the river Achelous, representing the irresistibly powerful son of Jupiter and Alcmena with body leaning backwards struggling with the river god, whose serpent-like legs are, in his effort for the mastery, twisted round his formidable opponent. Whilst the figure of Hercules is full of action and instinct with a terrible energy, the idea of physical force conveyed is of that later Roman type which seeks to express power by a loading and piling up of the muscles, and in this is unlike the Greek ideal combining perfect strength with symmetry. In front of the pedestal is a relievo representing Diana and Endymion. An exceedingly graceful recumbent figure of a river nymph, sleeping with arms thrown around the head, suggests the work of some Greek artist. The figure is about four feet long, and upon the base of the sculpture are certain symbols, apparently Egyptian—a lizard, snail, stork eating a lizard, and a bird eating a snake.

Of the numerous busts reference may be made to a very few in illustration of this part of the collection, and here a grand head of Homer, dignified and noble in character, will attract attention. It is apparently antique, as also is an equally fine bust of Cato with rather stern, half-sad expression of face. A most beautiful bust of Marcia Otacilia; another head to which the name Messalina is given, but with a character about it scarcely supporting that of the very notorious original; and Nero, whose heavy, sensual face, pursed-up, mischief-meditating mouth, and right hand wrapped in his mantle suggest the character of that brutal and degraded emperor, are interesting examples of works of this description with which indeed the cloisters are studded. Of miscellaneous sculptures and other objects of great interest are a small antique basso-relievo, in a frame, of rosso, blanco, and nero antico, representing an offering by Juno to Jupiter; and a very ancient consular chair, or *sella curulis*, the back in three parts, the middle in shape of a term, on the top *bifrons*, the faces of a man and woman as the genii of Rome, an iron going through the shoulder of the term, which slopes down some inches, and there fastened to the tips of the other two parts, which are of brass ornamented with silver, the two fore-legs of iron, and the seat a thick board; a beautiful recumbent figure (apparently modern) in fine black marble of a sleeping child with right arm around his head, supposed to represent Morpheus; a statuette of the Ephesian Diana with body in white and extremities in black marble, on the neck two Victories holding a wreath with palm-branches, and below various animals, shell-fish, etc.; a fauna (with a tail, denoting the woodland divinity) dancing a child upon her foot, being an alto-relievo in rosso antico marble, on a ground of oriental alabaster, surrounded with verd antique; a Greek cippus of most elegant form, together with many other cinerary monuments, terminal bifrontal heads, and numerous equally invaluable art-treasures.

Whilst the pictures at Wilton are by various Italian, French, Spanish, and German masters, the leading characteristic of the nearly two hundred paintings of which the collection consists is to be found in the several works by Vandyck, and it may fairly be questioned if this great master is as finely represented in any other private gallery in Europe as he is here. In what is called the Double Cube room are no less than ten portraits by Vandyck, most of them life-size whole lengths, in addition to the large family group, to which reference will presently be made. This truly magnificent apartment, of which Charles II.—himself no mean judge of such matters—observed that it was the best proportioned room he had ever seen, with its white and gold decorations, jasper, lapis lazuli, and marble tables, crimson velvet draperies, ceiling finely painted by Tommaso with subjects from the story of Perseus, and last though not least the artistic wall-decoration of noble pictures, and of busts in finest marble or porphyry upon marble termini of many colours placed at intervals round the room, strikes the eye of the visitor with an impression of sumptuousness and beauty not to be surpassed. As may well be imagined, however, even here the object of paramount interest is Vandyck's famous picture, "The Pembroke Family Group." The canvas, which covers nearly the whole of the wall at one end of the spacious apartment, contains ten full-length life-size portraits. The

two principal figures on the spectator's right of the picture are Philip, Earl of Pembroke, and his countess, seated on a kind of daïs in what may have been an audience chamber; on their right stand their five sons, Charles, Lord Herbert, Philip, William, James, and John; on their left their daughter Anne Sophia and her husband Robert, Earl of Carnarvon; in the foreground, with her body nearly in profile to the spectator, is Lady Mary, daughter of George, Duke of Buckingham, and wife of Charles, Lord Herbert; whilst above, in the clouds, Vandyck has indulged in a quaint and not ungraceful conceit in introducing two deceased infant children of Earl Philip as angels. In standing before this amazing work, which is probably the grandest portrait-group in the world, and far superior to Van der Helst's picture of "The Trained Bands" in the Stadthouse at Amsterdam, one really feels uncertain what to admire most. To group and pose ten persons in one picture was a matter of no ordinary difficulty, but the powers of the painter appear to have risen with the magnitude of his task, and the composition could scarcely have been finer, either in the general arrangement of the figures or the individuals, who in masterly manner are made to appear merely as an ordinary gathering of well-bred ladies and gentlemen in natural positions and with appropriate gestures. But if this fact may be judged from the published engraving, not so the colouring of this really astonishing production, in which the result generally is that of a most powerful but restrained harmony, the various masses of colour balancing and supporting each other. What may be termed the key-note of the colouring is the exquisitely painted white satin dress of the Lady Mary Herbert, whilst the red costume, knee-breeches, red stockings, shoes with great rosettes, slashed sleeves, and large white pointed collar of her husband Lord Herbert, and yellow dress of his brother Philip, who is standing on his right, blending with the brown suit of the still younger brother further to the left of the composition, constitute a rich and pleasant effect. The central group, together with the young Countess of Carnarvon in light blue satin, and on the left her husband in buff suit, form the most striking portions of the colouring, which in other parts of the work consists principally of neutral and negative tints of various shades and hues. And if thus much may be said, in this very brief suggestion, of the scheme of colour, surely the master's hand was never more firm, free, and yet delicate than in his execution of this work, which was painted probably soon after his return to England in 1632, when ripened knowledge consequent upon his maturer studies in Italy and incessant practice in his art had given him the greatest possible facility, so that he was painting in his best manner. It may be added, whilst it is well known that as commissions poured in upon Vandyck he was wont to employ others to put in subordinate portions of his pictures, there is happily no evidence in this particular instance of inferior work by pupils or assistants. Absolute master of refined sentiment both in expression and character of his sitters, Vandyck here shows us courtly dignity, ease without affectation, and naturalness without approach to vulgarity; whilst the modelling of the heads, exquisitely drawn and painted hands, and almost Rembrandtish *chiaroscuro* of portions of the picture—the lad's head on the spectators' left of the work being so fine in this respect as to appear literally to *light up* the whole of the left half of the canvas—are striking qualities not to be overlooked.

Much has been said critically and otherwise concerning this famous picture, and notably by Mr. Hazlitt, whose praise, however, of the work in question is robbed of its value by the spirit of caustic humour in which he is pleased to indulge, and it may be suggested to the visitor that he would do well to disregard most, if not all, that has been written upon the subject, and judge the painting upon its own merits alone. A word in conclusion as to the excellent state of preservation of the work, which has of course experienced the ordinary vicissitudes to which pictures by the old masters are liable; and, indeed, upon one occasion at least it narrowly escaped serious damage at the hands of a steward of one of the Earls of Pembroke, who, imagining he had a talent for picture-cleaning and restoring, succeeded unhappily in inducing his master to allow him to try his hand on this grand painting, and that not without damage to some portions of the picture; but in the years 1773 and 1774, under the able treatment of Mr. Brompton, an experienced hand at such work, the entire canvas was re-lined with strong Russia ticking painted over with two bodies of colour to prevent the damp occasioning blisters, the dirt and old varnish were carefully removed, and the painting then nourished with poppy oil, and certain glazings in the background having been re-touched, the picture was finally varnished with copal varnish, the result being that this splendid *chef-d'œuvre* of Vandyck has been preserved to us as one



"THE PEMBROKE FAMILY GROUP."

(*By Vandyck. From an Old Engraving by B. Baron.*)

of the most invaluable art-treasures of this country. The Earl of Pembroke, who gave Vandyck the commission for the picture, paid him 500 jacobusses for the work, but its present value in a favourable market would indeed be hard to appraise. We may perhaps mention that our illustration of this grand painting was of necessity taken from a very old engraving which scarcely allowed of a successful result.

M. P. Jackson.

THE COMMONPLACE IN ART.

A STUDY OF PASSION AND PAINT.

AMONG the perpetual changes which affect the world of art, there is one element which appears to be unchanging. The artist himself may change—aiming at one thing to-day, at another thing to-morrow, he may find at last that he has grasped at everything, and holds nothing—but this element, if once it fastens upon him or upon his work, will never yield possession. It colours his whole life. Like the clouds in a dull day in February, which have no silver lining, it will neither be provoked to storm nor persuaded to lift for a moment even when the sun is going down. Again, the artist may stand in many different relationships to Nature—Turner was at first obedient to her as a servant, then faithful to her as a friend, and at last arbitrary to her as a usurper—but this element neither obeys, nor loves, nor rules. And yet once more—great painters may succeed each other, as Turner succeeded Reynolds, and Millais succeeded Turner, each changing the current of a nation's thoughts—but side by side with this succession the element of which I speak will be perpetuated in forms as multitudinous as they are uninteresting. Nor is this all—schools may rise and decline—the classic, content with eclecticism and the gods; the mediæval, with passion and the saints; the modern, seeking a new life in the catholicity of Nature—but from this element nothing is evolved either for good or evil. It has no life in it either to develop or decay. It seems to be the one thing in Art which is eternal—and it is called the "Commonplace."

Now this quality of perpetuity, of endurance, of irrepressibility, of ubiquity, is so rare a thing, at least in Art, that any manifestation of it must be worthy of consideration. And this whether we like it or not. If our steps are for ever to be dogged by some shape, it is well for us to turn round and look it straight in the face, and determine once for all whether it is the face of an enemy or of a friend. Perhaps this thing which we call the Commonplace is really our guardian angel, always hovering near us to steady us at our work, and to protect us against rash enterprise or erratic follies. Perhaps it is an evil influence, always ready to trip us up where our path is narrow and the corners a little dark. But then, also, perhaps it is only our own shadow, of which it would be as useless to attempt to rid ourselves as with which it would be absurd to quarrel.

In any case, if there is a mask, let us strip it off, by making quite sure that at least we know what we mean when we use the word in question. And for this, of course, we turn to the dictionary. There we find the word "commonplace" thus defined: "anything common; a common topic; not new or striking." If we are not content with this, but look a little further, we learn that, as a verb transitive, it signifies "to reduce to general heads;" and, finally, pursuing the inquiry to the bitter end, we come upon the word in its applied form, "commonplace-book—a book in which things to be remembered are recorded." Well, now, if this is all that is to be said about it, we have not succeeded in unmasking a very terrible enemy. If the Commonplace in Art is simply that which is not new or striking—if it is the reducing to general heads, and the recording of things to be remembered—it would seem that our fear of it is uncalled for; that our dislike to it is unreasonable; that the language we use about it whenever it becomes the subject of conversation is unnecessarily strong; in a word, that we might with perfect safety let it follow our steps, or run before us, or walk by our side even where our path is narrowest and the corners we have to turn as dark as they may be difficult.

But the truth is, the word means much more than this to the artist—much more indeed to the artist than to any one else. It means the failure of all his hopes and aspirations. It means the defeat of all his high aims. It means the scattering of all his forces. It is the confession that he is not an artist at all, however skilful he may be as a painter; that he may live and toil, but the world will not be the richer for his life; that he may die and his works

perish with him, and the world will not be the poorer for his loss.

If this be the true meaning of the Commonplace in Art, it becomes a grave matter for the artist if he finds that it *is* quietly dogging his steps; that it comes into his studio in the morning when he opens the door for his model, and remains with him upon his canvas, though the tired model has passed out into the afternoon sunshine; that it meets him in the fields and woods, and by the river's side, where, without knowing it, even in the very presence of Nature, he still paints its hateful features into his landscape, to be recognised with bitterness of soul when he shall come upon his picture in a London exhibition side by side with truer work. It *is* worth while, then, for the artist to consider the question a little seriously; and this I propose to do.

And I would ask, first of all, Why should the Commonplace be the veritable *loup-garou* of Art? Is not Art the reflex of Nature—the sum and record of our daily life? And Nature is full of common things; our lives are made up of them—commonplace bricks for the walls of our houses; commonplace stones with which to macadamise our roads; commonplace donkeys on which to climb the Stolzenfels; commonplace pussy-cats to blink at the fire and to purr on our hearths. We would no more banish the commonplace from our lives than we would banish the wild rose from our hedges, or the forget-me-nots from the way-side. And the same thing is true not only of our life, but of the phenomena of Nature. The eye never wearies of the perpetual succession of the seasons; of day and night; of the multitudinous repetition of the same forms in leaves of trees or blades of grass. It is quite clear that the commonplace is no *bar sinister* to anything in Nature.

May we not even go further? Is not the commonness of beauty the very crown and glory of Nature? Yes; but then Nature and Art cannot be dealt with in the form of an equation.

Let us begin at the beginning, and differentiate step by step the elements which go to make up a picture from the corresponding elements of that which the picture represents.

I have before me a fine landscape, in which a cluster of fir-trees shows dark against a clouded sky. That is the *subject* of the picture, however, not the picture itself. As to the picture—the sky of it is blue, the clouds are white, the trees are green; and, as Hamlet said of his reading, "words, words, words," so we may say of these, paint, paint, paint—the sky is paint, the clouds are paint, the trees are paint. But in Nature, how different! There, the sky, apart from the delicate sense it gives us of beauty, is itself the eternal mystery—of space—without beginning, without end, into which we may look and look for ever only to lose ourselves at last. The clouds are a second mystery—of force—they threaten or bless. The trees are a greater mystery still—for they live. See, then, how wide apart are Nature and Art in the materials with which they work. But now I look into the picture and find that the blue of the sky is of many varying tints, that the clouds are distinctive in their shapes, that the trees are painted leaf by leaf; and in imagination I follow the painter at his work. Each leaf separately, what is it? a little blot of colour shaped by the pencil of the artist. These blots of colour approach no nearer to the mystery of life which is in the tree than does the blue paint of the sky to the mystery of space. Yet the differentiation of colour in the sky, and the shaping of the clouds and leaves, are the first steps of Art towards Nature. But what a little way they carry the artist. A thousand tender gradations of colour, a thousand tremulous movements of light and shade, a thousand intricacies of graceful shapes are yet to follow—and still, how much he has to put into his picture—things that he cannot get out of his paint-box—the drooping of a line here or the subtle change of a curve there—things as real as his paints, as real as

"The fir-trees dark and high"

which he is painting—and yet which no other eye but his has ever seen or looked for. And then—what is this strange thing which happens? As the artist adds touch upon touch to his canvas new thoughts are awakened in his heart. Nature, who was so very far off at first, comes to meet him half-way. The canvas itself which he bought at the colourman's yesterday is forgotten—the paint is transfigured before his eyes—it is no more a picture that he is looking at, but

"The fir-trees dark and high;"

the very fir-trees that long years ago shook his child-soul as they shook the young birds in their nests among the branches—

"The fir-trees dark and high—
He used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky."

Is it a dream? or is the artist simply caught in his own trap? Let him answer for himself. His friend the critic—who, unperceived, has just entered the studio, and is now looking

over his shoulder, and whose thoughts have been running in quite a different channel—his friend the critic has nothing to say except that he objects to the tops of the trees approaching so very close to the edge of the picture-frame! But that only shows that he does not even understand the question.

Let the artist answer for himself. If I dared to answer for him I should say, that this, expressed in a very few words, is the history of Art. Art beginning with paint ends with passion. But passion is a fourth mystery of Nature and greater than them all. And passion is a term common to Nature and to Art. When Art has reached this term it has fulfilled its mission. It may be common, as everything in Nature is common. It may be imperfect, as everything the artist does is imperfect—it may be feeble, or violent, or vulgar, or coarse; but there is one thing it cannot be—it cannot be Commonplace.

It will be seen that I use the word "paint" in its broadest meaning—to express, that is, *any* material with which the artist may work, whether he paints his picture with colour, or etches it with a needle, or cuts it in marble, or paints it with words. And I have used the word "passion" also in its broadest meaning, to express the motive of the work, and the impression of it on the mind. These two words describe Art as seen from two different points of view.

1st. That of the artist. His tendency is to see too vividly, to judge too severely, to admire too exclusively, the process or manner of painting. He cares very little for the story. He sees, indeed, the motive and receives the impression; but the passion somehow seems to be too far off, and the paint too clamorous for his attention.

2nd. That of the ordinary spectator; one, that is, who has no technical acquaintance with or interest in the process, but sees in a picture only that which it represents. His tendency is to realise the passion and ignore the paint. The story is to him everything. He sees, and may be pleased or dissatisfied with, the colours brought together on the canvas and the method with which they have been laid on; but his judgment of the picture from first to last will be based on the emotion it awakens in his mind.

The appeal, in the first instance, is to knowledge, in the second to feeling; and this dual appeal represents a difference not of degree only, but of kind. There are of course degrees of knowledge and of susceptibility to emotional impression; but the knowledge is distinct from the susceptibility, and either may exist without the other.

It is impossible to lay too great a stress upon this point. Not only does Art claim to be the representative of human life and passion, as well as of everything which is lovely in the natural world. Not only is the artist poet and dramatist, and historian and naturalist, and architect and traveller, and satirist and humorist, but he is also the master workman of all guilds, whose workmanship is the very crown and glory of all finesse, and patience, and skill in labour. Like one, therefore, who has to satisfy the heckling of a dual constituency, if he fails to win the suffrages of both he fails to be the representative of either.

But Art, if it is not representative, is nothing. And in Art the synonym for "nothing" is the "Commonplace."

The Commonplace in Art, then, is a negation. Let us consider it for a moment in its effects. And I will take a very simple instance.

A girl is standing at a cottage door. See how many elements go to make the subject complete. First the individuality: this girl is not quite like any other girl. Then there is the type: this girl *is* like every other girl. Then the limitation of the type: this is the kind of girl you meet in a French village. Then her life, her relationships, the circumstances which have environed her and made her what she is. And besides all this—shall I say it, for she is a woman?—there is her temper. Now, in Nature, whether we have the vision to discern it or not, all these elements are existing. They are as essential to the subject, and of as much account to the figure-painter, as are the winds and rain and sunshine, that have shaped the growth of the slender ash or silver birch, to the painter of landscape. But then, it is not for every one to see everything. We may see the individual, perhaps, and yet fail to perceive the type; nevertheless the type is there. Or we may be touched with the pathos, while we know nothing of the environment; yet the environment is as real as the pathos. In a word, no one can claim to have seen quite all that is to be seen even in the simplest manifestation of natural life. But the artist does claim to have seen more than other men; and we acknowledge his claim when he sets before us something which enlarges, or corrects, or strengthens our vision. It is not sufficient, however, for him to give us *paint* when we ask for *passion*. If he shows us neither individuality, nor type, nor circumstance, nor pathos, nor humour, but only a girl standing at a cottage door, however skilfully the colour

may have been laid on we turn from his work with contempt, for it is commonplace.

For the artist should be not a seer only, but a revealer, and every picture not a sight only, but a revelation. Like the delicate instrument through which we can hear the lost sounds of Nature, so Art should show us her hidden sights. Seven hundred years ago a cathedral church was built at Canterbury. So beautiful was it in its proportions and workmanship, so scientific in its construction, that even the great architects of France learned from it how to build their own abbey of St. Denis. Since then how many generations have been educated by its loveliness—

"Its height, its space, its gloom, its glory."

But now an artist, whose special mission it is to see more than we can see and to show us beautiful things, condescends to vary his usual repertory of rustic cottages and tumble-down pigstyes by making a picture of it. The height —he guesses at that, and, of course, guesses wrongly. The space—he finds it difficult to express, and so contents himself with a corner. The gloom—he mistakes that for obscurity, and represents it by a smudge. The glory—that is too much to expect from one who does not even know in what it consists. And what is the result? The pigstye is better, in his hands, than the cathedral, for it comes within his range of knowledge. The pigstye, washed in water-colours, becomes an ornament for the drawing-room, while the cathedral subsides into the commonplace.

Last of all, let us take an example in which the "passion" is true, but the "paint," or mode of expressing it, at fault. A group of emigrants stand on the deck of a ship just sailing for a distant land. Amongst them are men and women and children, not to mention particularly the baby, which is inevitable to all great crowds. It is not difficult to surmise why they are going (their pinched faces and wasted forms tell us that), nor to hope with them for a future brighter than the past. But there is one figure that seems strange amongst the rest. It is that of an old man bent with years; so frail, indeed, that the mind involuntarily begins to measure the distance and to count the days of travel, questioning whether his journey will not end before that of his companions. Turning to a stalwart fellow who stands near, and whose kind eyes rest tenderly from time to time on the bowed head, we ask who the old man is, and why he is going. "Oh," says our friend with the kind eyes, "that's old feyther! we're taking him out with us to start the new cemetery."

The reply seems a little startling at first; until, indeed, we recollect that the man was not an artist, except in the elementary sense that he used words to express a meaning that would otherwise have remained hidden in his heart. The reply was bad Art from the point of view of one who is accustomed to measure his words and balance his sentences so that they shall express precisely what he means, and no more than he means. But the fault lies in the paint, not in the passion. For what does the man mean, except that which men in all ages have meant when they refused to part with their kindred even in death. If he had said, "We take him with us that our bones may rest by his bones," he would have spoken the language of prophets and kings, as he thought their thoughts. Let us be just. The emigrant ship with its heavy freight of troubled souls is as legitimate a subject for Art as the waggons which Pharaoh sent up from Egypt to Beer-sheba for Jacob and his sons and his sons' wives and their little ones. The careworn faces of the emigrant women are as full of pathos as the faces of Naomi and her daughter. The man meant precisely what Ruth meant when she said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee;" and yet!—

Half a dozen gentlemen are seated round a table after dinner. The ladies have withdrawn. The host is telling a capital story; it is about an emigrant ship, the British "rough," and the singular purpose for which "old feyther" is being taken out; and the story ends with an appropriate peal of merry laughter. As the laughter ceases, and there is silence for a moment, a sweet sound is heard. It is singing. It is a low contralto voice. It is in the next room. The gentlemen rise, and move quietly to the door. The door is half open, so they can hear the singer's words, and they are these: "Entreat me not to leave thee; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried."

But that is the very thing at which they have just been laughing; and they are not laughing now. It is true our host did not tell his story in a contralto voice, sweet and low; but that is not sufficient to account for the change; for he, too, can move men to passion or to tears. What is this strange difference between the words of these two emigrants, the rough Englishman and the Moabitish woman, who mean the same thing? Is it only the difference of their way of putting it?

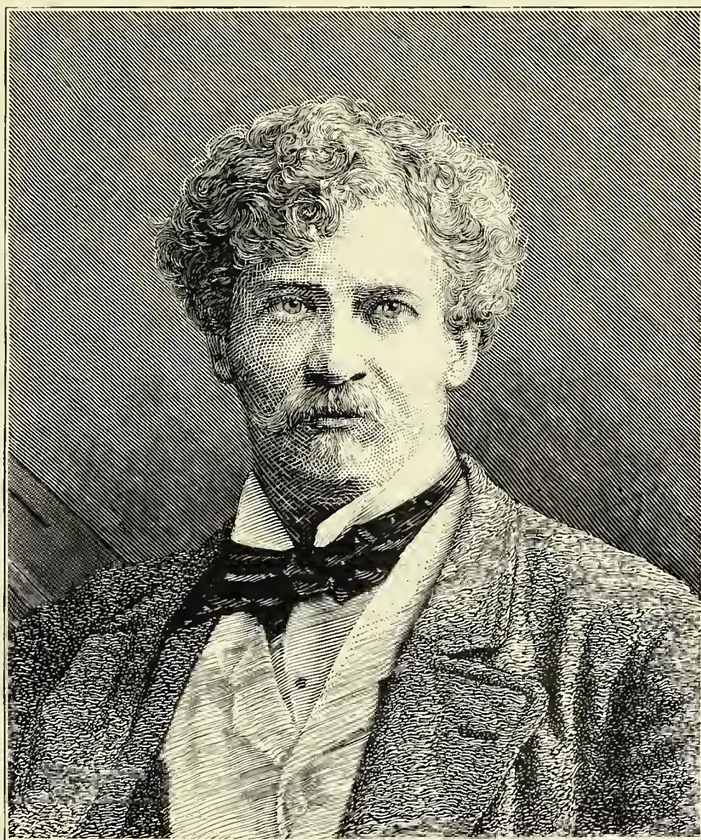
I am sorry to be obliged to end with a question; but the answer must be the subject of another paper.

WYKE BAYLISS.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM, A.R.A.

THE art of England owes much to other countries; not only has international emulation stimulated us ever since we began, in 1851, to make comparisons; not only have the most English of our artists, such as Sir Frederick Leighton—English in birth, blood, and character—corrected, enriched, and disciplined their work by a training in foreign schools, so that little of our foremost art can now be considered altogether English; but our school has been lately enriched by the welcome accession from abroad not only of principles, but of the artists themselves. Belonging to all the world by their talents, they have chosen to belong in a special manner to England; and if she cannot claim them in their origin, nor in the character of their genius, she has a still better title to them as the country of their choice; they are her citizens by naturalisation, and in the pacific contests of international exhibitions they are valuable recruits to her standard. Foremost among such painters who are strangers within our gates is Mr. Alma-Tadema, and foremost



Yours very truly
J. E. Boehm

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

among such sculptors is Mr. Joseph Edgar Boehm. He, indeed, unlike the eminent artist whose name we have mentioned with his, and whose subjects are chosen from the life of no living nation, is distinctively English in the motives of his work; he is one of the chief illustrators of our national contemporary history; the Royal Family of his adopted country has taken the keenest interest in his labours; and in his private capacity he is a popular member of English society; so that we are almost inclined to forget that he is a Hungarian by parentage, and an Austrian by birth, education, and early residence, and that he was not naturalised as an English subject until 1865.

Born at Vienna, in 1834, Mr. Boehm in his first years came under the influence that was to shape his after-career, for his father was the possessor of a magnificent collection illustrating the history of the fine arts in every branch from the earliest days of ancient Egypt to our own. This was in itself a school for a receptive and intelligent child; there his young admiration was excited, not by the prettinesses of modern art, but by the grandeurs of the past, and there his own ambition was kindled. His father, who was the director of the Imperial Mint, desired that his son should follow in his own safe and successful steps; and therefore, though he fostered the boy's love of the arts, did not encourage him to adopt the practice of them for a profession. The youth's general education, begun in Vienna, was continued by a course of three years in England, during which he mingled with his other labours an enthusiastic study of the drawings of the old masters at the British Museum, and of the Elgin marbles, which he copied with delight, and, be it whispered, not without an ambition to produce equestrian statues some day with horses of less peculiar breeds than are to be found on those grand friezes. His education completed, he entered the Austrian mint; but not even the prospect of occupying in the future his father's important post, nor the surely somewhat congenial duties connected with the engraving of coin, sufficed to efface from his heart the desire which was so deeply impressed upon it; and he left the mint and set out for Paris to enter zealously on his professional career as a sculptor. The world has heard much about genius starving and struggling with divine strength against terrible human odds; but surely a far pleasanter, far fairer, and far more fruitful thing is genius well cared for, liberally instructed, unhampered, and happily developed. This was the lot of Mr. Boehm; for even if his departure for Paris was the subject of some misgivings in the domestic circle, and the paternal blessing was half withheld, the paternal purse, at any rate, was never closed to him. That this prosperity did not paralyse his efforts we know; he had still the impulse to justify himself with his family for the step he had taken, and those higher incentives to effort which spring from the innate consciousness of power to perform great things. Nor was public recognition slow to meet so much talent and such eager labour; for in 1856, at the age of twenty-two, Mr. Boehm received the Imperial prize at Vienna, and with it freedom from liability to conscription—the rare exemption granted under that military rule to men of such great promise that their country foregoes their sword to claim their genius. This was the first of the honourable distinctions which in later years have fallen to his lot—amongst which we may mention, once for all, the membership of the Florence Academy, which he received in 1875, the associateship of our own Academy, to which he was elected in January, 1878, and the silver medal, which was awarded to his work at the last International Exhibition at Paris.

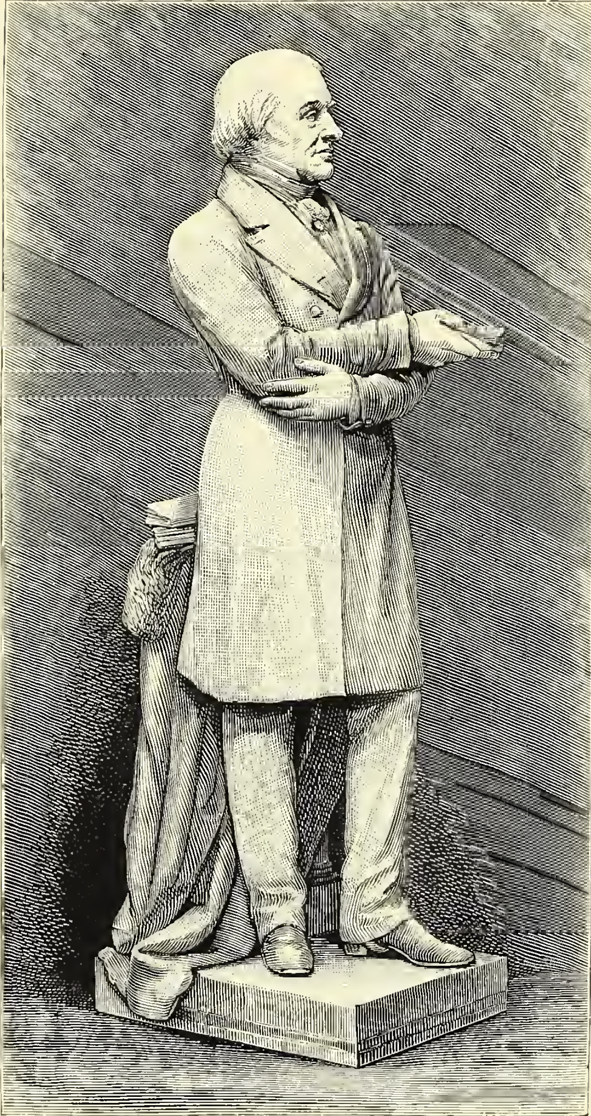
Since Mr. Boehm settled in England in 1862, his public life has been public indeed. He cannot say of his works what Coleridge said of his early poems, that he had confided them to the public as a secret, which that public had faithfully kept. On the contrary, Mr. Boehm has appealed to large audiences, and albeit he is the votary of an art which modern England has set itself to ignore, his name is on the lips and his work before the eyes of all. For his is no mere striking and successful talent, but a genius of a vital order. His power is not only vivid but living; no one in our time has so suddenly and so completely animated the dry bones of a craft which had become chiefly a graceful, learned, and *dilettante* memory of the past. If possible, more even than architecture had sculpture shrunk to a science of imitations, living by tradition only. In their work of renewal such artists as Mr. Boehm have had no easy task, insomuch as they are dealing with an art which is, above all others, that of repose, and to which the effete inaction of its lifeless and retrospective condition might seem, to the careless glance, in a manner congenial. Not against tradition only, therefore, nor against the deadness of mediocrity had he to contend, but also against the confusion and misinterpretation of true and legitimate principles. Sculpture comes so dangerously

near to life that it is obliged to make for itself arbitrary rules of reticence, in order to preserve the conventionality necessary to all art, and to avoid the fatal extreme of too great literalness and realism. To combine this obligation with a human vitality has been Mr. Boehm's special triumph; nor has he been less brilliantly successful in combining that reverence for the past which sculpture no less than architecture is bound to preserve, with a reverence for the present. He is distinctively a man of his own time. And not only can he illustrate his position and exemplify his theories by the art he achieves, but he knows how to define it in words which will prove as instructive as his works. He is neither an imitator of the antique, he says, nor an ultra realist. Indeed, the present realistic school, which has so many members among the clever sculptors of Italy, is merely the extreme imitation of his own *reality;* their *naturalism* is the exaggeration by men of talent of the *nature* to be found in the works of the man of genius. Precisely the same unwholesome development is taking place in contemporary Continental literature, where the truth of Balzac is "produced" into the realism of Emile Zola. Mr. Boehm, seeing exactly the point at which its art has become vicious, and seeing also how good a principle it has abused, has less sympathy than more conventional artists might have with the school to which we allude, the school which shows us, as he himself says, "wash-tubs and soap-suds in marble; and wasted energy, skill, and clay in groups of fighting street-sweepers, or boys with crumpled newspapers; or a hero wrapped in woollen blankets on the verge of death from dropsy, the symptoms of the disease having, we are assured, been studied at the hospital." To what an illusion of life, to what extreme naturalism of expression, to what an undignified simulation of inanimate things the modern Italians have carried their system, no one who has seen any recent collection of their work, and notably that in the International Exhibition at Paris, is ever likely to forget. Their brilliant triumphs in execution force us to admiration, and still more are we constrained to wonder at the dramatic intensity which they give to human and personal character, even when its individuality reaches a comic point; such drama in marble has never been considered the legitimate province of sculpture, though the work of these men is so intelligent that we can hardly class it with the vulgar art which appeals merely to popular astonishment. Mr. Boehm will not be accused of favouring this movement, for he will frankly describe it as "deplorable," going on to explain it as a "revolutionary protest" against the insipidities of the school of Canova, which, though professing altogether Greek traditions and working on Greek subjects, had neither Greek sublimity nor truth to nature, but resembled nothing so much as the Roman art of the decadence.

According to Mr. Boehm, we cannot be Greeks, for we have no mythology. Our art must be Christian and modern. "It is in vain to complain of the paucity of inspiring subjects in our age, of our ugly costume and the dearth of suitable figures for sculpture. You may regard objects and compose like Homer, but you may not inanely copy the antique. Do not return from Rome with some more bad nymphs, another Venus or another Cupid. Try to use the much-abused dress. Treat a coat-sleeve, a woman's gown, *con amore,* ennoble it by art, and it will be a pleasing object in the sight of those whose praise is worth having." And, in fact, it must be admitted that all art which is not what Mr. Boehm says it should be—*of its time*—is failing in the all-essential element of common sense; for even supposing that nineteenth-century imitations of antique models are in some degree interesting to the nineteenth century, what will they be to the twentieth century, and the twenty-fifth? Our guesses at the past will surely be of very little value then, whereas the art which is not only in but *of* our day can never fail to have its own sincere worth—supposing that it is also noble in feeling. And doubtless the danger is that such natural art should miss nobility. All, therefore, who are in any peril of vulgarism protect their work by placing it in the regions of conventionality far from the hazardous familiarities of the truth. No such fear need beset an artist every touch of whose hand is signed by *distinction* — that indefinable quality, that inimitable seal.

Portraiture is so important a branch of this truly contemporary art, and Mr. Boehm is so masterly a portraitist, that his principles must be peculiarly valuable to the world and instructive to the student. The latter, if he aspire to distinction as a sculptor of portraits in marble, will be told by Mr. Boehm that he must not choose such an aspect of his sitter as is the most unfavourable, not merely the outside and possibly assumed appearance, nor must he emphasise the sitter's weak points, and in depicting them diverge into caricature; he must strive to obtain by an elevated rendering of the most intellectual and agreeable qualities such

a biography of his subject as a keen and critical observer might make. To succeed in this he must possess what Mr. Boehm calls the first and most necessary talent of good portraiture—"an instinctive perception of character," choosing the natural pose and inclination of

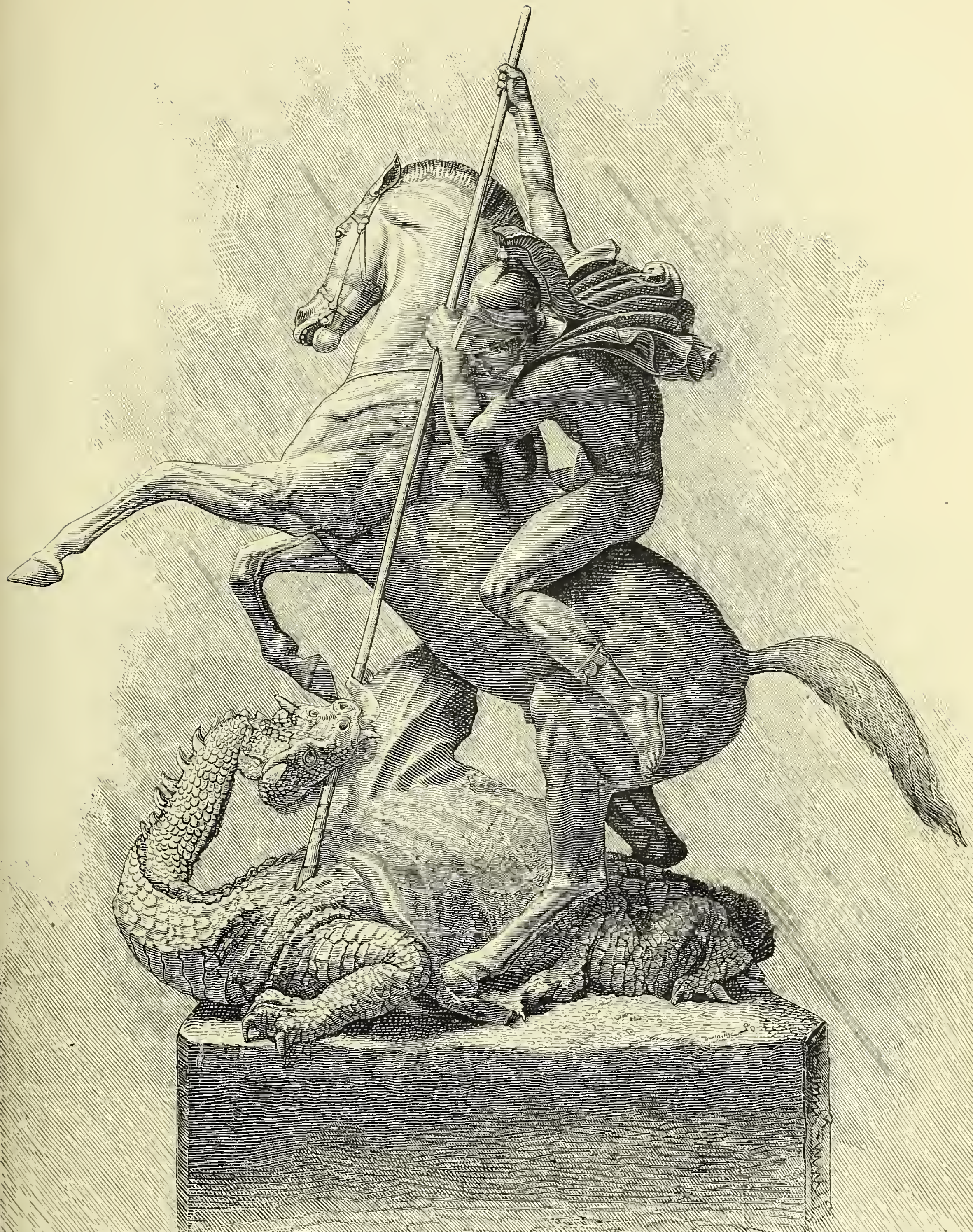


LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(*By J. E. Boehm, A.R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy in* 1880.)

the head of the individual, which is so important in a bust, as corresponding with the general expression desired to be produced. "The good sculptor," continues Mr. Boehm, "will not be led into the error, for instance, that because the sitter is a soldier, an heroic attitude must be given him, when in nature he stoops; nor bestow upon a gentleman, whose manner of tying his cravat or twisting his collar is part and parcel of the character and temper of the man, the honour of a Roman toga, and so contribute one more to the rows of inane-looking heads which we dread to approach. If you have a sitter for an hour or two before you there is sure to be a time when he will lose that air of posing which suggests the photographer's cold brass circle at the back of the head. To seize that time, and afterwards to develop the nature then revealed, is your task, and on your ability to do this depends much of your success in obtaining a good portrait." Bearing in mind the value of this when it is obtained, the intimate interest of separate personality and human nature, and the great work which is achieved when a man with his history, his capacities, and his destinies (implied, if the art is entirely faithful, even though they may not be expressed) is caught, interpreted, and immortalised, we are tempted to question Mr. Boehm's description of historical and poetical art as wider-gifted and more ambitious; we are disposed to think no art can be more so than the art of portraiture. Nor assuredly can the immortal portraits of the world, whether in marble or colour, be considered as second to any work of the imagination.

The subject of material in sculpture is one of very particular importance to the lovers of the legitimate realism; nothing was more thoroughly understood by the fine and fastidious judgment of the Greeks; nothing is more misapprehended by the extremists of the modern Italian school. The fitness of the material to the subject, to the treatment, and to the character of the accessories was always considered by the masters of antiquity. In their works you will not find, says Mr. Boehm, "a figure standing on one leg or in a perilous position, executed in marble—tenacious bronze will have been employed for that. There was no wish then to arouse astonishment or excite bewilderment as to how that arm was carved, or how the cutter trembled when he worked at that dangerous flying sheet—when he chiselled the standard of the young newspaper Mercury. The grandest aspect with the simplest means was the endeavour of the great artists of old, and even a statue like that of the Apollo Belvedere would, in the finest epoch of Greek art, have been thought in a position too perilous for the demands which were made on marble." Mr. Boehm is, with most modern critics, of opinion that this celebrated figure is a copy in marble of a small bronze statuette dating



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

(By J. E. Boehm, A.R.A.)

from the noblest times of Greek art, and long since lost. On the subject of the chisel, also, Mr. Boehm's advice to students is stringent. That the great masters of Italy, who were so often painters and architects as well as sculptors, should have found time to carve and chase their own work, while the moderns, who are sculptors only, consider the task too much for their industry, is significant of that declension of large and comprehensive power which is, we fear, to be observed in all the arts.

With what faithfulness, with what vigour and fearlessness, with what reserve and discretion Mr. Boehm practises all the precepts which he has so well thought out, he has shown the world a hundred times. No sculptor's intellect ever seized a more intense personality than that which vivifies the statue of Carlyle; the truth of a young mother's death-bed, with all the familiar accessories unfalsified yet touched with the hand of tenderness and distinction, was never more sweetly expressed than in the monument to the late Lady Waterford; the subtle tricks of a man's individuality were never more intelligently understood than in the little statuette of Thackeray and the many vivid busts in terracotta which are more truly natural than "naturalism" itself, more real than "realism;" while in his greater works—the many colossal statues with which he has done much to redeem us from a national reproach—he has the large and monumental impressiveness of his subjects. No one who is devoted to the cause of modern art can undervalue Mr. Boehm's labours or his genius. At once to lead and to restrain an important—nay vital—revolution requires the courage and self-command of the master.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

MOSAIC DECORATION.

THE art of representing various outlines and patterns by means of small fragments of different coloured minerals or artificial substances is one of very ancient date. What is now termed "mosaic work" was known and practised in Assyria and Babylon, as also in Egypt, and attained to high perfection among the Greeks and Romans. This ancient art was much used by the early Christians, and after falling somewhat into disuse in the dark ages was revived in Italy at the end of the sixteenth century. The decoration of the dome of St. Peter's gave a fresh impetus to Roman mosaic workers, and a school was established for instruction in the art, which still survives, and is known as the "Fabrica."

The numerous remains of mosaic work found in the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the traces of mosaic or tesselated pavements which have been discovered wherever Roman influence or colonisation extended, prove how universal was the employment of this mode of decoration in the first few centuries of our era. Like all the best Roman arts, that of working in mosaic seems to have been borrowed from the Greeks; and from the writings of Pliny we have good reasons for believing that this work first became prevalent in Rome about 80 B.C.

Roman mosaic work has been divided into four classes—namely, the pictorial, consisting of fictile and vermiculated work, and the tesselated and sectile work for paving purposes. There is no doubt that the mode of working with small cubes, or *tesseræ*, as the fragments were named by the Romans, was first employed for pavements in the production of the tesselated work. Most of the examples of ancient mosaic work which have been found in England belong to this class, and some of the finest specimens of tesselated pavement have been found at Pompeii and at the Baths of Caracalla. The Roman tesseræ were generally small cubes of marble about three-quarters of an inch in each direction. The designs were, in the earliest work, confined to simple geometrical figures. The next variety is the *opus sectile*, or sliced work, for which thin slices of marble were employed, and which were formed into designs of a more complicated character. The pavement of the Pantheon is one of the most splendid examples of this style of work; no ancient specimen has been discovered in any other country except Italy.

Passing on to wall-decoration, we have next the *opus fictile*, for which artificially-made

tesseræ were first used. It was the facility afforded by such materials for obtaining an effective and durable wall-covering which gave to the mansions of imperial Rome their chief splendour. Indeed, the *vitreæ parietes,* or walls of glass, seem to have been among the most general of the modes of decoration employed by the wealthy Romans. From the description of specimens of this fictile work it would appear that the tesseræ were almost exactly similar to the modern enamel tesseræ termed *smalto* by the Italian workers. The fourth and last class of Roman work was the *opus vermiculatum,* divided into three subdivisions, dependent upon the sizes of the tesseræ employed. The substances used for vermiculated work were in most cases very small and irregular-shaped fragments of rare, coloured marbles, but in the finer sorts of work, gems and fictile tesseræ were often introduced. In the coarsest work of this class, termed *opus majus,* and chiefly adapted for pavements and ceilings, the tesseræ were generally very uniform in size and arrangement, and the effect produced was similar to that obtained by the modern mosaicists.

It is generally conceded, notwithstanding the frequent specimens of mosaic work to be found in all Roman remains, that the art did not attain its full glory until several centuries later in the hands of the early Christian artists of Byzantium, and this art subsequently flourished until the tenth century throughout Italy. Sir A. H. Layard, who has specially studied the early Italian mosaic work, in a paper read at the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1868—to which and to a previous paper by the late Sir M. Digby Wyatt, read before the Institute in 1862, we may refer our readers for a more detailed account of the art—concerning this Byzantine work, said: "But pictorial mosaic on a really large scale was first used for the decoration of public buildings during the later days of the Roman Empire, and during the supremacy of Byzantium and in those countries which derived their civilisation and arts from Rome and her Eastern successor. It took its chief development after the spread of Christianity and in the decoration of Christian edifices, so that we may call it essentially a Christian art."

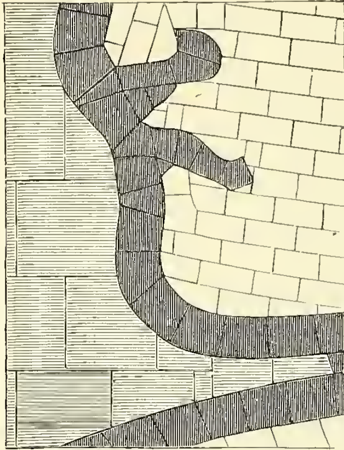
The materials employed for the so-called "Byzantine" mosaics were glass fragments of irregular form, notable for their brilliancy of colour and for the successful manner in which thin sheets of gold were embedded beneath their surface. The backgrounds of the most famous of these works were nearly always of gold, and as the surfaces to which the pictures were applied were generally the coved ceilings and the curved recesses of the churches, the variety of contour and the play of light were great features in the general effect.

We cannot devote more space to the history of mosaic working, nor touch upon the disputed question of whether Italy possessed a school of workers of her own, or derived her mosaics at Ravenna, at Monreale, at Venice, and at Rome solely from the Greek artists of the Eastern Empire. One word, however, concerning a species of mosaic work of later date, the so-called *opus Alexandrinum,* a method of inlay in marbles and hard stones, intermediate in character between pure mosaic work and marble-inlaid work; it was chiefly used for the pavements of Italian churches from the fifth to the thirteenth century.

There are few remains of mosaic work in this country of post-Roman date until we come to the monuments in Westminster Abbey, which were no doubt executed by Italian artists employed by Henry III. The shrine of Edward the Confessor bears the date of 1270. During some restorations at the abbey, Sir Gilbert Scott found in the soil beneath one of the tombs numerous fragments and chippings of the tesseræ employed in the design, and the evidence that they were actually produced on the spot appears to be incontestable. This mode of working in mosaics, in which each tessera is fixed into its appointed place and securely cemented to those around it as the work proceeds, is what we may term the ancient method, in contradistinction to the plan now generally adopted in forming mosaic pictures, in which the entire mode of proceeding is changed.

The modern plan is due, we believe, to the skill and ingenuity of Dr. Salviati, of Venice, whose name is associated with the revival of many beautiful and almost lost arts connected with the manufacture of the famous Venetian glass, and the products of the island of Murano. Sir Henry Layard tells us that Dr. Salviati taught his workmen to reverse the cartoon, or the design prepared for reproduction in mosaics, that is, to trace it from the back; the tesseræ were then placed face downwards on the smooth surface of the paper design, each tessera being temporarily retained in position by means of common paste. Of course the workman sees only the back of his picture, and this method would scarcely be applicable to very delicate work, but it is all-sufficient for ordinary decorations of an architectural character, and when once the workman has acquired skill and proficiency in this plan of arranging the tesseræ,

he can judge of the work as it proceeds, from the appearance of the back, almost as well as he could from its finished surface. When the



PART OF FACE OF PLENTY.

(*Half actual size.*)

design is completed the under surface is covered with liquid cement, which runs into all the crevices and securely embeds the tesseræ; the paper design is then removed, bringing to light the perfectly smooth and level surface of the completed picture, now seen for the first time.

Another plan by which the necessity of putting together the tesseræ in the actual spot they are to occupy is prevented, is that which has long been practised in the Fabrica at Rome. The method of working is as follows:—A containing rim or band of thin metal is shaped to the actual size of the finished design, and attached to a slab of hard cement, which is to form the back of the panel. Over this is then spread a layer of soft or rather rotten plaster of Paris, which is brought up level with the top edge of the metal rim and the finished surface of the picture. On this bed of plaster the design to be worked in mosaics is then carefully traced, and the workman can commence his picture. He cuts out with a small chisel the form of each tessera, and having selected one of the right colour, he dips it in cement and secures it in position. In time the whole of the plaster is scooped out and replaced by the mosaic work of the finished design. This plan, which resembles that followed in making inlays in marble and pietra dura, has many obvious advantages over the earlier method of working the subject *in situ*, as it enables the rough surface of the mosaics to be readily smoothed down and polished, and greatly reduces the cost of the work.

We have still to describe the mode of making mosaics of encaustic tesseræ, which have been largely used in this country for architectural decorations. Among the numerous revivals of processes which had become extinct which we owe to the late Mr. Herbert Minton was that of the manufacture of ceramic tesseræ for the production of tesselated pavements. Availing himself of the ingenious invention of Mr. Prosser for making buttons from clay powder, which was accomplished by means of very heavy pressure in screw-presses, Mr. Minton employed the same process for making small tiles for pavements. These tiles, from the nature of their manufacture, were extremely dense, durable, and of almost mathematical accuracy in their sizes and forms. Sir Henry Cole, who took a great interest in mosaic work, early turned his attention to the use of these encaustic tesseræ for architectural decoration, and some panels of this kind and of considerable size have been introduced into the exterior of the South Kensington Museum.

A frieze of mosaics of the same material, probably the most extensive surface of mosaic work extant, surrounds the entire circumference of the Royal Albert Hall, and covers an area of over 5,000 square feet. The colours used in this work are only three in number—buff for the figures, which are outlined in black, the ground being chocolate throughout. The designs were

PORTION OF FRIEZE OF ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

(*Designed by Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A.*)

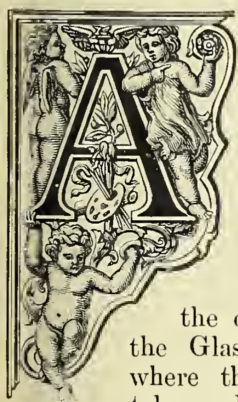
in most cases furnished by the artists as pencil outlines drawn to a scale of about one-sixth of the actual size. These original drawings were most skilfully enlarged by the late Sergeant Spackman, of the Royal Engineers, by an adap-

tation of the magic lantern. Glass negatives of the designs were taken by means of photography and, used as slides, were reflected on to screens covered with strained paper. By regulating the distance of the screen from the lantern the image could be obtained of any size required, and the exact degree of enlargement necessary was readily obtained. These outlines having thus been prepared to the scale required, all that was necessary was to go over them with black lines of the most suitable thicknesses and to trace them from the back to obtain the drawing reversed. The sheets were then handed over to the mosaic workers, who were female students from the School of Art. Five different sizes of tesseræ were made use of, varying from about a quarter of an inch to one inch square. In some cases the tesseræ would require cutting, and this is readily effected by means of a light hammer and chisel, or a small cutting tool specially designed for the purpose. The tesseræ are each of them fixed in their exact position by means of gum, and when a complete panel is put together it is well flushed over with liquid Portland cement and formed into a solid slab by bedding over it two layers of plain tiles in cement. The paper on which it was put together then soaks away, and the upper surface of the work becomes for the first time visible. In order to show the kind of design suitable for such work and the sizes of the tesseræ as actually applied, we have engraved a portion of the drawing of Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., for the frieze of the Royal Albert Hall, also a small section of this work to a scale of half the real size on which it was carried out, showing the position of each tessera.

The courts of the South Kensington Museum contain many interesting examples of modern glass mosaics, and in the collections will be found specimens of all the principal antique and mediæval varieties of mosaic work to which we have referred. In the North Court is a series of fac-similes of some of the finest Byzantine mosaics of Rome and Ravenna, obtained by paper castings from the actual work.

Sir M. Digby Wyatt, in treating of mosaics, expressed a hope that this artistic and permanent mode of enriching our public buildings would one day become popular in England, and there are not a few signs in the more extended use of decorations of this kind that the time is approaching when Sir Matthew's hope may be realised and England may become a great school for mosaic workers. The artist's ideas, represented in this manner, have survived from classic times when nearly every other work of pictorial art has been lost to us; and as affording a suitable and easy employment, specially adapted for ladies, and a durable enrichment obtainable at a moderate price, mosaic work deserves to become extensively employed.

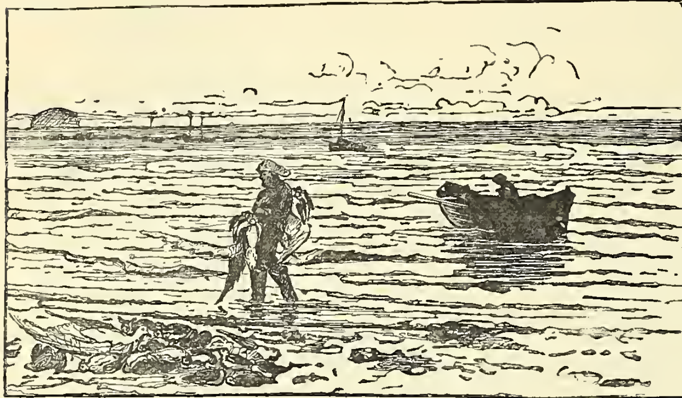
GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.



AS though to balance the very adverse circumstances against which the annual exhibition of the Glasgow Institute had to contend in the spring of 1879, it has been opened this season under unusually favourable auspices. For many years the space at the disposal of the Institute in the Glasgow Corporation galleries, where the exhibition has hitherto taken place, was quite inadequate to meet the demands made upon it. Some of the influential patrons of art in the neighbourhood took up the matter vigorously last year, and the result is a magnificent range of galleries, probably the finest out of London, in one of the principal thoroughfares in the city. The rooms are five in number, with a central hall specially designed for sculpture, and possess all the latest improvements as to arrangement of light and ventilation. In addition to the annual exhibition in spring, it is proposed to hold an annual black-and-white exhibition in summer.

To give *éclat* to the opening of the new rooms, the committee made great exertions to obtain important pictures. The galleries of some of the chief collectors in Glasgow and vicinity were laid under contribution, resulting in a collection of contemporary art, English, Scottish, and Continental, very much in advance of any previous exhibition of the Institute. Especially interesting are the works of French and Dutch artists. The little group of French painters, who, some years since, worked in the vicinity of Fontainebleau, are all, with the single exception of Charles Jacque, represented. Chief amongst these are two fine examples of Corot, and a strong and characteristic specimen of

J. F. Millet. The larger of Corot's pictures, which suggests his well-known "Souvenir d'Italie," may, indeed, have been a study for



FROM THE CLIFFS AT AILSA.

(*By Joseph Henderson.*)

portions of it, and exhibits all his wonted mystery and grandeur in the treatment of foliage in the grey light of dawn. Millet's picture also is a favourable example of the artist's soft harmonies of colour and purity of aim and treatment. It represents a couple of swarthy peasants shearing a sheep, which is stretched across a barrel between them. Into a simple incident such as this Millet has thrown a wonderful solemnity and earnestness which find a corresponding key in the severe strength of design and low tone of colour. Of Troyon's pastoral subjects there are two specimens, beautiful especially in their luminous colour, and one of them, a Breton *paysan* driving home his white cow at nightfall, to be admired for an exquisite peep of landscape background. Theodore Rousseau, another of the Fontainebleau school, is seen to advantage in a vivid little sunset effect, dark foliage against a sky ablaze with golden light; and there is also one tiny specimen of Diaz. More panoramic than any of those mentioned are three landscape subjects by Doré, in all of which there is much trenchant and vigorous workmanship, and too little, perhaps, of the softer moods of landscape. Another painter whose works are rarely seen in this country, although he is a regular contributor to the Salon, is Luis Jiminez, a disciple of the modern Roman school flavoured with a dash of the Fortuny love of minuteness and precision. The subject is a richly decorated Spanish court-yard, with figures, and is treated with a microscopic elaboration and precision of touch which transgress rather upon its more artistic qualities of breadth and general effect. Among other foreign artists represented are J. Maris, Edouard Frère, E. Munier, Paul Soyer, N. V. Diaz, and Jozef Israels, the latter by a single oil-picture and three exquisite water-colours; one of them, "Evening," a study for the large picture exhibited in the Royal Academy two years ago, we illustrate on this page.

Among the contributions from London artists there are of course many which visitors to the Academy and Grosvenor Galleries will readily recognise. The principal gallery, for example, has at either end of it Sir Coutts Lindsay's "Ariadne," from the Grosvenor of last year, and Cecil Lawson's "Pastoral," in the same gallery in 1878. From the Academy of 1879 are such works as R. W. Macbeth's "Sardine Fishery," Graham's "Clang of the Wooden Shoon," Mrs. Amyot's "Return of the Penitent," Hamilton Maccallum's "Bathers" and "Nutting," Stocks' "Sermon Time," Cox's "Hampton Court in the Olden Time" (engraved in THE MAGAZINE OF ART), and several others. In addition, however, are many works fresh from the easels of the painters. Foremost amongst these are two able character-studies by John Pettie, two delightful examples of Alma Tadema, and one large picture by McWhirter, all lent by Mr. A. B. Stewart of Ascog, a gentleman who possesses one of the finest col-

EVENING.

(*By Jozef Israels.*)

lections of pictures in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and by whose kind permission we are able to give sketches of the Petties on the next page. They are remarkable especially for their delightful and unusually delicate scheme of pale

tints. The "Ladye of High Degree" wears a black lace head-dress, lightly thrown across her dark chestnut curls; her pale green dress is

A LADYE OF HIGH DEGREE.
(*By John Pettie, R.A.*)

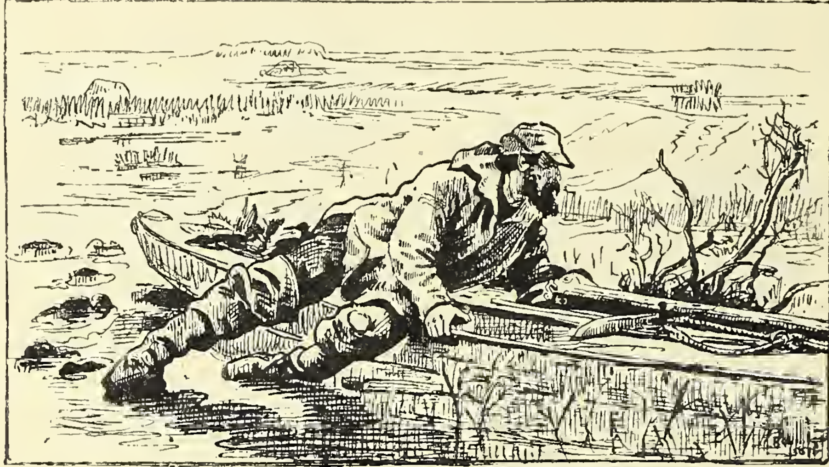
trimmed with white lace and is brightened by a bow of pink ribbon, and she leans coquettishly against an orange curtain. The companion picture represents a fair-haired cavalier in doublet of white satin, and grey hat and white feather, pledging the king in a goblet of rosy wine. At his back is a purple curtain sprinkled with golden stars. Another work of Pettie's, which has, however, been exhibited before, is "The Herbalist," a grim monk grasping in his sinewy hands a bundle of herbs. Mr. Tadema's pictures are "Prose" and "Poetry," two small single figure subjects, and are, as usual, wonderfully subtle in their imitative qualities, in their charm of colour, and in their delicacy of finish. In "Hawthorn" we have an interesting example of Mr. McWhirter's work. It shows us two country children gathering the sweet-scented blossom from a richly-laden hawthorn-tree, and is specially happy in its realisation of the gladness of spring. Somewhat similar in character is an early example of J. C. Hook, "Crossing the Brook," one of his engraved works, which exhibits much simple beauty. Also among the loan pictures is a fine example of John Linnell, a corn-field under a radiant effect of sunset. W. Q. Orchardson is represented by a single figure subject, "Don Cæsar de Bazan;" Tissot by a young lady in a hammock, exhibited at the Grosvenor two years ago; Ouless by a striking portrait of Sir Thomas Gladstone of Fasque; Albert Moore by two of his graceful decorative figures; and W. L. Wyllie, who is identifying himself more and more with the "Impressionist" school, by "The Silent Highway," in which there is genuine feeling and, if not much definiteness, still much solid painting.

While it is thus to London artists that the exhibition is indebted for some of its chief features, there is still a large proportion of Scottish art, and more particularly local talent on the walls. Many of the members of the Royal Scottish Academy are represented; among them Sir Noël Paton, Sir Daniel Macnee, and Messrs. McTaggart, R.S.A., Herdman, R.S.A., Otto Leyde, R.S.A., Waller Paton, R.S.A., John Smart, R.S.A., and others. Among Scottish artists resident in Glasgow, Mr. Joseph Henderson deserves special mention for a fine picture, "From the Cliffs at Ailsa," exhibited in the Royal Academy last year, and which we illustrate on page 342. It represents a glorious expanse of sparkling blue water with Ailsa Craig seen in the distance; a fisherman is wading ashore from his boat, heavily laden with sea-birds. While differing in treatment, Mr. Colin Hunter also aims at the realisation of

A LORDLY GALLANT.
(*By John Pettie, R.A.*)

moving water in one or two works, the best of them "The Lee Shore," a powerful picture of heavy waves breaking in great masses of foam upon the beach. Mr. David Murray's work is familiar to most visitors to the Royal Academy

and Grosvenor Galleries. This year he exhibits at the Institute a very beautiful landscape, a view of the Clyde under an effect of sunlight, seen from a foreground brightened by the budding hawthorn-trees and the bloom of gorse. Another of the younger school of landscape-painters deserving of special notice is Mr. James A. Aitken, who is fittingly represented by "A Scotch Pastoral," in which we have a winding river with richly-wooded banks, leading the eye to a distance of softest tones, touched here and there by the gleams of afternoon sunlight. Amongst others whose work deserves detailed notice, did space permit it, are Mr. R. C. Crawford for a telling figure-subject, which we illustrate below, Mr. Duncan McLaurin for several very able studies of animal life, Mr. A. K. Brown for one or two exceptionally meritorious works in which he has attained much depth and transparency of colour, and Mr. A. S. Boyd for interesting and delicately handled subject-pictures. Such are, in rudimentary form, a few of the features of the current exhibition. It only remains to be said that the functions of arranging and hanging the pictures were performed by a committee of gentlemen under circumstances of exceptional difficulty while the galleries were yet in the hands of the builders, but that the result is alike satisfactory and creditable to all. GEORGE R. HALKETT.



WILD-FOWL SHOOTING ON THE CLYDE.

(*By R. C. Crawford.*)

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING AS AN ACCESSORY IN THE PICTURES OF THE OLD MASTERS.

THE love of nature, as we now understand it, is an essentially modern affection. This remark will probably excite quite a sentiment of wrath in the minds of those people in whom merely the word modern raises a feeling of disgust, who pretend only to admire what is past, and who delight, or say they delight, but in some bygone century's work and method, whose feeling for art is in reality that of the antiquarian rather than of the artist, and who contemplate the art-work of to-day as so much rubbish except when it copies or, as in some cases, servilely imitates the art of the past. Yet in a future age we believe that the century we now live in will be known, not by its revival of this or that period of art, but by the diffusion among the masses of the love of nature, causing, as one of its results, a great development of landscape art. In claiming this for our particular period, we also claim that those people who appreciate what is good in our own time, and who can clearly weigh in their minds and sift out the dross of what is bad from the pure gold of what is good, are more likely to carry a discriminating sense into the things of the past, to admire them more sincerely, and to approve in them more justly those things which are lovely and of good

report for all time, than the mere mediævalist or the man who has grasped one narrow conceit of art, and who compares its infinite varieties with that single branch of it which answers best to his specialist views. It cannot be denied that a feeling for art, which is a natural capacity for understanding beauty in all its parts, is *inborn* in certain minds, for you find some people admiring what is good, scarcely knowing why, and others who, notwithstanding the most adverse circumstances, become great artists, their natural genius impelling them thereto. Still, if their methods were gauged, it would be found, most probably, that they began by admiring what was near and close to them, such as the works of their companions, and passing on from this to higher and better things. So when we hear of a connoisseur who can only delight in the early Italians, or of another who can but appreciate Claude in landscape art, we may not consider him catholic in his tastes, as a worthy lover of the beautiful should endeavour to be, and we hold that to delight intelligently in the landscape backgrounds of the old masters we must have entered into and sifted the reasons for admiring those of our own time, proceeding from what we know well to what we know less well. A landscape painted merely for the sake of the landscape, that is, on account of the interest of the scene, or for some passing effect, is unknown before the fourteenth century, and even then it began at first as simply an endeavour on the part of the painter to add something in the background which should elucidate further the figures of his subject. It would be a curious question to go into, how far the most enlightened people at that time appreciated the beautiful in nature. Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters," ascribes an actual dread of thick foliage and high mountains to mediæval painters. The people of that day, perhaps, enjoyed a landscape much as an English peasant does now, who considers a field of corn quite covered with a good ripe crop, nothing to be seen before, behind, or around but that most respectable enclosure, a fairer prospect, literally a more beautiful one, than the most enchanting scene

CHRIST ASLEEP ON THE LAP OF THE VIRGIN.

(*By Marco Basaiti.*)

under an effect which it would take a Turner or a Claude to paint. The first start in the direction of landscape was made when the early Italian illuminators and painters left off their gold backgrounds and instead painted in a blue sky. This in time became diversified with clouds; then where a hermit was the subject his cave was added, or the portrait of a saint began to include his or her convent or city in the distance. St. John was depicted as in Patmos; St. Sebastian was bound to his tree; St. Christopher was walking through the water. There is in the National Gallery a triptych, "The Baptism of Christ," by Taddeo Gaddi, which illustrates the transition from gold backgrounds to landscape ones. The entire sky is in gold, but over it is painted on each side of the central figure a round and cabbagy tree; a very rigid brook flows past the feet of Christ, and the fishes parade along the water in perfectly symmetrical order. In another school, the Flemish, to which belongs the fame of having first added the knowledge of aerial perspective to the power of painting landscape, those original geniuses, the brothers Van Eyck, introduced a really marvellous landscape into the backgrounds of their famous work, "The Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb;" the best part of which picture of many panels is now in the Cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent, and which was a completed work as early as 1432. In the centre lower panel the background depicts the gardens of Paradise; the grass is green and bright with flowers, and the trees are well massed and luxuriant with foliage. The backgrounds of the side panels are perhaps still more interesting, and highly finished, with their rocky passes, rich fruit-trees, pleasant valleys, and fleecy clouds. Lord Lindsay says of this landscape: "A heavenly feeling of mystical charm is suffused over the whole scene, which it is impossible to describe, and which, like music, requires perhaps a peculiar mental and physical temperament to appreciate; the green flowery grass, and the freshness and beauty of the landscape, which connects itself and forms one enormous whole with that in the background of the wings, enhance the sentiments, involuntarily suggesting a better land and perennial sunshine." (It has been noted that the fountain and the altar in the centre of the picture, with vanishing points on different horizons, prove the Van Eycks to have been unacquainted with the science of linear perspective.) It is noticeable how early the Flemish painters, with their feeling for aerial effects, gave distance to their backgrounds. The early Italians, on the contrary, seem always to have been aware of the wall behind their altar-pieces, and to have treated their subjects more decoratively than pictorially. From this the Venetian school were perhaps the first to depart. In the National Gallery there is a "St. Christopher carrying the Infant Christ," by Patenier, which is almost entirely a landscape; indeed, Albert Dürer, who painted this artist's portrait, actually calls him by the now familiar but then little used term "landscape-painter;" and in the background of "The Deposition in the Tomb," by Roger van der Weyde, the distance on the left is most carefully felt, and evidently studied from nature. As a rule, all the landscapes of the early painters are remarkable for the same things—their strict detail and their want of power of massing. The greensward is jewelled with flowers, each individual flower being truthfully painted, yet they do not impress the eye as a treatment would where the masses are first attended to, and the detail made subservient to the whole. In some cases the minute detail gives simply a decorative effect; a good example of this is seen in the foliage running across the foreground in Filippo Lippi's picture of "St. John Baptist and six other Saints," also in the National Gallery. Still, the landscape of this work, though entirely subordinate to the figures, is a great advance upon the merely symbolic landscape, where the artist has not gone to nature at all, but simply painted the background in his own study after some conventional ideal. As we have begun to quote from the pictures in the National Gallery, we will go on to mention two works by quite early Italian painters there, which are as interesting by their backgrounds as by their subjects. The first is "The Infant Christ standing on the knees of the Virgin," by Cenia da Fregliano. Here the artist has painted perhaps the hill-side of his native town; the little city crowns the top of the height on the left. He has omitted nothing; there are the hedgerows, the foot-bridge, the ducks disporting in the stream, the blue mountains in the distance on the right, just as the painter might see them from his windows. The second picture hangs as a pendant to the first, "Christ Asleep on the Lap of the Virgin," by Marco Basaiti (see page 345). The landscape is perhaps a trifle strict and rigid in conception, but there is an artless simplicity about the details which is very delightful. The town in the distance, intended, we presume, for Bethlehem, is again but an

Italian city, and the trees near it are cropped and trimmed as they would be in proximity to a town where fuel is scarce. There is a curious draw-well on the left, close to which stands a shepherd looking after his cattle. These latter are somewhat singular in their anatomy, but that the artist has endeavoured to attain exact truth is seen in the way each pebble is painted in the foreground. In both these pictures the landscapes would still be interesting even were the figures left out, though, of course, they are to all intents and purposes subject pictures.

It is remarkable how entirely free from that topographical correctness which distinguished the landscapes of the modern pre-Raphaelites were the landscape backgrounds of their namesakes, the real pre-Raphaelites. Did this arise, we wonder, from their devout acceptation of the Bible, making them feel each incident as described there so unquestionably true, that it might have happened in their native place; or was it ignorance of the climate and geography of Palestine? Many people would unhesitatingly reply the latter, but we incline to believe that our first surmise may have had something to do with the early backgrounds. A notable instance of this curious intermingling of Bible story and mediæval manners is seen in the frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli, in the Riccadi Palace at Florence. One of the most remarkable is the "Visit of the Wise Men," or the "Three Kings." They are but three jocund knights, setting out from a feudal castle with their squires and retainers, their hawks and hounds, pursuing their way, hunting as they go, just as the nobles did at the time the artist was at work. We give as an illustration a portion of this picture.

VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

(A portion of the Picture. By Benozzo Gozzoli.)

Another thing almost always wanting in the early landscape backgrounds is what we call an *effect*. The masters generally paint a calm and even sunlight. No wind disturbs or storm overclouds the scene; an equable contentment reigns serenely over the whole. Giovanni Bellini, the Venetian painter, is one of the first masters who may claim to have made nature coincide with his subject. In his picture, "Christ's Agony in the Garden," in the National Gallery, he has depicted a stormy sunset, with a red glow on the horizon, and grey clouds lined with crimson; he has, in fact, put some of the pain of the kneeling Saviour into the troubled sky, and this sympathy of nature, contrasted with the careless sleep of the Apostles, is deeply pathetic, and will always give this picture a subtle and strong charm. For the power which this sympathy of mood gives it when compared with a mere serene and sunny background, it should be examined in connection with another "Agony in the Garden," which till but lately has been ascribed to Raphael. The Umbrian painter's work is full of graceful detail, little trees standing up singly from the greensward, and flowers are displayed in accurate precision; one artist has been quite as industrious as the other; but one stirs your heart because of the human feeling in the effect, the other only appeals to your artistic perceptions.

Space forbids us in this paper to inquire into the landscape of Raphael, which is so specially interesting in his cartoons; or into that of Albert Dürer, so delicately minute, so honest, yet sometimes so rugged; or into the bold masses and firm *chiaroscuro* of the landscape of Giorgione and the Venetians; but we hope to touch upon their various treatments when we go into our next subject, "The development of landscape into a distinct branch of art."

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—III.

MR. FRANK HOLL'S "Ordered to the Front," his only subject this year, presents the parting between a number of Highlanders and their wives and sweethearts; it is a little too sentimental, and the colour is somewhat black; but he has done masterly work in portraiture, as was promised by his *début* in that branch of art last year. The portrait of Mr. S. Adams Beck must take rank with the great pictures of the time. True in drawing, solid in modelling, and executed with a hand which has little to learn of the final secrets of painting, it has also a fine intellectual power; it is thoroughly dignified and serious work. In manner it contrasts strongly with Mr. Ouless's portrait of Mr. Alexander Matheson, M.P., which hangs as a pendant to it, and which is drawn with all the artist's usual certainty. Mr. Ouless is almost without a rival in the perfection of his draughtsmanship; nor does he ever lose or drop a form or an outline to find it again with an easy mastery, playing as it were with the air about a head, in the confidence of power, as Mr. Frank Holl has learnt to do. The manner of painting is also quite different, for the latter artist works with a loaded brush here and there, while Mr. Ouless puts on his colour almost equally; the one, also, invests his subject with a certain ideal nobility, while the other presents it literally, with a fine intelligence, but probably with no enlargement of the actual truth. While we are on the subject of portraits, a word of warm admiration must be given to Sir Frederick Leighton's "Rubinella," at the Grosvenor Gallery. In this fascinating study he has entirely abandoned the more than human smoothness of his usual work; here the colour is charmingly broken, the moving blood showing in the exquisite and vital carnations of the cheek; the lovely head is thrown lightly aside, the eyes raised with an expression of great sweetness; the figure is robed in a peculiar and beautiful tint of green, which Sir Frederick Leighton frequently painted in past years. It is difficult to believe that this fresh and breathing work is from the pencil that produced the col "Psamathe" at the Royal Academy.

HER CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.

(By J. Charles.)

To the class of subjects set in fashion by Mr. Hubert Herkomer's memorable "Pensioners" belongs Mr. Phil. Morris's "Sons of the Brave." The young band of the Military Asylum at Chelsea for the orphan boys of soldiers are marching out at the gate, before which their mothers — all, of course, widows and in many stages of widowhood — have gathered with the little sisters to watch them. Women and boys alike are treated with a great deal of realism, the little fellows being thoroughly British boys with indeterminate features, vague eyebrows, and rosy cheeks, and the mothers for the most part of the undistinguished type belonging to their class. A difficulty must always stand in the way of the honest representation of the humbler life in England; type and costume are alike unrefined, the faces being blunt and unfinished, the dress undistinctive of class, and therefore vulgar. Mr. Morris's picture, nevertheless, has the interest of a true subject; he has managed his red uniforms with skill, though without much charm of colour, and the principal fault to be found with this canvas is its size. Mr. Calderon has done work so strong, so wholesome, and so refined, in very late years, that we may be permitted to complain frankly of the violence of colour and hardness of manner which have suddenly begun to characterise his pictures this season. "The Olive" and "The Vine" are two allegorical female figures surrounded by accessories appropriate to

their titles, and with infelicitous blue sky backgrounds; there is a certain lack of light upon the heavily-painted faces which accords ill with

HER SWEETEST FLOWER.

(*By Arthur Stocks.*)

the open air in which they are placed. We do not say that it is easy for an artist to study his models entirely out of doors, but the effort is worth making in these days of realism, and when Continental artists are pushing the representation of truth so far at the cost of any pains which may be required. Mr. Calderon's composition, "Captives of his Bow and Spear," is, perhaps, too entirely romantic in subject, and has also the violence of which we have spoken; nevertheless there is a grace in the figures of the women who kneel appealingly at the conquering warrior's feet.

Interesting, for exceptional reasons, is Mr. Watts's principal picture this year—the autograph portrait painted (like that of Mr. Millais) at the special invitation of the Florence Academy, and destined for a permanent place in the gallery of artists' portraits painted by themselves, in the Uffizii. As yet only three or four English painters are represented in that instructive international and historical collection, and the two additions are important ones; but it is to be wished that Mr. Watts's contribution, admirable as a work of art, were more satisfactory as a likeness; it is barely, if at all, recognisable. Two female heads, "The Dean's Daughter" (the profile portrait of a lady on whose much admired face many artists have tried their powers) and "Mrs. F. Myers," are hardly fair specimens of so great a painter's work, so that his admirers will this year find greater satisfaction from his contributions to the Grosvenor Gallery, of which we will speak in due course. Among the solid works of every year, the honest and trustworthy pictures which make no appeal to public astonishment by any singularity of manner, and never fall short of a high standard of excellence, Mr. H. W. B. Davis's canvases are always to be classed. He paints well invariably, and sometimes he paints charmingly also, and never so charmingly as when he avoids the strong and insistent colour into which he is apt to be beguiled. "Family Affection," a noble group of cattle in a hot effect of light, errs a little in this respect; it is, nevertheless, a masterpiece of drawing and execution; while "Returning to the Fold" is a study of sheep and lambs, in which the movements of the animals are exquisitely true. A little lamb to the right staying to crop a mouthful from a shrub is one of the most intelligently faithful studies of characteristic animal action which English art can show. This picture was bought by the Academy under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. Another work so honoured is Mr. Brett's study of a wide space of calm azure sea,

THE LAST DAYS OF EDWARD VI.

(*By A. C. Gow.*)

entitled "Britannia's Realm." Emphatically blue in colour, and slightly discordant in its effect, owing to the introduction of some rather contradictory clouds, ghastly pink in tint,

which intrude into the artist's second picture as well, this careful work is nevertheless far less violent than is usual with Mr. Brett's productions; here for the first time have we been able to do justice to the high perfection of manipulative finish, and to the knowledge of nature which he possesses—qualities from the enjoyment of which his inveterate violets and pinks and blues have often scared us. After so much that has been written and disputed, proved and disproved in respect to the "pre-Raphaelites" of some thirty years ago, it is somewhat strange that two artists alone (since Mr. Lewis's death), Mr. Brett in landscape and Mr. Holman Hunt in figure-painting, should have remained true to the principles of the sect. All the rest, with Mr. Millais at their head, have silently surrendered their position, some of them, like their leader, adopting the opposite extreme of manner. The belief that a more assured knowledge of drawing and a larger study of the schools have induced the abandonment of insular eccentricity for the sake of a more legitimate notoriety forces itself upon the mind; but however this may be, the two artists above mentioned are left in a somewhat unkind state of isolation by their defaulting brethren. "Britannia's Realm," by the way, is this year the only picture by a non-Academician purchased by the Chantrey trustees.

Historical pictures (in that narrower sense of the term which would include only illustrations of history) are not numerous this season. Prominent among them is the spirited composition which forms our frontispiece, Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Armada in Sight." The subject is well chosen, for Englishmen have not yet become so cosmopolitan as not to enjoy, with a certain exultation and enlargement of the heart, the thought of that game of bowls, which there was "time to win—and to beat the Spaniards too." Mr. Lucas has a masculine power of drawing a manly figure, and a faculty of posing it in a free and natural action, which are by no means common. Another historical illustration is Mr. A. C. Gow's "Last Days of Edward VI." (page 349). The artist in this instance has chosen to show how a king was harassed with publicity in those last hours which an instinct common to man and the animals would fain conceal; the poor young Edward, wasted with disease, is lifted to an open window that the riotous commons outside may see that he is still living, but the indifference of utter weakness is expressed in his face and attitude. To the *genre* of sentiment, not history, belong Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "For Ever" (page 352) and Mr. Arthur Stocks' "Her Sweetest Flower" (page 349); the one is romantic, the other realistic, but both are very tender and sincere in feeling. Mr. Schmalz's group is posed in lamplight, moonlight shining outside, and consists of a very lovely golden-haired lady and her dark lover, a troubadour, who sits at her feet pausing in his love-songs to mark the paleness of her cheek as she lies on her couch; the two may be supposed to pledge their troth "for ever," whether for life or death. The young artist has a considerable gift of colour, and is master of no little effective power. Busy at her trade of flower-selling, with her back to a grimy London wall, her basket before her, and her fingers at work on her bouquets, sits Mr. Stocks' pretty young heroine, whose mother brings her "her sweetest flower" to kiss. The feeling of the young woman's quiet action is very tender and good, and there is considerable appreciation of baby-character about the figure of the little one.

Very different from these gentle appeals to public sentiment is a wonderful work from the triumphant brush of M. Michael Munkacsy—"The Two Families." It is not too much to say that the "dexterous school" has never achieved such a piece of dexterity as this interior, in the marvellous *bric-à-brac* of which every colour of the rainbow has been introduced with an audacious prodigality but with a magnificent harmoniousness. The execution—if possible finer than the colour—is crisp, fearless, magisterial, and, as we have said, triumphant. The subject is a drawing-room fitted up profusely in the (French) artistic manner, the blues, greens, and yellows of Oriental china being dashed in here and there amidst the Occidental plush and velvet. A lady and three children dressed in the ugliest extreme of the last Parisian fashion, and a brood of puppies busy over a saucer of milk, constitute the "two families" of the title. We would recommend our young artists to admire this picture, but hardly to attempt to imitate it, for to write off such a picture—it has the rapidity and the impulse of handwriting—comes, as Dogberry says, by nature. To compare the furniture here with that in Mr. Frank Dicksee's "House-Builders" is to see at a glance what is and what is not imitable in this branch of painting. To return to the more level ways of English art: "On the Coast of Cornwall," a sunny and very pleasant landscape in the first room, won for Mr. Henry Gibbs the award of the Turner gold medal at the Academy, Mr. Frank Miles having

gained the silver medal by his "Ocean Coast," an exceedingly well-intended and bold (almost obstinate) attempt at drawing waves under an all but impossible aspect. Mr. Peter Graham's "Highland Drove" is a repetition of a subject painted by this powerful artist a hundred times. We have a right to complain of his frequent rendering of a climate which is (to southern eyes at least) terribly repellent; the brown streams, tawny hills drenched in mist, and low chilly skies of his pictures are truthful enough, but Mr. Graham has the rarer ability of painting a happy blue and white sky truthfully also—with a touch indeed of exquisite tenderness and luminosity. Close to this Scotch picture hangs Mr. Yeames's principal work, "The Finishing Touch: Green-room at Private Theatricals;" decidedly too large for the interest of the subject, it is nevertheless grouped with considerable spirit, there is vivacity in the expression of the laughing lady whose admirer is "finishing" her fair cheek with a patch, and the stiffness of the very bad amateur actors who are seen sideways upon the stage is well imagined; but the execution of the work throughout is prosaic, literal, and unimaginative to a quite unusual degree. In the same room hangs Mr. Edward Fahey's pretty landscape with its charming figure, "I'm Going a Milking;" this artist's work is always unmistakable, with its somewhat metallic greens, together with its completeness of manner.

Among the artists upon whose powers Academical honours seem to have an effect the reverse of salutary is Mr. Hodgson, to whose happily-inspired pencil we owed a few years ago that admirable bit of comedy and of colour, "The Rusty Gun"—a debt we cannot forget. But for the assurance of the catalogue, and also for the remembrance of a slighter deterioration during the last two or three seasons, we should hardly believe "Homeward Bound" to be veritably his work. Whereas his colouring had for some time manifested a growing tendency to "hot" tones, this unattractive picture errs in the opposite direction, being pallid, raw, and violet in hue; the subject is as trite as are the lines (relative to the "watch-dog's honest bark," etc.) which accompany the title, and is treated with an unnecessary and yet weak emphasis. Two sailors are climbing the stile over a hill which overlooks a sea-side village; signs of their voyage in the shape of a cage and a parrot, together with the distant figures of a woman and of the watch-dog above mentioned, assist in explaining the situation. We have spoken frankly of Mr. Hodgson's work, because we have full confidence in his speedy resumption of the power and charm which will evoke a praise equally candid. If the painter of "Homeward Bound" quotes a hackneyed stanza which can add nothing to the interest of his work, Mr. T. M. Rooke directs the attention of all lovers of poetry to his little picture of "The Thistledown Gatherer" by means of the name of Dante Rossetti, whose beautiful lines are appended to the title; he has painted a girl, neither young nor lovely, gathering thistledown in autumn by the way-side, and the figure is not without a certain rather melancholy distinction. Very determinedly prosaic, on the other hand, is Mr. R. B. Browning in "Watching the Skittle Players," the portrait—it is such emphatically—of a pig who is in the habit of criticising the afternoon game of the villagers at Dinant on the Meuse. The picture is fairly well painted, and the same may be said of the same young artist's "Solitude," a twilight landscape which seems to wear the tone of early morning rather than that of evening, and which shows a pool, fringed with trees and backed by clear-outlined hills, lying under a serene and limpid sky. Resuming our glance at the pictures in their catalogue order, we come upon a different kind of animal-painting from Mr. Browning's study of the pig; "The Stag at Bay," by Mr. J. Charlton, is, as regards action, movement, and drawing, a quite noteworthy work. Painted and looked at in cold blood the incident forms, however, to our mind, a very painful subject. It is with greater pleasure that we turn to a third study of animal life, Mr. Robert Meyerheim's "Early Spring." This young artist paints meadows in flower with a peculiar charm, and his mastery of form and execution in the painting of cattle is very unusual; the present example, however, lacks the touch of interest (and pictures of cows, it must be owned, need some such aid) which was given last year to his lovely little canvas by the intrusion of a small black pig into a group of curious young heifers; Mr. Meyerheim's landscape accessories are painted this year, too, under a less attractive effect of light. Mr. Storey's "Follow My Leader," which hangs near, is presumably a portrait-composition, and cannot be considered very happy in arrangement; a line of children masquerading in old dresses are defiling through a room; some of the faces, however, are decidedly pretty. Very different in treatment, and showing very dissimilar aims, is the archaic-looking portrait-group of "The Daughters of Charles Santley," by Mr. H. S. Tuke. This picture is one of the

familiar class of modern antiques, but apart from the slight affectation involved in that fact (and indeed the types and costumes of the ladies seem to insist upon the method which the artist has adopted) it is painted with no little strength and directness, the colour being simple and harmonious. Altogether distinct again from these two works is Mr. Charles's very clever canvas entitled "Her Children's Children" (page 348), in which the likenesses of three generations are sympathetically given, and with remarkable technical skill. Our survey of the pictures in the second room must conclude with a word of warm praise to Mr. Leslie Thomson's quiet and beautiful landscapes, as refined in feeling as they are original.

With many of the leading pictures in the *Salle d'Honneur* we have already dealt; but the first in that room is one to which little general justice has been done, its position being bad and its subject unattractive; Mr. J. R. Reid's "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," shows us Southey's heroine wandering through a field, while the gossips of the village observe her pityingly; the principal merit of this picture is its fine and faithful out-of-door tone. Close to Sir Frederick Leighton's lovely but hardly human "Iostephane" is a pretty little group by Mr. Marcus Stone, intended to illustrate the book which has never for a single season failed to supply English artists with subjects; it is true that this "Olivia and Dick Primrose" might be any last-century lady and little boy taking a walk—nevertheless the names bear, and will always do so, an attractive charm. Of Mr. Long's contributions to the Academy three are portraits, that of Mr. Henry Irving as "Hamlet" being the only one of special interest, while one only has any claim to subject, and even this one exception is a study of a single figure and probably a quasi-portrait of a model. This fact will disappoint the admirers of his "Vashti" and "Esther" of last year; but the great beauty of this "Assyrian Captive," the more solid drawing and the finer completeness of the painting, are no slight advantages to compensate for the absence of a story. Little need be said here of the picture which occupies the principal place at the head of the room—Mr. Wells's "Victoria Regina"—except that the subject, serious enough in itself, has acquired in the painter's hands a quasi-comic aspect of which he seems scarcely to be conscious; specially infelicitous is the introduction of the advancing figure of the Duchess of Kent, seen through the doorway. But though absolving Mr. Wells of any intentional joke, we can hardly be so lenient with M. Bastien-Lepage with his whimsical but clever little portrait of the Prince of Wales. From these curious works of very dissimilar art it is a pleasure to turn to the charming "Multiplication" of Mrs. Perugini, which is a study of one of those innocent and beautiful little girls the painting of whom is becoming this clever lady's *spécialité*. Before closing the present article we must put on record our very emphatic admiration for a work which we will not wait to mention in its due order—Mr. Logsdail's "*Vischafslog op de Vischmarkt te Antwerpen.*" Seldom in the English school of painting has a study from life been stamped so unmistakably with the unforgeable seal of nature itself; not one of the many figures of this crowded little scene but stands, sits, or moves with that truth the capture of which is a triumph of brilliant talent. Mr. Logsdail is, we believe, a young artist; all who are interested in the realistic developments of modern art will watch his career with true pleasure. Another scene of every-day life is M. Gaetano Chierici's "Desperate Venture"—less striking than Mr. Logsdail's work, but full of intelligence. Nothing could well be more trite than the Italian artist's subject—the first hazardous journey of a baby alone across the floor to its father's arms—but M. Chierici has the gift of giving freshness to the oldest themes by his energy and observation.

FOR EVER.
(*By Herbert Schmalz.*)

THE ENGLISH HOMESTEAD.

OES it ever occur to the praiseworthy gentlemen who form our various anti-restoration committees, and who watch with such jealous care the fate of the parish churches, abbeys, or other mediæval remains—intact or ruinous—which adorn our land, that a whole *class* of buildings, of less importance perhaps, but of scarcely less value to the artist, and of immense social interest, is quietly passing from off the face of the country without a voice raised in mourning or a hand to save them?

I refer to the old English homesteads, not the least among the many glories of our land.

High-farming is cutting down all our hedges, the scientific agriculturist follows "huzzin and mäzin the blessed fields wi' his kittle of steäm," and slowly but surely, "like snow-wreaths in thaw," these homes of our forefathers are fading away, never to return. Within the memory of a young life a marked change has come over these illustrations of our history and our national character. The change is partly from without and partly from within. The inevitable decay wrought by two or more centuries of storm and sunshine, the unfeeling and unskilful nature of such repairs as have from time to time been performed, and the vicissitudes of changing occupation, have robbed them of almost everything that was distinctive and excellent.

But the altered conditions of social life and the growth of luxuries amongst all classes have had the most disastrous effect on our English farm-houses, and have especially wrought sad havoc with their picturesque interiors. The great fireplace, with its blazing hearth, its cosy nooks, and high-backed "settles," is now little more than a tradition. Its place is filled by a lustrous grate, and the hearth is a patch of smart encaustic tiling. The great oak beams and their depending trellis have disappeared from the ceiling, which is newly plastered, and has a huge sprawling arrangement of acanthus leaves in the centre. The dear old wainscoting which gave the parlour (now the drawing-room) such a homely charm, glorious in colour from age and "elbow polish," has been removed and cut up into "Queen Anne" mantels in Wardour Street, or used by the architect in the alterations at "the Hall." The farmer's wife and daughter, nothing loth, have substituted for it a garish wall-paper, "harsh and crude," and the surroundings have, of course, been rearranged in corresponding "taste."

We may be sure that the stone mullions and the quarries have been taken out of the old Tudor windows to be supplanted by sashes and vast expanses of plate-glass, thus destroying at a stroke the *scale* of the building. The exposed fronts of the house have been covered with stucco, lined to look like ashlar—if that were possible—to the loss of the old weather-stained hanging-tiles, so much more grateful to the eye and, for that matter, equally weather-proof. Perhaps the whole side of the house has been blackened over with tar. It is well if the new tightly-fitting joinery has not made the chimneys smoke, and that the massive old Tudor chimney-stacks have not in their ruddy old age been subjected to the degradation of rows of "tallboys."

The above is, alas! no fancy picture. Even while I write, this kind of alteration, or rather destruction, is going on all over the kingdom. I could cite but too many instances. Not fifty miles from town an old manor-house—long occupied as a farm-house—is being divided up into labourers' tenements. The old "house-place" or "keeping-room," with its tile floor, ample chimney-nook, and dark wainscoted walls, is, or was, a study for a painter. Two long three-light mullioned windows ranged on one side of the room admitted a softened southern light through a screen of tender vine-leaves. Seats below the window-sills, cut out of the thickness of the sturdy walls, formed most inviting resting-places after the "busie labour" of the day. The details, furniture, appointments were all in keeping, and all of the highest appropriateness and excellence in their simple style. The tenant and his women-folk, however, found it all "dull," and have migrated to the nearest market town. Mrs. Poyser receives her visitors on a gay (tapestry) Brussels—surrounded by sticky Tottenham Court Road furniture—instead of in that dear old kitchen in the Hall Farm; and you can no longer get a glimpse of pretty Hetty Sorel among her bright pans in the dairy, the guelder-roses peeping at her

through the casement. *She* is in Germany, "finishing her education."

It may be in some respects a national gain that the modern farmers' sons should attend grammar-schools and win scholarships at the universities, instead of "driving their teams a-field," as their fathers did before them; that the daughters should spend their mornings in practising Beethoven or painting upon china, instead of feeding the poultry or in the delightful duties of the dairy. But with the loss of the old customs how much of the pictorial side of English rural life is lost also! And *art* is in consequence by so much the sufferer. Every year our painters have to go further afield in quest of subjects. Brittany, Belgium, Holland, are already falling in with the march of progress, and are becoming rapidly more sophisticated and less artistic in all their belongings. The twentieth century will probably find all Europe reduced to a dead-level of insipid and colourless respectability.

The English farmer has already lost his distinguishing marks, and apes the manners and dress of the town, in the ways of which—thanks to cheap locomotion—he is quite at home. As a natural result his home and its surroundings are similarly "translated," and are fast assuming the guise of a Putney villa. A look of fussy, pretentious, second-rate gentility has succeeded the composure and decent homely quiet, the modest but assured comfort of the old home.

The commencement of the present century saw the whole country dotted with picturesque homesteads, of which the next generation will scarcely find an example remaining, and will learn only from a stray wood-cut by Birket Foster, or a few pregnant lines from the pen of George Eliot, what an English farmstead was in its prime, and how great and irreparable is its loss.

There is no need to enlarge in these pages on the artistic value of the old English farm-house and its surroundings. The saddest example which may still be found is the manor-house in reduced circumstances. Once the residence of the lord, it has fallen successively into the hands of the farmer tenant, and has now probably gone to ruin, or has been divided into labourers' tenements. With every stage of its declension some calamity has befallen it from the artist's point of view, until its old age ends in mere neglect and squalor—a stray chimney-stack of exquisite detail and proportion, a coat-of-arms in a curiously carved panel, a Tudor porch, or solitary mullioned window being alone left to testify to the charms of its youth. The imagination reverts to the time when it stood out proudly from its *entourage* of tall elms or noble walnut-trees, its long lines of capacious barns and clusters of golden stacks, its rows of quaint gables and dormers, and the solid or fantastic forms of the chimneys standing boldly up against the sky; the charm of the scene heightened by the drowsy cooing of the pigeons and the measured thud of the busy flail at the open barn. But, above all, the wealth of lovely colour distinguished the older buildings from their newer rivals beyond all other marks. The glowing mellow red of the old bricks and tiles softened and harmonised by a powder of ashy-grey lichen, the intensely brilliant green of the mossy patches, and the bright gold of the stone-crop blended and varied by Nature's own hand, are beauties which are known and dear to all.

Our modern efforts at farm-building in the old style cannot be said to be satisfactory. They are too symmetrical. There is a spick and span mechanical look about them which differentiates them at once. The *naïveté* of the old work, which *grew* on the site, is unproducible in this over-sophisticated age, and the more we affect the bygone fashion, the more transparent is the affectation. The best men are not employed in designing works of this class, which are, as a rule, left to the agent and his factotum.

The common artificers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seemed to do the right thing intuitively, and to have been guided by an inborn appreciation of what was artistically appropriate to every occasion; the works of that day are never disfigured by those uncouth and unfeeling monstrosities which are the mark of the rural builder of the present day. When we shall have completed the series of rectangular concrete boxes, stucco-covered, with square holes for windows, and deficient in everything which can please the eye, our descendants will wonder at the apathy with which we could abandon to decay the work of our forefathers—work which we were so powerless to imitate.

When the last example shall have been hopelessly disfigured or destroyed, a chapter in English Art will have been closed which can never be re-opened. We shall no more be able to reproduce the art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than to revive the picturesque presence of the English farmer of the old school, with his smock frock, his speckled stockings, and shoe-buckles.

> "Thou unrelenting Past!
> Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain;
> And fetters sure and fast
> Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign."

It becomes almost a national concern that

faithful records of the buildings adverted to should be taken before the originals shall have utterly vanished.

We have a National Portrait Gallery. Why should we not have, before it is too late, a gallery for the portraits of the more characteristic of our national architecture? Photographs will not serve, for the charm of an old building lies to a great extent in its colour.

Every encouragement should be given by both art-patrons and the Government to those painters who address themselves to this class of subject. There could be no better training for young students than the faithful portraiture of these old buildings, nor could pecuniary aid from the State be better invested; nor could we set ourselves any work for which posterity would thank us more heartily than that of rescuing from oblivion these fast-departing glories of our land. E. Ingress Bell.

DECORATIVE ART.—IV.

DOMESTIC DECORATIONS—WHAT OUR HOUSES ARE—WHAT OUR HOMES SHOULD BE—CHARACTER IN DECORATION—ITS POSSIBILITY—THE DIFFICULTIES IN ITS WAY.

NGLISHMEN boast that they are proud of their homes and attached to them. They may be so. Only few homes look as if any one had any intelligent interest in them. You may go from ouse to house among your neighbours, and rom no one dwelling shall you be able to ather a distinct impression of its owner. Each eflects the others, or rather they are all reflecions, paler or more pronounced, as the case may e, of what is, or was, the prevailing fashion. he exceptions to the rule will be few, and these hall betray, not the more loving householder, ut the more "advanced" decorator. If by hance some particle of the personality of the ıan whose house it is peeps out, the odds are hat it strikes a false note in the general effect. hose who have heedlessly succumbed to the ecorative mania often begin too late to find hat the little comforts and conveniences to hich they were accustomed are out of keepıg with their "fine art" furniture, and they lindly attribute to the fault of art what is ı fact due to the thoughtlessness with which ıey adopted a fashion altogether out of accord ith their individual wants and ways. All the iling against "æsthetic" furniture and its ıconvenience, all the sneers against art that uppermost in the house, all the protests in favour of usefulness and cosiness and comfort (implying unquotable maledictions on art and its unserviceableness), resolve themselves into so many unconscious confessions of ignorance concerning the relation of art to every-day life. The furniture that is inconvenient, no matter what the waste of workmanship, sins against taste as well as reason. To revolutionise the household is very far from being the function of art at all. And if use, cosiness, and comfort cannot be reconciled with beauty, blame the artist for his incompetence, but do not condemn art because its votary is unequal to the occasion.

It is at the starting-point of decoration that the most fatal blunders are made. Some effect that we have seen, some "style" that is in fashion, something that may be quite contrary to our way of life, catches our fancy; and we proceed to revolutionise the house, and, in the name of art, to render ourselves uncomfortable, dragging that name into the contempt of all who have retained their sober senses.

How happens it that the word "homely" is associated with ugliness? A certain simplicity and sobriety are, rightly enough, in character with the life of simple, sober people; but the Puritan protest against luxury, looseness, and extravagance was more earnest than discriminating. The arts, whose highest development was naturally found in princely palaces, fell into disrepute along with their royal patrons, and to this day they have scarcely regained their prestige among the sterner and more matter-of-fact—I will not say more Puritan—Englishmen.

The abuse of art does not condemn it. There is nothing incompatible between homeliness and beauty, unless, indeed, a man love ugliness, and then beauty is out of her element within his walls. A man's home should seem to have grown round him like a shell; it should fit him

as naturally; and there is no reason why it should not be as beautiful as any shell that ever housed fish. It does not seem much to ask that a man's home should appear to belong to him; but the modern manner is to rub down all personal and characteristic angles to a dead-level of polish that reflects just what happens to come in contact with it. To be individual is to be in continual danger of offending against

STRAWBERRY PANEL.

social *convenances.* Thus it comes to pass that persons of real taste fit up their houses tastelessly, intelligent people senselessly, and men and women of refinement satisfy themselves, in this one respect, with something very much like vulgarity.

Too much is left to the decorator; too much is expected of him.

It happens frequently that the persons who apply to him have formed no notion of what they want in the way of decoration. I think they should have something more than a notion. What your ideal of a room may be it is quite beyond the province of any one but your most intimate friend to divine. Whether you prefer a light room or a dark one, a rich decoration or a delicate one, is a matter of choice—of temperament perhaps, or of eyesight. If you leave it in the hands of an artist, he may succeed in producing something very admirable indeed, but which you cannot in the least admire, because it is not in the direction towards

MAGNOLIA PANEL.

which your sympathies tend. If you leave it in the hands of a tradesman, he too (having an artist in his employ) may do something equally good, or something very bad; but, in either case, what character there is in it belongs to the particular workshop whence it was derived, whereas what is wanted in domestic decoration is the character of the inhabitant. This will possibly not be very readily conceded; but it is acknowledged by implication in the common remark that decoration gives to a house an air of discomfort. The decoration that does so was from the first ill-

advised. What else is to be said of decoration, when it is not till the novelty of it begins to wear off that folks dare to be themselves in their rooms, and to admit those familiar and necessary conveniences and comforts that make home homely? The mistake was in ever thinking to exclude them. The decorator should take those very personal and individual wants into consideration from the first, and, indeed, found his scheme of decoration upon them. He should begin by consulting his patron and finding out what he wants, advising him against that which is impractical, protesting against that which is tasteless, and striving always, not to carry out some fine ideas of his own, but to put into working order those of his employer. His business is not so much to think for his patron as to put his thoughts into artistic form. A mean ambition, you say! Perhaps. And yet the poets we most esteem are not those who tell us something that is new to us, but those who most perfectly express for us the thought that was ours before — vague and bodiless hitherto, henceforth and for ever now a definitive delight.

WILD CLEMATIS PANEL.

Decorative art may very readily be associated with every comfort and convenience; it will add to, instead of detracting from, homeliness, oneness, and character; if only we begin *from ourselves*, if our art is based upon our wants, if our single aim is honestly to express our best selves in our surroundings. The veritable demons that come between art and homeliness are Insincerity, Half-heartedness, and Brag.

The circumstances under which our houses assume their incongruous appearance go far to account for it. Before ever the tenant came into possession the walls were hung with paper selected by the builder, in whose eyes those patterns are most beautiful on which the largest trade discount is allowed. The dining-room, of course, is red, the wood-work wainscot or walnut; the drawing-room white and gold, with folding-doors of most marvellous maple. The bedrooms have been painted with a cold greyish-white, and papered with a view to smartness and without regard to repose. Even if we were in time to have a voice in these things, and chose them with some taste, they were most likely determined without any forethought for the further furnishing of the rooms. Each individual item of decoration was chosen for its intrinsic excellence perhaps, more likely for its cheapness, possibly for no better reason than that it was novel. The carpet owes its selection to the effect of a yard of it seen amongst a distracting variety of patterns by a purchaser who could have but a faint conception of what its effect *en masse* would be. It bears no sort of relation to the rest of the furniture, most of which was rashly ordered on the ground of its effectiveness in the show-room, and remains ever since a reproach to our indiscretion. The pictures are such as chanced to catch the fancy of the owner, who did not pause to think how they would look on his walls, or where he should find room for them. The ornaments of bronze, brass, ormolu, ivory, alabaster, china, terra-cotta, lacquer, wax-work, or embroidery, are more ill-assorted than all; being, for the most part, the gifts of various kind friends of very various tastes, each of whom

presented what he or she thought "pretty." It would be difficult to imagine more unfavourable conditions than these for the introduction of art into the house. It is only after years of gradual weeding out of the inappropriate, and gradual introduction of what is really fit, that many a home begins to assume its homely character. Habit and convenience effect, perhaps, at last what it should have been the first object of art to produce—oneness and repose.

How are we to arrive, in our dwellings, at that repose which is so essential? Certainly not without careful thought and earnest effort. The progress of art is no royal procession, but a stern and often painful march. Still it is in the power of most of us to make our home a fit background to our daily life, if only we care to do it. The point is just that we should care; and if we really do, we shall surely impress upon all about us the stamp of our individuality. Where the builder, the decorator, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, the householder, and his kind friends are all pulling in independent, if not opposite directions, hopeless confusion is inevitable. Unity can only be secured under the direction of some one person, and that one should have absolute authority. The proper person would be, of course, the man or woman who is to live in the house. But no one must be allowed to imagine that the responsibility is a light one, or the task easy. It will tax his time, temper, and taste, and even then he will have often to retrace his steps, and often to confess his failure. Here, as everywhere, experience counts for something. The game is well worth the candle, but it is not an easy one; and unless you mean to play it out, better not begin. Let us hope that many a man will play it out. In order to do so successfully he must first make up his mind what it is that he wants, and then keep that object in view. His ways and wants, and those of his household, must determine the decoration of his house. If his single aim is a home that shall fit him and his, it need not involve any extraordinary difficulty or extravagance; but if he cannot find it in his heart to forsake the paths of tradition or of fashion, to break with pretence and ignore Mrs. Grundy, let him not offend them by a half-hearted desertion, but rather make friends of the mammon of their unrighteousness.

Having made up your mind what it is that you want, the next step should be to put yourself into communication with the man who is to carry it out. Assuming that the latter is of ordinary intelligence, a couple of hours' conversation with him will in all likelihood bring to light the unwelcome fact that some of your ideas are impracticable, or involve expense which you are not prepared to incur. Other ideas will be perhaps neither quite out of the question nor ruinously extravagant, but will yet carry with their execution dangers which deserve consideration. In either case your clear purpose, striking against his practical objection, should suffice to elicit some spark that will show the way out of the difficulty—whether it be wiser to retire discreetly, to override the objection, or to try some other path. It will always resolve itself into a question of give-and-take. There is so much that the lay decorator does not, and cannot, foresee in the carrying out of his notion. He proposes, for example, to decorate some panels with floral decoration, and he sets his heart upon certain flowers for these. Now it is obviously quite the right thing that he should introduce into his scheme those flowers that he himself happens to prefer. But he is probably quite unaware of the difficulties in the way of working those units into a decorative whole. A decorator chooses from the first the elements of his design with a view to their combination. He, on the contrary, has chosen his flowers entirely from sentimental reasons—and it is most probable that their association will involve some loss of unity in the general decorative effect, possible that they will ruin it altogether. Still, if he prefer sentiment to repose, he is quite right to insist upon having it, only it is well that he should know from the beginning what he sacrifices to his idea. Many a man has lost the unity of effect that he really valued for the sake of an idea, to which he attached infinitely less importance, simply that he did not know the artistic cost of his fad. He preferred to have the flowers he liked to those preferred by the decorator; but if the objection to any of these had been pointed out to him at the time, he would readily have suggested others that were more available. One may wish to gratify a fancy, without being prepared to make everything subservient to it. If, here and there, there should be some distinct reason, symbolic or other, why some particular plant is desired, which yet cannot be brought to range itself in decorative order, it becomes clearly a question of the relative importance in your mind of the idea and of decoration. Should it be asked why one plant is less available than another, there are numberless reasons why one may be fit for a given purpose and another quite out of character. To begin with, some are in them-

selves beautiful, some not at all so. And of the former some are ornamental and others ill-adapted to ornament. Then there is the material to be taken into account. The beauty of one flower is in its colour, and we are working, let us say, in ebony or ivory; of another in its refinement of form, and we are employing a heavy and clumsy substance. Certain forms inevitably lose their character when adapted to execution in certain materials. Again, the position may determine that boldness is to be desired, or that delicacy is essential, and of course only the bold or delicate flowers, as the case may be, are appropriate. Further, the relation of the various forms one to another is to be considered. Suppose three panels each ornamented with the design of a flowering shrub, a lily for the fourth would look rather foolish. The relative scale of the various flowers is also of importance. The sunflower is superbly ornamental, but if you determine upon that for one, you restrict your choice with regard to the companion panels.

The magnolia and strawberry panels (page 356) were designed to form a pair, but the result scarcely justifies the pains. Each might have been more characteristically treated if there had been no occasion to consider the other. Similar difficulties occur with regard to colour. Three or four delicately tinted flowers seem to insist that the rest shall be in the same key; a vivid blossom among them is impertinent. All may be rich, or all tender, or the two qualities may be balanced; but a series of flowers chosen without regard to decorative treatment will, very probably, be exceedingly difficult to combine into a decorative whole. The clematis (page 357) suggested itself at once to go with some Florentine mosaic of the usual jasmine pattern—not every flower would answer that purpose.

It will be seen that in such a simple matter as the choice of flower forms, there is more to be considered than is thought of in the philosophy of the inexpert. Similar difficulties crop up continually, none of them insuperable, but most of them stubborn. Do not flatter yourself that you will not have to give way at all, but see that you know the reason why you give way. If you adopt that line of procedure, the result of mutual compromise between yourself and the practical man will probably be a balance in favour of your own fancy—more or less, according to the reasonableness of your original idea.

One more word of caution. If you feel yourself incompetent to control the work, or if you are too much engaged, too uncertain, or too lazy, make one first effort to find the man whose work you like, and who may be expected therefore to be able to satisfy you again; instruct him fully, tell him your pet ideas as you would confide your symptoms to your physician, and then trust him. He can anticipate the effect of what he is about much better than you can. It may not turn out all that you could desire, but if you meddle with him continually it will certainly be a failure. "Children and fools should never see things till they are finished," said a great painter—a truth none the less true that it is untrimmed. We may none of us be fools, but the wisest of us must pass through that phase of art which is most simply described as babyhood.

Lewis F. Day.

ON THE ART OF ILLUMINATING AS ORIGINALLY PRACTISED.—I.

ILLUMINATION is one of the many branches of decorative art, and a beautiful and effective means of augmenting in value manuscripts and literary works of all kinds. It is to a certain extent reviving, after having remained for many years in a state of disuse.

Illumination in connection with heraldry was formerly considered a necessary portion of the education pertaining to people of position; and with respect to heraldry, even in the present age it is considered necessary to acquire at least some knowledge of that "noble science," as it is frequently termed, which has existed from time immemorial, and must continue so long as pride of ancestry forms part of human nature.

In the very early times pictures drawn by hand were the only means within the reach of the priesthood of typifying to the minds of the ignorant populace the truisms of Biblical history, and of stimulating the eye of faith by exhibiting to the material eye pictures of those incidents in the lives of saints and martyrs, on which the Church of Rome, during the Middle Ages, based, if we may so term it, its assertion of supremacy; and lives were spent in the monkish cells labouring and

inventing in quiet seelusion many exquisitely beautiful speeimens of ornamentation.

In the early Christian epoch the seminaries of art, as then known, were the monasteries, and the books produced therein were invariably of a saeerdotal eharaeter. In the more wealthy establishments no amount of labour or cost was spared in their production. The artists who produced the ornamental embellishments displayed the greatest ingenuity, patience, and invention, and the most skilled seribes available were employed on the texts; and so preeious were these volumes, and the reverenee with whieh they were regarded was so great, that the bindings were in very many instanees formed of earved ivory and beautiful enamels, and sometimes of plates of gold and silver enriched with precious stones, gems, and erystals. They were often preserved in easkets worthy of the labour bestowed on their exeeution.

As edueation spread from the eloister to the eastle, books of an amusing as well as a devotional character naturally beeame an acquirement, sueh as romanees and tales of chivalry and love, works of that description generally being embellished with pietures of the prineipal events therein reeorded. The eostumes of the period were naturally represented as well as the applianees and aeeessories; thus the illustrations are authentie records of the various details of religious observanees, and of those eonneeted with military operations, as well as of the habits and customs of domestie life.

By the term illumination we understand a eombination of eolours, gold, silver, and metals of many kinds applied to any medium, such as vellum, parehment, paper, wood, and in faet any surface upon whieh colour can be superposed to adorn or decorate.

What was primarily termed illumination was the applieation of minium (otherwise redlead) to mark or emphasise any words in the general body of the text, which was usually in brown or blaek ink. Minium gave its name to the artists who used or worked with that material, as they were called "miniatores;" and miniature, whether referring to the lesser style of painting or not, was applied in the first instanee to lettering only.

The term illumination was still applied long after the original minium was superseded by the purer einnabar, or vermilion. The application of minium may be eommonly found with other eolours in the hieroglyphies on the Egyptian papyri, the most aneient manuseripts extant. Red letters were generally used as titles and commencement of pages only. In Egyptian, Greek, and Roman MSS. this is evident, but in the manuseripts disinterred at Pompeii, some hundreds of whieh were unrolled, no evidenee of ornamentation is observable. The more ancient classieal authors, however, state that books in their time were embellished with pietorial representations, and they were aeeustomed to rubrieate their manuseripts. The introduetion of gold and silver is attributed to the Oriental nations from the most remote antiquity, and it is generally supposed that the Greeks aequired from Egypt or India their method of thus ornamenting manuseripts; and among the later Greeks it beeame so usual, that the seribes or artists in gold formed a distinet class, and their works, written in gold upon vellum stained of a purple or rose eolour, were thus augmented in value, and were remarkable for their ehaste and beautiful effeets—the earliest instanee of which is reeorded by Julius Capitolinus in his life of the Emperor Maximinus the younger, to whom his mother presented the poems of Homer, written in letters of gold on purple vellum, at the eommeneement of the third eentury. The "Virgil" in the Vatican is attributed by the best palæographers to the same eentury, and this volume is enriched by miniatures, some of which are engraved in D'Agineourt's "Histoire de l'Art par les Monuments."

One of the most ancient existing speeimens is the "Codex Argentinus," written about A.D. 360, in gold and silver letters upon purple ground. The use of eoloured vellum appears to have been discontinued about this period, but revived again in the fifth and sixth eenturies. The text at this date was written in eapitals, with a larger letter eommeneing the chapter or page, and this general arrangement eontinued till the seventh century, when letters of a more elaborate deseription were introdueed. Human figures, beasts, birds, reptiles, and flowers were then, and during the two following eenturies, eommonly introduced intertwined with the ornamentation. The peculiar eharaeteristies of this style are extreme intricaey of interlaeing patterns; and the most extraordinary example of the skill of the manipulators of this sehool, whieh was of Irish origin, and praetised in that country as early as the fifth century, is the "Book of Kells," so named from having been preserved in the Great Abbey Chureh of Kells, in the diocese of Meath, and is now in Trinity College, Dublin.

Albert Warren.

ISABELLA AND THE POT OF BASIL.

(From the Picture by W. Holman Hunt, by permission of Messrs. Pilgeram and Lefevre.)

VICISSITUDES OF ART TREASURES.—V.

By R. H. Soden-Smith, M.A., F.S.A., &c.

T is not many years since a Spanish muleteer was traversing one night with his string of mules a rather wild track in the neighbourhood of Guarrazar not far from Toledo. The moon was bright, and the torrents of La Fuente de Guarrazar had recently been swollen, but had now shrunk low in their beds. Something glistening in the path of the moonbeam caught his eye, or that of a woman who rode one of his mules. They stopped; it was something of bright metal. They scraped the loose, washed-up soil away and disinterred a golden jewelled crown. This is no fairy legend, but a fact of our own day. They found a royal crown of gold and precious stones.

The effect on these rude peasants' minds of such a sight, at such a moment, must be left to the reader's imagination to realise. Their disinterred treasure, moreover, was not alone; a buried hoard of untold value, hastily hid away in some moment of peril and never recovered, had come to light after more than a thousand years of oblivion. Ten crowns, circlets of gold with pendants of precious stones, were ultimately exhumed, together with other objects. Another and most important one afterwards rewarded the sagacity of some patient searcher, who suspected that the torrent might have swept part of the golden spoil further down its bed.

At first these precious relics were shared among the peasants of the district; a few objects were sold and melted at Toledo; but, happily, there was near the spot some one keen enough to suspect their importance. A Frenchman in the neighbourhood heard of the "find" and saw some of its produce; this, as may be supposed, whetted his curiosity; by degrees he obtained nearly all that had come to light—eight votive crowns—and these he carried to Paris, and offered them for sale at the Museum of Antiquities in the Hôtel Cluny, Paris. The director purchased them at once, and there they are now exhibited, chief among the treasures of that rich collection. They are rightly called "votive" crowns, that is, objects not for personal wear, but intended to be offered at a shrine and to be suspended near the altar. Their peculiar form would prove this, the circlets being of dimensions unsuited for wear—some too large, others too small in diameter, and having long pendants descending from them; some enriched with perforated precious stones, sapphires, amethysts, etc.; moreover, the votive inscription, presently to be mentioned, leaves no doubt about their original destination.

VOTIVE CROWN OF KING RESCESVINTHUS.
(A.D. 650—672.)

In all probability they had been so suspended as an offering at some shrine—a Christian sanctuary existed in the Visigothic period near the spot—and at some dangerous crisis had been carried away either by a spoiler, or more likely, from their perfect state of preservation, by one seeking to save them. Thus they may have been hidden rudely in haste and fear in the first remote spot that offered a chance of secure concealment, for in their placement there was no sign of the deliberate care and precaution against injury occasionally evinced in the discovery of treasure-trove, as, for example, in the wonderful find of antique Roman silver vessels exhumed a few years ago at Hildesheim, in Hanover.

Those who in the wild and rugged district of Guarrazar buried this treasure no doubt themselves perished, and their secret died with them. Thus the silent and forgotten grave of these kingly offerings seemed to have closed over them for ever, till some such cause as probably aided their entombment, the action of a mountain torrent, at length sufficed to disclose them, and they have come forth from their hiding-place, to be set up for the gaze, more curious than reverend, of tens of thousands.

The date of one of the crowns is fixed pretty

closely by its own evidence, and that of the others approximately. The largest and most elaborate has, happily for antiquaries, its pendants, which hang from the rim by gold chains, very perfect, and these consist of letters shaped in gold and inlaid with thin slices of garnet or garnet-coloured glass paste, a frequent ornament of Gothic goldsmith's work; these pendant letters form the words *Rescesvinthus Rex offeret*, showing that the crown was dedicated by King Rescisvintho. This monarch was a Gothic ruler of a portion of this region of Spain, and died in the year 672; thus the date of the work is pretty closely determined. The benefactions of Rescisvintho to churches were many, and

PENDANT LETTERS OF THE VOTIVE CROWN OF KING RESCESVINTHUS.

thus, wise in his generation, he is recorded by those who were the only chroniclers of the time, and accordingly held the key of history, as a prudent and enlightened ruler.

S. Ildefonso, or Alanso, abbot of Agaliense, in a suburb of Toledo, was afterwards archbishop of that city to the eighteenth year of King Rescisvintho, and it has been naturally enough conjectured that the offerings were presented to the church rendered venerable by his sanctity. The crown to which allusion has already been made as having been discovered subsequently to the others bears the name of another Gothic king, Swinthila, also of the seventh century. This and another crown with the name "Theodosius," a pendant cross, and some fragments of others, remained in their native land, and are at present deposited in the Royal Museum, Madrid. It would be hazardous to conclude that their vicissitudes are yet over.

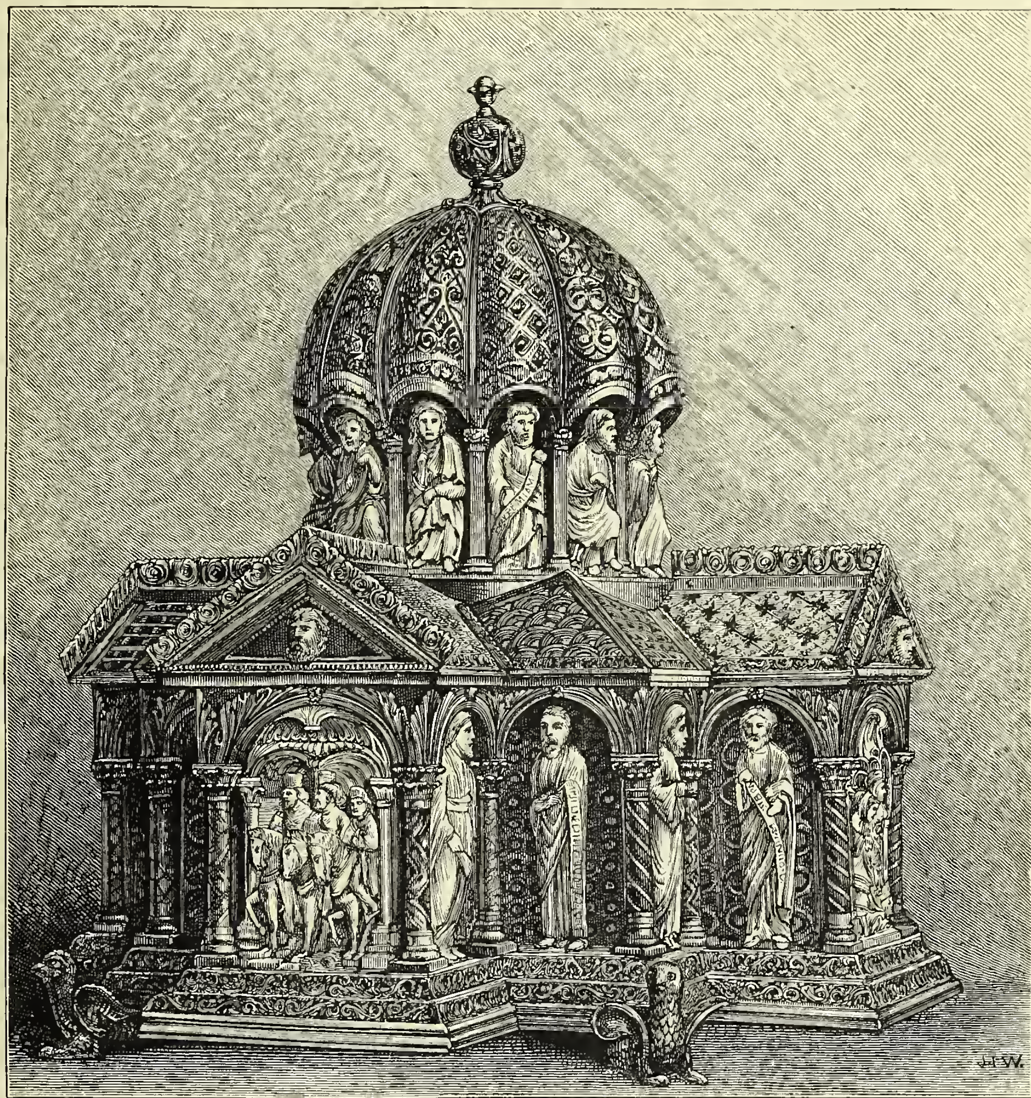
Among the most remarkable objects of its special class which have ever been acquired for the museum at South Kensington is the large reliquary which came from the celebrated collection of Prince Soltikoff. It was purchased for the sum of £2,142 at the dispersion in Paris, by public auction at that wonderful private museum. Dating from the eleventh century, it is a work sufficiently conspicuous and striking in appearance to fix the attention even of such as do not understand its art or its object, while it is a most interesting study to those who can appreciate the characteristic and effective workmanship of which it offers an instructive example.

The general design is that of a cupola-crowned church, cruciform in plan, with round-headed arches, and otherwise constructed in the Rhenish-Byzantine style. The lapse of seven hundred years has left it so uninjured that there was happily but little on which the expert restorer who repaired it when in Prince Soltikoff's possession could display his skill.

Some of the carved figures wrought in walrus ivory that originally filled up the niches in the lower portion, and had fallen or been removed from their positions, were unfortunately sold separately, and have now disappeared. These have been imitated, and here and there a piece of enamel inserted, but nothing of the original effect of the work has been marred or changed.

As an example of decorative art, it chiefly derives its effect from the enamels with which it is everywhere enriched. These are of the kind of encrusted work known, for want of an English expression, as *champ levé*—work in which the metal ground, usually copper, is hollowed out in compartments, with partitions to form the outlines of the design left standing. These hollows receive the variously coloured composition, which melts in the furnace like a very fusible glass, fills up the compartments and adheres well to the copper; the surface is afterwards ground smooth and the edges of the partitions gilded. All the enamel used in the present specimen and others of similar origin is opaque. From Limoges, the chief seat of the art in France, it was known as *opus Lemoviticum*, while on the Rhine another centre of art existed. Thence came the *opus smaltum Coloniense*—enamel-work of Cologne—which was justly celebrated, and the reliquary whose history we propose to relate is a fine example of its use. The monks of S. Pantaleon—many readers will

remember their ancient church as it still exists in the Rhenish city—were known for their skill in the production of such works in metal and enamel; the name of Frater Eilbertus, or Engelbertus Coloniensis, perhaps one of the Fratres Laici of that abbey, occurs on a portable ancient church of Hildesheim, in Hanover, seeming to have escaped the hazards of that of which we write. Whatever valued memorials of saint or martyr our costly shrine was designed to contain have long since disappeared and their memory perished; the shrine itself has ex-



SHRINE OR RELIQUARY OF COPPER-GILT, ORNAMENTED WITH ENAMEL AND CARVED IVORY.

altar of similar style and period to this reliquary; moreover, two remarkable works attributed to the Pantaleon workshop are still preserved in the Santa Maria Church at Cologne.

In the middle of the twelfth century the art of these laborious monks had attained great perfection, and about that date the present reliquary was made; another of the same general form but less elaborate exists, and now forms part of the treasure of the

perienced strange vicissitudes; it has been shorn of its pious fame, and is at length wholly secularised.

The first home for which it was destined when coming in its original splendour from the Cologne workshop was the monastery, ancient even then in the twelfth century, of Hoch Elten, near Embricha, now Emmerich, on the Rhine. There it was doubtless shown on the high altar on occasion of the great church

festivals, or if not too large may have stood permanently on the beam behind. At all events, it remained in this custody undisturbed, as far as is known, for upwards of six hundred years, till at length the surge of the French Revolution swelled even to the height of the lonely Rhenish convent.

Republican soldiers, reared in the religion of pure reason, were apt to show a convenient disregard for old-fashioned notions of morality, and a profitable sacrilege was especially pleasant in their eyes; wherever their hated presence was felt, whether in Belgium, Germany, or later in Spain, they left infamous memories of robbery, and often of ignorant and wanton destruction. Here they hoped to possess themselves, besides other rich plunder, of the sacramental vessels; but the then abbess of the convent, the Countess Salm-Reifferscheid, hid these last at the risk of her life in the chimney of her house at Nieder Elten.

The reliquary not being composed of silver or gold, but only rich to some for the sake of the relics it enshrined, to others for the sake of the art more precious than gold or silver, of which it is a memorial, was probably disregarded by these practical robbers. It came into the possession of an old priest named Poel, of a religious house at Emmerich. He ultimately parted with it to a certain Jew at Anholt, who called it his *antique de cuivre*, but nevertheless knew how to make profit thereby, and sold it accordingly to Prince Florentin Salm-Salm for the sum of two hundred *écus de Prusse*. The prince bequeathed it to his son Prince Alfred, who parted with it for about £150 to a dealer in antiquities of Cologne named Schmitz.

The fame of this ancient treasure was now spread abroad, and had reached Prince Soltikoff, then the possessor of one of the finest collections of objects of art in Europe. Schmitz gladly parted with it to him at a great advance of price; and so much importance did the prince attach to its acquisition, that he did not confide its transmission to an agent, but came himself to Cologne to ensure its safety. And so from the city where it had been made some seven hundred years previously it again passed out, this time into the hands of strangers, no longer with pious reverence, and yet treasured, it may be, more than ever.

One more change awaited it. The Soltikoff collection was fated to be dispersed; it came, in dealer's phrase, "into the market"—£60,000 was offered by an Englishman for the whole, and refused. Accordingly at the Hôtel Drouot — the Christie's of Paris — day after day its treasures were disposed of; many of them were secured for this country—among others this famous shrine, whose home is now in the museum at South Kensington, conspicuous among many examples of the skill of the early workers in enamel, an art that may be deemed, if only it can escape the iconoclast, to be among the most enduring.

THE OUTER COLOURING OF HOUSES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the large amount of advice which, during the last five years, has been freely offered to the public about the character of the art which decorates their daily lives, there is a very prevalent indocility, intractability, and wilful private judgment on subjects which the best authorities long ago made matters of dogma. In spite of the many excellent codes of the laws of colour tabulated for the guidance of those who are by nature deficient in the necessary sense, wild things are being done inside and outside the houses of London, and this with a cheerfulness, a confidence, and a defiance which were certainly absent from the unenterprising days when our upholsterer fitted up our drawing-rooms and our builder painted our houses, in their own established manner, unquestioned by our unobservant eyes. It is strange and instructive to pause and consider how large a part of modern existence is composed of that inevitable and traditional ornament which is a *banalité*—a weariness and a dreariness, far more depressing than the frank uglinesses of utility. Let us glance at the details of an ordinary house—a house in which some builder has taken a certain pride—a house, we need hardly say, which is not æsthetic; from the cornice of the plaster ceiling to the blunt cast-iron work which decorates the ghastly black stove, the panelling of the doors, the turned legs of the dining-table, perfect in finish and vicious in design—nay, to every knob and every button, every handle and every rod, all is overwrought

with the intense commonplace of unnoticed inevitable ornament. We owe it all, or nearly all, to the Greeks, through the Renaissance. What the unintelligent reproduction of centuries has made of the lines of Doric and Ionian architecture and of the decorative scrolls of *dilettante* Italy may be seen in utmost bathos in the British fireplace. It is an utter impatience and fatigue at all such things that has caused the present movement in the direction of art; we are asking that our ornament may be largely reduced, and that such as we have shall be the result of some feeling, some vivid intention, and shall cause its proper interest and give its proper pleasure. We had drifted into the traditional use of debased forms and of bad colours from habitual inattention; the whole thing had been considered as belonging to the tradesman's province. When, however, personal and individual taste began to rule, it needed instruction; custom had softened for us all the bad things of long tradition, but those of reform were sure to shock and startle us—not because they were worse, but because they would naturally be noticed. Hence the desirability of a little teachableness on the part of the public which was taking so much into its own hands. Unfortunately, as we have said, there have been many handbooks but few disciples; where individual taste has chanced to be good—and the large amount of really excellent taste in England, especially in the particular of colour, is a matter for surprise, for no other country can show the like just now—the result is admirable; distinctive character expresses itself as it could not do by rule. But when taste fails, the disregard of rules produces results which are grievous indeed.

Our chief complaint just at present concerns the fashion of painting houses, introduced by one lady into the artistic and by another into the fashionable world. The painting of houses in oil-paint at all is a modern abomination, which is of course only tolerated by anybody with pretensions to taste because, while such houses are standing, there is no help for it. An aspiration towards the artistic unfortunately does not imply an unlimited store of this world's goods, otherwise many a porticoed quarter of London would be quickly levelled with the ground. By the many, things must be accepted as they are, and shiny houses, unpleasant in surface, unctuous, smooth, unlike anything else under the sun, must be endured as a penance for our fathers' æsthetic offences. Whether houses should be coloured in any way whatever—whether in oil or fresco or distemper—is a question; the Italians settled it in their own way, with their free and generous impulses towards beauty, by staining the stuccoes of their square stone palaces with dull red, warm rose, and yellow. Never with a cold colour, observe. Nature shows us to which *her* taste inclines—the warm tints or the cold—by having in her prism an unequal number of primary colours—three, and making two out of these warm; of her six secondaries, one is fiery hot, and can never be otherwise by any modification (while not one is invariably cold), and the others may be cooler or warmer according to their composition; and he is a wise colourist who takes this hint from nature. The Italian palaces, then, are (or were, for the change of late years is complete) tinted in mellow colours—the colours of sunshine and of sunset, and precisely the colours which time treats with felicitous effect, softening them until they look more like the traces of old sunshine than the deliberate work of man. In truth, we are inclined to doubt whether our taste could well spare that touch of time; a brand-new Genoese house, done in red and yellow, might seem a little violent. The stucco underlying this distemper painting has also a happy way of crumbling somewhat with age, so that unevenness of surface and breaks in the colour add to the charm of these time-worn tints. The contemporary Italian, however, being a creature wholly without the instinct of art, though having such perfect models before his eyes, paints his fantastic villas with a cold grey, a dark hot chocolate, and a terrible violet-blue by preference.

Would these hints from the South avail us here in London? There are three important differences between the circumstances of Italy and of our metropolis which make the question a doubtful one. These are, the climate proper, the local smoke, and the lamentable necessity for oil-paint. In the first place the effects of climate and smoke combined are such that whatever colour is put upon any surface in the open air must be from year to year renewed. There is no beauty in the touch of time when his finger is corrosive with damp and grimy with soot. The charms of time are therefore out of the question, and, as we have said, the effect of rose-colours and yellows without that charm is doubtful. Besides, even supposing that such hues could be preserved, which is impossible, their glow, under our dull skies, would not be suggestive of old sunshine. For us, then, this is a necessity—a colour which will look well when new; for we are condemned

to newness. We must also choose a colour which is adapted to the smooth characterless surface of oil-paint, and which will not depend upon the chances of broken stucco, upon the almost imperceptible lights and shadows of an old Italian wall, for its tone; to fulfil this requirement we must decide for a colour which is in itself mingled and full of tone.

It is easier to decide what is not, than what is, a fitting hue for the painting of London houses. A glance at what has already been done helps us as to what we should avoid. So far as we have observed, no kind of blue has been attempted; and this is well. Light blue is the shibboleth of colourists; and it is quite a fatal colour to put into the house-painter's hands. Artists who might otherwise be considered fair colourists have condemned themselves by the violet inclination of their blues, while a sweet and sunny tendency to green has in many cases revealed a true artist's eye and taste. But even supposing a good blue might be caught, this colour with all its varieties is out of place in house-painting. As already stated, the older Italians never used it, while the moderns employ a horrible tint in perfectly painful combination with the hue of the sky. And this is the principal reason why blue should be banished—it is sure to make discords with a clear sky, if not on one day on another. For the blue of the sky varies sensibly; sometimes it has a tinge of purple and yet preserves warmth, or rather increases in warmth by it—and this is one of nature's secrets, for all purplish-blue in pigment is cold; at other times it is mixed with an exquisite grey, even when free from cloud; in different conditions of the atmosphere, again, it is distinctly greenish; in others a simple primary blue; but *always* warm. Perhaps our artists, as a body, hardly realise that a blue sky—that great mass of the single cold colour in the prism—is so full of the golden light of day that without ceasing to be blue it is really warmer than the red and yellow of their paint-boxes. But badly as blue goes with a serene sky, it accords still worse with the commoner greys of London; therefore we dismiss it altogether. We also dismiss the heavy dark grey which has been used in several instances on both sides of the park, as a needless addition to the burden of existence in an age which asks itself whether life is worth living, for this colour is intolerably dismal. We must also condemn for the same reason the black which has been tried in the neighbourhood of Brompton; neither is the red of Herbert House, Belgrave Square, so largely imitated, precisely felicitous in effect. And yet it is to red that we must turn for the principal solution of our difficulty. How happy is the effect of the red-brick houses which are springing up in all directions, and promise to be soon numerous enough to leaven the mass of London mud-colour, all who have an artistic sense must feel. They warm up the very chills of a November sky, they form strong but pleasant contrast with the trees in summer, and combine really well with the greys and browns of winter boughs, pavements, and mud; there is no sky with which they can form discords; they suggest warmth and charming furniture within; and if uniform paint could give the same effect as the dull broken surface of brick, we should recommend that houses which are unfortunate enough to be dependent upon paint should imitate the tint, though of course not the appearance, of honest red brick. The colour in oil-paint must, however, be lighter, duller, less positive, and more mixed—the dire necessity of constant newness and the heavy unctuousness of surface being borne in mind. In no case and under no possible circumstances should a house be painted red without the relief of cream-white dressings to the doors and windows. The effect of a block of London houses coloured with the right red and the right white would be as excellent as is consistent with inartistic architecture; and if the inhabitants would once for all exchange every sash-window in the block for French casements, large or small paned, and have their doors painted a good dull dark green (composed of black and white and yellow *without any blue whatever*), with brass appointments, they would have dwellings as good as adverse circumstances allow. Another block might be painted in a warm creamy yellow, much toned down in the mixing by means of white and grey, yet decided enough to be relieved with warm white lintels. Next, an experiment might be tried with sage-green. Why should the colour which is so pleasant to live with in-doors not help to make our streets agreeable? Much taste, however, or, failing that, much docility under advice, is necessary in the choice of sage-green; for a good sage-green is at least a tertiary colour, and of course the more compound the tint, the more room for diversities. Following our rule, we would have no cold greens; the colour should at once be warm and greyish; as in the other cases, we would not use it in one mass, but break it slightly with cream-white lintels, and the doors should decidedly be black with brass appointments.

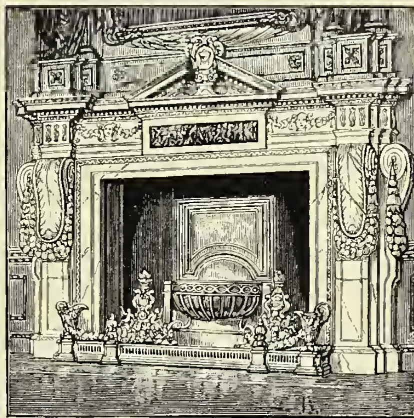
Beyond these three colours, the modified red, the yellow, and the sage-green, we have nothing to recommend. The curious stripes, the untoward combinations which have astonished, the ponderous dark reds which have oppressed, and the livid greys and blacks which have depressed us, are all badly chosen. It cannot be too often insisted on that there must not be too much private judgment and private caprice in the matter of coloured houses. If the fashion for external colouring is to become general, it will assume a character of civic interest. A householder may do what he likes with his drawing-room and his staircase; if the one is papered with glazed white and gold, and the other distempered with a ghastly blue and dadoed with chocolate, the offence is limited to the small circle of the friends of the house; but the exterior of his habitation forms a part of the scenery of the world, and he has no right to make (as a few eccentric private individuals have the power to make) the metropolis of his country ridiculous, nor to inflict discords upon sensitive eyes. Much liberty means much tyranny. Just as we are compelled to hear painful sounds, incorrect basses to popular airs, and music out of tune, so also are we forced to see sights which hurt us by their ugliness. These are things we cannot escape. Yet they cause us to the full as much petty annoyance as though a stranger should waylay us and force us to eat something with a revolting taste. It is only by this comparison that those who are callous in eye and ear can understand what the more sensitive endure. Again and finally, therefore, let us recommend a little humility, a little self-diffidence to all those (like the owners of painted houses) whose private tastes are matters of interest to the public.

A. C. MEYNELL.

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—VIII.

WILTON HOUSE (*continued*).

On either side of the great picture of "The Pembroke Family Group" are two quarter-length portraits of Charles I. and his Queen Henrietta Maria, by Vandyck. The former, which is exceedingly fine, represents the king in armour, with full face to the spectator, his right hand grasping a baton, whilst his left rests upon his helmet, placed upon a table, whereon are his crown and sceptre. The monarch's face wears an expression sad, at the same time stern almost to obstinacy, and is solidly and finely executed. The Queen Henrietta Maria is also in standing posture, looking towards the spectator, her hands resting easily in each other across her body. She wears a yellow satin dress cut low at the neck, with lace sleeves and lace over the bosom, natural hair worn rather long and curled. Close at hand is a table, on which is the crown, and in the background a dark pillar and glimpse of sky.



FIREPLACE IN THE DOUBLE CUBE ROOM, WILTON.

Of the remaining portraits in this apartment, all, as previously stated, being by Vandyck, brief allusion may be made to two or three of those appearing to be the most interesting, and first we will notice a whole-length in standing posture of William, Earl of Pembroke, leaning with his left arm on a pedestal, and his right hanging down at his side; he wears a large frill and ribbon of the garter, and has a rather full face and pointed beard — red curtain background. This is the celebrated Lord Pembroke of whom Aubrey says, "He was of a most noble person and the glory of the court in the reigns of King James and King Charles." Chivalrous and a scholar, generous and open-handed, the earl was exceedingly popular, and held many posts by favour of the king—was a Knight of the Garter, Governor of Portsmouth, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household, and Warden of all the forests south of the Trent, and also of the Stannaries. The rather amusing little anecdote is related of this nobleman, that on one occasion when playing cards with Sir George Wharton, the latter showed so much bad temper that the earl, addressing him, said, "Sir George, I have loved you long, and desire still to do so; but

by your manner of playing you lay it upon me either to leave to love you, or to leave to play with you; wherefore choosing to love you still, I will never play with you more." A determination, we believe, he adhered to, whilst quarrelsome Sir George Wharton was slain by Sir James Stuart in a duel the following year.

An attractive group, "The Three Children of Charles I.," is probably a replica by Vandyck's own hand of the picture in Her Majesty's collection. Another work of exceeding beauty is a whole-length of Penelope, daughter to Sir Robert Naunton, and first wife of Philip, fifth Earl of Pembroke; she is in white satin dress, with three-quarter view of both figure and face, left hand holding her dress, and right resting upon a table, dress cut low, and necklace of pearls, the face sweet in expression, and figure full of graceful dignity. Two other portrait pictures which should not be passed over are a whole-length in standing posture of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, wearing his sword, and dressed in black silk breeches and stockings, with large lace collar, ribbon of the garter, and long curling hair. The duke's armour is placed upon the ground at his side, and in the background are a pillar and landscape. Upon the other canvas are whole-length portraits of Lady Mary Herbert, afterwards Duchess of Richmond, and that curious character Mrs. Gibson, the dwarf. Lady Mary is standing with face in three-quarter view towards the spectator, and body nearly in profile, her costume being a blue satin dress lined with brown silk, necklace and ear-rings of pearls, left hand hanging at her side, whilst with her right she takes a pair of gloves held up to her upon a tray by Mrs. Gibson; pillar and dark background. The work is remarkable for fine colouring. Mrs. Gibson, the dwarf of about three feet high, married Richard Gibson the artist, who was also about her own height, and she died at the advanced age of ninety years in 1709.

THE LIBRARY WINDOW, WILTON.

Whilst the twelve busts arrayed round this noble apartment certainly tend to complete the general artistic effect, their authenticity as to the personages they purport to represent should in some instances be accepted with caution. The practice, which was so common in Rome, of taking away the heads of statues and busts, and replacing them with others, has certainly had the result of making more than questionable, *as portraits*, many of the works handed down to us, so that whilst some of the busts in this room are of admirable workmanship, it would appear wiser to consider them with regard to their value as works of art, rather than with any reference to the names they bear. One, however, of the finest of these, and one, moreover, carrying with it evidence of authenticity, is Cicero, the head being in black marble, and mantle and termini in marbles of various colours. Full of a keen and earnest intelligence, the face of the great orator is lighted up as if he were in the act of addressing an audience. A finely-sculptured head, bearing the name Horatius, is in porphyry, with drapery in coloured marble. Marcia, not if there be any truth in physiognomy, the cruel wife of Regulus, is a beautiful and refined looking female head, with hair wound round in a plait, tunic of alabaster, over which is a pallium in yellow marble; whilst the remainder are Horatius, white marble, with face looking down; Drusilla, partly restored, features of Greek character, coloured drapery; L. Cæsar, a fine head with drapery in marble of three colours; Julia Mamæa, daughter of Julia Mæsa, sister of Sœmias, mother of Heliogabalus, tunic of alabaster, and pallium yellow marble; Marcus Brutus, head in white marble, drapery alabaster and marble; Antinous, also white marble head, but variegated marble drapery, pedestal and column; Lucius Verus, drapery alabaster and marble; and to complete the list two others in Constantinus Magnus and Marcellus the Consul.

As regards the remainder of the pictures, if the collection was larger it might be desirable in referring to them to classify them according to the different schools—Italian, Spanish, German, Flemish, French, and British; but it may be more convenient in the present instance for those looking over these notes, or possibly visiting Wilton, to take the works in the order in which they present themselves in the different apartments. And here may be noted that what appears to be the un-

fortunate rule in most of our private eolleetions, the having no eatalogue of the works, applies also to Wilton—and it ean seareely be doubted, art-students and visitors to galleries are from this eireumstanee deprived of more than half the gratifieation they would experienee if assisted by an ordinarily intelligent descriptive eatalogue in plaee of the mere bald list of pictures handed to them in some of the different rooms. Owing mueh as we undoubtedly do to private eolleetors for the generous eourtesy whieh permits an inspeetion of their art-treasures, the privilege is robbed greatly of its value from the faet above mentioned.

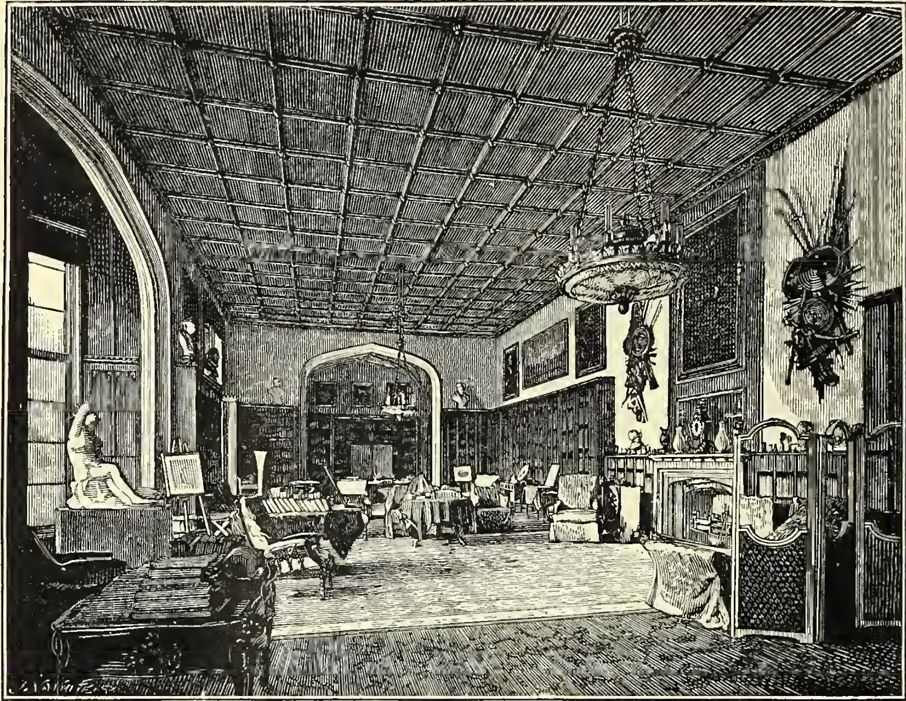
In the first room, ealled the ante-room, entered by the visitor, is a small, very highly finished eabinet portrait of De Witt, by the aeeomplished painter of elegant soeial life, Gasper Netseher. The pensioner, nearly in profile, is seated in an arm-chair, with right hand and arm aeross the body, and the left resting upon his knee, both faee and figure being expressive of ealm dignity, the eolouring dark and unobtrusive; red eurtain in background.

A group, the Virgin, Christ, St. Anna, and an angel, the infant Saviour with right arm round the neck of His mother, who is seated, and St. Anna in the baekground, is stated to be the work of Raphael, but it may be questioned if it be really by that great master. Here is a large and strikingly eharaeteristie example of Spagnoletto in a life-size study of "Demoeritus." The philosopher, clad half in rags, with legs and feet partially bare, is seated, turning over the leaves of a large volume, and he looks towards the spectator with eountenanee wearing a singularly sareastie half-smiling expression. The face is that of rather a youngish man, not ill-looking, with dark hair and beard, and the eolouring of the work generally of a fine grey tone. Two battle-pieees by Borgognone, very spirited in drawing of both men and horses, are also suggestive of the artist's early military training. In one of them several horsemen, prineipally in armour, and armed with swords and pistols, are engaged fighting, a eonspieuous figure being a mounted knight with red plume and sash, who is eharging down upon a man on a grey horse, whieh is overturned in the *mêlée*. In the distanee the tents and eamp of one party of the eombatants are seen. The other seene shows us a number of mounted officers near their eommander, who, seated upon a grey horse standing on some rising ground, and sword in hand, watehes his troops file before him on their way to the distant battle; in the immediate foreground two trumpeters in red eoats, wearing plumed hats, one with his horse faeing and the other with his baek to the speetator, appear as if blowing their trumpets in eompetition with eaeh other. Here also are a pieture of the three ehildren of Henry VII., Arthur Prinee of Wales, Henry, about three years old (afterwards Henry VIII.), and Mary, who married the King of Franee, the work of the elder Holbein; a small oval of "A Man Smoking," in a red eap, with peasants playing eards in the baekground, a beautiful example of Teniers; and an "Old Man and some Children," by Franeis van Hals.

In the next apartment, forming the south-east eorner of the mansion, is a fine oval three-quarter portrait of Prinee Rupert, which has been variously aseribed to Vandyek, Jansen, and Gerard Honthorst, and probably with more truth to the latter master. The prinee is represented when quite a young man, with long naturally eurling hair, faee turned to the speetator, wearing a broad-brimmed blaek hat, large Vandyek eollar, slashed doublet—the face plaeid in expression, and eolouring sombre and grey. In this room many of the pietures are of neeessity unfortunately in sueh a bad light as to be barely distinguishable, and of these are "A Dead Christ," said to have been painted by Miehael Angelo for Henry II. of France, and given by him to Dian de Poietiers, whose monogram appears in many parts of the work. Near at hand, and labouring under a similar disadvantage as to light, is a little panel by Andrea Mantegna, "Judith with the Head of Holofernes," of whieh the visitor ean just see suffieient to be able to say that it bears strong evidenee of being by Mantegna, and deserves a far better position. A grand half-length portrait of Judge More (father of Sir T. More), by Holbein, pietures the judge holding a paper in his left hand, whilst his right is pointing towards the speetator. The faee is thoughtful and intelligent in expression, and the eostume, eonsisting of cloak deeply bordered with fur, red under-vest, and flat blaek eap, is charaeteristie.

The "Dusseldorf Gallery," an exeellent interior with many objects of ornamental furniture, the work of old Franks, is so mieroseopically exact, that in the representations of pietures upon the walls even the style and eolour of various masters may be traeed. The eeiling of this apartment bears a grandly deeorative design, "The Conversion of St. Paul," by Spagnoletto.

The succeeding, or, as it is designated, "Colonnade" room, is rich in examples of Sassoferrato, Annibale Carracci, Rubens, Rosa di Tivoli, and Dobson. To remark first upon the famous picture (which we engrave) by Rubens, a group of "Four Children," representing our Saviour, an angel, St. John, and a little girl. The angel is in the act of lifting a lamb towards St. John, who, placing his hand upon it, is discoursing with our Saviour as they are all sitting close together upon the ground. The little girl, representing perhaps symbolically the Christian Church, is holding the vine with one hand, and with the other offers a bunch of grapes to our Saviour, who leans with his left arm on a pillow, whilst with his right hand he touches caressingly the face of St. John. In the right foreground is a quantity of melons, pears, plums, and other fruits. The work is, even for Rubens, sumptuous in the colouring, and the figures finely modelled.* Quite a gem in the pictorial decoration of this gallery is one of Sassoferrato's "Madonnas," full of deep feeling, sweet in expression, and finished with greatest care. Round the face, which is looking downwards, is some dark blue drapery, the hands clasped in front, and a garland of flowers of various kinds, splendidly painted by Mario da Fiori, surrounds the figure. Probably few would care to see a revival of those times when art found expression principally in pictures of the Virgin, or saints and martyrs, and yet it is impossible, when meeting with examples like the one we are referring to, not to feel greatly impressed by the earnestness and strong religious feeling of which they are evidently the outcome. "Soldiers Contending for our Saviour's Garment" is a most spirited example of Annibale Carracci, showing four soldiers, two of them in armour, fighting for possession of the coat. The quarrel is a terribly suggestive one; the picture is in a fine state of preservation. Other works to be alluded to here are a noble-looking single female figure of "Ceres," holding a basket of corn, by Parmigiano, the picture having been given to Lord Peterborough by the Duke of Parma; a portrait of Titian, by himself, head and shoulders only, with face nearly in profile, grey beard, black cap, very dark background and effect generally; a pair of Vandervelde's in "A Gale" and "A Calm;" "Beheading of St. John," by Dobson, a torchlight effect with four figures—the executioner on the left with the Baptist's head in his hand, which the daughter of Herodias is about to



THE LIBRARY, WILTON.

* There is a duplicate of this picture in the country palace of the King of Bavaria at Schleisheim.

receive in a dish. Her mother is behind, and a boy with a torch in the foreground; colouring of parts a good deal faded. And lastly, "Charity," by Guido, a large picture of a woman with three children, one at the breast, another sleeping on the mother's lap, and a third, to whom the woman's face is turned, seated pointing to the child at the breast. This work, in which there are fine points, belonged to King Charles I., and was sold during the Civil Wars. The ceiling of this room is embellished with a light and graceful design of fruits, flowers, animals, and birds.

FOUR CHILDREN.

(By Rubens.)

In the "Great Ante-room," of fourteen pictures, three are by Vandyck, and a like number by Reynolds. Portraits of Elizabeth, Countess of Pembroke, and her son, George Augustus, eleventh earl, by the latter master. Her ladyship is seated, with her son standing at her side, the face of the little fellow singularly pleasing and childlike in expression; the colouring much faded. Vandyck, by himself, is a splendid portrait of the painter, equal, we think, to the one in the Uffizii. He is seated in an arm-chair, wearing a green velvet doublet open at the neck, with slashed sleeves, and has his face partially turned towards the spectator, his left hand on elbow of chair and right holding a paper, deep white cuffs, and plain dark background, the action of the figure simple, dignified, and easy. Here also are several most excellent portraits. "Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke," a three-quarter life-size in standing posture, fine in colour, and in admirable state of preservation, by Reynolds; "Charles, Duke of Marlborough," a half-length, in armour, face turned to the left, rather stern expression, grey hair cut close; "Philip, fourth Earl of Pembroke," by Vandyck, and an exceptionally fine example of his work. The earl has his left hand on his hip, and right arm across the body, with hand holding his scarf, whilst he is looking towards the spectator; fair face, and naturally curling long hair. He wears a breast-plate, red costume, short coat and breeches, slashed sleeves over white satin, large pointed lace cuffs, and white muslin tie round the neck—dark brownish background.

Both face and figure are expressive of quiet grace, and the modelling of face and hands is excellent. In this apartment also is Van Leyden's well-known picture, "People at Cards," a group of nine persons round a table, on which are small piles of money. Van Leyden, as we are aware, was in the habit of dressing his figures in the costume of his time, regardless of what he was representing, so that his works are a record of manners and customs, and in this respect the subject we are noticing is singularly quaint and characteristic, the colouring being as fine and brilliant as when the picture was first executed.

In the single cube room, billiard-room, and library are portraits and sporting scenes on panels, by Lely, Vandyck, Wissing, Kneller, Dahl, and others, scarcely perhaps calling for any special comment, with exception of a grand whole-length in the library of "William, first Earl of Pembroke," by Holbein. The earl, wearing a ruff, is in black costume, holding a wand in his right and gloves in the left hand, has a dog at his side, and looks every inch the valiant soldier and high-minded gentleman history declares him to have been. This necessarily imperfect sketch of Wilton, with its collections of antiquities and pictures, the character of which can, within the limits of space at disposal, only be indicated by brief allusion to a few of the leading works, would be still more incomplete without a word or two of reference to the noble room in which this portrait of the first Earl of Pembroke hangs. The library, a large, lofty, oblong apartment facing the west, is *unique* in the perfect taste with which it is arranged; the oak panelled ceiling, appropriately coloured furniture, splendid collection of volumes, and wall-decoration of pictures suitable in subject to their surroundings, being delightful; as assuredly is the view westward from the great window and library terrace, from whence the eye dwells upon charming pleasure grounds, laid out in the Italian style from designs by a former Countess of Pembroke, until after traversing a lengthened vista, the scene is terminated by a porch designed by Hans Holbein. Under the bright influence of a summer's day—the tender scent of rare exotics pervading the apartment—of the lovely prospect from the open window, and the appropriately just and tasteful appointments of the interior, the visitor to the library at Wilton can scarcely fail to carry away with him a keen and lasting impression of pleasure.

In these few particulars concerning one of the many stately homes of our nobility, it may not be unfitting to say a word or two concerning the noble owners of Wilton, of whom in a long line, extending over many centuries, it is pleasant to be able to record that they have been distinguished as men of learning, as soldiers, or as politicians. William Herbert, first earl by creation, who enjoyed the favour of four successive sovereigns in Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, was related to King Henry, having married Anne, sister to Katharine Parr, and was appointed by the monarch one of the executors to his will.

The earl, dying in March, 1569, was interred with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral. Henry the succeeding earl, married Mary, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, a celebrated beauty and otherwise famous character of her day, for whom her brother Sir Philip wrote his "Arcadia." She died at a great age in 1621, and her epitaph erroneously attributed to Ben Jonson, is quaintly original enough to be worth repeating:—

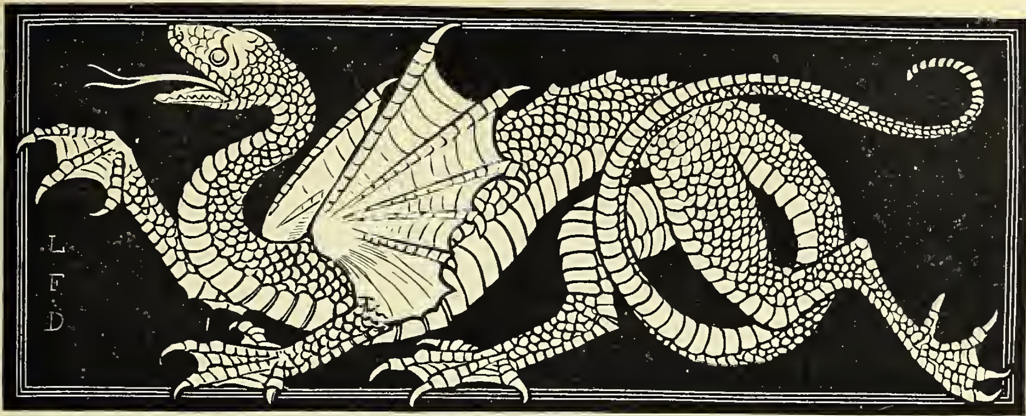
> "Underneath this sable herse,
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
> Death, ere thou hast slain another,
> Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Of the third earl, William, the leading personage of the courts of Kings James and Charles, and of those who followed him, it may be only necessary to observe that they appear to have been possessed of those qualities of heart and mind which caused them to be singled out by the sovereign for marks of the highest distinction, until even in the present day we have as a record at the War Office, Pall Mall, one of the few ornamental pieces of sculpture in the metropolis, the very fine statue by Foley of that great and good man, Lord Herbert of Lea, who, although he did not live to succeed to the earldom, played a conspicuous part in the ministry of which he was so eminent a member.

The present public-spirited owner of Wilton, the thirteenth earl, conscious apparently of the great boon the permission is to those desiring self-culture in art, generously opens his mansion one day in the week for inspection, when sculptures, paintings, and other priceless art-treasures may be freely examined and studied by all.

M. P. Jackson.

At page 220 of this volume the chimney-piece in the dining-room at Chatsworth was erroneously ascribed to Westmacott. It is the work of Sievier.



HERALDIC DRAGON.

DRAGONS.

HE dragon is, perhaps, the most venerable symbol employed in ornamental art. He is akin to the antediluvian monsters that modern science has put together for our edification. It is more than probable that he is a relic of the early serpent worship, which, according to Mr. Fergusson, is of such remote antiquity that the religion of the Jews was modern in comparison; the curse laid on the serpent being, in fact, levelled at the ancient superstition which the new religion was to supersede. However that may be, we find in all the ancient monuments of the East the ever-recurring serpent symbol, and it is from the East that he has crawled, by degrees, to the westernmost parts of the world. Everywhere, too, notwithstanding the multitudinous forms he has assumed, he retains something of the serpent about him, if no more than the scales with which his body is covered. In the mediæval devil, too, the tail reveals his descent.

Whether as an object of fear or of reverence, then, the serpent has been worshipped, perhaps, from the dawn of civilisation; and being worshipped, he has been represented in art, which was always religious, both in his simple snake form and many-headed, like the Nâga of Indian art and the Hydra of classic fable. By the time, however, that he had developed wings and claws, he may be taken, certainly, to symbolise the spirit of evil—a sort of devil, whom it was the glory of the heroes of mythology to conquer. Hercules, Apollo, and Jason were all dragon-slayers. Siegfried and our own St. George, and a host of other heroes, slew each his dragon, according to tradition; until, in mediæval times, a favourite heraldic device among the knights of Christendom was the dragon—emblem of their prowess, or that of their ancestors. As a Christian symbol the dragon represents the evil principle—St. Michael triumphs over sin: and here, of course, the dragon and the devil are one.

It is a remarkable fact that even where symbolism has predominated over art, the prevailing symbols in use have been those in themselves ornamental. Either their beauty has recommended them, or they have been gradually modified by successive artists till they assumed something like beautiful forms. One can scarcely help suspecting that the unmanageable symbols have been quietly allowed to drop out of use by the artists of all times, and so only the ornamentally available were allowed to survive to our day. Anyway, the lotus of Egypt, the cross of Christendom, the crescent of Islam, are alike in this, that they lend themselves kindly to ornament. And in like manner all the multitude of dragons, diverse as they are, reflecting the fears or the fancies of the most different races, agree in fulfilling certain decorative conditions that render them exceedingly useful in ornament. Even where no beauty of form or colour can be ascribed to

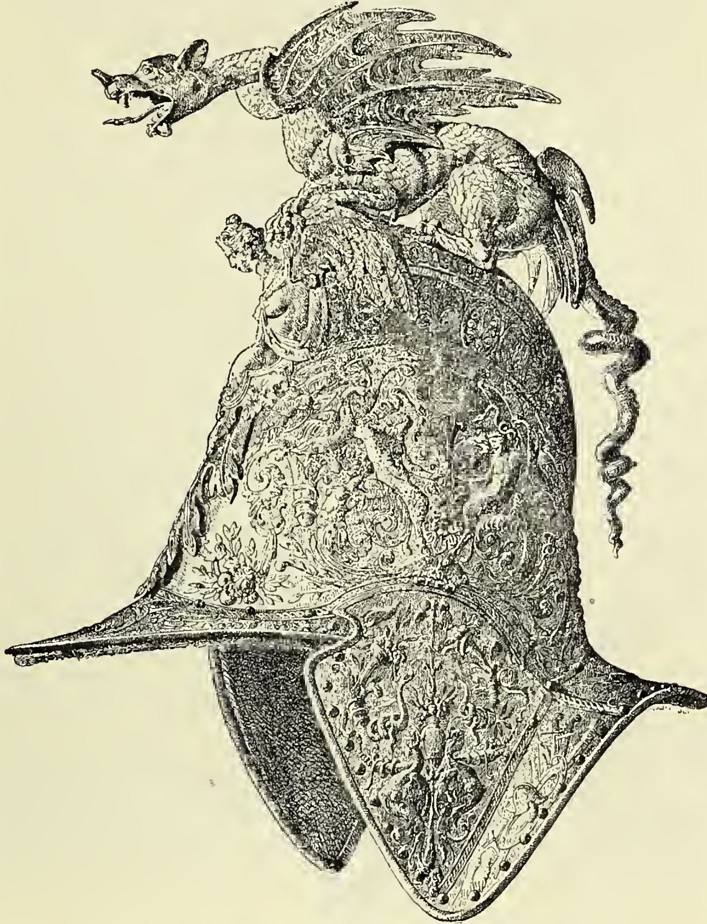
them, at least they add life and interest to ornament; and if they do no more than form a focus in the design, breaking the monotony of mere pattern-work, that is no slight service that they render to decoration. It is, of course, always possible to supply the place that a monster would occupy by some natural figure, but the real creature is not nearly so manageable as the imaginary one. Whatever liberties the designer may allow himself to take with the form of bird, beast, or fish, there is a limit to his licence. He may modify or even omit much that is contrary to his purpose, but he is scarcely at liberty to add a feature. He may curl the mane of his lion among the purely ornamental arabesques of the Cinque-cento always seem to me out of place. They suggest that the artist was not quite content with his art of ornament, and must needs relieve himself at intervals by indulging in a bit of naturalism. On the other hand, the grotesque and fanciful creatures that grow out of the Renaissance arabesques, or out of which these grow, seem to belong to the fanciful foliations of the scroll; they give variety and life, without disturbing the oneness of the decoration. If, then, the dragon has lingered in art long past the time when we have any faith in him, it will be seen that there is a reason for his prolonged existence.

JAPANESE STORM-DRAGON.

fancifully, develop his tongue and tail unduly, and display his claws in a manner for which there is little or no authority in nature; but if he add wings to him, or endow him with a plurality of tails, the beast becomes merged in the symbol, and obeys, like the dragon, the laws of art, not nature. The actual creature, whatever it may be, must be considered to some extent from the point of view of nature; but the monster leaves the artist free—neither form nor colour is prescribed, and decorative considerations may be allowed to determine both. This is an incalculable convenience in design, and enables the artist to arrive with certainty at the effect at which he aims. There is a kind of keeping, too, between the ideal creature and the ideal ornament. The natural birds and other living creatures that occur at intervals

In the East particularly the dragon has always been associated with the idea of sovereignty. It symbolises alike the supreme spirit of darkness and evil, and the ruling dynasty of the Celestial Empire. The representation of an eclipse by the figure of a dragon striding energetically among convenient clouds to swallow up the earthly ball is as familiar in Chinese and Japanese art as the Imperial dragon. However, the sacredness of the symbol has not restrained the artists from turning it to decorative account. Rather the reverse. Priestly or imperial patronage may have given occasion for the representation, but, once they had it in hand, the painters and sculptors looked at it, it may be supposed, very much from painters' and sculptors' point of view, and considered it chiefly as opportunity for colour, form, and fancy. In the

same way European artists since the Renaissance have usually been ready to accept commissions for religious paintings, so called, because the Church was a patron worth having. But they seldom entered very deeply into the spirit of the subjects they depicted. A "Pietà" gave scope for the display of anatomy; a "Marriage at Cana" for a feast of colour; a "Descent from the Cross" for flesh-painting and effects of light and shade; "Christ Blessing Little Children" for the indulgence in the most ignoble form of realism. A Madonna was almost, as a matter of course, the idealisation, if even that, of the artist's very earthly mistress. The artistic tendency of the painter, whatever it might be, has usually determined the treatment of the subject, because, though the patron may suggest the subject, the artist, when once he is engaged upon it, inevitably treats it from his artist's point of view. If, for example, the priestly point of view had been more to him, he would have become a priest instead of a painter.



DRAGON-CRESTED HELMET OF THE CINQUE-CENTO.

Symbolism has hardly interfered with the ornamental treatment of the imaginary creature. The seven-headed snake of the Hindu religion has his seven heads so ornamentally arranged that they suggest the honeysuckle ornament of the Greeks.* The Japanese storm-demon (page 376) is himself more or less ornamental, and the clouds from which he issues are curiously conventional; but they convey the idea of darkness most impressively, and the picture is, to me, more grand than grotesque.

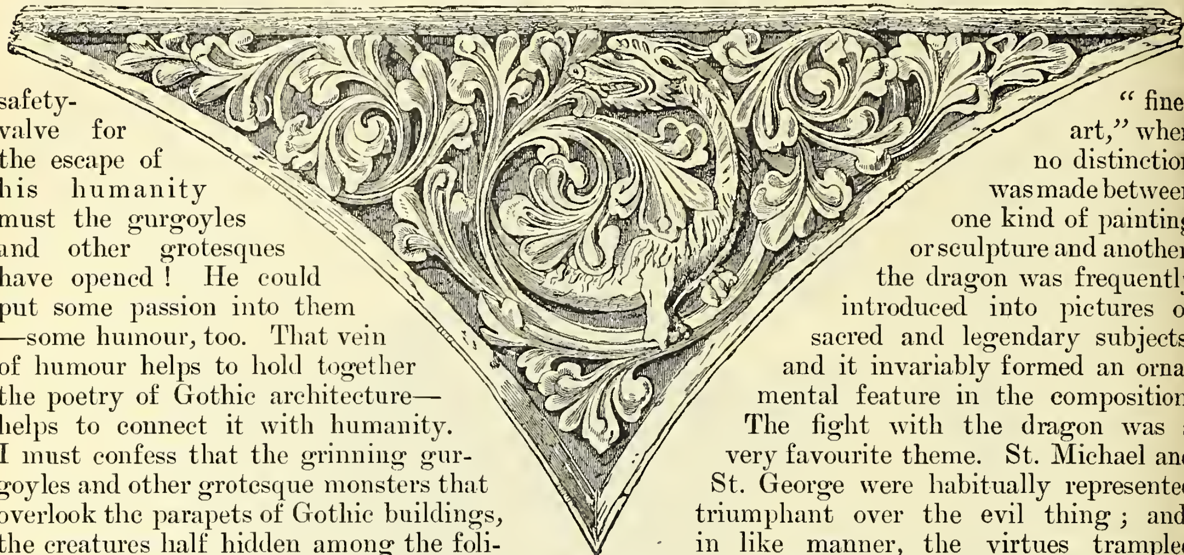
Sphinx, chimera, griffin, and other monsters occur frequently in Greek art, still more frequently in Roman; and in what is known as Pompeian decoration the fabulous creatures form a marked feature.

Mohammedan art, of course, excluded the imaginary along with all natural creatures; but Eastern influence was not allowed to exclude the dragon from Byzantine sculpture, where it asserts itself in all manner of forms. It is in the Celtic ornament, however, the germs of which were probably derived from Byzantium, and in the kindred art of Scandinavia, that the most ingeniously elaborate monsters are to be found. The intricacy of the interlaced creatures which form the chief ornament of the ancient Irish crosses, and in the initial letters and borders of the earliest Irish manuscripts, is such as to lead one to infer that the artists must first of all have invented the interlacing patterns, and then have endowed them with the animal extremities which constitute their title to monstrosity. To have conceived the creatures all complete, and then to have tied them up together into those elaborate knots, would seem to be beyond the limits of human ingenuity; it is enough to unravel them. In connection with the serpentine character of Scandinavian ornament, it may be noted that the Northmen of old were fond of "dragon-prowed" vessels, and that the famous war-ship of King Olaf was called the "Long Serpent."

The mediæval sculptors, being but men, must have found it tedious, after a time, to repeat always the same symbolic trefoil, or the same conventional grape-vine. It is true that they managed to introduce wonderful variety into

* This is less apparent in the Nâga given on page 378 than is often the case.

their treatment of these well-worn themes; but still there was not in them scope for all that goes to make a man alive. What a safety-valve for the escape of his humanity must the gurgoyles and other grotesques have opened! He could put some passion into them—some humour, too. That vein of humour helps to hold together the poetry of Gothic architecture—helps to connect it with humanity. I must confess that the grinning gurgoyles and other grotesque monsters that overlook the parapets of Gothic buildings, the creatures half hidden among the foliage of ceiling bosses and under the seats of the choir-stalls in country churches and cathedrals, have a particular charm for me—the artist so *evidently enjoyed* that portion of his work; you feel that, while he was engaged on them, he was not merely a monk or a mason, not even merely an artist, but a man like yourself, who had in him life and energy, passions strong for good or evil, who could laugh and play the fool perhaps.



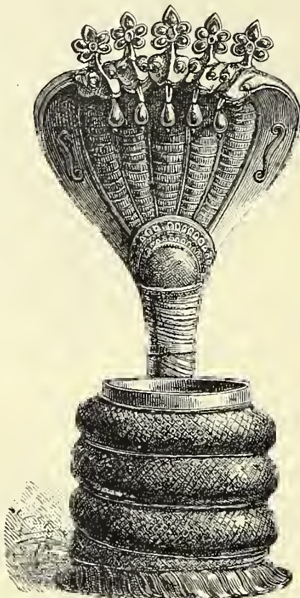
GOTHIC ORNAMENTAL DRAGON.

From the first the dragon was always a favourite device in heraldry. What more frequent than the dragon-crested helmet of romance? Readers of the "Idylls of the King" will remember "The Dragon of the great Pendragonship," and the helmet of Arthur,

> "To which for crest the golden dragon clung
> Of Britain."

The heraldic dragon conforms, after the manner of his kind, to decorative necessities. His business is to look full of energy and angry power. His jaws are wide; his claws are sharp; wings add to his speed and to his terrors; he is clothed with scaly and impenetrable armour, and he lashes his tail in fury; and all the while he is careful so to spread himself out, on shield or banner, that all his powers may be displayed. In his fiercest rage he is not forgetful of the fact that it is desirable that he should occupy ornamentally the space allotted to him.

In the days before the invention of the term "fine-art," when no distinction was made between one kind of painting or sculpture and another, the dragon was frequently introduced into pictures of sacred and legendary subjects, and it invariably formed an ornamental feature in the composition. The fight with the dragon was a very favourite theme. St. Michael and St. George were habitually represented triumphant over the evil thing; and, in like manner, the virtues trampled tranquilly each on her complementary vice, embodied in the form of some impossible creature. And if the rigid virtues were sometimes insipid, it must be allowed that the demons were usually grotesquely characteristic, and often delightful in colour. The grim humour of the mediæval Germans found its latest exponent in Albert Dürer, some of whose imaginary creations are very remarkable. They belong half to Gothic tradition, half to Renaissance influence, but yet they are wholly German and wholly Düreresque. The creatures of the Italian cinque-cento partook, for the most part, of the grace of the ornament of which they were a part, though occasionally there lurks among the beautiful and fanciful foliation a monster that is inexpressibly loathsome. Art might well dispense with such imaginings. If the fabled creature is to live in ornament (and why should it not?) let it be on the supposition that it is a thing of beauty. Character has its place in ornamental art too, and even in beauty. The inherent sameness that belongs to such a style of decoration as the Moresque more than counterbalances, in Western eyes, its absolute grace and perfection of distribution. It is a bulk too



INDIAN NÂGA.

perfect to appear perfectly beautiful to us; and we would welcome, now and then, among those faultless scrolls, any monster that would only disturb their too complete repose, even though he were ugly. Insipid he would not be. Compare Persian or Indian ornament with Alhambresque, and you will see that monsters in themselves even gross and ungraceful may do good service in design by relieving the monotony of a sweetness that would else soon sicken us. Certainly the graceful creatures begotten in all times of the artistic fancy more than justify their place in ornament.

A CHINESE DRAGON.

LEWIS F. DAY.

THE GIANTS AT THE GATES.

SHRINED in the very heart of Florence is the ancient Palace of the Signory, with its Moorish cortile, its machicolated battlements, and airy bell-tower rising flower-like on its slender column. For many centuries these walls have sheltered the rulers of the city. During the Republic, Ghibelline and Guelph alternately held sway here. Mediæval Gonfalonieri, with their train of Priors and Signory, gave way to the more despotic Ducal rule. In more modern

days the Italian Parliament was held there, and now it is merely a provincial municipality. And steadfast to their post, whatever may be the ruling power, the three colossi that guard the gates have stood firm and unchanging as rocks in a surging sea. Thus immutable through several stirring centuries, these giants, the David,* the Hercules, and the Neptune, have grown into the inmost heart of Florence, and become part of her story.

The piazza is like a house where death has left a vacant place, since the removal of the David from its post. Taken as mere statues, these colossi are only works which occupied a few years in the sculptors' lives, and a few pages in their memoirs, amongst many other works perhaps more important; but taken in a group, as signs of the times which produced them, they are a very significant trio. Scarcely fifty years elapsed between the commencement of the first and the completion of the last; but what a half-century of changes and revolutions it was! When the David came into being, Florence was a town of flourishing burghers, whose complaisance had recently been shaken into religious fervour or obstinate disbelief by the fermentation of Savonarola's enthusiasm and his opponents' rage. What more appropriate than that Michael Angelo, being called on for a great national work, should emblematise his city as a youth triumphing over a giant foe by the aid of divine power.

Thirty years later, when the Hercules was placed as a pendant to the David, the Medici were again in supreme power. A Medici Pope (Leo X.) gave the order to Bandinelli, and he could think of no more appropriate emblem of his city than Hercules, the man-hero triumphing in his own power—a tribute to the irresistible sway of the proud dukes. Later still, when the Medici power and magnificence had reached their height, Florence came out from the hands of Ammanati emblematised, not only by human strength, but by that of a god commanding even the elements.

Apart from these historical significations, it is also interesting to read in the two first statues the mind and character of the sculptors. Michael Angelo, greatest of artists, but still humble before the mighty grandeur of Art itself—often abandoning his works unfinished because he could not give them the divinity his soul had conceived—chose as a subject a youth inspired with the divine spirit, and trusting not at all in his own power. Bandinelli, on the contrary, arrogant and self-asserting, chose the man-god Hercules, whose power was in himself, and did not come from an inspiration of divine art. The Neptune not being the independent choice of the sculptor, but taken merely as appropriate to a fountain, is not, like the others, emblematic of its maker.

* The David, at least, has seen many changes; the other two were placed during the Ducal government.

I propose, therefore, to follow these three giants into life, step by step, from the very marble quarries. The story of the David is, I am aware, an oft-told tale; but in that, as in the two less known works, the account given in the life of the artist is but a small part of the story of the statue, which enters into the biography of others besides its maker.

THE DAVID.

In the Middle Ages, from the time when the building of the cathedral began, an institution existed in Florence, called the "Opera del Duomo," or, as it may be anglicised, "Company of Works of the Cathedral." This company consisted of all the famous architects, artists, and men of skill of the time; in a large building on the Piazza del Duomo they had studios for the sculptors, carvers, and decorators engaged in the building of the church. They superintended the building, and were, besides, the great patrons of art in those days, most of the public works of art being the fruit of commissions given by them.

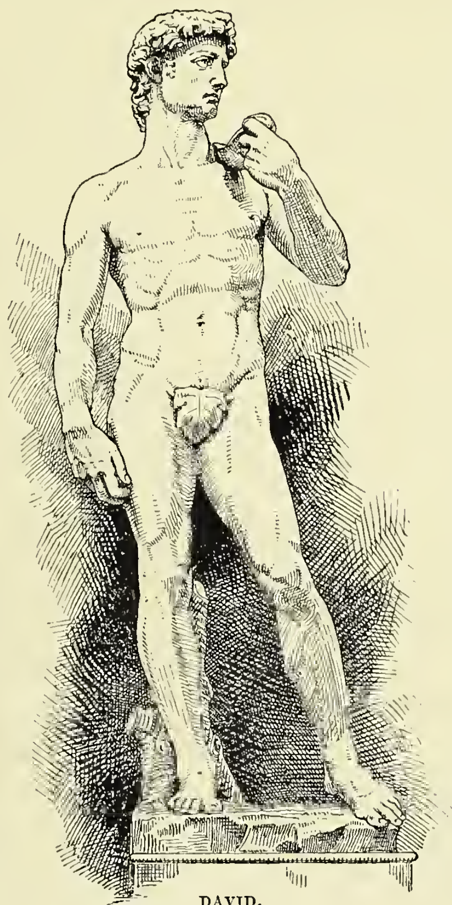
On April 16, 1463, we find the Opera giving a commission to a certain "Agostino di Antonio di Ducci," sculptor, to make a giant similar to one standing above the door of the Church of the Servi—"or better," as the original document says—and for this they proposed to give him 321 lire (the lira of that time was worth 84 centimes, or 8d.).*

The books of the "House of Works of the Duomo" contain also an entry on the 23rd of November, the same year that "the giant made by Agostino di Ducci being finished in perfection, they paid him 265 lire, 13 denari, being the remainder of the sum due to him."

So pleased were they with this work, that in 1464, when a huge block of marble, of nine braccia long, had been excavated at Carrara, the Opera commissioned the same Agostino Ghucci, or Ducci, to make a figure "in the form of a giant, in the name and place of a prophet"—I give a literal translation of the old document—"to place on a sprone, or buttress, of the Duomo, as the Company of Works should choose, the which figure he has promised to make in

* Stanziamenti dell' Opera, 1463. Gaye, ii. 466.

four pieces—that is to say, one piece the head and throat, two pieces the arms, and all the rest one piece."* This quaint commission is dated August 18, 1464. There is a question whether the "Arte della Lana" or the "Opera" gave the order, but however it was, the figure was never finished. The very Fates forbade the birth of a giant whose head and arms were to be patched on; and instead of poor Agostino earning 300 florins by making a better statue than the former, his bare expenses of 100 florins were paid to him, and he was excluded from being one of the workmen for the Duomo. The block he had nearly spoiled lay useless among the marbles in the great courtyard of the works, and nobody either made or marred it for nearly forty years. Vasari says Simone di Fiesole worked at it—indeed, he gives him the credit of spoiling it; but the documents we have mentioned prove without a doubt that Agostino was the culprit. It had once been offered to Donatello, but he, despising Agostino's inartistic chippings, refused the questionable honour.



DAVID.

(By Michael Angelo.)

In 1500 Andrea Contucci del Monte Sansovino, a sculptor who had studied with Michael Angelo in his boyish days in the Medici gardens, returned to Florence from Portugal, and seeing the giant stone, begged to have it. He would have pieced it out, and this the Opera objected to. Then Pier Soderini, the Gonfaloniere, offered to buy it to give to Leonardo da Vinci; and while all this was going on, Michael Angelo came upon the scene. The manner of his coming is a doubtful question. Vasari says that his friends wrote to him in Rome to tell him that the marble was going begging, and he who had long wished to obtain it came and made every effort to get the commission.†

Grimm tells the story another way. He writes that, on the request of Sansovino for the marble, the consuls of the Arte-Lana, not liking his scheme of piecing it out, wished to obtain Michael Angelo's opinion as to the possibility of his producing anything out of it himself.‡ He came, saw, and decided to conquer this stumbling-block. In the deformed giant he beheld the germs of the David which was afterwards to astonish the world. He had on hand a commission from Cardinal Piccolomini to execute fifteen small statues for a tomb in Siena Cathedral, but he gave up this profitable work on gaining the coveted order for the Florentine colossus. Here is the document, dated—"1501. 16 August." "The honourable (spectabiles) Company of the Wool Staplers (Artis Lanæ) being assembled, together with the Company of Works, in the audience chamber of said Opera, to deliberate on giving a work of sculpture which should reflect honour on the company, to a worthy master, herewith commission Michael Angelo Ludovico Buonarroti, Florentine citizen, to make and perfect a man called a giant, blocked out of a piece of marble nine braccia high [17¼ feet] existing in the said Opera, before commenced by Master Agostino [here the surname is illegible from the damp], and badly commenced; in the space of two years, from the proximate kalends of September, with the salary of six gold florins monthly; the House of Works to furnish workmen, a suitable and commodious place, woodwork, and all other necessaries. The said statue finished, they will meet to consult if it merits a further price, and this is to be left to their consciences." §

I do not know how far an artist of the present day would like to trust to the consciences of his patrons as to the price to be paid for his work, but the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were the age of true art patronage, and sculptors worked for glory,

* Gaye, ii. 467.

† Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," vol. v., p. 240.

‡ Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo," vol. i., p. 202.

§ Gaye's "Carteggia Inedita," vol. ii., p. 434.

and not for a means of livelihood. Michael Angelo made a small model in wax, of David with his sling in his hand, as an emblem of the government then reigning, that as David had conquered in the power of the Lord, and ruled his people justly, so the Signoria, having vanquished their tyrants, should continue to govern wisely. A studio was enclosed around the marble, with planks and masonry, and here, on Monday morning, September 13, 1501, he commenced to work in right earnest, although he had some days before given a few blows to the stone.*

Here, then, for five months the great master spent his days, hewing and hammering the mis-shapen block. With him sculpture meant really carving from the living rock, as its name implies, not the mere modelling in clay, which is misnamed sculpture in the present day. Michael Angelo had no set of mechanics to copy his model by rule, line, and a multitude of pegs, and then send it forth to the world as sculptured (*scolpito*) by his own hand. No! he worked in solitude, if that can be called solitude which is peopled by the spirits and thoughts of art and genius. He made no mechanical measurements and contrivances, but with his little wax model by his side, and the giant form in his soul, he day by day transferred that form to the marble. That he worked with his whole heart and soul we know. He attacked the marble with such fury and impetus that it seemed he would break it to pieces; one blow knocked off bits three or four fingers wide, but always true to the line; in a quarter of an hour he hewed off more pieces than the stoutest stone-cutter could do in an hour. While engaged on any great work, Michael Angelo lived a most moderate life, "taking only a frugal refreshment at the close of his day's work. He slept very little, frequently rising in the night because he could not rest, and resuming his labours with the chisel. For these occasions he had made himself a cap of pasteboard, in the centre of which he placed his candle, which thus gave him light without encumbering his hands. The candles were made of goat's tallow."†

In this way the time passed till February 28th, 1502, when, the work being half completed, Michael Angelo called together his patrons to judge of its merits, and they decreed to give him 400 florins in gold, the monthly salary, however, to be deducted.

After this the work went on more slowly; it was a time of great internal disturbance for Florence, the Medici again attempting to establish themselves, and Cæsar Borgia also scheming to become possessed of the city. However, by the beginning of the year 1504, the statue was almost completed, and an entry appears in the Archives of the Works of the Duomo, dated, "1504, January 25. To call a meeting of all the well-known artists and architects and men of note to take their opinions on the subject of a good site for it."

And certainly the king among sculptors could have had no more worthy judges than the illustrious group of notabilities—many of their names as immortal as his own—who met in the audience-chamber of the Works of the Duomo to do honour to Michael Angelo's "David."

They sat in the *atelier* with the youthful giant, hitherto shrouded from mortal gaze, exposed to view in their midst; and though many of them may have felt a natural envy in their hearts, none could find a word to say except in praise. There were Sansovino and Leonardo da Vinci, both of whom had tried to obtain the marble for themselves, and in the report of the meeting it is noticeable that the two spoke only very few words and were not warm in their admiration.

All the famous artists of the day grouped around. There were old Cosimo Roselli and his son Piero, Andrea della Robbia, Francesco Granacci, Michael Angelo's boyish friend and rival in the Medici Gardens, Pietro Perugino, and Lorenzo di Credi, the great architects Giuliano and Antonio San Gallo, and many other men of standing in the city.

Michael Angelo had his own choice after all, and the David was placed at the gate, a giant guardian who has stood at his post steadfastly for three centuries and a half, to be deposed at last, when in 1873 the statue was removed to the Belle Arte.

A month or two now sufficed to finish the work, and on the 1st of April, 1504, Simone del Pollaiuolo was commissioned, in the presence of Michael Angelo, to conduct the marble statue to the palace before the 25th of the same month.

This arrangement does not seem to have been carried out, for on the 30th of April, 1504, is a very severe order from the Signoria to the "Worshipful Company of the Works of the Duomo, that Simone del Pollaiuolo, Antonio de San Gallo, Bartolomeo, carpenter, and Bernardo, architect, are deputed by the before mentioned 'magnificent' Signoria to conduct the giant

* "Archives and Deliberations of Opera, 1496 to 1507."
† Vasari, vol. v., p. 339.

which is in the House of Works to the loggia of the Signoria by the end of May." * A few days later the narrow streets of old Florence were filled with a busy crowd escorting the colossus to his abiding-place.

On the 14th of May, the wall of the *atelier* having been broken down around the door to allow of its exit, the statue, which weighed 18,000 lbs., was drawn into the open air. Grimm—quoting Parenti's MS. "Storia Fiorentina" probably—says the scaffolding was devised by Cronanca. Vasari, who in this case happens to agree with the document we have quoted above, gives the brothers San Gallo the credit of it. The statue hung free by means of ropes in a huge framework of wood; the frame was drawn slowly forward on oiled beams by means of pulleys, the united strength of forty men being required to move it. The first day's journey only accomplished a small part of the way, and it was left at nightfall alone in the unlighted streets. The successful artist must have had some envious rivals, for during the hours of darkness some stones were thrown at it. The second night a watch was set, but the rival's partisans were not to be balked of their demonstrations, and attacked the watch while trying to injure the statue. Eight of them were, however, apprehended and imprisoned.

On the 18th of May, 1504, it reached the Piazza at mid-day. The Judith of Donatello, which was thought to have a sinister effect on the fortunes of the city, was removed from its position on the Ringhiera of the palace, and the David took its vacant place. This, however, was not accomplished till the 8th of June.

How well we can imagine the scene on the Piazza as the noble form rose erect in the sunlight and took its stand as one of the household gods of the Florentines! From the day of its completion, the city reckoned her deliverance from three great enemies—the two Borgias, and Piero di Medici, who was drowned in disputing the passage of the river at the battle of Garigliano. The Florentines also attributed to its beneficent influence the conquest of Pisa, which took place shortly after. As a work of art, the David is well worthy its position as a good genius. Vasari affirms that "it surpasses all others, ancient or modern," and that "he who has seen this, therefore, need not care to see any production besides, whether of our own time or those preceding it." When one reflects how the artist's ideal must have been cramped by working it down to a spoiled material, the freedom and power of the David are surprising. So closely has he used the marble that the marks of the chisel of Agostino still in a measure mar the head and the back of the shepherd-warrior. He stands in his full grace of large-limbed youth, his powerful limbs forming a curious contrast to the fresh boyish expression of his face. Yet this contrast is a great triumph of art in adhering to nature.

Grimm, after comparing Michael Angelo's style, formed by a study of nature rather than of ancient art, says (vol. ii., p. 129) that "in some unexpected manner he is even more true to nature than the more perfect Greek masters. The Greeks had formed an ideal scale for physical representation, according to which, certain periods of life were taken as the centre of fixed epochs, and were adhered to by the artists. There is in boys at three or four years old a time of shooting up when they grow thin and slender. I never have found this produced by Greek sculptors. Such periods of development and growth occur again after the vigorous boyish age; this also they have passed over. And it is precisely this gaunt, long-limbed period of youth that Michael Angelo has shown in the David. . . . But going through the works of ancient art we find none that, as in the David, combines such a strong, almost thick head, with such a slim and even slender figure, and lastly with such large hands and feet. Nature permits such a combination of contradictions. This very union of awkwardness and agility distinguishes a certain age, and nothing could be more characteristic than Michael Angelo's David if he was, as the Bible describes him, at once a youth and a hero, a shepherd's boy, more dexterous than strong, like a horse which has not yet entirely lost the colt-like feeling in his limb."

Michael Angelo's fidelity to nature in contrast to the more eclectic style of Greek masters may be explained by the fact that the Greeks aimed at the perfection of beauty, and therefore would not portray the human figure at the stage of imperfection or of incompleted beauty. They delighted in perfect infancy, perfect childhood, and perfect manhood, but ignored that transition stage at which childhood's grace has vanished and manly strength is yet incomplete. Michael Angelo had such faith in Nature's grandeur that he has ventured to represent her faithfully even at an immature point.

LEADER SCOTT.

(*To be continued.*)

* Gaye's "Carteggia," vol. ii., p. 463.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT.

Yours ever W Holman Hunt

(*From a Photograph by J. G. Hemery, Regent Street.*)

IN an admirable article, recently published, from the pen of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., the writer, in speaking of what is demanded from the true artist, declares most reasonably that he should throw his whole being into his work, and bring even a religious fervour to bear upon his belief that "he is practising a noble and beautiful art that is worthy of all his heart's love and devotion, to be thought of first when he rises in the morning, and last when he closes his eyes at night."

Now, in whatever estimation the works of William Holman Hunt may be held by the general public (and that is not to be discussed here), no cultivated person who has watched his professional career can doubt that he complies to the letter with this demand, still less can those who know him intimately question the fact. Absolute, entire, and most conscientious devotion to his art, as the one great leading purpose of his life, is the characteristic which must strike all who are acquainted with the man or his works. Had not his love for it been inborn, invincible, he could never have

triumphed over the obstacles to its pursuit which beset his early days. Moreover, had there not existed in him a sort of almost divine belief that it was his destiny to be a painter in spite of everything, we should hardly have found a nature so entirely tender and affectionate as his, persistently running counter to the earnest wishes and entreaties of a beloved parent.

In this brief space it would be impossible to follow the narrative of his young life in anything like that detail which its great interest demands; suffice it that, owing to his personal acquaintance with certain unfavourable specimens of the brethren of the brush, and being painfully impressed by an account of the dissolute life and career of George Morland, his father set himself in direct opposition to his son's pursuit of art as a profession. He too, in his early days, had some leaning that way, with, it is said, no mean executive ability, as still existing specimens of it testify. But this power having, as it would seem, been suppressed upon moral grounds by the elder Hunt himself when a young man, he had no scruple about demanding the same sacrifice from his son when the inherited taste began to develop itself. He was therefore destined for a commercial career, and at the early age of twelve and a half was taken from school, and placed in a merchant's office as the surest means of at once putting an end to those proclivities for drawing which were becoming all-engrossing, and which his father looked upon as likely to prove, if persisted in, so dangerous and destructive to the boy's future.

Fate, however, was on the side of the son, and by the strangest coincidence it turned out that the merchant with whom he was placed was himself an amateur artist, who, discovering young Hunt on one occasion occupying his leisure in drawing, actually encouraged him, and initiated him into the mysteries of oil-painting, by aid of materials stowed away in a cupboard of the boy's office, which had about it many elements of a studio.

THE SCAPEGOAT.

(By William Holman Hunt. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Son.)

Amongst the opportunities thus afforded him at every spare moment for carrying on his beloved pursuit in his little office, one occurred by which he practically distinguished himself. During his master's absence one morning, a certain old gentleman called, of whom, whilst he was waiting, Hunt made a striking pencil

sketch. This led to the identification of the man by the police as a begging-letter impostor long "wanted." The merchant thereupon made such strong representations to the elder Hunt, that he consented reluctantly to his son's giving up a commercial life, and trying to qualify himself for a studentship at the Royal Academy; but long before this could be accomplished the father repented, and again insisted that Holman should seek another situation in the City. The first the lad had found for himself, and now he obtained a second in the London agency office of a Manchester cotton house. He exerted himself to do this, because he hoped that from the subordinate routine nature of his work he might yet steal a little leisure to go on with his drawing, and because he knew that his father was endeavouring to find him a post in a firm where the business would be so active and pressing from morning till night, as to leave him no chance of any leisure moments. Unconscious of this, perhaps, pardonable purpose on Holman's part, the parent was contented, and made no further efforts to thrust the boy into the whirlpool of business which he feared so much.

As in his first situation, so now, strangely enough, in his second, fate smiled on the young enthusiast. As in the first he had chanced upon surroundings which gave him an insight into oil-painting, so now in his second he scraped acquaintance with the rudiments of water-colour, for considerable work was done in this agency office by designers of patterns for the Manchester cotton house, and we may be sure he did not neglect to avail himself of all the hints he could thus pick up. Again his occupation of copying letters, making entries, etc., was carried on in a sort of studio, and he had no difficulty, of course, in establishing by degrees a claim to use it as such at times for himself.

During a dull autumn season, when he was doing little more than minding the office, he persuaded a certain handsome old Jewess, a fruitseller at the street-corner, and well known in the neighbourhood, to sit to him. So successful was the portrait in oil which he made of her that, when it was seen, and the likeness as well as his talent recognised, he got many remunerative commissions for replicas of the picture from gentlemen who came to the house on business. They declared he ought to be an artist; and this encouragement, added to the fact that he had displayed no aptitude for commerce, as his master roundly told him, determined him to burn his boats, and, come what might, to strive to be a painter.

The circumstance of some young boy clerk having taken the portrait of Nanny the fruitseller oddly enough reached the ears of old Mr. Hunt, for he also was occupied in a large city warehouse. He said to his son, "Now, Holman, if you could do that sort of thing, and make some money by your brush as this youngster has done, I don't know that I should oppose your wish." But when he learned, as a sequence to this remark, who the youngster was, he immediately withdrew his half-granted consent, and, in spite of his surprise and inward gratification, still refused to allow his son to follow his bent. So the lad took his own course, broke with his father for a time, and though the struggle to live was hard, managed to keep his head above water, and to launch himself on his career as a painter.

Born in Wood Street, Cheapside, in 1827, he was at this time sixteen, and after some study at the British Museum, etc., was admitted in 1844 as a probationer, and in 1845 as a student, at the Royal Academy. As he did not regard the unbroken exhibition of his pictures as of much importance to his ultimate reputation as an artist, Holman Hunt's name, after its annual recurrence for eight years, appeared but very irregularly in the Royal Academy catalogues. Although he began to exhibit in 1846, it was not until 1852 that any very marked attention was given to his work, but the nature of it that year fanned the flame of the controversy about pre-Raphaelitism which had been kindled in 1850 by Millais' "Carpenter's Shop." Hunt's "Hireling Shepherd" stamped him as an uncompromising recruit of the "P.R.B.'s," as they were called, and albeit some notable leaders of the little band soon deserted, we may say, without meaning any joke, that he has stuck to their colours manfully ever since.

With his "Claudio and Isabella," and "Our English Coasts," in 1853, he not only maintained his ground as a powerful, minute, and accurate painter of that photographic detail which indiscriminately includes alike both the ugly and the beautiful within the field of a picture, and which in the eyes of the public constitutes pre-Raphaelitism, but in the former of these pictures displayed a mastery over human expression that was unmistakable, and that it is perhaps not too much to say he has never exceeded in any subsequent work.

A promise of his peculiar powers and tendencies had been given in 1851 by his "Valentine Rescuing Sylvia from Proteus;" but now there was complete fruition, and besides the easily effected sale of these later works, three of them

won him prizes of £50 and £60 at Liverpool and Birmingham.

In 1854 Mr. Ruskin took up the cudgels for him, and by a letter to the *Times* lifted "The Light of the World" from beneath the bushel of public indifference under which it was then burning at the Royal Academy. He pointed out, with the usual graphic and poetic fervour of his pen, the subtle depths of the divine meaning lying in the novel and startling symbolism employed by the painter; and from the undoubted hold upon the public which the picture thenceforth took, and has maintained, of both cultured and uncultured, dates the recognition of Holman Hunt as a great artist. The application by him of deep, if occult, meaning and high moral purpose to painting was farther shown that year in a modern subject, called "The Awakening Conscience," which likewise received its true interpretation from the pen of Mr. Ruskin.

Impelled by that strong sympathy for religious themes which his brush always manifests, Hunt after this betook himself to the East, and with the same enterprise and disregard of difficulties which he has ever displayed, commenced on the spot the study of the scenery and facts which make up the background and surroundings of Biblical history. The mysterious and weird region of the Dead Sea for the first time found a pictorial exponent, and with "The Scapegoat," standing on its salt-encrusted marshy marge (see page 385), we had the principal result of that visit to the Holy Land. The vivid if crude colour and rigid truthfulness which characterised the painting of microscopic detail on former canvases were equally exhibited here, and the great beauty of that portion of the landscape which consisted of the mountain-range of Moab under the gorgeous effect of an Eastern evening light compensated, even in the eyes of the stoutest opponents of the new school, for much that was unquestionably ugly and unsuccessful in the picture. The author of "Modern Painters" was again loud in his commendation of this work, and in his "Academy Notes" of 1856 glorified the artist, amongst other things, for the resolution which had enabled him to overcome the difficulties and dangers besetting the practical accomplishment of his purpose. Three minor works, "The Sphinx," "Jerusalem by Moonlight," and "A View looking towards the Mountains of Moab," were also the outcome of this journey.

One of the fruits of a second visit to the East was seen at the Royal Academy in 1861, in the "Lantern-maker's Courtship," a quaintly humorous exposition of a street scene in Cairo, where a young workman is manipulating the face of his betrothed over the veil, or *yashmak*, which hides from view all but her eyes.

A prolonged residence in Jerusalem resulted in the exhibition in Bond Street, also in 1861, of "The Finding of our Saviour in the Temple," which, in one word, is the grandest and perhaps the most justly celebrated of all our artist's works. But for the patriotism and cultivated judgment of a distinguished private collector (whose gallery it now adorns) this remarkable work would have found its way to America, and most certainly would have been lost for ever to the English world of art; for, once it reached their soil, our cousins would never have allowed it to return.

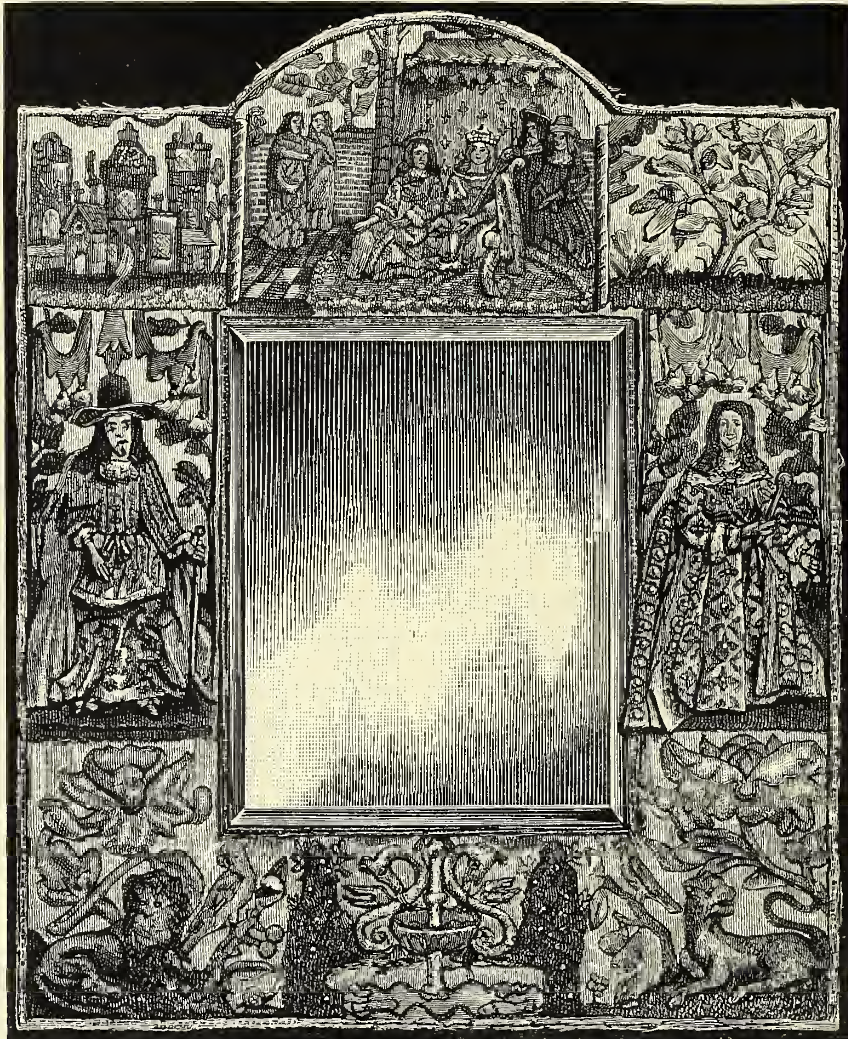
Other Eastern subjects, notable amongst them "The After-Glow," together with "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," the result of a lengthened stay in Italy and of earnest study of Florentine art, and some strangely wrought portraits, all distinguished by the painter's stern addiction to facts as he sees them, served, at very irregular intervals, to keep the name of Holman Hunt before the world till 1873. In this year there was exhibited in Bond Street another important evidence of the artist's unflinching adhesion to his principles, and again, without discussing whether they be right or wrong, it must be admitted that "The Shadow of Death" displayed them carried to a higher pitch of completeness than had ever before been seen. Detail could no farther go—it is impossible for colour to be more vivid, we had almost said violent, or expression and sentiment to be portrayed with greater strength, whilst the *technique* is allowed to have revealed a hitherto unattained mastery. However all this may be, it is seldom that the earnestness of heart and soul demanded by Mr. Watts from a painter is more conspicuous on canvas than that of Holman Hunt in all he touches with his brush. With his art ever paramount in his mind, he defies the dangers and discomforts of a continual residence in the land whence he draws his inspirations and his facts. The inroads of family sorrow, ill health, the assaults of the critics, and the "spurns of patient merit" are alike incapable of daunting his courageous spirit, or of turning him from the fidelity with which he follows out his views. Expediency has no lures for him: right for right's sake according to his lights is alone his guiding principle; and whether public opinion is with him or not, he pursues the even tenor of his way, upheld and made strong by the simple honesty of his intentions.

W. W. Fenn.

ART NEEDLEWORK.—III.

THE previous papers on this subject have touched on certain incidents connected with the history of the art, and of some establishments where it is now practised.

It is not difficult to rhapsodise about or to deplore in ample verbiage the present condition of art needlework, and to dwell on the points in which it is like and unlike its antecedent conditions. We may claim definite progress in certain directions, and may receive in return a flat denial of such progress. Whether in this case an influence at work is the love of the mystified for mystery, a jealousy of artists for their craft, or want of knowledge, it may not be possible to decide here. Two things, however, seem to come into prominence; and these are, a sort of contempt by many of the high-priests of the art, and the thoughtless admiration "Philistines" display at the yards on yards of art needlework with which London is dressing itself and draping its houses.



EMBROIDERED MIRROR.

(English, Seventeenth Century. The property of W. H. Dunn, Esq., Elcot Park.)

A day or so ago we were attracted by a "choice selection" of embroidered velvet cushions, which for a moment we imagined might be

> "Turkey cushions bossed with pearls,
> Valance of Venice gold, in needlework."

Irrespectively of the forms taken by the ornament and the hues of the colours, these embroideries were to all intents and purposes of admirable workmanship. The stitches were feather stitch and chain or tambour stitch. What undoubtedly palled upon us, as we turned over the "choicely selected" examples, was the want of variety in pattern. We had the same pattern done in greens and blues on crimson grounds, and in bronzes and golds on marine grounds, and so on *da capo*. The shopman replied to the question if they were hand-made, that they were French machine embroideries. Those who are prejudiced against machine-made things, and displeased at the close race which mechanism runs with handicraft — the comparison between the two being like that between train and coach, steamer and sailing vessel— would be aghast at expressions of admiration for these French novelties. But the supply-torrent of mechanical productions, increasing the number and the vaunted approximations to perfection, riots along, whirling into the great maelström of taste victims who never suspected themselves of having a taste. The more handicrafts may be revived and increased, the wider becomes the field for mechanical imitations of them.

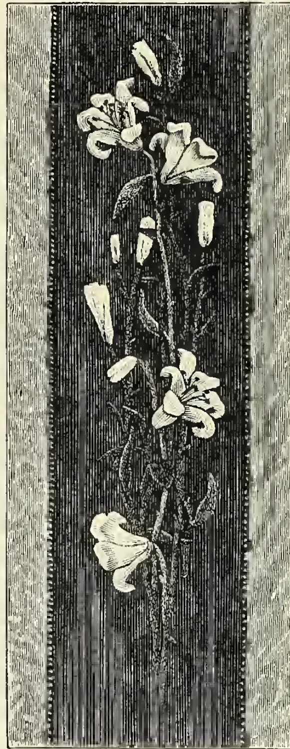
EMBROIDERED SCREEN.

(*Royal School of Art Needlework.*)

It is generally rather unpleasant to be told that the results of work to which we believe we apply ourselves with sedulousness and serious intention are faulty, or bad, or indifferent. And yet how can one regard the machine embroideries above mentioned other than as pregnant commentaries upon the state of certain hand-made embroideries? If artistic needlework of that character, now so successfully imitated by machines, cannot be improved, the competition between hand and machine-made work may prove too

keen for the needleworker. If the needlework schools and societies, like all centres of labour, primarily aim at recouping themselves for labour expended, it is evidently necessary for them so to lead the current of mechanical imitation as not to be in danger of being overtaken by it. That their flights into loftier styles of art may in some way be subject to a restraint from the contortions of public taste is possibly a fact. In "Sartor Resartus" we read that "the first spiritual want of a barbarous man is decoration, as indeed we shall see among the barbarous classes in civilised countries." Here in England this "spiritual want" displaying itself under the guise of public taste, possibly, is the result of a certain simiousness rather than that "consciousness of emotion" to which Sir Frederick Leighton so aptly referred in his address in December last to the students of the Royal Academy.

Still, public taste, with all the cheapness of mechanism, etc., which panders to it and enlarges its area, must, we imagine, always require a tonic of hand-made artistic work. Those whose ideas of the fine arts originate from chromo - lithographs, ormolu clocks, machine-moulded furniture, and such-like very excellent articles in their way, generally seem to become more alert in propounding the merits of the fine arts, when they find themselves happy owners of a real piece of painting or modelling by, or after, some artist of familiar name. The inevitable spread of cheap art as a forerunner of better art is, we think, an incentive to the growth of that "consciousness of emotion" and sense of observation which underlie the development of artistic susceptibilities. Cheap art is obnoxious to the man of refinement, who is so sensitive that he cannot be patient under its infliction. Pure art, of which the subtlest beauties are but imperfectly felt by the initiated, is not duly cared for by the many. Bad art is bad, no doubt, but relatively bad. Fifty years ago many of our present so-called bad art-works would have been considerably esteemed. The question touching public taste and cheap art-works will probably find its solution in education. It is evidently not sufficient to remain contented with any phase of art, to worship and uphold it as an apotheosis, or to condemn it as an abomination. There seems to be a progress when machines produce works which hitherto had been thought capable of being made by the hand alone. If the hand-worker recognise this, he will feel that it is a kind of stimulant to him. And perhaps in such a case the position of hand-made art needlework, though curbed by public taste, is not imminently threatened by machine embroideries. Nevertheless the schools of embroidery have to ceaselessly strive to learn more and more about fine art works, and the beauty and perfection to be sought for in handicraft.



PORTION OF A BORDER OF LILIES.
(Designed by H.R.H. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.)

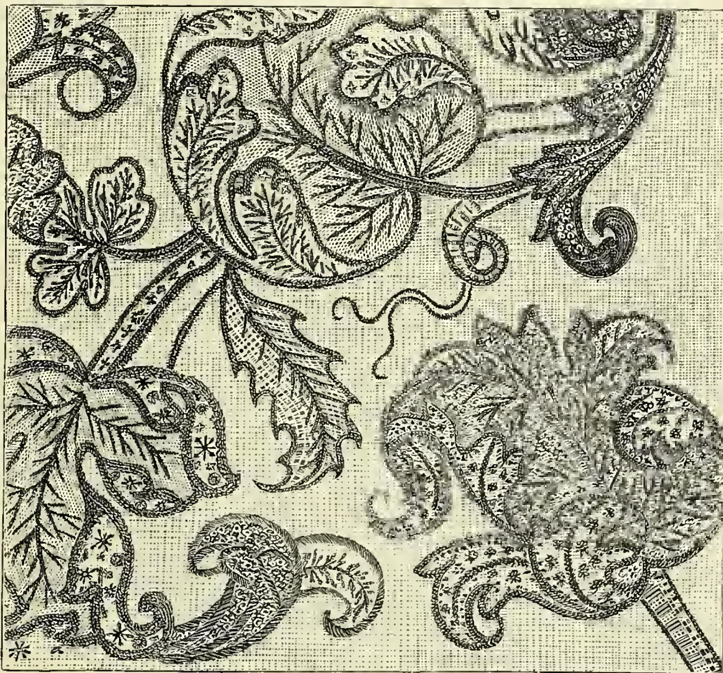
But from this diversion we have been tempted to make we must return more immediately to art needlework. The illustrations which we have already given fairly show the styles of design used by modern English embroiderers. No quantity, however, of such engravings can serve to teach anything of precise value about the character of materials and stitchery employed. In the quality of workmanship an important value of a piece of embroidery is to be found. A bad design well wrought is good in its lesson of what deftness, patience, diligence, and care can do. But unfortunately this kind of lesson is sometimes too dull to arrest general attention; and with impatient turnings and twistings it is voted to be twaddle and a bore. Something pleasant is wanted, and it is in the raising of the standard of what is to be accepted as pleasant that so much continual thought and labour has to be expended.

We spoke in our first article of a number of works which we considered to be "aberrations." Those "aberrations," although admired and esteemed by persons of cultivation and knowledge, when judged by the light of modern notions of appropriateness in decorative treatment, are found to be, as a rule, of good workmanship, but unsuitable in design. A writer who has recently presented us with a view of the development, moral and material, of the country, thanks Mr. Ruskin and the schools of art needle-

work for what they have done towards raising the standard of popular taste. Characteristic of modern embroidery are those floral compositions which bedeck squares and oblongs of linen or towelling. They are of that species of design which Cowper tenderly belauds :

> "For here the needle plies its busy task,
> The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower
> Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn
> Unfolds its blossom ; birds and leaves and sprigs
> And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
> Follow the nimble fingers of the fair."

Now just think of a wild rose-bush, on a fresh sunny spring day, a wood-pigeon overhead in the boughs of the elm, a sparrow, perhaps, twittering in its flight over the bush, and what the purposes of this wild rose, in such circumstances and *apart from them*, are to please mankind. We are inspired to draw and paint a portrait of it; and it hangs up in our sanctum, where with modest pride we exhibit it to none but those who will speak kind words of our performance. But this is not sufficient; the remembrance of the wild rose stimulates us to use the object as an ornament. Then what happens? and what is our idea of ornament? Counterfeited down to its thorns and filmy petals, the wild rose is displayed in woolly crewels or fraying soft silks, upon a piece of linen. The linen is hung on the back of a chair, and with as much genuine acquiescence in the propriety of doing so as Mrs. Shandy would have accorded, we squeeze our backs into the embroidery, crumple linen, silks, wild rose, and are pachydermatously impervious to its thorns. For the future, bouquets of flowers, sprays of leaves, dank marsh rushes, wild ducks, storks, and other objects of the same kind, are the forms assumed for our votive offerings to Penelope. Thus we, who are artistic and able to make appropriate and orderly designs, claim everything as proper for our use, and adopt and adapt how we will. Jack and Gill fall down the hill in slight blue or red threads on dessert doyleys, and are bestrewed with orange-peel, nutshells, and crystallised fruits!



EMBROIDERY ON LINEN.

The modesty of simple patterns, enriching surfaces and not converting them into backgrounds of space, seems to be opposed to the present sentiment for embroidery. Almost every one desiring to possess embroidery, no matter for what purpose it may be intended, gives indications of preferring by choice as much in bulk of design, colour, workmanship, and material as is conceived to be a right return for money. It is not a question of right or wrong. Taste is taste, and although there occasionally seems to be a glimmer of some rays of principles to light up what are called errors of public taste, it is no sooner espied than at once discovered to be an adumbration of ignorance.

The middle course in the walks of fine-art needlework, like the philosopher's stone, has to be searched for; and our search can be helped if we intelligently make use of experience as it may come to us in the shape of works and writings, taking care to beware of too much relaxing or restraining, by which

> "Right too rigid may be hardened into wrong,
> Still for the strong too weak, for the weak too strong."

It has been pointed out to us that previous remarks upon various schools for promoting the art of embroidery were likely to lead to the misunderstanding that these institutions are connected one with another. This is not the case. The administration of each is distinct. If there be any tie of connection, it is to be found in the common cause which all the Art Needlework Schools have at heart.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ON CHINA.

THE Annual Exhibition of Paintings on China at the galleries of Messrs. Howell and James, in Regent Street, has already become quite an institution, and all the world that pretends to be of the world—all at least of those who move with the stream of fashion—must sooner or later drift thither. The distinguished patronage under which this exhibition is held has, of course (and rightly), something to do with its attraction. A list of patrons which includes the names of a round dozen members of the Royal Family—the name of Her Gracious Majesty being, in fact, almost conspicuous by its absence—presupposes some higher intention than the mere shop-keeping motive in this undertaking, and it is not too much to expect of the promoters that, appreciating the distinction bestowed upon them, they do not lose sight of the object with which it is granted, viz., the encouragement of gentlewomen who desire to add to slender incomes by means of their own industry. Few of the Royal patrons are content to give only their names; they offer prizes and badges of various kinds; and the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz go to the full extent of patronage, and purchase the works which win the prizes given in their names, whilst the Queen lends her encouragement by purchasing that which gained the "Leopold prize." With few exceptions, the works displayed do not pretend to enter into competition with the great potteries of established reputation. Yet in one respect these exhibitions by "amateurs and ladies" not only oppose, but have opposed successfully, the older and maturer institutions, inasmuch as they have been the means of opening the eyes of the English public to the nature of china-painting, and of letting in light upon the "mysteries" of the craft. The older an institution, the more natural that it should be jealously conservative, and where it is at the same time a trading company, there are of course more obvious reasons still for keeping the secret of so valuable a source of revenue. It is not contended that the revolution of to-day is owing altogether to Messrs. Howell and James, but at all events their success marks very broadly the departure from old use; and without the energy and tact displayed in their promotion the movement could certainly not have been anything like so rapid as it has become. It is no exaggeration to say that seven or eight years ago the general public knew nothing at all of the process of china-painting. Until quite recently, too, even connoisseurs had the very dimmest notions about "ceramic colours," "under-glaze," and "enamel"—little more than darkness made visible; and retailers of all kinds of pottery charged what they pleased on the plea of the difficulties and risks with which they had to contend.

POPPIES AND TIGER LILIES.

(By Miss Charlotte H. Spiers.)

It is true that the difficulties are there, and the risks, and they are not to be made light of. It is true, also, that the price of china-paintings is not yet invariably moderate or even just; but the risks and difficulties have no right to be promoted to the office of *bogies*, and it is a considerable source of congratulation to the art-loving public that they should be brought into the light of day and recognised for what they are. Eventually the recognition must tend, we will not say to lower the price of china-painting, but to bring it to its legitimate level. Something might be said in favour of obstacles in the way of amateur art, barriers that would restrain the insincere, the half-hearted, and the presumptuous, and keep them out of the temple of art; but these are scarcely needed. Success in art is, after all, so difficult, and incompetence has a happy way of finding its own level.

One evidence of the amateurishness of the exhibitors is afforded by the general aim after mere prettiness. The decorative quality of china-painting is not sufficiently recognised, and over and over again much labour and ability is spent over work that in truth was not worth doing. In some cases it is obvious that the exhibitors were not aware of the difficulties they ran to meet. Naturalism is the aim of nearly every beginner in art, and it cannot be too strongly brought before the would-be china-painter, that if the idea of art at which he aims is realism, he chooses a most inadequate medium when he adopts china-painting. That art has many charms, and offers many facilities. But the one opportunity it does not afford even to the experienced china-painter is for naturalistic effects; and the kindest friends of the amateur are those who warn him against attempting what his masters cannot attain. There are among the exhibits at Regent Street a number of landscapes by Dominic Grenet which go as far as possible towards contradicting what is here said. They are charming little pictures on china, and show, perhaps, that there is some reason for the choice of china-painting as a medium rather than oil or water colour even for landscape effects, but it is for landscape art of Corot-like character—bits of nature seen under a light that never was. The works of G. Leonce justify their naturalistic direction less completely, but they are masterly and very beautiful. Some of the works exhibited by this artist would have deserved the very highest awards, but they were not entered, we understand, in competition. In a slighter manner M. Leonce's dessert-plates, showing newly-hatched chickens and goslings, tenderly yellow on the pure white porcelain ground, are charming in themselves, if not quite adapted to their purpose. By the way, the white ground is a stumbling-block in the way of lady amateurs. Their white grounds are, as

AUTUMN ANEMONES.

(*By Miss Alice Argles.*)

a rule, fatal to effect; they are almost as bad as the dirty brown grounds which some of them affect in imitation of pictorial art.

It would be, of course, impossible to attempt any detailed review of the works exhibited. We do not pretend in a single visit even fairly to have seen everything, but we may call attention to a few of the examples that seemed to us particularly worthy of notice. Most of them

are naturally to be found among the prize-winners. Taking these in numerical order, we noticed first (No. 1,465) a "Portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Turn and Taxis," by Madame Heine, a perfect piece of china-painting in the Dresden manner, and in its miniature way exceedingly pretty. A "Study in Green," by Miss Everett Green (No. 1,470), is a technical triumph for an amateur. It looks at first sight as if the spray of blossoms had been painted in white on a piece of blue-green glazed ware, so rich and juicy is the colour of the ground; yet it is simply painted in enamel on ordinary white porcelain. The artist has been fortunate in the excellent firing of the work, but the distinguished merit of *style* which characterises this example is all her own. This merit is so rare that it justly deserves the distinction awarded to it as "the best work by a lady amateur." It takes the prize presented by H.I.H. the Crown Princess of Germany. "Autumn Anemones," by Miss Alice Argles, has a merit of colour that is of course lost in our illustration (page 393). The effect of the pale rose-pink flowers on a delicate grey ground is very pleasant. The painting is a little black in the shading of the petals, and the composition is scarcely sufficiently *ingenious* for a decorative panel. There is space "to let" above the topmost flowers, and below, the leaves are rather crowded, and one of them is even cut off by the margin instead of being designed within it. We mention this, not because we think the panel unworthy of the prize given by the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, but because the decorative idea seems to be so little grasped by amateurs. There seems to be a notion prevalent that it is an easy thing to do decorative work; yet nothing is less frequent than design that is truly decorative.

HORSE-CHESTNUT BRANCH.

(*By Miss Emily E. Loch.*)

The azalea panels by Mrs. Duncan (Nos. 1,483, 1,491), to which was awarded the "Princess Alice prize," conform much more to decorative conditions; and one of them, "White Azaleas," is also very delicate and refined in colour. "Autumn Leaves," by Miss Helen Wilkie, is another fair attempt at decorative arrangement by an amateur, and deserves the medal awarded to it. Two large circular flower plaques by Miss Lewis (Nos. 1,485 and 1,489) are deservedly prize-winners. A large head by Miss C. H. Spiers, entitled "Placida" (No. 1,486), is one of the most decorative compositions exhibited, and it is admirable in colour, but the drawing of the drapery is scarcely professional. Her "Poppies and Lilies" (No. 1,488), which we engrave (page 392), is an excellent example of flower-painting. The poppies are charming in colour. In our illustration the swallow seems to be rather out of scale with the flowers, but the effect is not so in the plaque itself. "Atalanta," by Percy Anderson (No. 1,490), is decorative and good in colour, and bold work too for an amateur. The "Horse-chestnut Branch," by Miss Loch, to which was awarded the prize presented by the proprietors of this Magazine, is much more delicate than it appears in our engraving. Its chief charm is in the colour, which of course cannot be rendered; as a composition it errs rather on the side of nakedness. The celadon ground is very pretty, but there is rather too much of it. The prize works of Mrs. Nesbit are among the very few that appear to be scarcely worthy of the distinction accorded to them. The portrait of the Hon. Mabel Hood,

by the Viscountess Hood (No. 1,494), is another example which we are enabled to illustrate. As a colour composition it is particularly good, the golden-yellow background being remarkably well managed. It gained the prize presented by H.R.H. the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. In "White Peonies" (No. 1,502) Miss Ada Hanbury succeeds in giving the charming delicacy of flower-petals without any loss of breadth, and most deservedly wins the prize presented by the Crown Princess of Germany. A prize is awarded to Miss Watt for "Primrosing" (No. 1,487), but her work No. 608 appears to us so far better that it is far more china-like. The landscape portion of the latter is very delicate in colour too, but the children should not have ventured into the foreground until their new pinafores were slightly soiled—they are too bright. Mr. Miller is another professional who well deserves a prize, but we should have awarded it to other examples of his work than No. 1,506. A terra-cotta plaque by Miss Butler, with peonies painted under-glaze on the natural red of the clay, deserves mention, and would, no doubt, have been recognised by the judges had it been sent in in time for competition.

THE HON. MABEL HOOD.
(*By the Viscountess Hood.*)

It is, we think, to be regretted that there is so little attempt on the part of ladies to produce anything beyond circular plaques or dishes. A successful plaque of the kind (and there were many such exhibited) may be well worth framing as a work of art, but such a work comes directly into competition with picture-painting, and the question arises, Why should they not have been painted in oil or water-colour? Certainly they are none the better for being circular in form. But what is to be said of such a painting that is *not* good enough to take rank as a picture? It is utterly unfit for anything else, and we are confident that in very many cases the time and talent bestowed upon it in vain would have sufficed, rightly directed, to produce useful ornamental work that would have had a distinct value of its own. It is refreshing in this exhibition to come upon a set of buttons, painted by Lady Dorothy Neville (No. 1,511), some of them very pretty, and all of them daintily painted. We feel, however, that the introduction of the red among the blue and white is not very happy. Miss Turner's "Finger-plates" (No. 1,512) are another marked exception to the rule of pictorial effort. They would take their place in the decoration of a room admirably. The colour is pleasant, without being too *attractive* for the purpose intended; they show true decorative instinct, and well merit their award. We wish we could say as much for the winner of the prize "for the best decoration of a dessert-plate and dish." If any justification were wanted for what has been said above concerning the general lack of feeling for decorative design displayed here (as elsewhere and everywhere), here it is.

In concluding our paper on this really admirable exhibition, which shows year by year such remarkable growth and vigour, we would suggest that any lovers of art for its own sake, and as applied to industry, who in future years would offer special prizes for decorative design, and for work applied to some useful purposes, would be rendering service not only to art, but to those servants of art who stand most in need of encouragement and help.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—IV.

SUMMARY perforce must be our review of the Royal Academy pictures that remain, for other exhibitions claim a notice too long deferred. In our last number we spoke a word in praise of Mr. Fahey's "I'm Going a Milking" and of Mrs. Perugini's "Multiplication," of which we now engrave sketches. Of Mr. Boughton's works this year, his "Evangeline," which has already been noticed and engraved, is, in our opinion, surpassed in beauty by that delicately glowing canvas "Our Village," a work gently touched with humour and point. A "gentleman of quality" is stopping in his ride to speak to a group of quaint and charming ladies in the red-brick street; hardly a casement within sight but is occupied by the more or less defined mob-cap of some observant female head. No sweeter bit of colour and of old-world life has ever been produced by Mr. Boughton's elegant pencil, which is moreover represented at the Academy by a third brilliant canvas, "The Music Lesson," and at the Grosvenor Gallery by a "Sketch of a Meet of Cub-Hounds," and by a composition in which quaintness is carried to an archaic point, "*Omnia Vincit Amor:*" here a youth of rather too tender years is playing and singing in a wood to a little girl of very low degree indeed, who receives the homage with a rather savage expression. Mr. Mark Fisher is another Transatlantic artist of acknowledged and well-merited eminence. His pictures are, perhaps, a little too limited in subject and effect; to the eye of a painter there may be infinite differences between one group of cattle in a grey light among orchard trees and another group in a grey light among the trees of a meadow, but the picture-lover of even more than ordinary intelligence will be apt to consider such a subject repeated many times somewhat monotonous. The quality of Mr. Fisher's work is always excellent, thoroughly artistic and singularly complete. Mr. Minor is an American landscape-painter of considerable power, whose training has been pursued in the schools of Paris, Belgium, and Bavaria; his work at the Grosvenor consists of an after-sunset scene of great beauty and harmony of effect, while three other canvases are hung (rather unkindly high in at least one instance) at Burlington House. Mr. Magrath, though he comes with an American reputation, is claimed by Ireland; his four pictures are all at the Academy, and show considerable versatility and invariable power and promise. "In the Green Fields of Erin" is a grave study which reminds us of the feeling of Jules Breton, while "Cabin Comfort" is an Irish interior, the execution of which is completed with Dutch fidelity, and in a finely harmonious key of colouring: a solitary old Celt stands before his hearth enjoying the consolation of a well-earned pipe; his figure, as usual with Mr. Magrath, is strongly drawn. Mr. Bridgman, who is, we believe, indisputably an American, exhibits "Sanctuary in the Sahara," well composed, like all the work of this thoroughly-trained artist, and a "Portrait of a Child."

"I'M GOING A MILKING."

(*By G. H. Fahey.*)

Gallery No. 4 contains a somewhat striking work by Mr. John D. Watson, who illustrates a passage of "Tristram Shandy" which—whether it be that it needs its context, or for some other reason—is curiously indefined and obscure. The principal figure (that of Corporal Trim) is well studied in its effects of light and shadow, though somewhat stagey in pose; he stands by a coffin, laying upon it the sword and scabbard of his master; the action of the bent figures of the mourners who are passing out at the door is excellent. Mr. Orchardson's "Young Housewife" is painted in the very extreme of his brilliant style; the figure is clad in and surrounded by creamy and pearly tints, all shadow being resolutely ignored, so that the brightness should not be broken until the eye is arrested by a telling stroke of decorative black hair. This is not precisely nature, though it is very effective and ornamental art. For good painting of a quiet and finished kind, and for richness of colour, we must commend Miss Mary Backhouse's "Eleanore;" and for a charming refinement of feeling and manner, Mr. Alfred Williams's "Calm Evening Hour." The most conspicuous canvases in the fifth gallery are the two battle-pieces, both dealing with the victories of Marlborough, and curiously like each other in scale and in general treatment. Mr. Crofts has chosen the close of the day of Ramillies; he places his hero in the decline of the "light of battle," surrounded by his staff, and by the wrecks that tell of a carnage great for those days, but three times multiplied in the fields of 1866 and 1870. Mr. Crofts always composes well; if he fails anywhere, it is in dramatic truth and strength of expression. Mr. Woodville has perhaps more natural impulse. His Marlborough is in the act of giving the order for the great and decisive cavalry charge, which, at about five o'clock on the evening of Blenheim, decided the fortune of the field. There is a little lack of movement in the lines of horse, which is not due to any lack of spirit in the artist, but rather to the chances of the composition; several of the individual actions are very good.

SHELTER

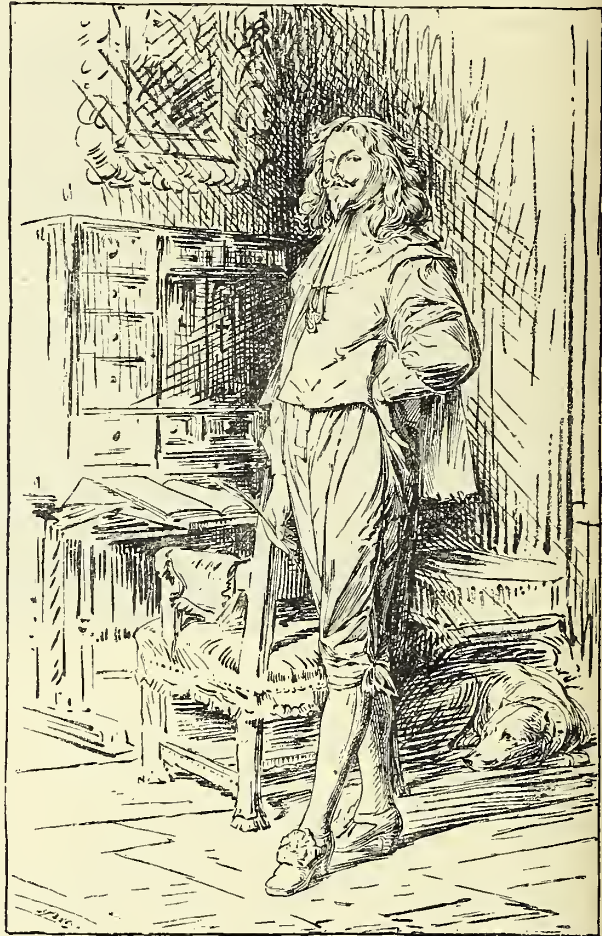
(*By Arthur Hopkins.*)

The landscapes of this room contain among their number Mr. Colin Hunter's "Silver of the Sea," a quietly brilliant and most effective study, in which the artist's execution is a

little more dashing than is altogether pleasant. Specially beautiful, however, is the quality of his greys in sky and water. If Mr. Colin Hunter is to be numbered with the Scotch school, it must be understood that he has a class to himself, for in his work there is nothing of the positive literal reading of nature which distinguishes that of his compatriots; he is indeed far more impressionary than is common with British artists of whatever latitude. The feeling which moves the spectator of this beautiful picture is a hope that its author may never be beguiled into what Mr. Ruskin, too sternly, calls "vulgar dexterity." "Littlehampton," by Mr. Charles W. Wyllie, and "Edge of the Marsh," by Mr. W. J. Slater, are clever landscapes. "Amour ou Patrie" and "Shelter" are sketched herewith, the one being the most dramatic of Mr. Marcus Stone's contributions to the Academy this year, and the other a charming picture by Mr. Arthur Hopkins. Mr. Stone's story speaks for itself; his Royalist and Republican lovers are parting in one of those garden scenes which the artist has made so peculiarly his own; the feeling of the group is full of a touching kind of elegance which is very pleasant. Mr. Pettie, whose picture of "His Grace" is also the subject of one of our little engravings, paints in a manner the brilliancy of which seems to increase every year. In respect of subjects he is the most picturesque of artists, his taste inclining so decidedly to the more heroic past that we hardly recognise his hand in the modern portrait-group of Mrs. Dominick Gregg and her children. A black and white reproduction can never do Mr. Pettie any justice, for perhaps his greatest strength lies in his high, radiant, and massive tints—a scheme of colour which is so far from garish that its brightness is not realised until its "killing" effect upon all neighbouring canvases is noted. Another of our sketches (p. 399) this month is of a picture in the Grosvenor, and to that gallery we will now turn our attention, to revert to the remaining rooms of the Academy in a concluding article. Mr. Clausen has won the admiration of artists and critics for some years by his peculiarly intelligent work. Whether in the honest study of open-air lighting or in that of figures or interiors, he has always painted with an uncommon freshness and vigour. No exception to his habit is "La Pensée," the French title of which is justified by a decided French character in the treatment. Our space being limited, we must confine ourselves chiefly to the consideration of those works which are a specialty of the Grosvenor and not to be seen elsewhere. Mr. W. B. Richmond, the Slade Professor, for instance, though the son of an Academician, and therefore brought up in Academic surroundings, is altogether a seceder

MULTIPLICATION.

(*By Mrs. Perugini.*)



HIS GRACE.

(*By John Pettie, R.A.*)

to the Bond Street exhibition. His work, allowing for a little extra development under the influences of the time, is extraordinarily

AMOUR OU PATRIE.

(*By Marcus Stone.*)

like that of his father in his best days—intelligent and showing talent of a very sound though definitely limited kind. His excellent portraits of Mr. Holman Hunt and of the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley are indisputably his best productions this year, the former having qualities of really fine art. Of the same artist's great processional piece, "The Song of Miriam," it can only be said that it is a conscientious and meritorious rather than an interesting picture. It is exhibited in an unfinished state. Mr. Burne Jones is, this year, entirely unemotional. He has eschewed every kind of subject in his picture, confining himself to a winding processional composition of female figures descending the "Golden Stairs." The whites and greys and pale yellow tints are pleasing, and the group has, it need scarcely be said, a great deal of attractive feminine poetry about it, but the heads of the women have been too evidently studied from the same model (real or ideal). Mr. Burne Jones is too devoted and loving a student of the great early Italian masters not to know that this is a fault into which they never fell. Each of them might reproduce a favourite face again and again, legitimately enough, in different pictures; but—and this is true in a special and most admirable degree of the great Florentines—the various heads in one composition were each and all vitally individual and distinct. Mr. Walter Crane exhibits a large number of "bits" of Italy, altogether exquisite in feeling, character, and execution. We have a right to complain that an artist capable of work of this peculiar and delicate quality should make himself responsible for such a production as "Truth and the Traveller"—a picture about which there can only be one opinion, and of which it is pleasantest to say least. Sir Coutts Lindsay's work is this season more than ever one of the legitimate attractions of his own gallery, and Lady Lindsay's flower-studies are evidences of very real artistic skill.

No exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery has ever been without its special feature, a revival,

LA PENSÉE.

(*By G. Clausen.*)

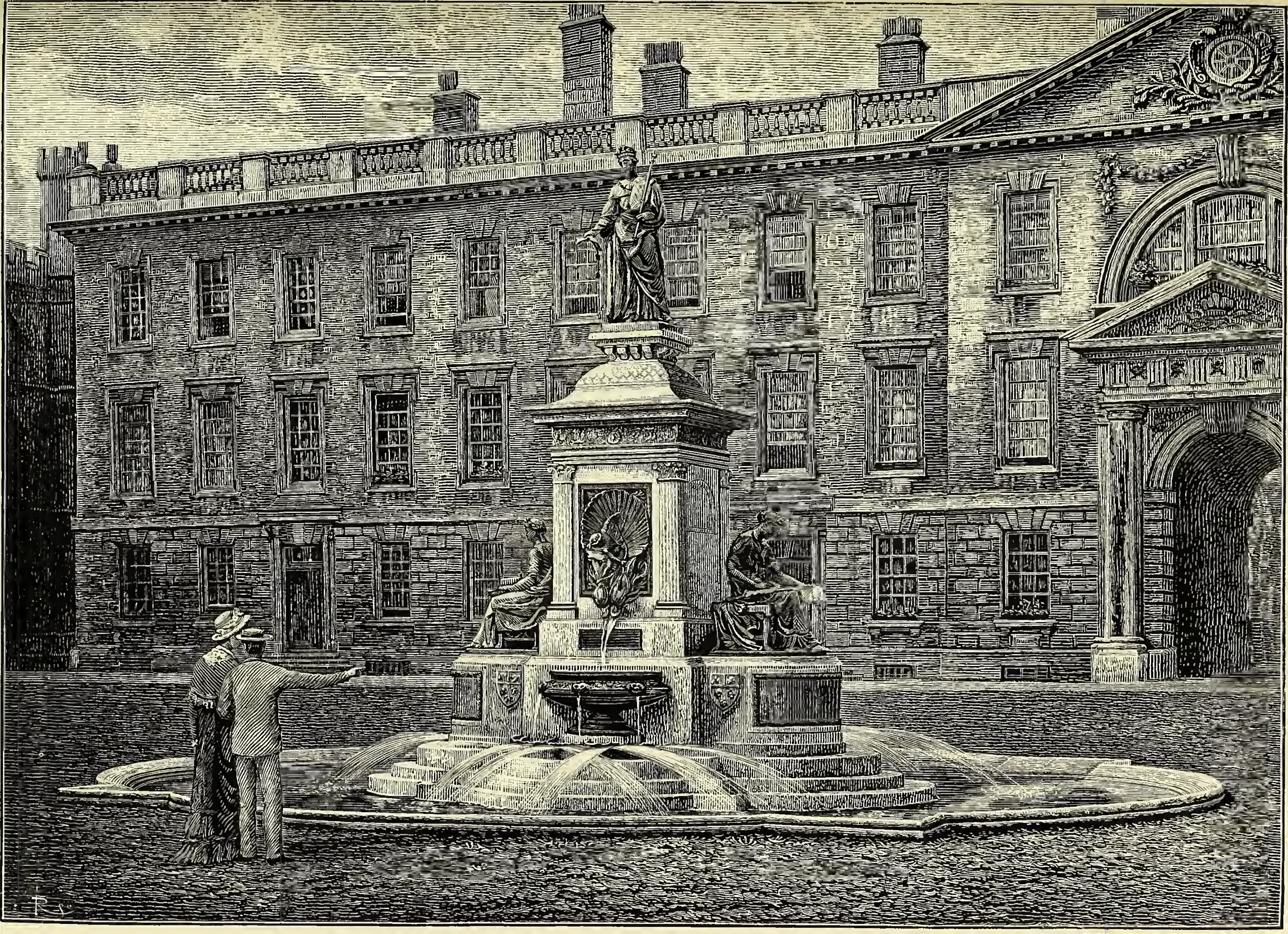
an importation, a novelty or quasi-novelty, something which shall arouse more than the usual interest felt by the public in pictures which they know almost by heart before the exhibitions are open. This year the works of

M. Bastien Lepage fulfil this office. He is the first of the extreme realists with whose pictures London has had the opportunity of making acquaintance. As might well have been expected, the English, who, however much they may have been misunderstood in the matter, care little for realism, and love sentiment above all, have not proved enthusiastic over M. Lepage's cleverness, and more than cleverness—his extraordinary truthfulness. His principal picture, "Les Foins," represents a hayfield in France under the noonday sun. The labourer is stretched in ungraceful sleep with his hat over his eyes, while the woman who has just shared his *déjeûner* sits with her legs straight out before her, her vacant broad face looking out in an abstraction which has no thought in it, but merely the passive dreaming of an animal. She is excessively repulsive and life-size. The truth of such a picture is somewhat too conscious of itself; and the artist might assuredly, without falsifying real life, have let us off with a comelier and more intelligent specimen of French peasantry. A careful stiff study of an ungainly young *bourgeoise* arrayed in a white dress for her first communion, and a brilliant profile sketch of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt (strikingly opposed feminine types—the addition of the above-mentioned peasant making them into a significant trio), hung below the principal picture, exemplify the artist's curious faculty of altering his own manner with the character of his subject. Mr. P. R. Morris has never done more charming work—notwithstanding his far more ambitious picture at the Royal Academy—than in his passage of sailor life, "Cradled in his Calling." Some fisher-folk, men and women, are carrying a little child swung in one of their nets across a cliff-meadow. The group is exquisitely graceful in composition, and the blue colour — excessive at the first glance—is lost when the spectator enters, as it were, into the atmosphere.

FROM THE "GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

(*By Marcus Stone, A.R.A. By permission of the Proprietors of the "Graphic."*)

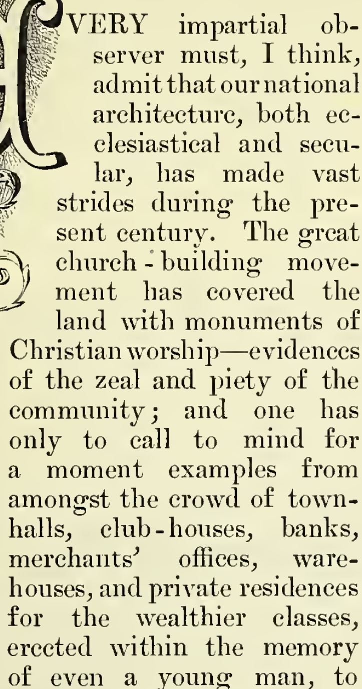
From that attractive Graphic Gallery which has been one of the characteristic features of the artistic season now drawing to a close we publish the first of our intended succession of engravings of the ideal Beauties. Mr. Marcus Stone's type is a very charming one. The face, otherwise perfectly regular, gains in character by the slight difference which the artist has marked in the lines of the eyebrows. The expression is thoughtful and refined, and the figure eminently graceful.



THE FOUNTAIN, KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

(Designed and Executed by H. H. Armstead, R.A.)

ON SOME PICTORIAL ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH SECULAR ARCHITECTURE.—V.



EVERY impartial observer must, I think, admit that our national architecture, both ecclesiastical and secular, has made vast strides during the present century. The great church-building movement has covered the land with monuments of Christian worship—evidences of the zeal and piety of the community; and one has only to call to mind for a moment examples from amongst the crowd of town-halls, club-houses, banks, merchants' offices, warehouses, and private residences for the wealthier classes, erected within the memory of even a young man, to appreciate the advance which has been made in recent years in the art of architecture.

If Dr. Johnson could now take a walk down his beloved Fleet Street, and pursue the excursion Citywards, with what wonder would he regard the stately buildings which would everywhere meet his astonished view! The narrowest streets and lanes of the metropolis, to say nothing of its great thoroughfares, reveal examples in unfailing abundance of buildings reared at the touch of that commerce which has enriched the country "beyond the dreams of avarice." Palaces, indeed, which rival in costly grace those of Venice in her high and palmy days,

> "When th' exhaustless East poured treasures in her lap,
> And of her feast monarchs partook and deemed their dignity increased."

Nor is this remarkable activity in the rearing of stately buildings confined to the metropolis alone. It has reached the remotest corners of the kingdom, and is seen alike in the town-halls and business premises of Manchester, Leeds, and Bradford, and in the cathedrals, built or building, of Edinburgh and Truro. Every known style, European and Asiatic, finds a representative in this throng of buildings, and the whole world has been laid under tribute to provide the choicest and costliest materials for their construction.

It was not, of course, to be expected that all this amazing amount of building should be of equal merit. Designed as it has necessarily been by various hands, and adapted to more or less utilitarian ends—prescribed within troublesome limits by Acts of Parliament for the general safety, by the restrictions of local custom and regulations, and by the exactions of business in its many forms—the fancy of the modern architect works within a narrower range than that of the builders of old. And if a too critical mind finds in all some shortcomings, a something below the highest standard of ancient work, even such a one will admit that the effort has been prolonged and earnest, and the purpose high; that the average of excellence attained is at least encouraging.

It would appear invidious to attempt to single out special instances of success or failure for praise or blame, and in this fact lies, to some extent, the difficulty of an adequate treatment of the subject. But in spite of a failure here and there, it will probably be admitted that our modern public buildings compare favourably at the present day, take them all in all, with those of any other period or country; that, in fact, from Cheapside to Cannon Street, and from Cannon Street to New Cheapside, and so on to the many buildings rising over the length and breadth of the land at the present moment, the progress has been real and steady.

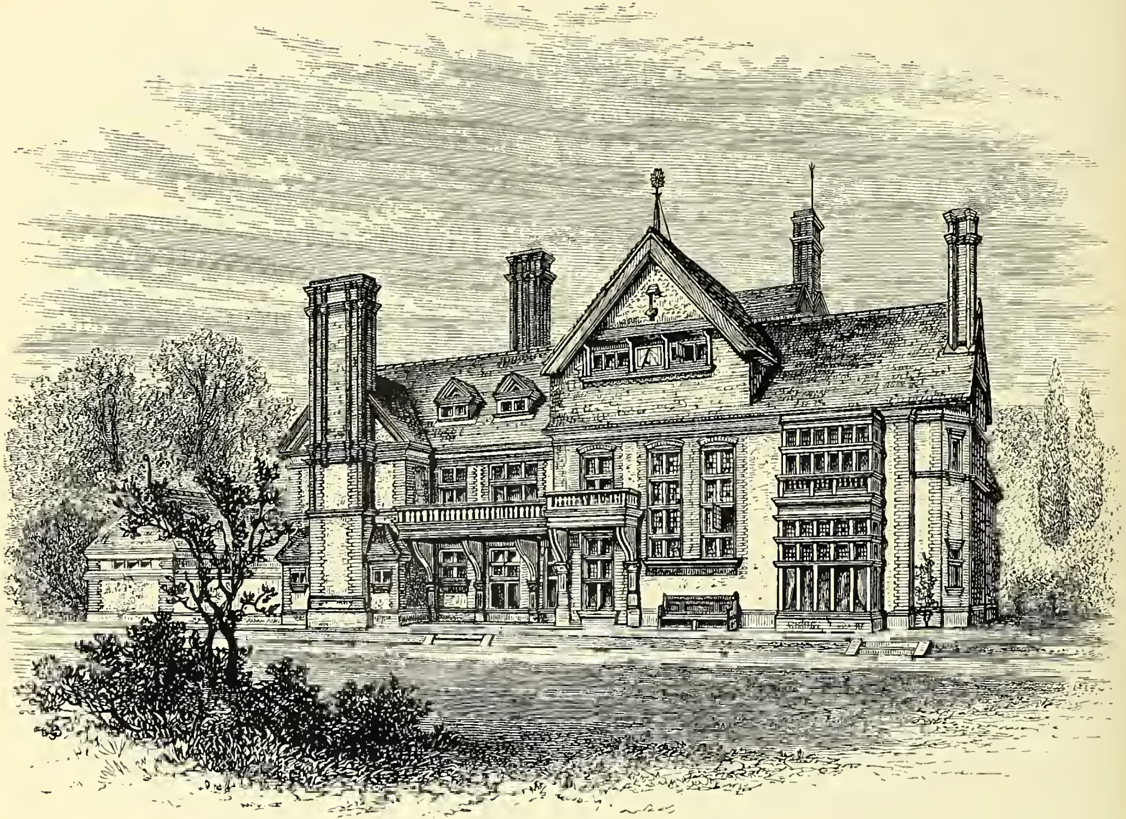
And there is one characteristic in the buildings to which allusion has been made that is almost universally present. It is evident in all that their designers have striven to give to their works as much of the picturesque or pictorial element as the occasion justified, and sometimes, perhaps, more. It is, indeed, remarkable, upon a closer view, what an amount of variety and picturesqueness they have contrived to throw into the treatment of many most unpromising subjects, such as rows of houses flush with a line of street, and admitting no projections for the play of light and shade; or business premises given up, every inch of them, to the demands of trade pursued with

a keenness which over-rides all opposing considerations.

Nothing but the persistent and pronounced art-instincts of our architects could have so triumphed over the deadening influences to which they have been, in many cases, subjected, and it is a matter of sincere congratulation that the unparalleled increase of wealth which has given rise to so much building has been coincident with the development of an architectural school which placed the claims of the picturesque before it as amongst the first to be considered.

Let us suppose for a moment that this building movement had come upon us when the "pure Greek" mania was at its height; that all our banks, and museums, and churches, and private houses had been Parthenons and Erechtheums, and all our railway entrances like that lonely exotic at Euston Square, which cost ever so many thousands of pounds, "and will not shelter a single cab." Should we not have learnt, when too late, to regard the ancient Greeks—as Dickens's school-boy looked upon them—as our personal enemies?

We run no risk now of having our towns reduced to a common level of gloom and ugliness, their narrow and tortuous streets and gaunt tottering houses giving place to the depressing respectability of Tyburnia; purchasing all our sanitary advantages at the expense of everything that is gratifying to the eye and elevating to the mind. Rather than that, one might be tempted to cry out, "Perish your sanitary science and all your fine improvements! and give us again our dear old streets with their broken skylines, and quaint surprises, their naïve imagery, their freaks of light and shade, and spots of lovely colour. A short life and a pleasant for us." But we know on good authority that it is not necessary to burn down a house to roast a pig, nor is it necessary to have unhealthy houses in order that they may be works of art. This the architects of the present day have abundantly proved. The best artists build the best houses in every sense; and those houses which are "full of dead men's bones" have *not* fair outsides.



LONGFIELD, EAST SHEEN, SURREY.

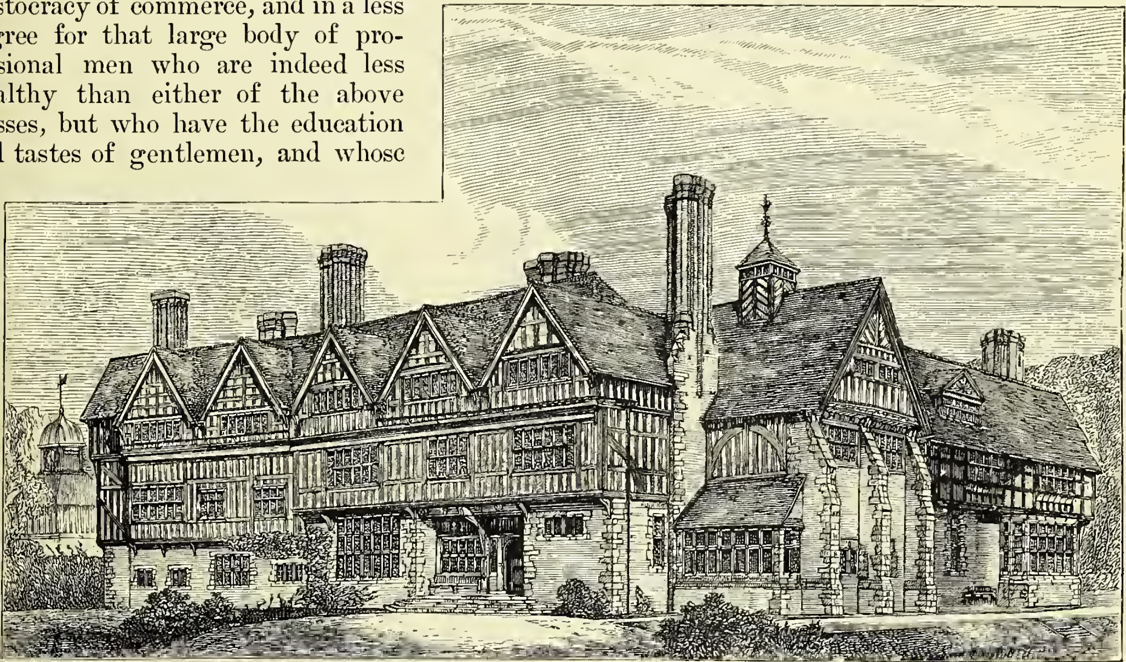
To some there would appear to be just ground for fear that the lively fancy of our modern

architects will run away with them, and that the more advanced of our Queen-Anne-ists will turn out more elaborately and immoderately grotesque than the Elizabethans themselves, and so lead to a reaction of Puritan simplicity. But the national temperament will quickly supply a corrective to any such undue exuberance, and we may be pretty safe not to err on the side of over-inventiveness.

The branch of secular architecture which offers the greatest field for the exercise of the ingenuity and fancy of the architect is that of domestic buildings for the wealthier classes, for the landed aristocracy, and for the aristocracy of commerce, and in a less degree for that large body of professional men who are indeed less wealthy than either of the above classes, but who have the education and tastes of gentlemen, and whose modes of life, if less luxurious, are not less elegant than those of the noble or the merchant prince. These have been amongst the first to encourage artistic building; to aid the architect to get out of the merely utilitarian rut so fatal to all art, and yet further to help him by their English love of moderation in personal display and their rooted aversion to all offensive ostentation.

The picturesque side of English architecture thus finds its freest development in the English gentleman's house, and some successful house-building on a sumptuous, nay, palatial scale can, I suppose, be called to mind by most persons. Many architects of our own day have addressed themselves almost exclusively to the study of this phase of the art, and the works of Barry, Burns, Wyatt, Kerr, and others not less distinguished, will never want admirers of their great and numerous excellences. None of these architects have, however, specially distinguished themselves on the pictorial side of the art, although they have by no means ignored or altogether neglected it. But the older classical training left its mark upon all their works, and there is apparent in them all a predominant effort to be reposeful and dignified, and a corresponding shrinking from anything savouring of eccentricity.

The planning and arrangements of a gentleman's residence—the perfect division of the family from the servants—the various skilful devices by which the inmates may secure at once perfect privacy and ready service, so that a whole regiment of servants may be "never in the way and never out of the way"—are all, or nearly all, the work of the school of architects above named; and in matters such as these the younger men of the present day stand, so to speak, upon the shoulders of their predecessors.



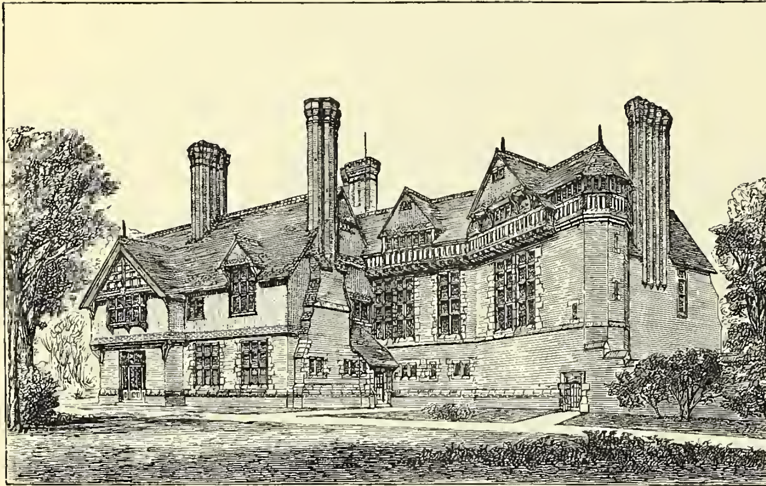
PIERREPOINT, SURREY.

But upon the scientific exactness of the perfectly arranged house the present men have grafted the piquancy and charm of the mediæval plan—its homeliness, cosiness, and all its pleasant, cheerful nooks and surprises of quaint detail.

As it is in the better class of domestic buildings that the pictorial bias of our

prevailing architecture is best exhibited, I will confine what remarks I have to make to the houses which we owe to this school of comparatively young men, who are old enough to have worked their way through the Gothic revival at its best, who have mastered its principles and caught its spirit, and who have yet, coming to its study at a later time than the first enthusiastic explorers of mediæval art, kept their minds unprejudiced and open to the influence of what is good in all other styles, and notably to that of our own eminently pictorial English Renaissance.

The object of this school of architects is to take up the English house where it was left in the sixteenth century, and develop it in lines it would probably have taken if the intervention of the classical craze had not arrested its growth and crushed all the life out of it.



RESIDENCE OF MR. F. GOODALL, R.A., HARROW WEALD.

Their aim is to combine an exact compliance with the demands of modern living with the charm of an artistic composition and treatment in mass, outline, and the minutest detail. No men are so ready to adopt all genuine modern improvements in every particular of construction, but they expect to be allowed to treat them in an artistic spirit, and endeavour to take them up and beautify them as they conceive their ancestors of the sixteenth century would have done had they had the same opportunity. In order to illustrate this paper at all it is necessary that I should select some examples from the best works of the day, and without wishing for a moment to suggest that such work has only one source, I have obtained permission from one of the most accomplished masters of the prevailing manner to reproduce as types of the houses alluded to one or two of his incomparable drawings of executed works. I have also had the vanity to head this paper with a slight sketch of a small house of my own; not for comparison with the more costly and magnificent work of Mr. Norman Shaw, but to show that size and cost have very little to do with the matter, and that the simplest material and most economical construction are compatible with a due regard for artistic treatment.

It would be foreign to my present purpose to give plans of the buildings here illustrated, although in their well-studied arrangement they are themselves pictures to those who can read them, and illustrate as completely as the exterior views the present condition of domestic architecture. But to confine myself to the pictorial qualities of the exterior of these buildings, I would direct especial attention to the accompanying sketch of Pierrepoint House, Surrey, and to "Wispers," near Midhurst, by the same hand, where a site of unexampled beauty and advantage has been turned, by the genius of the architect, to splendid account, with a result as charming as it is unique.

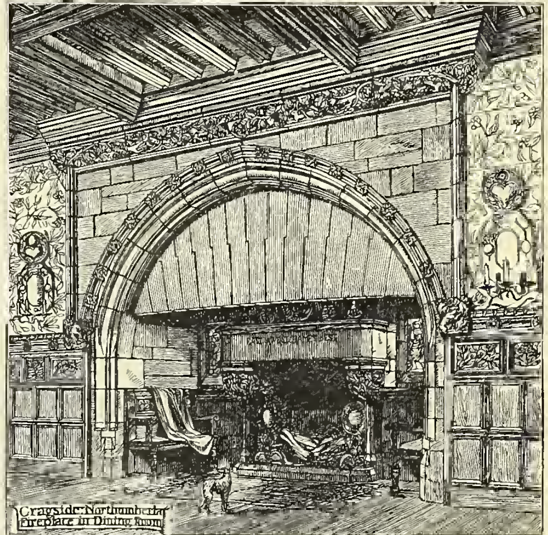
We feel, in looking at this house, that the *spirit* of the builders of a bygone age is amongst us again. This is no mere resurrection of dry bones—a galvanised corpse, as some attempts have been not inaptly dubbed. Every part of the fabric is evidently fulfilling its special function in the most perfect manner, and though nothing is anywhere sacrificed to parsimony, nothing is added from wantonness. The eye wanders from point to point in a never-ceasing round of pleasure, and the composition is at the same time as reposeful and dignified as it is piquant and effective. In "Wispers" the brickwork of the grand chimney-shaft on the right is blended with its stonework substructure; the colours melting and fusing into one another in a manner which proclaims at once the feeling of a true artist. Its author has, I am told, built more artists' houses than any other living architect—and no wonder! 'Tis not alone his Academy dignity, and the opportunities of "business" this must no doubt bring: it must be, and no doubt is, the fact,

that these superb houses of his designing are in harmony with the poetry in the artist's soul, and that they appeal to the appreciation of the true artist by their possession in an eminent degree of those estimable and unhappily but too often unattainable qualities, beauty and fitness.

There needs, to my mind, no better evidence of the *vitality* of our art at the present day than these houses of Mr. Shaw, and those of the younger men who study his every line, and who will some day, one may hope, perpetuate his rare skill. I believe that his works—like those of the good man—will be held in everlasting remembrance, and that whether or not they shall have disappeared by the time the New Zealand artist arrives (although I see no reason why "Cragside" and "Adcote" should not last at least as long as St. Paul's), the students of the twentieth and succeeding centuries will find in these works that harvest for their sketch-books which the works of the Elizabethan age supply for ours.

"If you praise him so, I shall think you are some kin to him," says the Countess in "Twelfth-Night." So I will not dwell longer on these particular works than to call attention to the other sketches here given from the same hand, and point out the evidence they give that "Wispers" was not an accident—an architectural "happy thought"—only, but that the author is as versatile as he is successful.

There is another architect, long associated with Mr. Shaw, whose works are of the same type and of equal, some say of even superior excellence, but who is so reticent and modest, that so far from reproducing any of his designs, I dare not even "name his name." I have no doubt, however, that fame will be revenged on him, and that many of my readers will be able to supply the blank, while for my part I can only regret my inability to adorn my paper with sketches of his exquisite works. I could cite the works of many other architects—Collcutt, Webb, Bodley, and others—but this paper has reached its prescribed limit. I wish at parting to impress upon my readers wherein the real hope of architectural progress lies. Not in transcripts of the dead forms of antiquity; they have had their day and served their purpose. The needs of the present day are beyond them, and must be met by living work. Not, as some reviewers would have us believe, in the meaningless and inconsequent jumble of style and no style, in which the British workman would expatiate if left to himself. Blind leaders of the blind are they! That theory, so pompously promulgated, has suffered an unexpected collapse; for, forgetful of the cry of old, "Oh! that my enemy would write a book," the workmen have built themselves a hall, designed and built by workmen for workmen—and they have by it, and the reviewer's approval thereof, given to his theory the *coup de grâce*. Nor is much good to be expected from the casual interference of amateurs and *dilettanti*, lecture they never so wisely. Where a Ruskin has failed—and in architecture his failure is now, I suppose, universally admitted—who can hope to succeed? We can and must rely upon the exercise of a trained intelligence, grounded in a thorough knowledge of the achievements of old time and the principles which informed them—guided by common



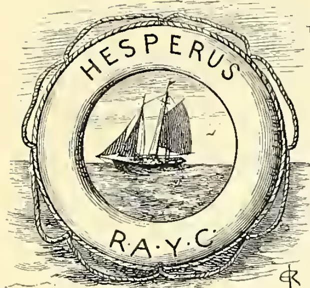
"EAST, WEST, HAME'S BEST."

sense—impelled by an eager and single love of art—and vivified by an artistic instinct. That we have in Mr. Shaw at least one such mind working actively in our midst I have, I think, already shown, and there are others treading closely upon his heels. The progress made by the school of architects above adverted to has been already considerable, and the promise is still greater.

In every considerable town in the kingdom our streets are putting off the dreary monotony of colourless stucco, and are assuming the cheerful glow of ruddy brick and terra-cotta. Improved design has gone hand in hand with improved construction and the encouragement and development of many subsidiary arts. In the prudent but earnest furtherance of the movement lies the hope of our again having a worthy national architecture.

E. INGRESS BELL.

LEAVES FROM A SKETCHER'S NOTE-BOOK.—II.

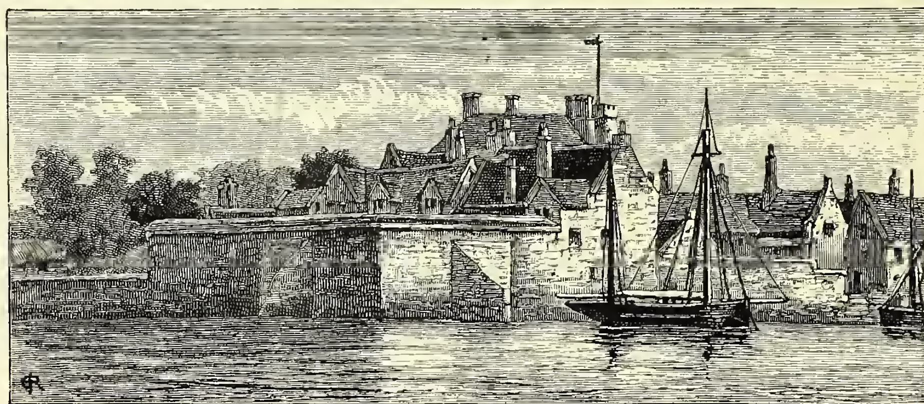


OUR yacht when last heard of (see page 247) was lying at anchor in Portsmouth Harbour; and having, as we thought, exhausted the locality as a sketching-ground, we decided to shift our quarters, with sailing directions of Westward Ho!

Stores having been shipped, the water-tank filled, charts purchased, and all other necessary preparations made, we weighed anchor one fine morning and cleared out with a fresh south-west breeze blowing. The direction of the wind obliged us to proceed on our course in a zigzag manner, or, to speak nautically, we had a dead-beat down the Solent. This mode of progression, though tedious, had the advantage of showing us the landscape on both sides of the water, the starboard tack taking us over to the Isle of Wight, while on the port we inclined to the Hampshire side.

When we were well clear of the land the various fortifications which protect Portsmouth became evident. To the eastward, guarding the roadstead of Spithead, are the isolated circular iron-clad forts on the Spit Bank, Ryde Sand, Horse Sand, and No Man's Land. Inland to the north, near Fareham, stretching along the ridge of the Portsdown Hills for a distance of nearly seven miles, were seen the defences designed for the purpose of preventing an enemy—supposing him to have made good his footing on English soil from the northern side—from occupying the heights and shelling the town and dockyard. These great works were commenced under Lord Palmerston's administration; and their existence is perhaps the best guarantee that they will never be called upon to fulfil their active duties — "Si vis pacem, para bellum."

Ryde, Osborne, and Cowes, all smiling brightly in the summer sun, were passed in quick succession; shipping of all kinds was about us on every side; on the measured mile at Stokes Bay a trim corvette was trying her speed; yachts, with their snowy canvas, heeling over to the breeze, were crossing and re-crossing us in every direction; ocean steamers outward and homeward bound, passenger-boats, pilot-boats, fishing-boats, and merchantmen were all pursuing their various courses, as business, pleasure, or the wind directed them.



YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Lying in Cowes Roads was that grim monster of the deep, H.M.S. *Thunderer*, one of the latest patterns of the war-ship of the future, her presence indicating the fact of the Queen's being in residence at her sea-girt home. What ungainly objects are these triumphs of naval architecture! and how the artist must sigh for the good old craft that ploughed the deep before the days of steam and turret ships! Not even the genius of the late E. W. Cooke, R.A., could evolve beauty out of the *Thunderer*, the *Devastation*, or the *Inflexible*.

Our first anchorage was Yarmouth, a quiet and picturesquely-situated little town, with remains of fortifications erected by Henry VIII.

This was a place of some importance in the fourteenth century, and received the unwelcome attentions of the French, who devastated it in

THE NEEDLES.

1377, and again in 1524, when they burnt the church.

Going ashore to explore, we took a pleasant walk of about four miles to the famous "Needles," those white and wedge-shaped rocks which mark the entrance to the Solent. Formerly a terror to the mariner, they are now his guide, for the lighthouse erected on one of them a few years ago warns him of the perils of the passage; while in foggy weather, when the light is obscured, a sonorous bell tells him he must give the rocks a wide berth. Little suggestion of danger was in them as we saw them, illumined by the western sun, with their rugged crests standing out bright against the sky, and their chalky masses mirrored in the placid wave.

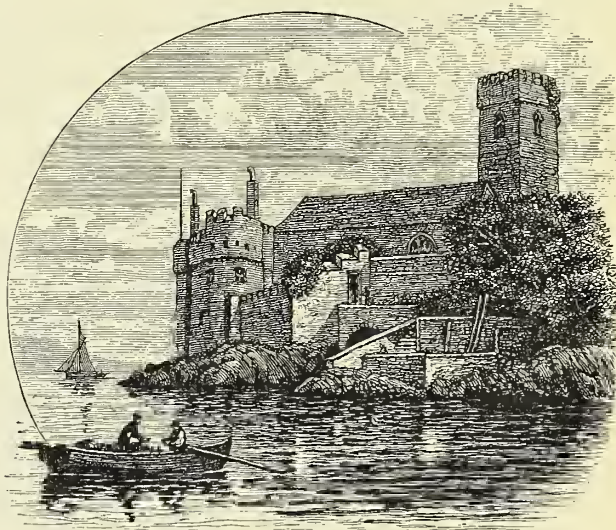
Far away in the western haze was seen the bold headland of St. Albans, while to our right lay the treacherous bank of the Shingles, where many a good ship has come to an untimely end almost within sight of port.

Alum Bay, close to the Needles, must not be neglected by the artist. The strangely variegated colours of the cliffs, caused by the several strata of red and yellow ochre, fuller's earth, black flint, white and grey sand, succeed each other in vertical stripes, like so many gigantic ribbons, and combined with the verdure and blue water make up a picture of remarkable brilliancy.

An early start was necessary next morning to catch the full strength of the ebb tide; and Hurst Castle, another of Henry VIII.'s works, on the Hampshire side, was passed at sunrise, all sail being set for Portland, our next destination.

This was a lively day's sailing, for the south-west wind blew fresh, and raised what the skipper called "a goodish lop," which proved trying to more than one of us. Very pleasant, to those who can enjoy it, is a day at sea such as this. To bask in the sunshine, snugly established on the weather quarter, out of reach of the seas which every now and then break over the bow, and watch the green billows tumbling and surging about our little craft, that ever and anon shows her respect to Neptune by making obeisance and plunging her bowsprit into his crested waves, is at least more enjoyable than, say, quill-driving on an office-stool in the City with the thermometer at 80° in the shade. Mr. Brett, the painter of "Britannia's Realm," now being exhibited at the Royal Academy, would have done pictorial justice to the sea on such a day as this.

Bournemouth, Poole, and Swanage were soon left astern. Poole Harbour is rich in subjects for the sketcher, and has been portrayed by Turner in his views of the South Coast. At Swanage the cliff scenery is fine, though the landscape generally is disfigured by the Purbeck stone-quarries which make the hills desolate for miles. Corfe Castle, a ruin of great interest, is within a walk from Swanage, and further on is the venerable town of Wareham, whose rampart of earth gives evidence of its great antiquity, and where the sketcher may spend a week with great advantage to himself—that is, if he can obtain lodgings, which are not

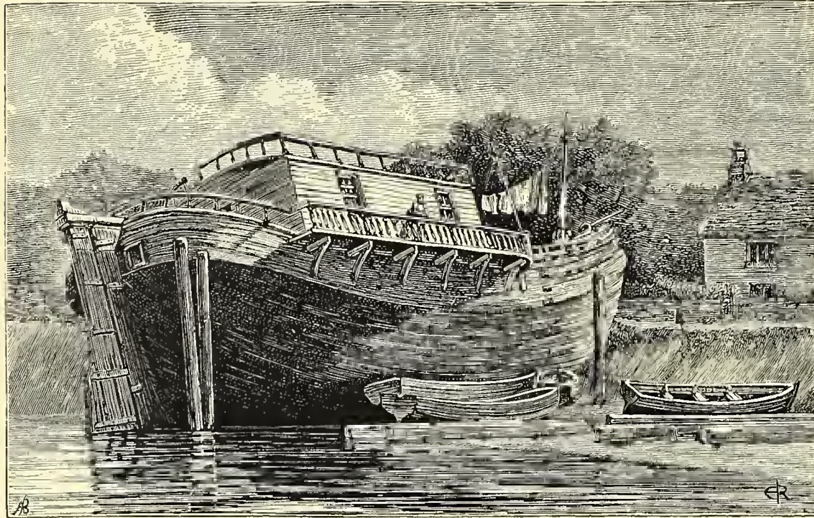


DARTMOUTH CASTLE AND CHURCH OF S. PETROX.

plentiful. As we stood in close to the shore, a view was obtained of Lulworth Cove, another of Turner's subjects, which has been already described in detail on pages 212—216 of this volume.

Portland was reached sufficiently early in the

afternoon to allow us to go ashore and view the sights of the locality. The first object that



OLD DUTCHMAN AT DARTMOUTH.

arrests attention is the celebrated breakwater, "an engineering triumph of splendid utility," the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1849 by the late Prince Consort, and which, completed by convict labour, makes Portland the finest harbour in the kingdom. The well-known prison crowns the summit of the hill, and dotted about all over the slopes we could see hundreds of the unhappy inmates at work, each gang watched by an armed warder, who would not be slow to use his rifle should any prisoner rashly endeavour to make his escape.

The Chesil Bank, a narrow, steep ridge of shingle connecting the Isle of Portland with the mainland, is curious, and has sad memories connected with many a vessel that has here found its last resting-place.

Weymouth, the favourite watering-place of George III., though salubrious, is not picturesque, and we saw nothing there to induce us to prolong our stay. Accordingly, at daybreak next morning, the anchor was tripped, and, gliding slowly through the western entrance of the breakwater, we rounded the "Bill" and shaped our course for Dartmouth.

A fleet of fishing-boats, returning to harbour after their night's work, met us as we were coming out, and very lovely they looked with their rich brown and orange-coloured sails against the sky, "golden and red and glorious" with the rising sun, all reflected in the clear still water on which was scarcely a ripple. Sea-birds scenting their food from afar hovered shrieking around, and plunged their snowy breasts into the sea, searching for their morning meal.

The welcome breeze soon sprang up, and it coming as it did, *mirabile dictu,* from the right quarter, the north-east, we were able to lay our course without tacking, a luxury not enjoyed every day.

At three o'clock we found ourselves in Torbay, and, sailing through a crowd of Brixham trawlers, rounded Berry Head, when Dartmouth disclosed itself in all its beauty. Wonderfully picturesque is the entrance to the harbour. The castle standing boldly out on the rocks, the old church of S. Petrox beside it, and the rich mass

FOWEY PIER.

of foliage beyond, form a subject to which the sketch (page 409) of the harbour does but scant justice.

The view from the quay is very striking. A mass of shipping at anchor in the foreground,

yachts with their trim spars and bright burgees, coasters, steamers, fishing-boats, and ferry-boats; as one looked up the river, H.M.S. *Britannia*, the training-ship for the naval cadets; while towards the sea, just inside the harbour's mouth, lay one of the huge steamers of the "Donald Currie Line," bound for the Cape of Good Hope; the background being formed of the luxuriant hills for which Devonshire is famed.

A short trip of discovery in the dingy resulted in a sketch of an old Dutch vessel (page 410), which, past active service, had been hauled up on the shore beside a timber-yard, to do duty as a dwelling-house.

The Dart itself has been already noticed in these pages; and pleasant though it would be to dally on its umbrageous banks, our cruise is coming to an end, and we must make sail for our next port—Fowey.

Omitting all nautical detail, wearisome to the landsman, let it be simply recorded that we left Dartmouth in the morning, and noting the various points of interest on the way, the Start Light House, the Eddystone, Rame Head, East and West Looe, dropped anchor in Fowey Harbour in the afternoon.

Fowey strikes one at first glance as a small edition of Dartmouth. The harbour, at the eastern entrance of which stands a ruined castle of the time of Edward IV., is very picturesque; sheltered by high hills richly clothed with verdure, it affords a good and sheltered anchorage for shipping of every tonnage, which can here in all winds find a peaceful "haven under the hill."

As one lands at the quay, of which we give a sketch (page 410), the first object of interest is the church, a handsome structure of the fourteenth century, which has been lately reverently restored. It contains several monuments worthy of notice; among others one to the memory of Sir John Treffry, who captured the French standard at the battle of Poictiers.

Close to the church, rising out of a belt of trees, is Place House, the ancestral residence of the Treffry family. On the occasion of the French assault upon the town in 1457, "the wife of Thomas Treffry the second," says Leland, "with her men repelled their enemies out of her house in her husband's absence; whereupon Thomas Treffry builded a right faire and stronge embateled towr in his house; and embateling all the walles of the house, in a manner made it a castelle, and onto this day it is the glorie of the town building in Faweye."

By the time we got back to the yacht the shades of night were beginning to fall.

The sun had gone down like a ball of fire behind the western heights; the wind had died away to a flat calm; the still water was all aglow with the reflections of the golden clouds; trees and buildings became *silhouettes* of rich purple against the sky; lights began to twinkle in the windows; and the yellow moon rising over Polruan shimmered and quivered in the ripples at our side.

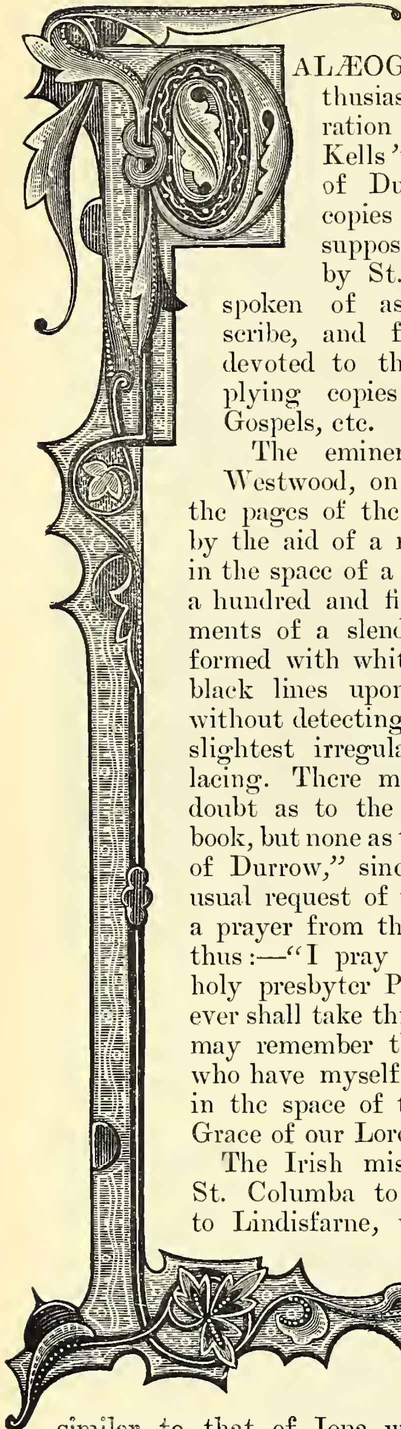
EVENING AT FOWEY.

A glance up the river revealed the dusky forms of a brig and schooner, their taper spars towering above the hills, being towed seaward against the tide. A blaze of phosphorescent light illumined the tracks of the boats, and as the oars clave the stream, sparks of azure fire scattered themselves around.

As we sat on deck in the twilight, burning incense to Hesperus, and communing sadly at the thought that this was our last evening afloat, we all agreed that our cruise could not have ended in a place that left more pleasing memories than the ancient harbour of Fowey.

J. E. R.

ON THE ART OF ILLUMINATING AS ORIGINALLY PRACTISED.—II.



PALÆOGRAPHERS are enthusiastic in their admiration of the "Book of Kells" and the "Book of Durrow." These are copies of the Gospels, supposed to be written by St. Columba, who is spoken of as an indefatigable scribe, and from early youth devoted to the work of multiplying copies of the Psalms, Gospels, etc.

The eminent authority Mr. Westwood, on examining one of the pages of the "Book of Kells" by the aid of a microscope, counted in the space of a quarter of an inch a hundred and fifty-eight interlacements of a slender ribbon pattern, formed with white lines edged with black lines upon a dark ground, without detecting a false line or the slightest irregularity of the interlacing. There may be some slight doubt as to the exact date of this book, but none as to that of the "Book of Durrow," since we find in it the usual request of the Irish scribe for a prayer from the reader, translated thus:—"I pray thy blessedness, O holy presbyter Patrick, that whosoever shall take this book in his hands may remember the writer Colomba, who have myself written this Gospel in the space of twelve days by the Grace of our Lord."

The Irish missionaries following St. Columba to Iona, and thence to Lindisfarne, where a monastery similar to that of Iona was founded, carried with them this style of illumination.

Fig. 1.

The celebrated Hiberno-Saxon manuscript commonly known as the "Durham Book" (now in the British Museum) is one of the most beautiful of this peculiar style, characterised by design and execution not found in manuscripts of any other nation. It is the production of the monastery of Lindisfarne, which was founded by St. Aidan, and the Irish monks of Icolmkill, in the year 634. This manuscript was written by order of Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, in memory of his predecessor, St. Cuthbert, a man renowned for his piety and learning, who died in the year 698. The volume, known as "St. Cuthbert's Gospels," was greatly enriched by the hermit Bilfrith under the direction of Æthelward, the successor of Eadfrith. At the time of the Reformation this precious manuscript, then in the monastery of Durham, was despoiled of its cover, on account of the valuable jewels and gold which adorned it. The vellum on which it is written is of admirable quality, and the colours and ink have a richness and tone not found in modern works; and so fresh is its appearance, that it is difficult to imagine that it left the hand of the scribe and illuminator so long ago.

Fig. 2.

The practice of illuminating in gold on purple did not obtain in England until late in the seventh century, when Wilfred, Archbishop of York, enriched his church with a copy of the Gospels thus embellished, that work being described by Eddis, his biographer, as "almost a miracle," such an elaborate specimen of manipulation never before having been seen or heard of in England. In the year 966 the charter given by King Edgar to the new minster of Winchester was also written in gold; and in this Edgar is represented between the Virgin and St. Peter, presenting his charter to Christ, who is sitting above, surrounded and supported by angels, the whole within a floriated border of gold and colours on the purple ground.

Many of the grand manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh period, styled by contemporaneous authors "Opus Anglicanum," were executed at the scriptorium of Hyde, near Winchester, which was noted as one of the most celebrated establishments of the kind in Europe, and numbered among its illustrious professors Dunstan, the famous Abbot of Glastonbury, who not only illuminated works himself, but manipulated the goldsmiths' work which decorated their exteriors (see Fig. 2). The patron of this great centre of Anglo-Saxon school of illumination was the celebrated Bishop Æthelwald.

Fig. 3.

In this, the eleventh century, the character of the ornamentation was considerably diversified, texts being neatly written, borders gorgeously coloured, and gold lavishly applied (Fig. 3). Figures were introduced in medallion form upon variously coloured grounds. The design and execution of this century were almost identical with those of the next, but at the latter end of the twelfth there sprang up a distinct style entirely differing from any preceding work, an example of which I now give in the accompanying letters (see Figs. 4 and 5).

The important letters, borders, and ornaments were outlined, and also to a certain extent

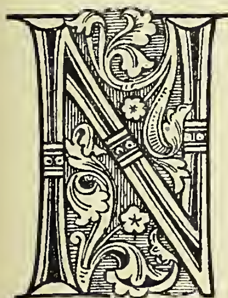


Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

shaded, by firm vermilion lines, and where animals, birds, or human masks were introduced, those portions only were usually outlined in black, forming a distinctive feature. In this particular style the graceful flow of the curves is perfect and beautiful to a surprising extent. The backgrounds to the foliage and figures, etc., were varied by light tints or delicate washes of emerald green, cobalt, and lilac. The same floriated description of ornament (Fig. 6) was also frequently coloured, the ground being raised and burnished gold, the stalks variously and brilliantly coloured; in some instances portions were grey, shaded with black.

To describe an elaborately coloured illumination, illustrated by an example in black and white only, is rather a difficult task, but to describe such unaccompanied by illustration of any kind is unsatisfactory, both to those who try to explain clearly and to those who wish to comprehend distinctly, so that wherever I feel justified in introducing an illustration or diagram (as the case may be), no matter how small, I will endeavour that the effect produced by the shading shall impress the eye with the general effect, instead of rigidly adhering to direction of line, showing actual tints. As this work is not intended for mere beginners, but for those who have entertained and perhaps practised the subject treated on, the remarks I make with regard to illustrations will, I presume, be appreciated.

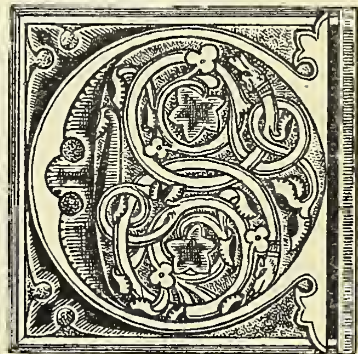


Fig. 6.

Manuscripts of the twelfth century were frequently of immense size, and thus are distinguishable more easily than those of any other period. The capital or principal letters were often extended over the whole page, within a narrow border, and sometimes were as much as eighteen inches in length.

Pen manipulation was more in vogue than the fine outlining brush, in the work of this period, and the scroll-work in borders and initials, when produced by lines of red or black, was evidently manipulated with the pen, the brush being used only for solid portions or tinted grounds. The late Sir M. Digby Wyatt considered this style of red pattern with faint blue and green grounds not agreeable in colour, but I cannot agree with him in this particular respect, much as I defer to his judgment in taste for art generally. Had the tints been

equal in intensity, the effect would have been inharmonious, but the baekground eolours being so very pale and thinly painted, and the vermilion outline so pronouneed and full in tone, the contrast is sufficient to keep the whole in harmony.

This prineiple of ornamentation, whether in early or later styles, has been taken as the nueleus for many speeimens of work by German illuminators and artists.

Another variety of the style of this period frequently oceurs, in whieh yellow and deep blue as backgrounds were substituted for gold. The aecompanying illustration is earefully redueed from a large missal of German work of this date whieh passed through my hands, throughout whieh the primary colours predominate, secondaries and tertiaries being sparsely resorted to. Blaek outline bounds every portion of the figures and floriation.

The scribe's work at this time, more partieularly in small books, was beautifully formed, regular and elear in the extreme. A speeimen (one of the works of Aristotle) is in my possession.

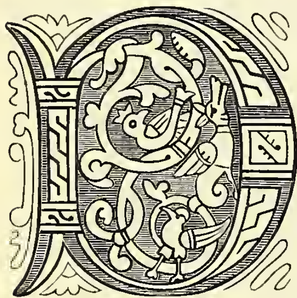


Fig. 7.

As before remarked, about this time important changes took place; highly burnished raised gold was in use for baekgrounds both to figures and ornaments, in lieu of the more simple application of leaf-gold found in earlier works; and this raising had beeome prevalent, not only as grounds, but in eonventional leaves and flowers and isolated devices, sueh as heraldie blazoning, ete. As an example of this style should be mentioned a Psalter in the British Museum. This book is exeeedingly important, not only from its great artistie merits, but on account of its historieal value. Commenced as a marriage present from King Edward I. and Queen Eleanor to their third son Alphonso, whose decease oecurred on the eompletion of the first eight leaves, it was finished by inferior hands, and passed afterwards into those of his sister Elizabeth, who married Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford. This volume is believed to have been executed in the eonvent of the Blaek Friars of London, whieh was founded by Edward I. and Eleanor, whose heart, together with that of her son, was buried there.

Through the union of Henry II. with Eleanor of Aquitaine, whose lion of Guienne and Aquitaine he added (in 1154) to his own armorial bearing of two lions, was formed the present blazon—viz., gules, three lions passant guardant, or—of the royal eseutcheon of England.

Freneh influenee predominated in English illumination, and eontinued for about a century, the style in England and that in France being almost identieal. The large proportions of Romanesque illumination beeame gradually diminished as a general rule, and floriated terminations were extended aeross the top and bottom, as well as earried down the side of the pages. The tail of the initial letter running down the side of the page was frequently widened until it beeame merely a band of ornament, oeeasionally panelled, with figure-subjeets introdueed therein. The specimen (see Fig. 1) will show the transition and extension into the elongated border ornament.

With the illumination eoeval with the perfeetion of Gothie arehitecture and the extension of the Dominiean and Franeiscan orders during this period, a new life was given to art generally, including transcription and illumination of the sourees of learning. The beautiful speeimen here given (see Fig. 9) is from a very fine MS. whieh was in the possession of the late Owen Jones; it is reduced to about two-thirds the size of the original, and has never before been published.

The monastie libraries were plaeed by the abbots under the sole eharge of officers, who were responsible for the preservation of the volumes, and whose duty it was to inspect them frequently and to restore any damage to the leaves or binding whieh aecident might eause, to keep a list of books lent, together with the name of borrower (but the great and preeious books could only be lent by the special permission of the abbot); it was also the duty of these officers—ealled armarians—to eompile and keep in order library catalogues, and to provide the scribes with the writings whieh they were to eopy, together with all neeessary materials, to make payments for same, and to superintend the works generally during progress. These books, when not neeessarily destined for the monastie library, were eagerly bought by wealthy laymen as presentations to other religious institutions, and the sale of sueh works, eonsiderably augmented the revenues of the establishment from whieh they eame. The scribes were employed ehiefly by the monks, and when the works to be eopied were very valuable the scribes were boarded and lodged during

the time occupied upon such special work or works in these establishments. A large room was in most monasteries reserved for such labours, and there were also small cells, called scriptoria, inhabited exclusively by the monks, whose piety and learning entitled them to the indulgence of these private apartments.

These scriptoria were frequently dependent upon donations and bequests, and large estates were often devoted to their support by the God-fearing and the wealthy. Through the activity of the mendicant friars a continued demand for all kinds of manuscripts was kept up. Illumination was excessively popular in England during the fourteenth century among the leading families, in proof of which we have the heraldic specimens emblazoned in many of the English manuscripts; and there is probably no document in existence which better illustrates the nature, cost, and classification of illuminated and other manuscripts during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries than the catalogue of the library founded by William of Wykeham, one of the greatest English patrons of literature, in the college of St. Mary, at Winchester. The catalogue has been printed *in extenso* in the "Archæological Journal" (vol. xv., pp. 69—74), with notes by the Rev. W. H. Gunner. The illustration (see Fig. 8) is from an exquisitely minute MS., believed to be Spanish, of the early part of the fourteenth century. It is traced from the original.

Great advance is noticeable in the work of the fourteenth century; it deviated from the conventional in both composition and treatment, the objects being frequently taken from nature and elaborated with great care. Art obtained in the middle of this century a very high position, especially in France, and examples are so numerous, that with the limited space at command I can only instance some named by eminent antiquaries and palæographers, viz., "The Hours of Jean, Duc de Berri," a Psalter executed for Margaret of Bavaria, wife of John, Duke of Burgundy; "The Legends of St. Edmund," emanating from the monastery of St. Edmundsbury; "The Bedford Missal" (British Museum), written for John, Duke of Bedford (1423), and presented by his wife Ann to Henry VI. of England on Christmas Eve, 1430; "The Prayer-Book of Henry VI.," of French work, now in the British Museum; "The Shrewsbury Book," written by order of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and presented by him to Margaret of Anjou, after her marriage with Henry, its contents being romances of "chivalrie," then very popular. The volume commences with a miniature of Talbot in robes of the Garter, and shows one of the few instances extant of the mantle powdered with Garters instead of one only being displayed. I cannot omit mention of a volume formerly in the possession of the late Duke of Sussex, and described thus by Mr. Pettigrew in his catalogue of manuscripts published in 1827:—"It contains 219 leaves, nine inches in height by six inches and a half in width. This book of offices is the most exquisite of all the illuminated works I have ever seen; each page is alike splendid, the borders superb in their ornament, of most elaborate execution, and the painting of the most beautiful description. The MS. commences with a calendar for the ecclesiastical year on twenty-four pages. To each month the signs of the zodiac and some subject illustrative of the season, painted in gold and colours, are attached, the former at the side and the latter at the bottom of the page. Some of these are exquisitely beautiful, not only from the brilliancy of the colours, but the correctness of the drawing and the interest of the subject. Thus we have feasting, hawking, haymaking, reaping, threshing, wine-pressing, sowing, boar-hunting, etc. After the calendar are four portions of the Evangelists, followed by two prayers addressed to the Virgin. To each of the readings of the Gospels is affixed an illuminated miniature of the Evangelist engaged in writing his Gospel." This description continues at considerable length, but I have quoted enough to show the importance of the work.

The Van Eycks, who were illuminators before they became oil-painters, had, it is stated, some hand in the execution of "The Bedford Missal." Highly-burnished gold grounds, diapered in the most minute way and in brilliant colours, were then in vogue, and patterns were also frequently chased or indented with the burnisher. The school at Bruges established by the Van Eycks exercised influence in all the art-centres in Europe, and conscientious adherence to nature, both in portrait-subjects and landscapes, wrought a complete change in miniatures in manuscripts produced after this influence had time to penetrate into the scriptoria and studios of the contemporary artists. This Flemish school produced many excellent works, the greatest artists of the period being engaged upon them. Want of space precludes description of examples, but amongst the most celebrated artists may be mentioned Fra Angelico, termed, from his great piety, "Il beato Angelico," otherwise Giovanni da Fiesole (died 1455), who

began art as an illuminator. He painted many fine works in fresco, and decorated the convent of St. Mark at Florence. Several of his best works exist at Cortona, and there are two by him in our National Gallery. One is "Christ with the Banner of the Resurrection," the other the "Adoration of the Magi," both painted in *tempera* on wood. Giotto, who died 1336, was educated in art under Cimabue at Florence.

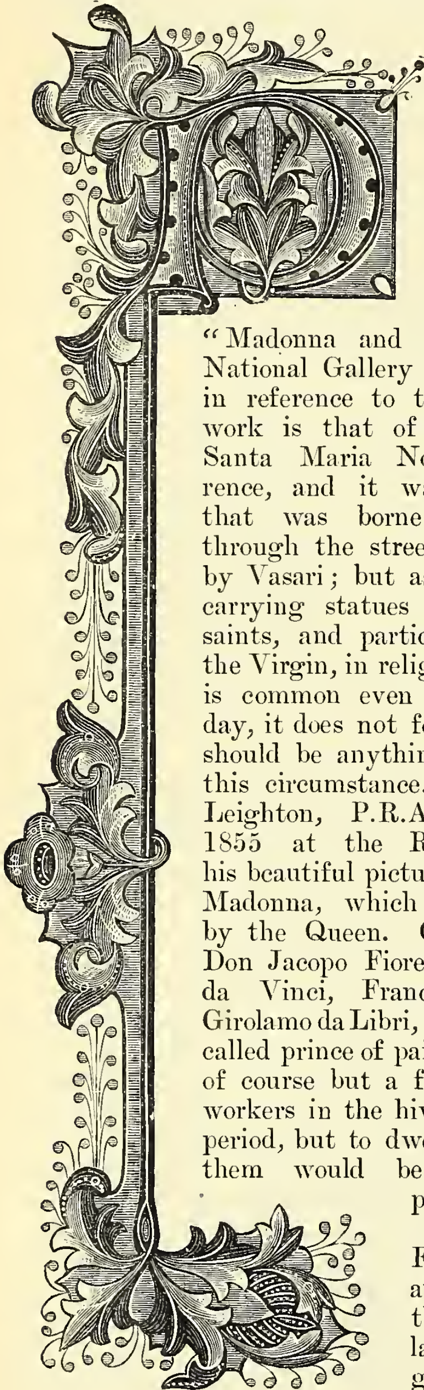


Fig. 8.

Cimabue is sometimes called the father of modern painting, because he deviated from the old conventional and grotesque style. His picture of the "Madonna and Child" in our National Gallery may be studied in reference to this. His great work is that of the Virgin in Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, and it was this picture that was borne in procession through the streets, as described by Vasari; but as the custom of carrying statues and pictures of saints, and particularly those of the Virgin, in religious processions is common even at the present day, it does not follow that there should be anything remarkable in this circumstance. Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., exhibited in 1855 at the Royal Academy his beautiful picture of Cimabue's Madonna, which was purchased by the Queen. Oderigi, Franco, Don Jacopo Fiorentino, Leonardo da Vinci, Francesco Veronese, Girolamo da Libri, Raffaelle Sanzio, called prince of painters—these are of course but a few of the great workers in the hive of art of this period, but to dwell further upon them would be comparatively profitless here.

In Spanish, French, Flemish, and Italian work there was a similarity of progress; and a great authority in discoursing on the subject says: "If the delineation of naïve and graceful romantic incident, combined with elegant foliated ornament, reached perfection in the illuminations of the French school; if blazoning on gilded grounds was carried to its most gorgeous pitch in Oriental and Byzantine manuscripts; if intricate interlacements and elaboration may be

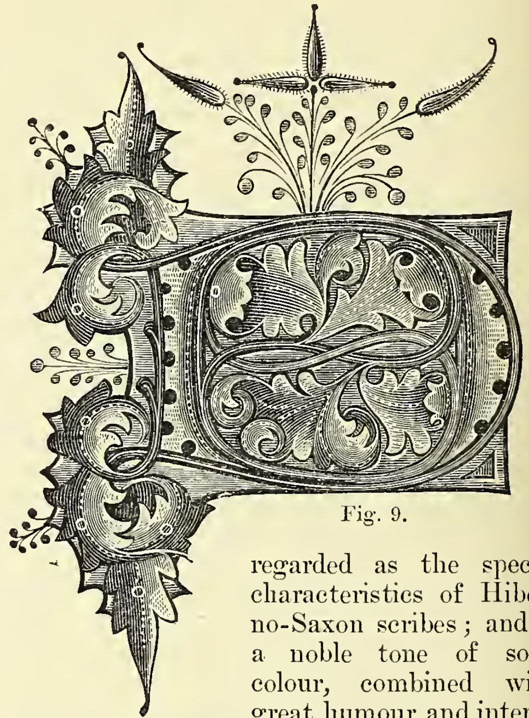


Fig. 9.

regarded as the special characteristics of Hiberno-Saxon scribes; and if a noble tone of solid colour, combined with great humour and intense energy of expression, marked England's best productions, it may be safely asserted that it was reserved for the Italians to introduce into the embellishment of manuscripts those higher qualities of art, their peculiar aptitude for which so long gave them a pre-eminence among contemporaneous schools." Florentine and Siennese works were distinguished for beauty and talent, and Ferrara could also boast of possessing a series of miniatures executed principally in the seclusion of the convent. The subjects generally treated by these artist-monks were adapted to their special vocation, such as the principal festivals celebrated by the Church, the life of the Holy Virgin, works of mercy, objects of devotion, representations of imposing ceremonies of religion. Compositions of such exclusive character admitted naturalism as subordinate; but in addition to works of illuminating executed under the auspices of the Church, art was patronised thoroughly by the princes and nobles, such as the Medici, Visconti, Sforzas, Strozzi, D'Estes, Gonzagas, and other great families.

In conclusion must be noticed a superb MS. in the British Museum of the exceedingly popular work entitled "Le Roman de la Rose." "This book was begun in French verse by William de Lorris, and finished forty years after by John Clopinell, alias John Moone, born at Merven upon the river of Loyer, not far from Paris, as appeareth by Molinet, the French author, upon the morality of the Romaunt, and afterward translated for the most part into English metre by Geffrey Chaucer, but not finished. It is entitled 'The Romaunt of the Rose, or The Art of Love;' wherein is shewed the helpes and furtherances, as also the lets and impediments that lovers have in their suits. In this book the author hath many glaunces at the hypocrisie of the clergy, whereby he got himself such hatred amongst them, that Gerson, chancellour of Paris, writeth thus of him: saith he, 'There was one called Johannes Meldinensis, who wrote a book called "The Romaunt of the Rose," which book if I only had, and that there were no more in the world, if I might have five hundred pound for the same, I wold rathur burne it than take the money.'"

ALBERT H. WARREN.

THE GIANTS AT THE GATES.—II.

IT was while the David statue was standing still enclosed in its scaffolding that the oft-told incident of the Gonfaloniere Soderini's pseudo-criticism took place. Poor Piero Soderini! it is probable he is better known to posterity for this little bit of ignorant conceit than for all the good he did for his city during his long and difficult rule.

On the 11th of June another order was sent on behalf of the Government to the Opera, or House of Works, to make a base of marble for the statue, which was already placed at the door of the palace. While standing there in the first days of its public existence, it was covered with laudatory sonnets from the pens of all the artist's admirers and friends. Cellini says there were several hundreds of them. It was the fashion among the wits and poets of the age to pay their homage to genius in this manner.

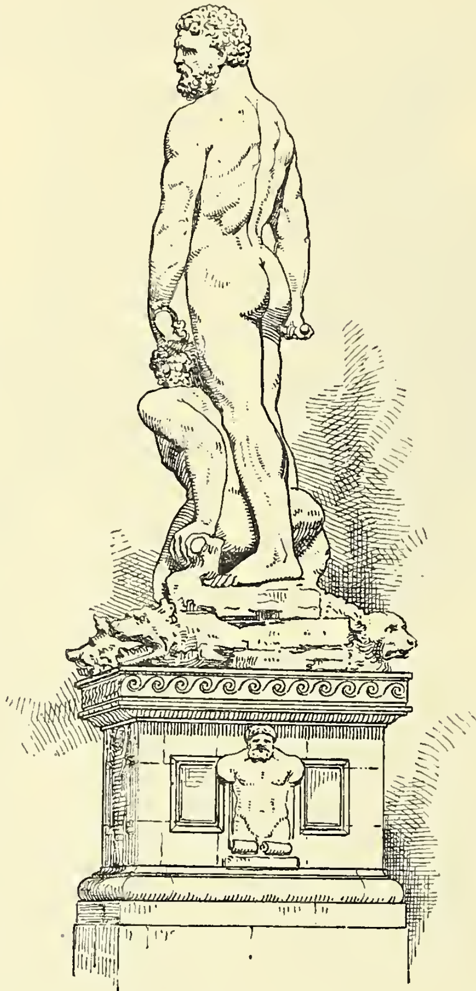
The Gonfaloniere was so pleased at the glory reflected on the Signoria by such a masterpiece of art, that he ordered Michael Angelo to make a second David in bronze, to send to France as a present to the Marshal de Gies. The great artist soon after went to Rome, at the invitation of Pope Julius II., who became his greatest patron in after-years.

The David led a peaceful life for eight years; then came the fall of the Gonfaloniere Soderini and the recall of the Medici, who were brought back by the force of the Spanish troops under Cordova. Poor deposed Soderini rode away with his friends in the dark night of August 30th, 1512, and on the 16th of September a surging crowd filled the piazza around the David. Giuliano de Medici marched into the great hall and demanded his rights and restoration. The great bell was sounded, friends and enemies filled the square, the Signoria stood in angry state on the Ringhiera by David's side; but their city's standard was in the hand of Giuliano de Medici, and the revolution ended by his assuming the government, the troops of foreign mercenaries which supported his cause proving too formidable for even the sturdy Florentine burghers.

But though the David stood unscathed during the dangers of the first revolution it witnessed, it was not so fortunate in the second, which took place in 1527. The Medici were once more expelled; a terrible fight raged before the Palazzo Vecchio, the party in possession defending it against the intruders. One of the besieged cast a heavy missile (a bench or form) down from the battlements on the heads of the party who were trying to force an entrance, but the unwieldy mass fell instead on the uplifted arm of the David and broke it in three pieces. The fragments lay unheeded on the ground for two turbulent days, no one heeding the fracture of a piece of still life, however beautiful, while so much human blood was being shed around. But two boys came to the rescue. Francesco Salviati from his windows, seeing the precious fragments trampled under the feet of the insurgents, ran to call his friend George Vasari, then a boy of his own age (about fifteen or sixteen), and the two daring youths made their way into the piazza, rescued the broken bits from beneath the very feet of the soldiers, and carried them off to the house of Michel Agnolo

de Rossi, a weaver of velvets, and father of the painter Salviati. For years the good genius of the city stood mutilated before the palace gate, but when at length Duke Cosimo came into power, he regained the fragments and had them attached by means of copper nails. Since that time the David has stood uninjured in the midst of wars and revolutions, till a few years ago (1873) it was removed to the Gallery of the Belle Arte, the fears which Antonio S. Gallo had expressed 360 years ago as to the danger of exposing so tender a marble to the air having again arisen in the minds of the modern Florentines. The ceremony of removal took some days. A huge wooden car and a temporary tramway were constructed, the wall of the Belle Arte being opened to receive it, just as in old days that of the studio had been broken to admit of its exit.

It has a handsome tribune built for its reception, and well sheltered from outer storm may yet last many centuries; but in the hearts of the Florentines the vacant place at the gate awakes a sigh, and the very piazza seems to have lost a little of its life. The Hercules stands alone as giant guardian of the ancient gate, and the symmetry of the entrance now seems lost.



HERCULES AND CACUS.

(By Baccio Bandinelli.)

And now a word or two regarding this Hercules. The David had stood for four years a solitary giant guardian at the doors of the palace of the Signoria, and the good burghers of Florence had begun to reckon their family events by its advent, and to say such a thing happened "before the giant came," or "it was just a year after the giant was put up;" when Pier Soderini, the Gonfaloniere, having heard that a huge block of marble had been excavated at Carrara, conceived the brilliant idea of setting a second gigantic figure on the other side of the entrance. On the 10th of May, 1508, therefore, he wrote the following letter to the Marquis of Massa, Alberigo Malaspina, the owner of the quarries:—"To the Marquis Alberigo. If you can do so without inconvenience to your lordship, we should be grateful if you would keep that marble for us, as we wish to make a statue to adorn the piazza in this city, and by this your lordship will be able to gratify all the Florentine people."*

On the 4th of September, in the same year, Soderini again writes to the Marquis of Massa, saying that he has understood from Raphael of Reggio that the marquis is anxious to have the block removed, and that as soon as Michael Angelo comes to Florence he will send him to Carrara to diminish the marble, that it may be more easily carried.†

But it seems that Michael Angelo was not at this time at the disposal of the Gonfaloniere; for another letter, dated Florence, 16th December, 1508, makes excuses for the artist's not having yet gone to Massa to block out the statue, saying that the Pope had only allowed him twenty-five days in Florence (when he came to finish the bronze David for the Marshal de Gies), and adding, "There is no man in Italy capable of preparing the marble but the artist himself, for another man not knowing his design might spoil it. Therefore," he says, "till he comes, which we hope may be soon, we can satisfy neither your lordship nor ourselves."‡

Michael Angelo's idea was to make a colossal Hercules slaying Cacus, the width of the block at its base lending itself well to the introduction

* Lettere alla Signoria. Gaye, "Carteggio Inedito," vol. ii., p. 97.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Gaye, "Carteggio Inedito," vol. ii., p. 107. Manni, "Sui Sigilli Antichi," vol. i., p. 38.

of a prostrate figure, and he had, in preparation, made a design and small model of his conception. The subject was well chosen; the figure of Hercules, being the sign of the seal of the Republic, could also be taken as an emblem of the power of Florence in triumphing over her enemies. The Judith, by Donatello, and the David, were also, as we have already said, emblematical of the same power, and each was eloquent of the times in which it was created.

Michael Angelo's design for this statue is still extant in the South Kensington Museum; it is, although only a small sketch, very powerful, the two figures being coiled together, the one in victorious power, the other in writhing defeat.

Stirring events, however, befell Florence. During these tempestuous times Michael Angelo was at work at Bologna and at Rome, seldom visiting Florence. Then came the return of the Medici, with the Spanish army to assist at their restoration; and Pier Soderini was compelled to resign. The Medici, with one of their family in the Papal Chair as Leo X., held sway with all their former power and more than their former arrogance. And during all these exciting times Hercules was still lying a useless block of marble at Carrara, but not forgotten. The sculptor Baccio Bandinelli had cast longing eyes on it, and being endowed with more ambition and vanity than genius—though he possessed talent of a certain kind—felt within himself that if he only had the marble and the opportunity he could produce a work which would throw Michael Angelo's David into the shade, and prove more than worthy of being placed as a *pendant* thereto. Moreover, he would eclipse the great sculptor on his own ground by choosing the selfsame design. Hercules and Cacus was a subject quite familiar to him, for in his early youth, when his father, proud of his talent, gave him a studio, and had some marbles brought for him, one of his earliest efforts was a group five feet high of Hercules standing over the dead body of his foe.

In 1515, when Leo X. made his triumphal entry into his native city, Bandinelli seized the opportunity of showing the Medici that a second Michael Angelo was at their service, by placing a colossal model of Hercules, in clay, under one of the arches of the Loggie on the Grand Piazza, as one of the adornments of the Papal triumph. Time went on, and still the block was lying at Carrara. Leo X. died; Clement VII. was elected, and by him Michael Angelo was employed on the tombs of the Medici in San Lorenzo. In 1525 the Commune of Florence again bethought itself of the large block of marble which Pier Soderini had bought seventeen years before, and would have employed Michael Angelo, as had been first intended. But the Fates were against him in this matter. He had in some way made an enemy of Bandinelli's friend Domenico Boninsegni, the superintendent of the works for the façade of San Lorenzo, and he, as a matter of revenge, used all his influence with the Pope to give the marble to Bandinelli, representing to His Holiness that if such a large work were given to Michael Angelo the works for the façade and chapel of the Medici would have to be neglected. He, besides, cunningly suggested that by employing two rivals in art, the spirit of emulation would make them produce better works.*

This is Vasari's account; and a document, cited by Gaye from the "Ricordi di Firenze Riccardiana," though making no personal mention of Boninsegni, agrees in fact with it. It says that "on the 20th of July, 1525, the Commune of Florence had a piece of marble brought from Carrara, nine braccia high and four and a half broad at the base, to make a figure to put on the piazza, and having in Florence one M. Angelo, the best master of sculpture in the world, the people desired that he should work it, he having been so successful in the David, and that from a marble mutilated by other hands. But he being employed in the tombs of the Medici for Pope Clement, the said Pope intended that another Florentine sculptor should undertake it, that the sepulchres should not be left incomplete." Bandinelli, therefore, was sent to Carrara to diminish the marble according to his design, and it was brought to Florence in the month of July.

It may be imagined how mortifying this decision was to Michael Angelo, for a rivalry which amounted to antagonism had for years existed between the two artists. Indeed, some had said that spiteful injury to the cartoon of Michael Angelo while it hung in the Papal Hall was due to the enmity of Bandinelli. He was not of a character to let such a triumph go by unvaunted, and it is most likely that the great spirit of the higher genius was much vexed at this time by the self-laudation of the lower artist.

LEADER SCOTT.

* Vasari, vol. iv., pp. 247, 248.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

HENRY HUGH ARMSTEAD, R.A.

IT was well said upon a memorable occasion, by the late Prince Consort, whose opinion on matters of taste will ever be regarded with respectful consideration, that "all works of poetry and art are most tender plants which will thrive only in an atmosphere of kindness—kindness towards the artist personally, as well as towards his production." Now, without staying to consider the reasons why sculpture can scarcely be said to have met with that encouragement in this country so freely accorded to the sister art of painting—whether from the fact that, lacking the attraction of colour,

Very sincerely yours
H. H. Armstead.

(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

it appeals to the more cultivated tastes as the means of expressing form in the abstract only, or whether there has been any want of that necessary warmth of appreciation suggested in the words of the Prince Consort—the fact

remains that our progress in the highest of the imitative arts has hardly been commensurate with the requirements of either its professors or its admirers. And yet there have been those who, like Chantrey, Flaxman, and Foley, may fitly rank with the greatest artists of the British school, whilst of living masters Mr. Henry Hugh Armstead is entitled to most prominent consideration as both metal-worker and sculptor, and as one to whom this country, and, indeed, the age itself, is indebted for some of the noblest works in silver and bronze. Born in London in 1828, Mr. Armstead may be said to have been cradled in art, having from his earliest years experienced the advantage of the careful and judicious training of his father, Mr. John Armstead, the most eminent Herald chaser of his day, to whose wise instruction, indeed, his son ascribes so much of his subsequent success. Studying first in the School of Design at Somerset House, where he obtained prizes for both modelling and drawing, Mr. Armstead completed this, the more elementary portion of his art-education, at the well-known schools of J. M. Leigh, in Maddox Street, and F. S. Carey, in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, where so many of our more noteworthy painters and sculptors imbibed a knowledge of the principles of art. Under the careful supervision of the latter most excellent instructor, Mr. Armstead made rapid progress, producing the drawings which secured his admission as a probationer in the Antique School of the Royal Academy; this success being shortly followed by works of excellence in an alto-relievo of "Boadicea," and a statuette of "Satan Dismayed," which were both executed in bronze by the Art Union of London.

And now for a period of from fourteen to sixteen years the young sculptor devoted himself almost entirely to the production of works in metal, of which chaste and beautiful examples in silver were the "St. George's Vase," exhibited at the Royal Academy, the "Tennyson Vase," and the "Pakington" and "Outram" shields, the latter of which, now at the South Kensington Museum, describes the principal events of Sir James Outram's career, and was designed, modelled, and all the most important parts chased by Mr. Armstead's own hand. With this terminated the artist's labours as a worker in metal; and having occupied his time for a brief space in making some designs upon wood in illustration of a poem by Dora Greenwell in *Good Words*, and Tennyson's "Lazarus," as well as some blocks for Dalziels' yet unpublished Bible, he was for the future to be known only in his capacity as a sculptor. What he has accomplished has proved him worthy to rank among the foremost modellers of his time, nor will succeeding generations fail to do him honour. Space would not suffice for enumeration here of anything like a complete list of Mr. Armstead's works, but at the same time

BASE OF ALBERT MEMORIAL.

(*By H. H. Armstead, R.A.*)

it would appear unjust, when referring to the labours of his artistic career, to leave unnoticed, at least by name, such examples of a nobly inventive genius as his statue of "Aristotle," executed in Caen stone, and one of the series at the Oxford Museum; his wood-carvings illustrating the lives of King Arthur and Sir Galahad in the Queen's Robing Room of the Westminster Palace; the carved cornice of the reredos in Westminster Abbey, with marble figures of "Moses," "St. Peter," "St. Paul," and "King David" in the niches beneath; the Eatington designs, being twenty large reliefs carved in stone above the ground-floor windows, for Eatington Park, Warwickshire, giving the history of the Shirley family from the Saxon founder up to the time of Cromwell; the external mosaic forming part of the frieze of the Albert Hall, illustrating Applied Mechanics, and representing the Lever, the Wedge, and the Screw, with figures of Archimedes and Watt; four bronze figures at the west end of the Inner Temple Hall; the effigy of the late Bishop Wilberforce in Winchester Cathedral; the memorial of the late Frederick Walker, A.R.A., in Cookham Church; and the external sculptures of the Colonial Office, of which it must suffice to mention the eight figures of colonial secretaries—the Earl of Derby, Earl Grey, Sir W. Molesworth, Sir Lytton Bulwer, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Ripon, Lord Glenelg, and Lord Bathurst.

Of works more particularly illustrative of the manner and style of Mr. Armstead's art, there are three to which a few words of description should certainly be devoted. The first is the fountain for King's College, Cambridge (which we engrave), showing the pious founder, Henry VI., supported by figures of "Religion" and "Philosophy," the king having in his charter expressly founded the college with the view to their encouragement. In this very beautiful and noble work, which is 27 feet high, Mr. Armstead, who is here his own architect, has placed upon the summit the figure of the king, who is presenting the charter, and beneath, on either side, a female figure in sitting posture, the one representing "Religion," the other "Philosophy." At the sides are two panels, each containing two infant Neptunes guiding dolphins, from which jets of water flow into handsome bronze tazze ornamented with lions' heads and lotos flowers, whence three jets issue into a lower basin decorated with ten small dolphins and shells. The fountain is in Portland stone, with figures and ornamental work in bronze, most elaborately finished.

Anything like critical analysis or description of what is perhaps Mr. Armstead's grandest work, the decoration of the podium of the Albert Memorial, is so far beyond the limits of this brief notice that we must confine ourselves to the mere outline of the design and motive of the work, remembering that many of those who are anxious to study the original happily have it within easy reach. The work consists of eighty life-size figures upon the south and east surfaces of the Memorial, illustrating Poetry, Music, and Painting—the general arrangement geographical, not chronological, the greatest men, like Homer and Raphael, being grouped in the centre, with those of lesser note gathered around. This able work occupied Mr. Armstead eight years, and represents a remarkable amount of earnest thought and labour. The portraits of the various poets, painters, and musicians are executed from the most authentic likenesses, obtained from tracings, engravings, and drawings collected in this country and abroad—this undertaking was itself a work of no little labour—and every head was carved by the sculptor *in situ*, whilst each separate figure is the result of careful and conscientious study.

As regards Mr. Armstead's labours in strictly monumental work, no better example exists than the nobly conceived memorial effigy of the late Archdeacon Moore, in last year's Royal Academy Exhibition, and now placed in Lichfield Cathedral. The Archdeacon is a venerable, dignified-looking man, in canonical vestments, lying with closed eyelids and serene expression of face; at his feet the kneeling figure of an angel, with great wings, and hands folded together as in prayer, gives an unusually impressive character to the memorial. The countenance of the Archdeacon impresses the spectator with the terrible solemnity of death, whilst the careful moulding of the form, the simplicity of the drapery, and the beautiful chiselling of the hands are beyond praise.

Of honorary rewards Mr. Armstead has not been without his share, having in 1855 obtained the French bronze medal for silver-work—groups and shields; in 1862 the medal of the Great International Exhibition for the Outram Shield and other silver-work; and in 1867 the silver medal at the Paris Exhibition of that year; whilst the more substantial honour of being elected an Associate of our Royal Academy was attained in 1875, and the full membership in 1879.

Such, in very few words, is the record of a great and useful life, one to which we all look as eminent in the past, and—the artist being

happily in the fulness of his powers—as certain to be yet more brilliant in the future. Whatever the vicissitudes and disappointments of that life—and what successful artist has been without them?—the measure of success has been attained, and the proud position of an eminent sculptor has been fully earned by Mr. Henry Hugh Armstead. M. P. JACKSON.

THE SALON, 1880.

HOW far M. Turquet, the under-secretary for the Fine Arts, has done right in opening so widely the doors of the Salon this year we need not stay to inquire. Suffice it to say that the present gathering exceeds last year's, which was an exceptionally large one, by about as many works as would constitute an ordinary Royal Academy exhibition in England. The full number, including all the sections—painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture, and decoration, using these words in their widest acceptance, reaches the staggering total of 7,289. The works fill thirty-five apartments almost averaging in size the large room in Burlington House, besides the wall-space in the gallery running round the garden, which, our readers will recollect, is the grand central feature in the Palace of Industry. It must be remembered, moreover, that many of the canvases are of dimensions quite unusual among us, and that several of them rival in size Mr. Prinsep's great picture commemorating the assumption by Her Majesty of the title of Empress of India.

THE REBELLIOUS SONS OF CLOVIS II.

(*By E. V. Luminais.*)

Large though the number is, therefore, it scarcely conveys to an untravelled Londoner an adequate idea of the immense amount of wall-space occupied by the present Salon; but if he can imagine half a dozen Royal Academy exhibitions rolled into one, with a beautifully laid-out garden equal in area to Bedford Square, only in the form of a parallelogram, wherein to display the sculpture, he will approach pretty nearly the actual state of the case. One great drawback to this unprecedented extension of hanging space and apparently promiscuous admission of all comers is the very great risk run by the casual visitor, through having to wander over so many leagues of barren and unsuggestive canvas, of missing altogether the many oases of fruitfulness and beauty, and coming to the impatient and false conclusion that "the Salon this year is full of nothing but rubbish." Such flippant judgments have not alone been confined to speech, but have found expression in magazines which have the reputation of being serious and even authoritative. The French school does not go to nature—it is meretricious and devoid of pure and elevating sentiment—prefers often what is repulsive to what is beautiful, delighting rather in the sensuous, if not sensual, aspect of things than in the spiritual, and, when occasion requires dignity, shows itself altogether lacking in that quality.

Such are the charges brought against French art in language more or less petulant, by writers of limited opportunities, who hasten to be critical; but those whose experience embraces other schools and extends to other years know that, with all its faults—and what school or country is without them?—Paris is still the acknowledged art-capital of modern Europe, the chief heir of whatever was precious, lovely, and of good report pertaining to the Renaissance.

Let us premise, then, that whatever of tenderness and beauty, simplicity, truth, and dignity the visitor has been accustomed to admire in the Salon will be found amply represented on its walls in this current year of grace, whether we turn to landscape, *genre*, or history. It is true, studies from the nude, not always in the simplest taste, still flaunt themselves on the walls; but before we condemn a whole school of artists for this, or impute to them motives less than the loftiest, we must take into account their training and surroundings, and the art-temperament and art-practice which come to them by inheritance. Nor must we forget, on the other hand, that some of the purest and most delightful creations in this way have come from the hands of French painters.

We presume it was deference to the objection—not to say prejudice—alluded to which prompted M. Turquet to remove from the Salon, after it was hung, Gabriel Ferrier's female figure encircled in the deadly folds of a serpent, in illustration of a very powerful passage in the late Gustave Flaubert's novel of "Salammbo." The curious thing in connection with this step of the under-secretary is that he has left on the walls pictures much more objectionable to our eyes and not half so masterful in conception and execution. M. Ferrier, the artist, who is not over thirty years of age, has found certain compensation for his disappointment in the fact that the gallery of the Messrs. Goupil, where this picture is now exhibited, is daily the resort of appreciative visitors.

MUSIC.
(*By Raphael Collin.*)

Before touching on the few pictures which we propose submitting to our readers—and we regret that we can but just touch on them—we would draw their attention to the circumstance that several of our own painters have been deemed worthy, and most deservedly, of the honours of the line. Alma-Tadema, R.A., for example, holds quite a distinguished place in the great entrance saloon, flanking as he does with his "Four Seasons," the Belgian Van Hove's "Learned Amateur" (3,751), an old man rubbing his glasses, a portrait-picture worthy of Holbein. G. F. Watts, R.A., has his "Orpheus and Eurydice" (3,888) conspicuously placed, and W. G. Wills, the dramatist, is equally fortunate in respect of his "Ophelia and Laertes" (3,910). All these, however, have been seen at our own Royal Academy; not so William Henry Bartlett's "Rest in the Studio" (174), which likewise holds an honourable place on the line. For clever drawing and forcible treatment of light and shade this picture is full of the highest promise, and we are sure that Messrs. Bouguereau and Tony Robert Fleury will one day have reason to be proud of their pupil. Another artist of English blood is Daniel Ridgeway Knight, of Philadelphia. He was a disciple of Gleyre and Meissonier, and they also will one day rejoice in the fame of their pupil. His two working women resting by a low broken wall, the one with a laden creel on her back and a copper pot at her feet (2,011), is as simply realistic and natural as any group in the exhibition. F. Bridgeman is another American artist of great power and promise, as is proved by his "Arab Habitation" (490).

Against the picture which carried off the medal of honour, viz., A. N. Morot's "Good Samaritan" (2,736), we have not a word to say. Technically, it is like Leon Bonnat's "Job" (395), a perfect and most triumphant *tour de force*. Light and shade are subtly and yet most tellingly treated. The fore-shortening and modelling captivate the artist's eye, while the sentiment of the incident is realised

in a manner at once original and touching. The only other picture eligible for the prize, and worthy of being compared to it in tenderness of sentiment and in absoluteness of realisation, is Jules Bastien-Lepage's "Joan of Arc" (177). He depicts her standing by a tree in her father's garden, attired in the homely weeds of early life, lifting her wan, saint-like face upwards, lost in the rapture of her vision. The heavenly beings who appear to her promise by word or sign guidance and success in the lofty mission which the love of country and of freedom has suggested to her perfervid soul. Indeed, in the first selection of the judges this picture was among those named for the first prize or medal of honour, but in the after-voting it dropped out. The work, which we have reduced to black and white and transferred to our pages,

THE GIRLHOOD OF JOAN OF ARC.

(By Jules Bastien-Lepage.)

is, though homely and realistic, remarkably delicate in treatment and subdued in tone—drabs, greys, and greens prevailing and blending here and there into a soothing olive. The artist, who is quite a young man, the master of many methods and styles, and destined for great things, has become of late familiar to the English public by his varied works in this year's Grosvenor Gallery, especially by that exquisite piece of minute *technique*, viz., the portrait of Sarah Bernhardt.

This remarkable actress, by the way, proves her claim to the name of *artiste* in its widest sense, by her picture in the Salon representing "The Young Lady and Death" (269). Against a faint rose-coloured background, sprigged with white, stands the young lady, auburn-haired and comely, her stately height attired in dark lilac, and wearing a Sombrero hat with white plume; the top of the *fleur-de-lis*, which she holds lovingly in her arms, rises over her left shoulder, and, like herself, is in its bloom, beautiful and almost defiant: but by her side stands a diaphanously robed figure, who lays his bony hand on her shoulder and peering over it reveals the ghastly death's head. A flower and one of her gloves lie at her feet, and a green grasshopper buzzes against the wall. The work is not what would be called highly finished, yet the modelling of the arms, one of which is entirely bare, is admirable, and the girl's lilac robe hangs in splendidly studied folds. The picture holds a conspicuously honourable place in the Salon, and is curiously suggestive, coming as it does from one whose career in life has been altogether so pleasant and so perpetually triumphant.

In portraiture we have several masterpieces, and among these we would name with special emphasis one of "M. Butin" (1,265) by Ernest-Ange Duez; two by Paul-Jacques Baudry (189 and 190); one by Jean-Paul Laurens (2,151); two by Jules Lefebvre (2,222 and 2,223); "Doctor Masselon" (1,590), by George Sauvage; an old gentleman in furred coat (3,869), by Charles Vuillermet; a three-quarter length of "M. Jules Grèvy, President of the Republic" (394), by L. Bonnat; and a remarkably characteristic full-length of "Victor Hugo" (2,680), cloaked, but bare-headed, standing on a rock in the midst of a thunderstorm—the artist is X. A. Monchablon.

Turning to history in the higher walks, in which realism blends itself with the ideal, we would point to G. R. Boulanger's fine decorative composition "Patria" (7,241). We have transferred it to our pages (page 427) as being a very noble example of a quality which some magazine writers, for want of knowing better, would deny to French artists, viz., dignity of design. This magnificent mural work is intended for a panel in the *mairie* of the thirteenth *arrondissement*. When will our town-halls be decorated in this way?

The true historic instinct, also, which seeks aid from archæology on the one side, and from imagination on the other, manifests itself very potently in the two youths (2,390), whom their father, Clovis II., because of their rebellion, has had carried on board the rude craft we see in the wood-cut (page 423). Prisoners and fever-stricken, they lie helpless on their improvised bed, and the boat is allowed to drift guideless and rudderless down the waters of the Seine. Fortunately they were afterwards rescued by the monks of Jumieges; but the time chosen by the artist, E. V. Luminais, gives no suggestion of this, and he only conveys to the spectator what he intended, viz., the impression of human sickness and exhaustion, utter forsakenness and loneliness amidst a waste of waters. The painting of this picture, like its conception, is bold, vigorous, and impressive, and altogether we regard it as one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the year.

Pictorially striking also is Bouguereau's "Scourging of Our Saviour" (443), but at the same time it is as painful to look at as his "Young Girl Defending Herself from Love" (444) is joyous and pleasing. P. A. Cot conveys a fine sense of brisk motion in his two lovers caught in a "Storm" (902), just as the Polish Matejko gives us a grand idea of war and the confusion of battle in his great canvas of the "Battle of Grunwald" (2,530). On a more limited scale Le Blant does this also in his "Fight at Fougères" (2,181), and L. C. Sergent in his "Opening Fire" (3,507).

Coming to works in *genre* and still life we would note the buxom "Fishwoman at Dieppe" (1,789), by G. Haquette; the child sitting in "Grandmother's Arm-chair" (3,559), by Paul Soyer; and the little girl saying her prayers to "Grandmother" (2,323), by Leon Lhermitte. The poultry of A. E. Mèry (2,597), and the flowers of Pierre Bourgogne (465), are, for power of execution and brilliancy of colour, not to be surpassed. The cattle and landscape painting is also of a high order, and we regret that we have no space to do more than name J. J. Veyrassat, W. Roelofs, C. E. Frère, H. Salmson, C. Destrem, F. A. Bonheur, and Schenck. This list might be greatly added to.

In marine painting we think the Salon, if anything, inferior to the English Academy. The

luminosity of water affected by John Brett, and that kind of it so conspicuous in the Scottish school, as illustrated by Colin Hunter and others—not to mention the caller-air quality, so palpable as almost to be felt, in the works of J. C. Hook, R.A.—have never, in any of these three phases, been quite mastered by French artists. There are several examples in the present Salon of straining after the effects we have alluded to, but none of them are altogether successful. At the same time the artists we have named by no means exhaust the infinite variety of the sea, and there are certain aspects of it which French, Flemish, and Dutch artists realise with supreme felicity, and which we in our turn try to imitate, though rarely attaining to a like truthfulness of effect.

PATRIA.

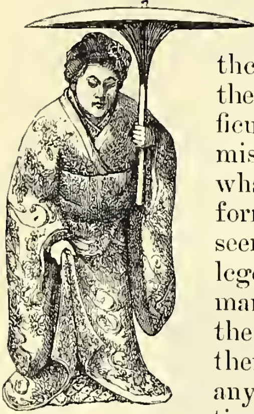
(*By G. R. Boulanger.*)

Turning once more to the decoration section of the exhibition, we would call attention to the ornamental panel by Raphael Collin, which we have engraved (page 424), and which illustrates with much classic feeling and grace the idea of "Music" (7,246). There is a quality of refinement about this picture by no means so common in mural decoration as we could wish to see it. Largeness of design is also conspicuous in all French decorative work, and this artistic virtue we in England shall never be able to emulate successfully until, in the first place, the Academic training of our students is more prolonged and thorough. Generally speaking, they address themselves to picture-making before they have fairly mastered the tools of their craft, and the result is that their work, often well conceived and carried out, falls short of artistic excellences for lack of that most primary of all qualities, good drawing. But, secondly, the State is in no small measure to blame. Until our students can look forward to being employed on public work, we can never expect them to rise superior to the sorry trade of imperfect "pot-boiling." There is abundant evidence in the present Salon of the superb manner in which our Gallic neighbours manage all this.

But indeed in all departments of art—and we have not even touched upon the many fine things in sculpture, engraving, and architecture that the present Salon has to show—the French school has acquitted itself nobly; and even in the unavoidable absence of such art-Titans as Gérôme and Meissonier, De Taille and De Neuville, Paris can prove by the few we have named, and by such other masters as Albert Aublet, Jules Breton, Alexander Cabanel, Gustave Doré, A. Vély, F. Cormon, J. Bertrand, L. P. Robert, and J. J. Henner, that she is still the art-mistress of the world.

JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON.

ART NEEDLEWORK.—IV.



THE liberty of speech and the speculative tendency of the present day make it difficult to lay down, without misgivings of being assailed, what is merit in design. In former times, when learning seems to have been the privilege of the few, and when the many accepted as infallible the doctrines of the initiated, there was probably little if any of that sort of mystification or entanglement which now arises in great clouds and fogs from the multitude, tending either to dim the lustre of simple principles or, *per contra*, to intensify their illuminating power.

Principles of art were undoubtedly perceived and followed by artists, and it is to such principles that all who wish to keep in the right path must revert. Merit in design—that is, merit of goodness in design—results only from obedience to principles. Originality, as it is sometimes termed, is often but a misuse of or jugglery with principles. Whosoever employs principles should certainly ascertain their proper application. Many able thinkers and writers have written upon this subject, and yet, as is common in much else, succeeding generations, by falsely-conceived exercise of their privileges as persons of taste, perpetrate follies and display too great a capacity of hastiness to extinguish principles, if they can. The direction which a revival of some accepted style of design, with all its quips and cranks, may take, becomes in a way a style of art of the time. For instance, what is called the Queen Anne style, now in a very heat of fermentation, marks a phase of English nineteenth century art, just as classical styles flavoured architectural and furniture designs in the last century. The laws of style are chiefly overlooked, and "styles," which after all are but old laws filtered through various human alembics, to use Emerson's metaphor, are very much made up of filterings or dregs, mannerisms and flavourings, and are preferred to knowledge of principles.

A poetic artist, say of Mr. W. Morris's culture and ability, extends the application of old principles, and produces works which shed an influence in the formation of a style. Holding the faith that that which is good will survive that which is bad, one naturally decides that the effect of thought-out and thorough work will survive that of unconsidered imitations. But why should Mr. Morris's designs be more thorough than countless Queen Anne imitations? It is because on testing those we have seen to the best of our ability, by what we conceive to be a correct criterion of principles, we find the majority of these designs based upon a conscientious observance of these principles. Lines are used to fulfil an appropriate purpose. False correlations of colours are not attempted. Inappropriateness is avoided as far as possible. The designs of Mr. Morris are not puzzling. They are expositions of certain theories which involve a knowledge of the history and the principles of art. At the same

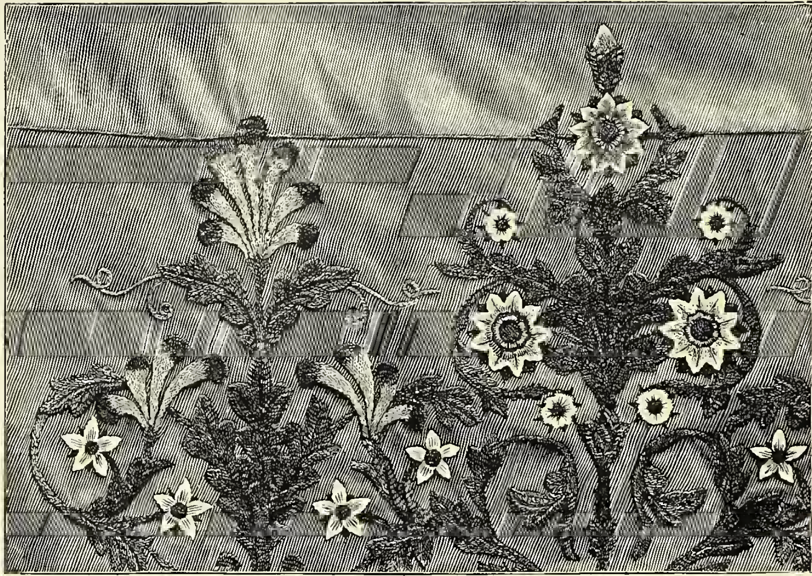


Fig. 1.—SPECIMEN FROM THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK.

time, *humanum est errare*, and it must not be assumed that because we are sensible of a general

g. 2.—DESIGN FROM THE DECORATIVE ART NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY.

rightness in these works there may not be some among them the designs of which do not please us. We may say that into certain phases of his decoration Mr. Morris infuses an over-abundance of form that may detract from that oneness of object with ornament which we believe him to recognise as a principle, though he sometimes may overlook it.

Merit in design, then, depends upon recognition and knowledge of principles as guiding influences in making designs; and now, what are these necessary guides? At this question one may expect shouts of derision. Who is to be the tabulator of the principles? If you state a ground on which you base what you call your principles, some one at once starts up and, disagreeing *toto cœlo*, talks in an opposite direction, laying down the reverse of what you propose. In art needlework, however, as in art everything else, the performance is good according to the power of the worker. And herein may be found a principle as old as time, and yet fresh without tarnish from constant exposure or repetition—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Thy might rests upon thy intelligence and zeal. Therefore whatever you undertake to embroider, do it as intelligently and as zealously as you can. Have your reason, and a complete one, for every detail of your work. Make or select your design because you feel and understand that it is suitable not only to the materials in which it is to be wrought, but also because without it the object of which it is to form part would be incomplete.

For pictures, flowing paints are better than silks or wools. By the former, hues of colour can be blended so that, as in nature itself, the commencement of one hue or the termination of another cannot be distinguished. In embroidery such effects, which are essentials in pictorial representation wherein atmospheric subtleties are paramount, cannot so easily be obtained. We cannot forget extraordinary performances of certain clever needleworkers. Nevertheless, embroidery is not a suitable method for making pictures.

An ambition which o'erleaps itself and postures in a ridiculous manner permits the manufacture of Berlin wool pictures. One need not dilate upon the degradation to which the human form divine is subject when its counterfeit presentment is rendered in little squares or loops of crude colours selected and juxtaposed with less skill than that which the pavement artist exhibits. It is plain that squares and loops are not the best means of expressing such forms, or indeed even cognate forms such as those of living birds, beasts, fishes, fruits, flowers, foliage. Nevertheless, whilst decrying the merits of a practice which would have an ethnical interest were its results to hail from, say, the Mountains of the Moon, we do not propose an Oriental code of artistic morality which shall prohibit us from introducing into our ornament any forms we think suitable for our purposes.

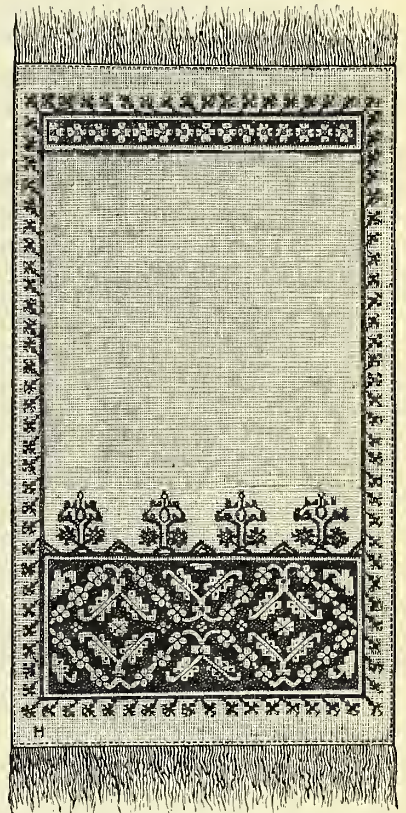


Fig. 3.—SPECIMEN FROM THE LADIES' WORK SOCIETY.

In No. II. of this series of notes on art needlework appeared an engraving of a screen decorated with figures by Mr. Burne Jones. It was merely an arrangement of lines, most of which were more suitable to be rendered in embroidery than in other materials. The design could not

be held to compete with a painting or with a sculpture. It was *sui generis* for the needle—at least the greater portion of it was; and it was only in regard to the reproduction in embroidery of certain delicate lines, for giving subtle expression to a face or a drapery, that we might take some exception.

A chief beauty of art needlework is its regularity. Mixtures of stitches are rarely successful. When, therefore, one has a broadly-drawn design to work out with the needle, it is, we think, detrimental to the effect to intersperse amongst the bolder lines small work which has a look of meanness. As soon as one ventures upon refinements in expression which necessitate a change in size of stitch, an interference with conformity of stitch is the consequence. The first aim we have as needleworkers to strive at is regularity and good workmanship. This may sound dull and mechanical to many who find a delight in variety of stitches. Greater style, we think, is given to embroidery when a decorum of stitchery is preserved.

Fig. 4.—SPECIMEN FROM THE LADIES' WORK SOCIETY.

Whilst it must be admitted that imitation of textures and various sorts of surfaces cannot be successfully done in embroidery, there are, no doubt, certain stitches which are more applicable to the reproduction of effects than others. For instance, the flesh of the face or body, with its infinite gradations of light and shade, cannot be successfully rendered in embroidery; but a stitch which procures a nice even surface and compactness is a straightforward conventional means of presenting us with something which may serve in appearance for flesh, just as honest flat wash and paint serves a like purpose in monumental decoration. These remarks may also apply to leaves and blossoms. It is painful to see audacious needlework in which the finesse of nature is, as it inevitably must be, clumsily libelled. Embroidery can only be a vehicle for broadly expressing generalities. And a rule of this kind must be a guiding principle with the designer of the embroidery.

Those who decline to bind themselves by such principles are as wise as Canute's courtiers. One may often hear them say, "Art is to please, and principles annoy us." But then, what is their pleasure? It is in most cases merely unconsidered gratification. Erasmus, in his praise of Folly, gives us, by implication at least, if we did not otherwise learn it, ground for seeing that real pleasure is reasonably-founded enjoyment. This reasonable foundation of pleasure in artistic design demands study. And thorough study leads us to understand the benefits we should derive from our work. It is therefore incumbent upon embroidery designers and workers to feel the reasons why their productions shall give pleasure, just as much as it is requisite that those who acquire the productions shall reasonably satisfy themselves why they are pleased with them. And, again, this confronts us with obedience to principles.

As a rule, the designer and the needleworker are two distinct persons. Each, however, is required to understand the capabilities of materials and of stitches. Some workers attain to proficiency in one sort of stitchery, and are accordingly prone to give it a pre-eminence. But this cannot be right. Appliqué work is not better than cross-stitch, nor feather-stitch than chain-stitch. Each form of stitch

has its merit when properly used. Combinations, too, of varieties of stitches may have to be resorted to; but combinations, as we indicated above, tend to mar the unison of a piece of needlework. In working out the design of a spray of flowers, for example, however precisely the stitches might be wrought, there would be an incongruity patent to all, were the stems to be of padded appliqué, the leaves of feather-stitch, and the blossoms of chain-stitch. There are plenty of such incongruities to be met with in works both of the present and past times. The needleworker in those cases has given a wrong pre-eminence to his skill. He shows off the diversity of stitches he can do, and makes the design subservient to his conceit. In criticising works of the past, however, one should always, as far as may be, acquaint oneself with the conditions under which they were produced.

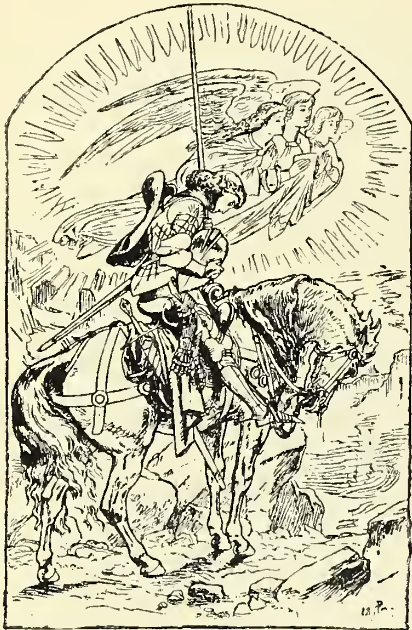
Amongst modern needlework there are some examples which, from their simplicity of treatment in design and work, strike us as being in good taste. Figs. 2, 3, and 4 belong to this category of work. The character of the foliage in Fig. 4 is understood by the designer and nicely expressed. The distribution of the forms over the surface is full without being over-massed, and its general balance does not err in the direction of geometric formality. The flat treatment of the leaves makes it suitable to the surface of the linen, and the way in which the stitches are worked into the woof and warp of the material effects union in reality and in sentiment between the embroidery and the stuff. Fig. 3 reminds us of Venetian conventual work, the style of which was derived from Rhodian, Cretan, and Oriental embroiderers. This kind of work finds much favour in Russia. It is effective and simple. The invention of designs for work like this is not so difficult a matter as that of those based upon natural objects. In Fig. 1 we have a conventional floral design, the origin of which might be traced to classic honeysuckle friezes. In this case, however, the swing of the curves is interfered with by the stitch used. It would be better, perhaps, had the stitches in all the forms followed the flow of the main structure-line instead of going across it. Beauty in this style of design was brought to a high degree by the Italian ornamentalists of the Renaissance, and many valuable suggestions are to be derived from studying graceful examples of Italian conventional floral ornament which abound in shrines, pilasters, etc., and are brought to our very homes by photography.

Fig. 5.—SPECIMEN FROM THE DECORATIVE ART NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY.

All who have given expression to their thoughts in the matter of art-principles have probably encountered the danger, and not been able to avoid it somewhere or another, of running into an extreme of doctrine. Without instigations to discussion, diffusion of principles would stand still. An instigation to the few remarks here offered lay in the feeling we entertain that in the midst of excellent and most commendable industry displayed in behalf of art needlework there is a too frequent assertion of immature ideas on art-design—ideas which, somewhat new to the public and consequently too readily accepted, do not advance the simplicity and dignity of good taste. On the one hand we must certainly strive to keep ourselves free from the bonds of a deadening conventionalism; but on the other hand we must equally struggle against a notion of which the age is not altogether innocent—that whatsoever is strange is artistic.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION, 1880.

THE heavy losses by death which the Royal Scottish Academy has sustained during the last two years necessarily affected their annual exhibition this season, and were not quite coun-



SIR GALAHAD.
(By Sir Noël Paton, LL.D.)

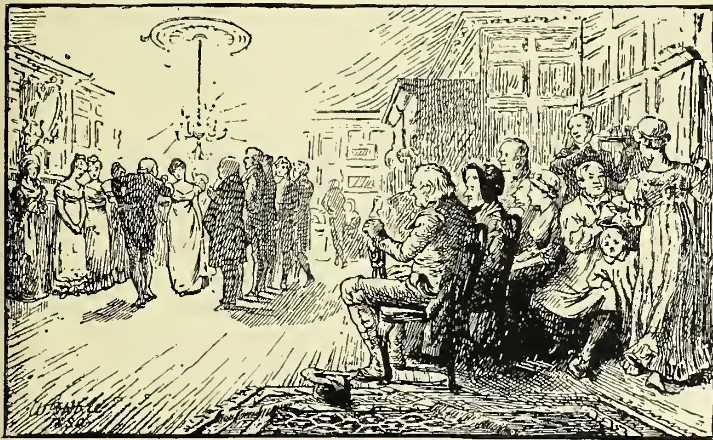
terbalanced by the many excellent works of the recruits who have recently joined them from among the younger members of the profession. It is difficult to recognise the galleries now-a-days without the examples of Bough, Chalmers, Cassie, Maclcay, and many others, some of which regularly proved rallying points on the walls. On the other hand this exhibition was more than usually characteristic of the school. Very frequently the chief features have been the product of English studios, but beyond one foreign work and a couple of portraits by Mr. Millais, the principal pictures were all by members of the Academy. Its great lack, if we may so say, was the lack of points of concentration, such as were supplied by the works of Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Millais, and others at the Royal Academy; and although an average degree of merit is no artistic fault, the success of an exhibition is generally decided by the one or two striking pictures which force themselves upon the memory. There were decided gaps in this respect which Mr. Portael's "Prayer of Judith" and Mr. Erskine Nicol's "Interviewing the Member" did not quite fill.

The most telling picture of the year was probably Mr. W. E. Lockhart's "Murder of Cardinal Beaton." This subject is one eminently suited to pictorial treatment, and in the hands of Mr. Lockhart (whose "Gil Blas" will be remembered by visitors to the Royal Academy of 1879) has lost nothing of its intensely dramatic qualities. The Cardinal has been aroused at daybreak from his couch in the castle of St. Andrew's by the murderer Leslie and his fellow-conspirators, and has donned the scarlet robes of his priestly office, as though to throw around him the protection of the Church. He stands now within his chamber urging on his chamberlain to the work of barricading the door, which is already on fire. The artist has shown great skill and vigour in the handling of a brilliant scheme of colour, whilst the tragic motive of the picture is duly emphasised. Also to be classed among the popular pictures was Mr. Erskine Nicol's clever and humorous study of Irish

GOLDSMITH IN HIS STUDY.
(By John Faed, R.S.A.)

life which hung in the Royal Academy last year, and of which we give a sketch (page 434). Among other contributions from members of the Royal Scottish Academy resident in London

were Mr. MeWhirter's well-known "Three Graces," and a single figure-subjeet by Mr. Orehardson whieh was exhibited for the first time. This last, "A Revolutionist," represents a haughty Frenehman, with gay eostume



CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE SQUIRE'S.
(*By W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A.*)

and trieolour sash, posing on the pavement, and it exhibits unusual preeision in drawing, while graeeful and delieate in its seheme of eolour. Mr. Pettie's eontributions were his "Rob Roy" and "Member of the Long Parliament," and a eostume-portrait of Mr. Alex. Watt, to be remembered for its wonderfully luminous eolour and solidity of modelling. Mr. Millais' two portraits of his daughters are evidently rapid studies, and not quite so satisfaetory as usual, one of them only, that of his daughter "Effie," having anything like the delicaey and roundness of style and graeeful expression whieh are assoeiated with the artist's work. As favourable examples of Belgian eontemporary work, Mr. Portael's "Prayer of Judith," and two heads by the same artist, were espeeially interesting, the latter bearing a eurious resemblanee in treatment to some of the work of the modern Pre-Raphaelite sehool. From Sir Noël Paton eame two poetieal pietures, the ehief of them "A Dream of Latmos," in illustration of Keats's "Endymion." The sleeping shepherd is represented on a bed of roses and honeysuekle, his breast being half eoneealed by his purple robe and tiger-skin, while above him the love-siek goddess is gazing down into his faee, her head eneireled by the full-orbed moon. Sir Noël's other work was "Sir Galahad," of whieh we give an illustration (page 432), depieting the knight on horsebaek, arrested at the edge of some sombre pool among the roeks, the three angels, bearing the Holy Grail, floating aeross the darkened sky. Both pietures are eharaeteristie examples of the painter's delieate faney and originality, and show mueh eharm of finish and beauty of line. Among the members of the Aeademy who devote themselves more partieularly to figure-painting, Mr. Robert Herdman oeeupies a foremost position. His style of work, two speeimens of whieh were prominently plaeed in the reeent exhibition of the Royal Aeademy, is singularly graeeful rather than robust in design, and is enhaneed by an invariable use of a riehly luminous eolour-seheme. Eminently suited to this treatment was "A Wandering Minstrel," in whieh the pieturesque eostume of an Italian girl gave effeetive play to variegated tones of eolour in a low and harmonious key. Also to be mentioned as a figure-painter is Mr. Robert Gavin, R.S.A., an artist who resides ehiefly in Moroeeo, and who makes effeetive

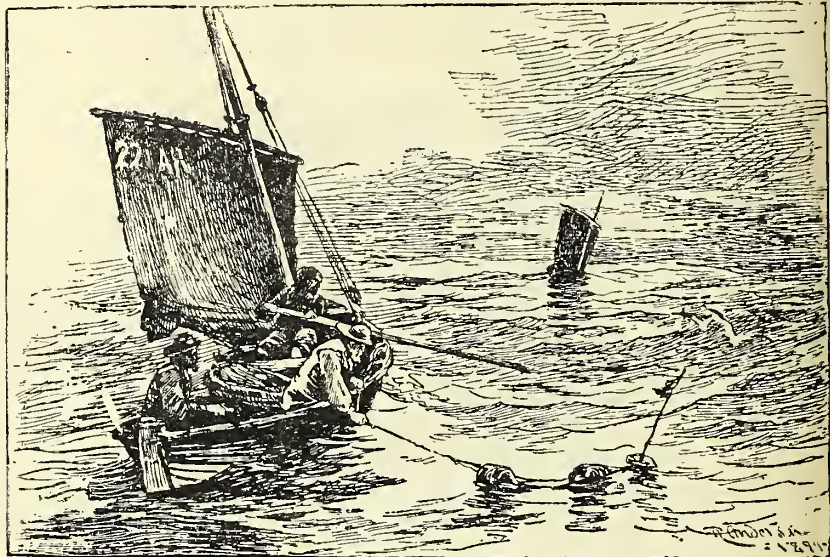
A STRAGGLER OF THE CHEVALIER'S ARMY.
(*By W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A.*)

use of dark skins and gay eostumes, set against quaint peeps of Moorish arehiteeture. Among Aeademieians who are known beyond the border may be ineluded Mr. James Areher, who sent his "Saerifiee to Dionysius;" Mr. Keeley Halswelle, who exhibited one or two

small landscapes similar to his large pictures at the Grosvenor and Academy; Mr. John Faed, represented by his "Goldsmith in his Study" (illustrated on page 432), and by another work, "The Rivals," more brilliant in colour and scarcely so successful in treatment; and Mr. George Reid, whose chief contribution was "November," a magnificent landscape painted for the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts. Mr. Reid's picture was one of the best landscapes of the exhibition, and in colour, at least, little inferior to the work of the late G. Paul Chalmers. Its subject was a lonely tarn, with dark water and withered reeds, and background of gloomy hill-sides, fringed with autumnal foliage, and under a dreary November sky. Among other landscape-painters are Mr. Alexander Fraser, Mr. Waller Paton, and Mr. John Smart, whose characteristics have been already dealt with in these pages (Vol. II., p. 267), and who all exhibited more or less noteworthy compositions of highland scenery. As a painter of landscapes with figures, and more particularly wedded to lowland scenes, Mr. W. D. McKay occupies a distinctive position of his own, and may not be classed as a painter of national scenery. His work possesses a genuine feeling for the quieter beauties of nature, and in finish, while conscientiously elaborate, never transgresses the higher quality of breadth of effect. His chief work was "Haytime in Upper Annandale," a glimpse of river scenery in a delicate vein of silvery colour. From a foreground of running water bordered by bushes, and with hayfields and haymakers beyond, the eye is led by trees and pasture-lands to distant hill-sides under a grey sky. Others whose pictures occupied prominent positions were Sir Daniel Macnee, the President, whose work is confined to portraiture; Mr. Otto Leyde, R.S.A., who exhibited several graceful portraits and one landscape; Mr. Gourlay Steell, R.S.A., who showed several studies of animal life; and Mr. Arthur Perigal, from whom we had several large landscapes. A notice of the work of the senior members of the Academy would be incomplete without special reference to the very powerful portraits and landscapes of Mr. McTaggart, R.S.A. In strength of expression and grasp of character the former are quite unique of their kind, and will compare with the best contemporary work, while in the realisation of broad effects of daylight the landscapes are as notable, and are quite invaluable to students. The chief of these this year, painted for the Royal Association, was "When the Boats come in," a delightful stretch of coast-line, with fisher-children, who have waded out among the rocks, waiting for

INTERVIEWING THE MEMBER.

(By Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.)



DEEP SEA FISHERS.

(By Robert Anderson, A.R.S.A.)

the return of the boats, seen scudding homeward before the breeze. The artist is at his best in dealing with a subject such as this, and gives a perfect rendering of swaying water sparkling with movement and animation. Mr. McTaggart has for some years taken an active interest in the Life school of the Academy, and to his influence may be traced much of the best work of the younger artists.

Among this latter class Mr. Lawton Wingate, A.R.S.A., made a special hit with a very beautiful subject-picture entitled "Quoiters." Upon the village green shadowed by stately foliage and under a warm evening sunlight, the rustics are gathered to take part in a game of quoits, either as spectators or players. The pastoral aim of the composition has been attained by great simplicity of detail, and by a quiet and harmonious colour-scheme. From Mr. W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A., whose pictures we had occasion to mention very favourably last year, came several important works, two of which we are able to illustrate. The chief of his examples were "A Straggler of the Chevalier's Army" (page 433), which shows us a sturdy highland rebel hotly pursued down a picturesque village street by a few of the more daring spirits among the villagers; and "Christmas Eve at the Squire's" (page 433), a last century interior, with a ball in progress, to which the retainers have been invited as spectators. Also occupying prominent positions in the galleries were some striking shipping scenes by Mr. J. C. Noble, A.R.S.A., a young artist who has attained great dexterity in rendering the atmospheric buoyancy and lightness of sky effects, and who, besides, ranks high as a colourist. Somewhat similar in their treatment of clear daylight effects were Mr. Robert Anderson's water-colours, the largest of which we illustrate (page 434). Mr. David Murray's Royal Academy and Grosvenor pictures of last year should also be mentioned amongst the work of the younger artists. The artistic sentiment of his "Highland Funeral" is especially complete, and is realised in the dreary waste of wet sand, under an evening sky, and the solemn procession of fisher-folk disappearing with their burden into the dark clouds of advancing night.

George R. Halkett.

ART IN TURIN.

BEING the first national Italian exhibition, that at Turin is extremely interesting as bringing into one focus the styles of modern art in different parts of Italy, and proving beyond a doubt that they yet keep up distant echoes of the ancient traditions of the different schools.

The Venetians are still remarkable for the rich glow of colour, and possess the secret of Iris in harmonising strong tints. Signor Pompeo-Molmenti's "Othello" is a splendid combination of gorgeous colour, although the composition is repulsively realistic, the despair of Othello, the agonies of death in the other characters, being given with a savage force. Some half-length portraits in costume have all the marks of the school of Titian and Giorgione.

The Romans have still a serious tone, their most striking pictures being a few telling figures in strong relief on a neutral subdued background. This combination of relief and sombre colouring is especially remarkable in Cesare Maccari's "Deposition of Pope Silverius by Belisarius." Francesco Jacovacci's "Michael Angelo and the Body of Vittoria Colonna" is also a masterly study of *chiaroscuro*, although not successful as a delineation of emotion.

The Milanese school is still more remarkable for carrying out the ancient traditions. The softness of the flesh tints and blending of gradations in the shadows are surely reminiscences of Leonardo da Vinci's *sfumato* method. Good specimens are Giuliano's "Vandyke Painting the Children of Charles I.," of which the handling is charmingly soft and mellow; "Cesar Borgia in Lucrezia's House," and "The Guardian Angel," both by Eugenio Conti of Milan.

The Florentine school retains its realistic tendencies with a great facility of handling. Barabino's "Galileo's Last Moments" shows both the strength and the weakness of the school.

Naples, as in the days of the mannerists, keeps up its ancient character for false art. The modern Neapolitans, like the English æsthetics, intend to revolutionise Italian art; they go in for originality of handling, paint a landscape with a brush an inch wide, bring out their

lights with a thick impasto, and affect a crude rashness of colour. With the same motive as the æsthetic school has—that of ignoring ancient traditions—they arrive at an opposite point; instead of harmonising curious tertiary shades of colour, they fearlessly make crashing discords. They handle Pompeian subjects with more than the traditional *abandon*, and much less than the traditional refinement.

At the Art Congress the question has been mooted as to the expediency of establishing a national permanent exhibition at Rome, like our Royal Academy, but it has been voted against on the score that it would injure Italian art to localise it. In England there is one school and one centre, but here the case is different, and the different centres ought to be kept distinct as in old times. An amendment was made that an annual exhibition would be good, but its centre should be annually changed, so as to give each school a fair chance in its turn. It would be well also were the next exhibition so arranged as to classify the schools—the pictures not being hung indiscriminately, but placed according to size.

The Italian *forte* is certainly historical painting, and truly in this they have rich founts of inspiration to draw from. Landscape-painting is still in its infancy, there being only a few masters of that style.

There is a curious want of ideality; they cannot even imagine a name for a subject. A pretty group of sculpture—a girl holding a baby boy up to play with an eagle, a charming bit of modelling from the nude—is called "artist's models." The name "Infant Ganymede" would have rendered it a poem instead of a studio study.

Italian sculpture is fast splitting on the rock *verismo*. The poems in marble may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The grotesque heads, prim children in boots and flounces, affected ladies in high-heeled shoes and mincing attitudes, children with dead birds or fish, are in hundreds. There is a bronze head with real spectacles, and some models of Arabs have terra-cotta faces and white plaster burnous. It is a fact, however, that the best sculptors have not sent their works; they are so well known in their own studios that they will not take the trouble or risk of sending works for exhibition. Albani, Consani, Fedi, Duprè, Fantacchiotti, have no works here.

The arrangements are very un-English: the building has two large, cool, uncarpeted rooms, one at each end, hung with one row of large paintings, lit from the roof. A corridor of draped arches connects the two, and gives light to numerous half-circular rooms for smaller works. Draperies and lounges of a neutral tint, flowers and fountains, and cool watered floors make a pleasant atmosphere in the summer heat. The sculpture is arranged in a large hall with circular recesses and a skylight which occupies the whole centre of the exhibition. A cool fountain splashes amid bright flowers, and the groups of sculpture are tastefully arranged, and interspersed with flowers and evergreens, well relieved against the walls of deep Pompeian red adorned with a classical frieze.

LEADER SCOTT.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—V.

OUR review of the several exhibitions having now become retrospective, little else remains than to do a tardy justice to some works of merit which, as month after month has passed by, have failed to gain the reputation which is their due. Nothing is more marked in the history of a season's picture-galleries than the distinction between the two kinds of fame which may be won on their walls—the verbal and the printed reputations. It most frequently happens that a picture which every newspaper mentions is so much a matter of course—one of its author's familiar and innumerable works—that it is hardly spoken of in the studios, while another, which neither by the painter's reputation nor by any showy qualities of its own has succeeded in attracting the attention of more than two, or at the most three, professional critics, creates a little storm of enthusiasm and prophetic augury in the busily-talking world of practical art. Not much was written, for instance, while much was said, about Mr. Clausen when his talent was first made known; and the same is true of Mr. Logsdail, whose most remarkable picture of the Antwerp fish-market we noticed in a former article. It cannot be said that the press has greeted the appearance of so noteworthy a new talent with any very distinct applause, but every young artist in the schools and studios is aware that a noteworthy success has none the less been made. We are glad to learn of the purchase by the Queen of this young artist's work, and we look forward to a promising future

for his talent. From among Mr. Vicat Cole's four canvases we engrave a little sketch of one of the most brilliant—his "Thames Backwater" (page 440). This artist is, perhaps, of all now living, the most distinctively English in his his style so well as these rich English solitudes. The present example of Mr. Vicat Cole's art differs from his usual work in containing an elaborate study of water. His recent election to the full membership of the Academy may be

FROM THE "GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

(*By Frank Dicksee. By permission of the Proprietors of the "Graphic."*)

manner of landscape-painting; and he appropriately chooses his subjects among the swelling hills, the thick woods, cornfields, and pastures of rural England—those scenes which are at once so devoid of human life and human habitations, and so full of the evidences of man's labour. Neither the populous champaigns of Italy nor the wild spaces of Oriental scenery would fit taken as a timely compliment to that national school of landscape of which our country has long been proud. We are happy also in being able to publish a sketch of Mr. J. R. Reid's dramatic and truthful picture, "Mary, the Maid of the Inn" (page 439), of which we spoke in a former number, and to which less than justice was done by the hanging committee. Of

attractive vivacity in action and expression is Mr. F. W. W. Topham's scene of Italian life—"A Prize in the Lottery." Even the moralist who may justly condemn the encouragement to the gambling spirit—naturally strong in man—which is given by public lotteries, will not withhold his congratulations from Mr. Topham's radiant girl whose speedy marriage (we may romantically suppose) will follow upon the sudden good fortune of a splendid dower. The actions of his group are Italian in their vivacity, and particularly characteristic is the young soldier's bow of felicitation. Among the successes of the year must assuredly be placed

IDA, DAUGHTER OF R. H. COMBE, ESQ.
(*By George D. Leslie, R.A.*)

Mr. C. Van Haanen's "Pearl-stringers, Venice." This little picture is peculiarly animated, and altogether original; a line of girls, each with an arm lifted up, threading long strings of Venetian glass beads, form a composition from which many an artist would shrink, but which Mr. Van Haanen has turned to charming effect. He has also made the best possible use of the hundred accidents of colour of which such a group must needs be full, his canvas, besides, being alive with the laughter and chatter of those honeyed Venetian tongues, the soft *patois* of which contrasts so strikingly with the emphatic accents of Modena, the barbarous corruptions of Genoa, and the gutturals of Tuscany. Nothing could be more admirable than the *talking* face of an old woman who is addressing a girl at a distance, while the accessories, especially the objects—the onions and the picture—which hang from the wall behind the women, are exceedingly well painted. As a little bit of noise, colour, and character, this picture can hardly be matched among the works of the year. "Thursday" is the laconic title of Mr. W. D. Sadler's clever group of monks fishing; they ply rod and line and landing-net, with all the interest which the prospects of the morrow's dinner-table can give to their sport. Monks afford excellent subjects for character-pictures when the artist can refrain from caricature on the one hand and sentimentality on the other; Mr. Sadler has somewhat inclined to caricature. Mr. E. A. Waterlow and Mr. Tom Lloyd both devote themselves to the speckled woods, the flowers and mosses of the early year, in "Spring" and "Primrose Gatherers." Charming feeling is in both pictures; it is, indeed, scarcely necessary to lay much stress on Mr. Lloyd's extraordinary perfection of manner. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" is best described by being named as the work of Mr. Hamilton Macallum, whose opal ripples, translucent boat-shadows, and distances lost in light are delightfully familiar to every one. The movement in this example is admirable, a somewhat tyranically adventurous elder brother standing in the boat and swaying it with the movement of his body, while the little ones cling to the sides half in terror, half in enjoyment, and the lucid depths of water shine all round the fisher-children. Mr. F. Morgan's "Apple-Gathering" is a fresh picture of happy industry in that pleasantest of rustic earthly paradises—an orchard. Mr. McLachlan's scenic "Vanderdecken" is not without considerable talent, while its somewhat theatrical effectiveness is appropriate to a melodramatic subject; he shows the phantom Dutchman sweeping across the sunset in a glare of light, mist, and cloud. In "Mary Magdalen at the Foot of the Cross," Mr. C. P. Downing has made one of the few attempts at religious art which the pictorial season has to show; his work is very serious and sincere, and manifests uncommon powers of draughtsmanship. He has intended no beauty in the face of his Magdalen, and has not even been seduced into giving her particularly lovely tresses, while there is nothing sentimental in her action or expression. Another picture of the few that illustrate Scriptural subjects is Miss Theresa Thornycroft's careful work, "The Feeding of the Multitude." As usual with modern artists,

this lady has failed in the figure of the Saviour, but in this she shares the fortune of not a few distinguished painters. Her accessory figures are

GRANDFATHER'S PET.

(By Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A.)

much happier, and she has somewhat strangely chosen to give a far more realistic and Oriental presentment of the Christ than of the Apostles or the multitude, the former being an Arab in type and costume, while the latter are somewhat conventional in their draperies. Miss Thornycroft draws with precision, and her composition is excellent, but her colour strikes the eye as peculiarly pink and crude.

No one who has ever given a thought to the most pathetic class of modern society—that of the London gutter-children—will withhold his sympathy from Mr. F. W. Lawson, whose series of "Children of the Great City" contains so much truth and unforced feeling. "A Merry Christmas"—two lonely little ones amusing themselves without toys, as best they may, by making shadows on the blank walls of a garret—"Imprisoned Spring," a picture of which the very title was a poem—and "Dawn" have been followed this year by "Her Father's House," in which a little bare-footed street-girl stands peering in at the door of a rich church, the floor of which her muddy feet would never dare to press. "With Wind and Tide" is one of Mr. Hemy's vigorous sea-pieces, while in the "Trial of Queen Catherine," Mr. Laslett J. Pott shows all his usual dramatic power. Artists have no more difficult subject to treat in all nature, animate and inanimate, than the cat; there is a subtlety in her movement, with a still greater subtlety in her expression and in her features, that somehow evades the painter. We are nearly always conscious of a want, an exaggeration, or a misunderstanding of character in a painted cat. Mr. Smallfield has faced the difficulty boldly in his "Old Actors"—the first interview of an afterwards famous actress with her first manager. "Peg Woffington," the catalogue tells us, "came to London at twenty-five years of age. After calling many times at the house of John Rich, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, she was at last admitted, and found him lolling on a sofa, surrounded by twenty-seven cats, of all ages." The artist has come unusually near success; in one instance—that of a cat turning its head to lick its side—he has, indeed, altogether seized the cat-nature; his figures—of secondary importance in this picture—are also good, that of pretty Peg Woffington in her large gipsy hat being very attractive. Mr. Storey and Mr. William Gale have both (like Mr. Watts at the Grosvenor) taken the subject of "Daphne," the latter artist giving the more poetical reading, while Mr. Storey's is a stout and robust nymph of unrefined proportions, with hair of a modern London fashion, her attitude besides being conscious and somewhat stagey. From Mr. Leslie's always attractive portraits of little girls we engrave a sketch of "Ida, Daughter of Mr. R. H. Combe" (page 438). Mr. Hubert

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

(By J. R. Reid.)

Herkomer has this year displayed a perhaps unparalleled versatility. Figures, portrait (at the Grosvenor), and landscape—oil-painting, water-colour, etching, engraving, and miniature—he has had a hand in each; and in no subject has he

done finer work than in his large landscapes. Of "God's Shrine" we have already spoken, and "Wind-Swept," though it does not appeal so directly to sentiment, is if possible a grander picture; the fleeting distance is full of atmosphere, a poetical desolation hangs over the wild hill-tops. His principal figure-subject is in water-colour—a charming group which we reproduce (page 439), and of which the tenderness and grace speak for themselves. We defer until next month our notice of the water-colours at Burlington House and at the Grosvenor. So ends—with many apologies to the painters of several very important pictures, whose names we have altogether omitted, or to whom we have made slight reference, in our wish to do rarer justice to younger men — our imperfect record of the oil-pictures of the Royal Academy in 1880, a show of level merit, not so much distinguished as the exhibitions of many years past for work of anything like sensational effect.

THAMES BACKWATER.

(By Vicat Cole, R.A.)

Mr. Watts's contributions to the Grosvenor Gallery will be remembered as being of great importance, though not of great novelty to those who know his works outside the public exhibitions. "The Rev. C. Beanlands" is one of the artist's marked successes in quiet and refined portraiture, while "Watchman, what of the Night?" is a suggestive study of a woman in armour, evidently intended for a Joan of Arc; the features are emotional and irregular, and the expression pathetic. "Daphne" and "Psyche" are extremely attenuated studies from the nude, one of which at least was seen at the Dudley Gallery many years ago. The portrait of Mr. William Morris is an admirable likeness; and the same may be said of each of Mrs. Jopling's two excellently painted portraits. The works of Mr. Frank Holl, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Pellegrini (whose progress is extraordinary) have united with those already mentioned to make this branch of art especially prominent in the Bond Street show this year, but an almost equal attractiveness must be allowed to the charming little *accidental* passages of homely Italian by-way scenery (from several hands), any one of which is worth more than many less intelligently touched panoramas of mountain and valley. Mr. North is an artist whom, but for the Grosvenor Gallery, the public might possibly forget, so entirely has he latterly withdrawn himself from other exhibitions; he is nevertheless a most original and individual painter, and his manner of broadly indicating the detail of luxuriant vegetation is altogether his own. He divides with Mr. Edgar Barclay the illustration of Algerian scenery. Mr. Albert Moore is as exquisite as ever in his rather monotonous manner. His careful and solid drawing should certainly serve as an example to his brothers of the decorative school, who still persist in making a deliberate and intentional archaism cover the faults of defective study. Of Mr. J. C. Moore's talent it is with pain that we record the last examples; by his death landscape-painting loses an artist as simple as he was refined, but it is chiefly as the painter of his entirely unconventional yet entirely uneccentric portraits of children that he will be most generally remembered and regretted; he rendered children poetically because sincerely and simply.

Before concluding we must mention Mr. Frank Dicksee's ideal Beauty as the second which we engrave from the "Graphic" series—that popular collection of pretty faces of which we have already spoken. His chosen type found general favour, partly on account of its pleasantly English character.

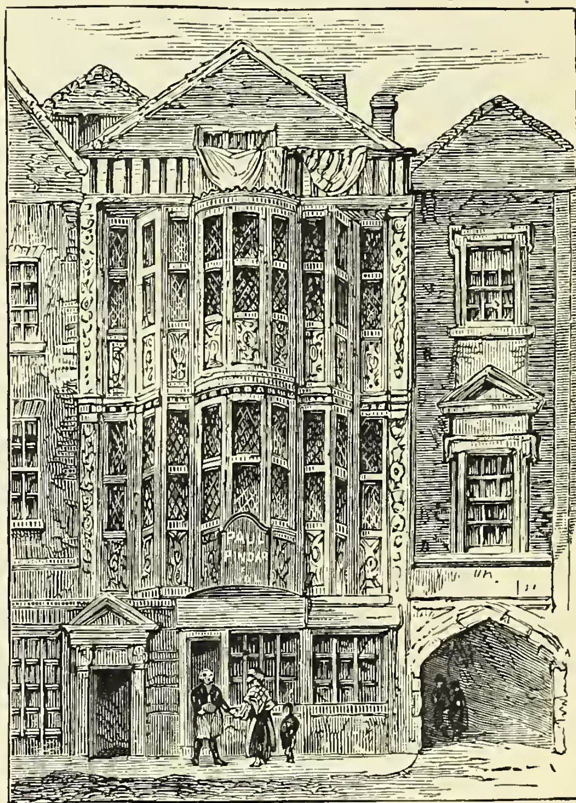
THE DYING COPERNICUS.

(From the Picture by E. Blair Leighton in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1880.)

ART IN THE STREETS.—III.

A DISTINGUISHED art-writer like Mr. Ruskin could give an excellent idea of true art-principles even from so simple a thing as a street lamp. All the different patterns that meet our eye as we walk the streets seem to me false or poor. What they are intended to simulate, unless it be a post hewn out of wood, it would be hard to say. There is no attempt at a plinth. A lamp in Paris or Brussels is an elegant object, of a sort of bronze, tapering up, with a little half-raised decoration of leaves running round, and crowned with a pretty lantern. The lantern is the chief and all-important feature, the post being merely to support it. But here some kind of glass "thing" is perched on the top of a massive cast-iron pillar. Then this bulk is a waste of strength and emphasis. So, too, with the newly-introduced lanterns in the City, made in the shape of cylindrical cups out of one piece of glass. This was suitable in the case of the old oil-lamps hung out by a branch from the wall, and when the light was cast downwards; but here the absurdity has to be introduced of breaking a hole in the lower spherical surface to introduce the gas-jet. This clumsy device actually interferes with the light. But, indeed, the whole system of "street lamps" in London is in my opinion faulty, if tested by artistic rules. Surely to have a single little jet like a candle set up at intervals on high massive pillars, protected by lanterns, is a waste. Each should receive no other assistance than a branch from the wall. If a tall standard rises from the ground, it should bear something imposing: a cluster of lights and lanterns—a chandelier, as it were—to illuminate a large space. This would be not only more handsome, but more effective as an illuminator. It is such an arrangement that makes one of the attractions of the Place de l'Opera in Paris.

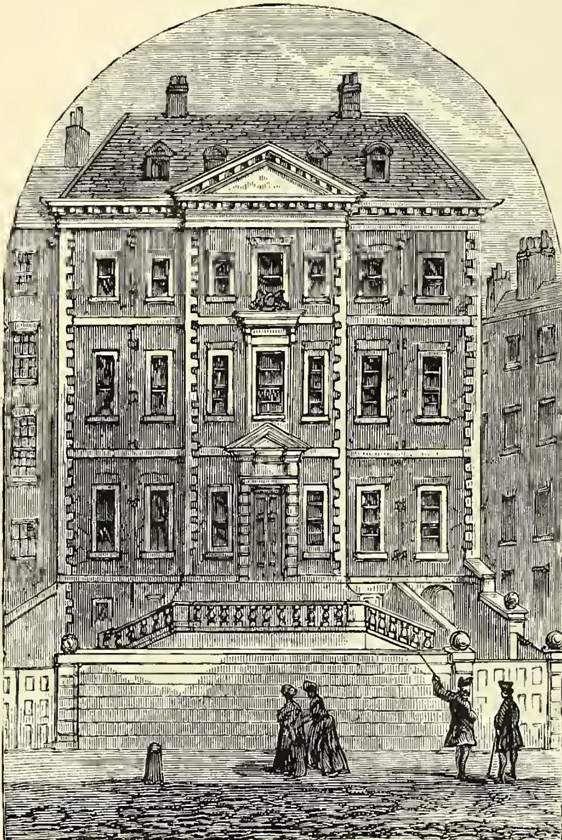
The lamps on the Embankment appear to be constructed on faulty principles, the most radical being the idea conveyed that the enormous piers which break the lines of moulded masonry at frequently recurring intervals were constructed specially to support these iron illuminators. This dwindles or makes trivial the effect of the long-stretching mass of granite, which, to have its full effect, should have been unbroken, or, at least, have been broken only at rare intervals. The lamps themselves are too trifling in their character to need such massive bases—as, indeed, the architect felt, for to make them harmonise he had to elaborate a massive iron base of dolphins, etc., from which the attenuated lamp-post rises like a pole with a ball at the end of it. To make lights and their supports an integral portion of a structure is a false system: they should be merely *attached* to it. By the existing arrangement one would suppose that the whole pier of the Embankment had been constructed for the purpose of erecting a row of lights. To see, however, the grotesque exhibited to its fullest extent, we have only



SIR PAUL PINDAR'S HOUSE IN BISHOPSGATE STREET.

to look at the gate-posts of Buckingham Palace, on which regular street lamps have been placed with an absolutely ludicrous effect. In churches in this country where lamps are used, they are hung from the roof by pulleys and a counter-

poise, like gasaliers, a complication that makes what might be elegant look clumsy. Yet abroad, in the Belgian cathedrals, a cord is simply run through a pulley in the roof, and the end secured to a pillar, the effect being as artistic as the arrangement is simple. Such are the lessons we can learn from such simple things as lamp-posts, which are so seldom ornamental and pleasant to look at. The makers need not be artists, but they should simply make their articles in the best and most serviceable fashion.



NEWCASTLE HOUSE, LINCOLN'S INN.

A few words on railings. There is hardly a piece of railing in London that can be called artistic, or that is made on true principles. There are two notable modern attempts upon the Embankment, neither of which is very successful. Many are costly as well as ambitious. The failure arises from misapprehending the object and functions of a railing. That object, it may be broadly stated, is to allow *as perfect a view of the enclosed space as is consistent with exclusion.* There is to be as much enjoyment for the eye as though the railing were away, yet the barrier must be as effectual as though it were a wall. The simplest form, therefore, is a set of bars wide apart, and the aim should be to have them of such a strength as will bear leaning against and handling, and of such space between as will allow a clear view, but without passage. The height, too, must be proportioned to the spacing, or the latter will appear narrower or broader, as if too long or too short. This is all very simple, and we can see it exemplified excellently in the elegant railings of the Tuileries Gardens. Upright bars tipped with gold are the principal feature, yet these are so nicely proportioned as to be infinitely more effective than more pretentious things of the kind. But let us turn to the ambitious and elaborate railing that decorates the old Temple Gardens. We are met by a heavy screen of metal-work so interlaced and crowded in pattern, that it seems rather a metal cage of wire-work than railing. It is frail and precarious, and looks as if intended to prevent a view of the gardens. Neither is there proportion between the supporting wall and the rail; and the whole, instead of having an airy, lofty appearance, with a certain elegance, as being in keeping with the charming gardens behind, has a dumpy, squat, overdone look. But what is this when compared with the flimsy bird-cage work that encloses the gardens of the Embankment! It can hardly keep on its feet, for it is planted like wire netting or fencing in the ground, instead of having a base of stone to rest on—an arrangement which keeps off the pressure of those outside most effectually, and allows them only to rest their hands on the rail. Indeed, all railing, like that of the Tuileries, should be architectural—that is, it should fill up the interval between stone piers, which thus form a proper support; but a long stretch of rail, supported only by stays, as the Hyde Park rail is, "can be toppled over in a moment." We are told that the tracery and elaborate workmanship of the Embankment garden rail are ornamental. Yet all these ornaments are "stuck on," and have no use—as is proved too well by the way in which they are being wrenched off, without damage to the general structure, by the passing little boy. It is a very flimsy, insecure arrangement; open work, yet close work, and all of cast-iron, and therefore brittle; and without dignity, because it suggests that what it encloses must be poor and trifling, since no more imposing balustrade was thought necessary to protect it.

Stored with a few of the principles here set out, the *flâneur* in the London streets will find

an easy and agreeable entertainment, and cultivate art at a small expenditure of trouble and at no cost of time, for he studies as he walks. Space does not permit us to do more than indicate a few of perhaps unsuspected, and certainly unobtrusive, treasures which London contains, and what is sadly to be bewailed, the well-known City Merchants' House in Leadenhall Street, an exceedingly interesting and curious specimen, with its courtyard, fine stair decorated with frescoes, noble carvings, and finely-proportioned rooms. Here lived the merchants of old days.

LINCOLN'S INN GATEWAY.

and which the wanderer will be glad to be guided to. The old artistic houses are fast disappearing. Within the last half-dozen years we have lost the so-called "Shakespeare's House" in Aldersgate Street, a quaint carved specimen; an old inn in Bishopsgate Street; the unique and singularly curious inn near Paternoster Row; the "Old Tabard" in the Borough (page 449);

Sir Paul Pindar's House in Bishopsgate Street (p. 443) still remains, but has a precarious tenure. It must be crazy enough. It is like an old French cabinet, with its bow-window and rich carvings from top to bottom. It might be put in a museum, and is certainly very bold and effective in treatment. Close to Regent Street, in Mortimer Street, we come upon two richly-

carved houses which are even flamboyant in treatment, and which many have passed without a glance. The contrast between the pair shows what a variety of treatment can be effected in houses in a row.

But close to a monstrous pile which, like a tall bully, and a corpulent one too, lifts its head at the Broadway, Westminster, is the quaint Queen Anne's Square, its houses so effective with their broad eaves and half a dozen curiously-carved doorways. The house in the corner near the crumbling statue is the most interesting. The strange collection of old carved faces let into the walls is worthy of a cathedral. These houses, however, are being "improved"—raised by a storey—and will soon lose all character. Not very far off is another delightful bit of old London. Passing down from the Wellington Barracks, we strike into York Street, near which we come upon a square of almshouses—Lady Dacre's—relics of past times which, for picturesque decay and solitude, are worthy of the late Frederick Walker's brush. Here we find a peaceful neglect, architectural design, bold shadows, and good iron-work. The pitch of the roof is excellent, the two little gateways admirable in appearance, though the centre entrance loses its effect from the protective railing being placed in front. Many, no doubt, in London have never seen this most effective bit. A little further on stands a sort of bluecoat school, a square small block of Queen Anne's day. In our time the design of a small school-house is too often an embodiment of all that is mean and cheap and flimsy. But this has a dignity and an air of size far beyond its real capacity. It boldly represents what it means to be; and from the outside it can be seen that it is the shell of a hall which commands respect and interest Indeed, Westminster is full of these old institutions—schools, almshouses—all more or less effective. How good, for instance, is the block of schools at the bottom of York Street, with its garden and enclosure, and general monastic air; its fine tiled roof and close black brickwork; crowned by the light and unpretending, yet not inelegant belfry! The art of making so plain a thing as a belfry or cupola seems to be lost now. The result is almost invariably mean, skimpy, or disproportioned. It is the same with clocks and clock-towers, which are scarcely ever effective. But these old relics are always judicious, simple, and good.

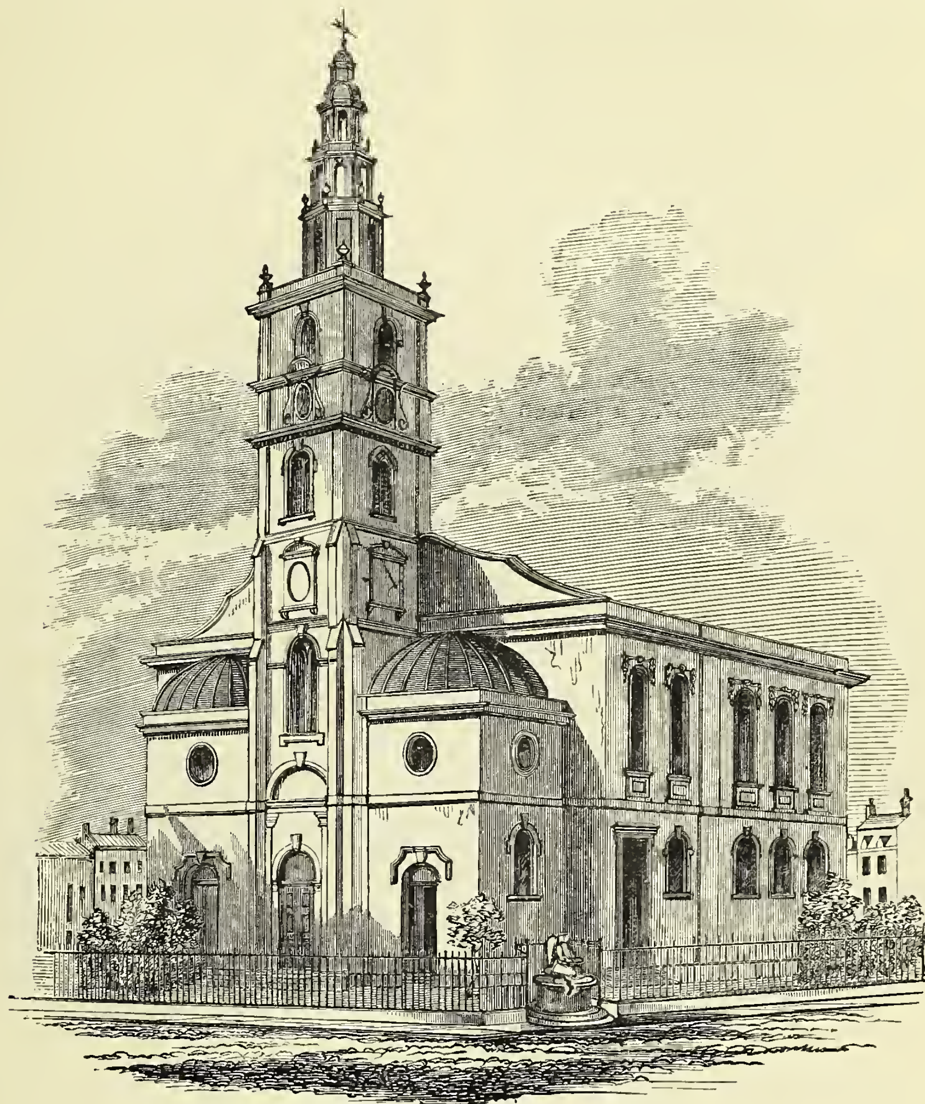
One of the most curious old mansions—original, too—will be found at the corner of Carey Street; its chief feature, a sort of annexe supported on pillars, rambling round the corner and down a narrow passage leading into Clement's Inn. Its effect and general outline are so disfigured by posters, hoardings, etc., that it might pass unnoticed. It consists of a fine old tall brick house, with broad eaves and dormer windows; a good doorway, on which note the carved Cupids; while round the corner is this effective annexe, of rotunda shape, with its stout, compact, tiled roof and tall chimney. Altogether it must have been a very imposing residence. It is of course doomed, as well from its dilapidations as from its awkward contiguity to the Law Courts. This is a pity; for, if it were restored, it would be unique in London.

As one passes into Lincoln's Inn, the side that stretches to the right of Queen Street is worthy of a glance, from the uniform style of the houses, said to have been built by Inigo Jones. A sort of pediment runs across, supported by flat pilasters, between which are the windows. Here, too, is Newcastle House (page 444), a rather imposing specimen of the nobleman's house, in the good old brick fashion and high roof.

About the centre of this row there are a couple of the stately gate pillars, once signifying a court behind, but now guarding a pretentious mansion with a semicircular porch supported on columns, rather original in design. We should note the newer hall, library, etc., of Lincoln's Inn, which is in better taste than would be attempted now. But the new portion in Chancery Lane is very harsh and gaunt in colour and details. Let us hope the fine old gateway and its towers will not be disturbed, though they might be judiciously restored (page 445).

Few would believe what a wealth of art is to be found in such things as the doorways of old London houses. There is one district, itself quaint and old-fashioned enough, where they abound. This is the region near Gray's Inn, where there are charming old-fashioned squares that have a sort of cathedral-close solitude. These are Queen and Red Lion Squares. In Queen Square is to be noted a curious old mansion, now the College of Organists; and passing on a little further we find ourselves in Great Ormond Street, where there are some rich and elaborate old doorways, well worthy a visit. They are quite Flemish in their decorative style, and strike one almost with astonishment. One in particular is worthy to be preserved in a museum. Gray's Inn itself is quaintly antique, and the large gates in one of its inner squares are a specimen of fine and elaborate iron-work. Indeed, there are about London many admirable specimens of

wrought twisted iron-work. Even in Berkeley Square, on the side leading into Hill Street, there are some really artistic efforts, with old extinguisher frames for lamps, which the owners have had the good sense to retain. The houses themselves are of a good school, impressive and dignified, and are worth study. How feeble modern iron-work is in comparison! Witness the gates in Lincoln's Inn set up to the memory of Colonel Brewster; the large gate at a bank at Charing Cross, next to Spring Gardens; the gates for the Royal Academy; and those for the new Law Courts. There seems to be no eye for the bold lines, exactly suited to the material, which are so peculiar a feature of the old school of decoration in metal.



ST. CLEMENT DANES CHURCH, STRAND.

If we take a walk out to Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, we shall be well repaid, though here changes have taken place, and more are likely to be made. Not so long since, the houses were at the water's edge, a row of fine old trees intervening, so that the effect was like a bit of Dutch canal. But, indeed, the view there, down the river, notably where the green spire rises, is as melancholy and sad-coloured as any Dutch river scenery. How picturesque the old dilapidated bridge, with its strange hunchback design! Here, by the way, on the walk to the late Cremorne Gardens, opposite the boat station, stands a most remarkable and imposing building, now cut up into many tenements. The fine roof, the stately proportions,

the dignified windows, all point to a mansion of the greatest pretention, but whose history does not appear to be known. But in Cheyne Walk the iron gates, and the red pillars that support them, are worthy of a glance. Maclise's old house also deserved inspection before it was so greatly changed for the worse.

The Strand, for so important and busy a thoroughfare, is about the meanest street in Europe. Its houses are like those in a commonplace country town. Still, next door to the Adelphi Theatre should be observed two very quaint and effective little houses—effective in spite of their unpretending size. Passing up into Covent Garden we may learn a lesson in the art of disfigurement. Inigo Jones's noble Colonnade that runs in front of the hotels was a pleasure to walk under, and gave an expansion to the mind. It was like a bit of Venice. Now half has been pulled down and rebuilt on a larger scale. How unutterably hideous, too, is the iron and glass slanting roof raised over a portion of the old market, which, in its way, had a certain unobtrusive harmony that was in keeping. Nothing, indeed, shows the deficiency of artistic instinct more than the want of taste in dealing with iron and glass in constructing sheds. One would think that, with such airy and strong materials, and the patterns of interlacing branches in a forest to study from, something truly elegant and original could have been worked out. But there appears to be but one pattern—the invariable shed, half of glass, half of wood, with the girders and the skimpy columns.

A picturesque effect can, however, be found in the Strand, hard by the new Law Courts. There rises the tower of St. Clement Danes Church (page 447), which stands awry, but is scarcely the worse for that. Of a winter's evening this church has a singularly charming effect, its fine proportions and original design being projected against a cold, calm sky behind, while it is made transparent by a glow of light within, the ringers being at work flinging the jangling chimes abroad in perfect riot. The old steeple seems like a Dutch one; and we think of old Sam Johnson, who used to attend here. Often have I gazed with delight on this scene, and on the fine outline and capital effect of this monument of good architecture.

I confess that the new so-called Queen Anne houses are not always satisfactory. In the new territory opened up at Prince's Ground architects have had great scope, but the result seems to be large masses of red brick, somewhat unshapely, and in which the strangest fantastic freaks have been played. The art of dealing with red brick seems scarcely understood yet. With so vivid a colour, walls must seem ponderous, unless the decoration be treated in a light and airy fashion. This it is that makes the small panes with the white sashes and framing a relief. The most successful houses are the tall, narrow, thin ones, on the Dutch model. A failure from excessive breadth may be seen in the great china shop in South Audley Street, which is one gloomy mass, though ambitious and full of endeavour after effect. We think in such cases of the epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh—

> "Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee."

When the necessity for building a large mass—say at a corner—entails a great display, it is worth while to give an idea of support by means of flat pilasters. At Cadogan Square the architect has, in some instances, taken a hint from the beautiful old house, before described, in Queen Street. Some of the houses on the Chelsea Embankment are strange freaks enough, but are pleasantly fantastic in their details, with their little balconies, niches, towerets, recesses, gables. Brick, however, is too precarious for such carvings, and in this climate projections are certain to decay and break off. The truth is, the bad material will not endure. The bent iron-work, however, is a great improvement, and pleasing to the eye. There is a house at Palace Gate, Kensington, hard by to Mr. Millais' new house, which, though one of the earliest built, is certainly one of the most effective. The frontage is narrow, with a bow going up to the top; the bricks, of two colours, very harmonious; the iron-work good; the detail abundant, yet not frivolous; the whole having a compact air of purpose that is really excellent. The only thing one might object to is the porch—an element with which strange pranks are played in this kind of house. This is caused by making the porch cover in the *steps*, and descend in the same slope over them, thus converting it into a slanting tube, while the arch of the porch seems to cut the door across. This has an awkward look, and the whole is not only dark but mean in effect; it results from an attempt at making the porch do a double duty, *i.e.*, that of a shelter for those who *wait* at the door for the door to be opened—its true office—and that of a shelter for those ascending the steps, a much shorter matter, and not worth the trouble of such a protection. The remedy, therefore, is to confine the porch to the door. In this house, however, there is another merit to mention, the admirable treatment of the

flank, which does not offer the mean barrenness of such things—a coarse expanse, very blank and raw—but is decorated in a plain and quiet manner. The niche in front, with its blue Nankin jar, is a welcome bit of colour; altogether this is a piece of satisfactory work.

It will be noted that small panes go well with this style of house; as, indeed, they would with nearly every style of house. This opinion will seem retrograde, but it is well founded. Vast panes of plate-glass impair the architectural effect, suggesting the idea of open holes, as though the façade had not a smooth, protected surface. Indeed, even looking from within there is a sense of precariousness about these great sheets of glass, with loss of effect. In old churches, Flemish and English, how admirable is the effect of the network of cross iron in the long, gaunt windows, set in a whitewashed wall!

A portion of London that is falling into neglect is Bloomsbury and its neighbourhood; yet Fitzroy Square is worthy of a visit. Most of the houses, of stone, are in the style made

fashionable by the Brothers Adam, and suggest the Bath terraces which are made in the same style. But it would take long to enumerate the pleasant little bits, old and modern, that adorn London and its suburbs. At Clapton, for instance, is a most elegant and perfect Queen Anne mansion—now a school. Highgate has many such houses. We could dwell on the massive warehouses in the City—some of which recall the Genoese palaces—the fine old churches, and the invariable urban-tree, which Leigh Hunt has declared can be seen from some portion of the street in every part of London. It has not been noticed that almost every new house in the business quarters of London is being built of stone, so that in a few years London will be rebuilt, and have a new aspect.

THE "OLD TABARD" INN, IN THE BOROUGH.

On these principles, here imperfectly indicated, we may pursue and cultivate "Art in the Streets." Each day and each new promenade will add to our store: we can compare, appreciate, or condemn as we go. But all the while we learn something.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

ON THE ART OF ILLUMINATING AS ORIGINALLY PRACTISED.—III.

IULIO GRAVATA, known more commonly in this country as Giulio Clovio (born 1498, died 1578), who took Michael Angelo as an example for the disposition and pose of his figures which formed a leading characteristic of his style, worked most diligently, and continued to labour till near his death, being then eighty years of age. We possess a fine specimen of his work at the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields: it is a commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. The frontispiece is a representation of the conversion of St. Paul, within a border or frame composed of trophies of arms, medallions, and allegorical figures. This page bears the signature of Gravata, and is about ten inches by fourteen in size.

Since nearly every writer on illuminating has made a point of mentioning this beautiful work, I think a sketch of the frontispiece, reduced by photography from the real work, will be interesting, as it is the most satisfactory way of giving a general idea of the composition to those who may not have an opportunity of inspecting the original. (See page 452.)

The title-page of the work is also illuminated, and enclosed within a border of the same character as that of the frontispiece. In a medallion on the sinister side is a miniature of Marina Grimani of Perugia, Cardinal and Legate, for whom the work was executed, and with whom Clovio resided for many years. Reproductions of these exquisite pages were beautifully chromolithographed under the supervision of the late Owen Jones, from fac-similes on vellum by my father, Henry Warren, and published in "The Illuminated Works of the Middle Ages," by H. Noel Humphreys.

The refined execution of this work, combined with brilliancy of colour and perfect drawing, has never been surpassed by any illuminator. It is impossible, through want of space, to dwell in detail upon the merits of this able and industrious artist.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, illumination was affected by the work of the printing-press, the influence of which had spread to such an extent that the vocation of the scribe was no longer required. The earliest wood engravings and printed books were made to imitate manuscripts so closely as to deceive the inexperienced eye; spaces were frequently left, both in the block books and in the earliest books printed with movable type, for the illumination, by hand, of initial letters, so as to carry the illusion as far as possible; but the learned soon discovered the method by means of which this deception was carried out, principally by the low price at which these apparent manuscripts were produced. The borders and decorated portions, including initials, were also reproduced from engraved wood-blocks and printed in coloured inks.

The Popes had a retinue of illuminators, kept continually employed, for some time after printing had come into general use, upon the decoration of the most important books and documents. The Doges of Venice retained a similar staff. Some of the most magnificent specimens of illumination may be found in the precious "Ducales," the work of many of the greatest painters.

But as printing advanced, and greater facility for reading was consequently obtained, enlightenment in one direction produced darkness in another, and the illuminator's art became absorbed in that of the miniature and historical painter, and, after lingering some years in connection with heraldic blazoning, gradually expired.

In no country more than in this is to be regretted the bigoted and wholesale destruction of hundreds of splendidly illuminated volumes, never to be replaced. At the time of the dissolution and suppression of the monasteries, diligent search was made for all missals, books of legends, and such "superstitious books," as they were termed, which were ruthlessly destroyed or sold as waste material, their covers only being retained on account of their value; these were in very many instances embossed with gold and silver studs and clasps, elaborately chased, precious stones being often embedded in them. The miserable task of searching out and destroying these works of devotion was performed only too well, for scarcely a rubricated book or one containing a cross or even a diagram escaped mutilation at the hands of the ignorant.

To assist those studying the art, it now only remains for me to enumerate some important and useful books of reference containing chromolithographic fac-similes of some of the finest

examples extant. I mention these books—and it should be understood that the list is not an exhaustive one—as they are comparatively more easy of access than the originals, which are deposited in the libraries all over the civilised world:—"Illuminated Manuscripts of the Middle Ages," "Illuminated Ornaments of the Middle Ages," "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages," and other works, by Henry Shaw, F.S.A.; "The Illuminated Works of the Middle Ages," by H. Noel Humphreys; Sir M. Digby Wyatt's "History, Theory, and Practice of Illuminating;" "The Grammar of Ornament," by Owen Jones; and Dr. Waagen's "Treasures of Art in Great Britain."

Having treated of the past with regard to illuminating, we will turn to the question of what it should or might be in the present age.

Amongst the cultivated classes, taste for illumination by hand has again revived, and fashion, stimulated greatly by the artistic feeling of the members of the present Royal Family, especially by the lamented Princess Alice, whose zeal and aptitude for this branch of art were rapidly developed under my personal observation during four years, is aiding the reproduction of an art the resources of which are perfectly inexhaustible. It is as elegant as it is useful, increasing the love of the refined and beautiful in the minds of all who cultivate it.

Because this mode of embellishment was, during the era anterior to printing, almost invariably executed on vellum or parchment, it does not follow that it should be thus applied at the present day. The application of the art may be made in any and on any material, and is now becoming general in connection with decorative furniture of all descriptions and styles. An equally useful and refined application of the art is now in fashion for enriching ceilings, panels, and architraves of windows and doors, introducing thereon many beautiful and appropriate inscriptions. How many adages, texts, and sentences are to be found thus recorded, worthy in every respect to be brought constantly and prominently before all classes and all ages! In allusion to the art as one applicable to the requirements of the age, it has been well said that "a mother could scarcely do a thing more likely to benefit her children and fix the lesson of love or piety she would desire to implant in their memories, than to illuminate for them little volumes, which from their beauty or value they might be inclined to treasure through life." This appears to me a good application of the art: what happy associations hereafter might apply to these books! As an indication that this idea struck the Princess Louise, it may be mentioned that Her Royal Highness made a collection of texts forming mural decorations in the Mausoleum at Frogmore, and illuminated them in the form of a small volume, containing about thirty pages, to be presented to the Queen on one of Her Majesty's birthdays.

Vellum for such kind of work I know is generally advocated, but I have found from experience that paper, or London board, stained vellum tint, is more pleasant to work upon, and, when complete, equally good in effect; but if the use of skin is imperative, parchment is preferable to vellum. The former being more transparent in quality, the work upon it looks mellow, and any body-colour by contrast relieves well.

I will now describe the *modus operandi* to be observed by those who know more than the rudiments of drawing, but may be at a loss to know how to commence an ornamental page. For such, geometrical accuracy is primarily necessary, care being taken that the border lines or any others are at right angles to each other, and that the text is sufficiently bold and solid to bear up against the decorative portion, and to avoid the common error of making the border or framework overpower the central texts, which would be wrong upon principle, and equivalent to constructing ornament instead of ornamenting construction. Where a mass of lettering or written matter is required, indelible brown ink is preferable to Indian ink or black, and was frequently used by the ancients. The text should be clearly written, and the whole of the surroundings well composed, both as regards general grouping and contour, and as regards harmony in colour. When a large initial letter occurs, let its form be evident, and, if covered with foliage or ornament, a sufficient portion should be left visible so that it can be at once comprehended. My own feeling is, in respect to the character of the design, that it should be a combination of floral with conventional lettering and bands or border lines. Floral ornamentation alone seems to lack the contrast formed by some leading straight, square, or linear boundaries or ties, which enhance the decorative effect to a very great extent. The introduction, if possible, of some object, such as a bird, medallion, or figure of any kind, contrasting with the surroundings in colour, in quality, and texture, will be an invaluable addition. Assuming the text to have been decided upon for the purpose of illumi-

nating, and the space to be occupied sketched out, consider well the proportion of the margin to pages; this should be wider at the base, that at the top and side depending upon the shape adopted for the design. Two by three, or a square and a half, will generally be found good in proportion: but there is no fixed rule for this; it must depend in a great measure upon the amount of matter contained or the bulk of lettering. The decorative portion of this should generally be smaller where the text is full, and where the latter has been purposely enlarged to fill or block up the centre, the pro-

FRONTISPIECE BY GIULIO GRAVATA.

(*From "St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans," in the Soane Museum.*)

portion of the surrounding ornament should be of a bolder description. This should be noticed as important at the outset, as the proportion of the arrangement or grouping to a great extent influences the aspect of the composition. As a diagram formed by a few lines may assist my explanation, I have given one on the next page, accompanied by the finished drawing. (See Figs. 1 and 2.)

When admissible, the mass of text should be broken by interlinear ornament, the strength and size of such, of course, being in harmony with the general bulk. All curves should be perfect in contour and gradual in undulation, and the general composition should be so well studied that the whole may be impressed upon the mind agreeably and at once. With respect to the harmony of colour, it should be remembered that, to produce the most harmonious effect, it is a general law that the primaries should appear in the proportions of three of yellow, five of red, eight of blue; the secondaries, eight of orange, eleven of green, and thirteen of purple. For theory of colour, which is very interesting, M. Chevreul's work on the subject may be consulted with advantage. Respecting the application of colours, there is a very common supposition that the colours for illuminating are of a different description to others, as the various artists' colourmen advertise boxes especially arranged for the purpose. This supposition is erroneous; any good colours are applicable, whether in cake or moist; but, as a general rule, I recommend the use of cake colours, because they are composed with less gluten than the moist, and consequently flow more freely from the brush or pen. Fugitive colours, of course, must be avoided, and the zinc, or permanent white, in corked bottles (not in metallic tubes) used; flake white to be particularly avoided. Fine long-haired sable brushes are the best, and to economise time the design may be drawn in pencil on tracing-paper, corrected by another tracing, and, if necessary, yet another; it may also be corrected in the retracing on the other side of the paper, and then transferred by merely rubbing with a paper-knife, whence a clearer outline is produced than by the old-fashioned system of transferring with intermediate black paper, which left a clumsy and sometimes indelible line in addition to the transfer of the marks impressed by the finger. A very good vellum tint which does not affect the colours may be produced by ordinary tea. With regard to gold, that in shells will be found least difficult to use for those inexperienced in the method of gilding; gold leaf is the best and least expensive, but the difficulties of cutting and laying on are so numerous that we will not enter into the subject to any great extent now; but, as I may be expected to say a word about raised gold, which when burnished adds a very gorgeous effect to the colours, I can only remark that I have tried nearly all the well-known artists' colourmen in London, and cannot get any raising material that does not crack and flake off under the pressure of the agate burnisher, no matter how carefully it may be used. It has been stated that the nearest approach to the brilliancy of ancient burnished gold may be attained by following absolutely the practice of the gilders of the present day, which has doubtless

been continued by their craft from the earliest ages. The preparation used by them consists of size and whiting dissolved by being warmed over the fire, when it may be used as ordinary paint; when dry, if found to be insufficient in relief, it should be gone over again. Paint it evenly over with gold size, let it dry, and then burnish. When it is ready for gilding, moisten the surface to be gilt, then lay on the gold, which, when perfectly dry, may be burnished. For the burnishing, place the work on a smooth hard surface, such as glass. With these remarks I must conclude my brief notice of the art of illuminating.

ALBERT H. WARREN.

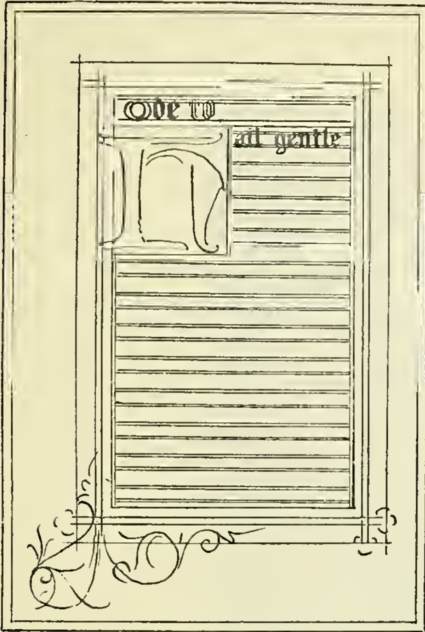


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

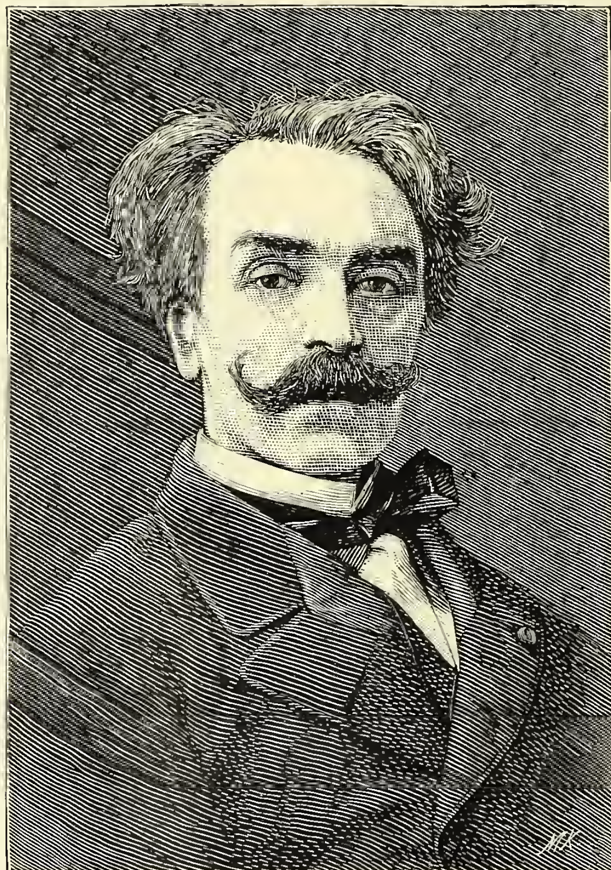
OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME.

A TEMPORARY digression into the field of foreign biographies is no sign that we are approaching the limits of the list of English painters whose lives and works are important enough to interest our readers. On the contrary, the numbers of our own national artists who have achieved a certain distinction in keenly competitive times is much greater than might, without consideration, be imagined. We have no intention of exaggerating the tale of geniuses which our country and age may, without too much self-complacency, be said to have produced; but we do affirm that with the increase of numbers in all ranks the army of the gifted has multiplied by the natural progression; and, furthermore, that the increase of culture, the refinements of criticism, international comparison, and the spread of those larger views of social life which acknowledge the *profession* of art as an honourable and liberal calling, have united to add greatly to the number of artists, and of good artists, whose works are exhibited, more or less admired, and more or less bought, whose career is fixed, whose names are definitively rescued from the oblivion which awaits those whose lives are spent rather for the use than for the ornament of the world. Our living artists (in the strictest sense of the possessive pronoun) are, as subjects of biographical or critical sketches, practically unlimited in number. Though great fames may be rare, good reputations have never been so plentiful as now. But the increasing influence of contemporary nations upon each other, and the fact that in French art especially are to be found qualities and excellences complementary to our own, have suggested to us a pause in our long roll of English

celebrities, so that some note may be taken in our pages—as it is in the mental survey of every student and *dilettante* of painting—of the great figures of contemporary Continental art.

The French school is, in respect to its outward and striking characteristics, definitely divided into the rough painters and the smooth, the impressionary and the deliberate, the dexterous and the careful. Completeness and finish are comprised in the method and aims of both, but they are attained by different ways; the smooth painters try for that finish which Mr. Ruskin has described as an added truth, while the rough painters desire to master that which is implied in the first and freest touch upon the virgin canvas—the completeness of truth of relation and tone, which makes painting finished from the beginning. The very leader and king of the class first mentioned is M. Gérôme, who paints with the evenness of miniature work upon ivory. Tight, close, clean are his forms and his colour—the latter never offending by inharmoniousness, but never, on the other hand, delighting by special harmony;



Veuillez agréer Monsieur
l'assurance de mes sentiments
distingués

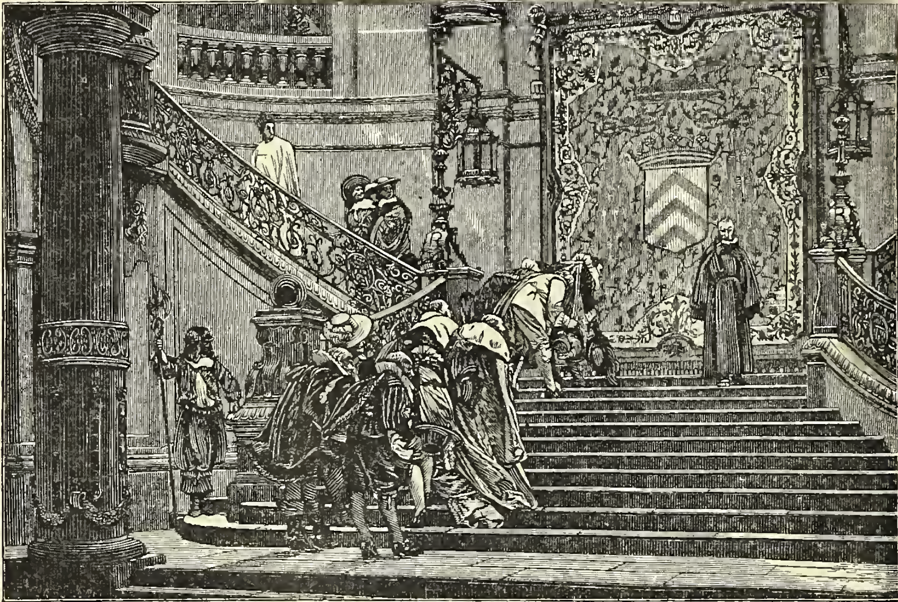
J. L. Gérôme

(*From a Photograph by M. Fd. Mulnier, of Paris.*)

never ugly, it is also hardly ever beautiful, and certainly never mysterious. To pass from manner to matter—from the more technical to the more general interest of his pictures, we are compelled to allude to the consideration which suggests itself at once to all who know this master's works—the consideration as to their questionable signification and effect. In our opinion, the difference between innocent art and immoral is exactly the difference between nature and vice. If an artist merely paints nature unveiled, he works singly and simply in the cause of natural truth; but if he paints the same nature in a vicious relation or with evil allusion, his pictures come under dramatic laws. There is infinite difficulty in applying these laws logically to any kind of art. If the world of human passion and crime is to be closed to the art of painting, it can scarcely be allowed to remain open to that of letters, while to close it to these would be to destroy at a blow all the great literatures of the world. But if it is difficult to judge by logic, it is not so difficult to judge by feeling; and we believe that the feeling of few will altogether exculpate the painter of "Phryne before her Judges," and of several scenes of Eastern life. Upon this subject Mr. Hamerton has said: "If he is immoral, it is not from irresistible impulses, but consciously and coldly. So with his love of the horrible—there is no violence, no expression of repulsion." This is undeniably true; M. Gérôme paints death and vice coolly, and with the same polish and deliberation; and it is one of the most revolting secrets of the human heart that somewhere in its depths the kind of vice which is usually called immorality is found allied, not to love, but to cruelty—a noble and generous affectionateness being the opposite and the contradiction of both equally. When M. Gérôme paints death it is not in the dignity and solemnity of suffering, but almost invariably in its abject humiliations. In Shakespeare's tragedy Cæsar dies in modesty and silence; in Gérôme's picture he lies in a heap of indefinable ignominy. Again, a sentinel smokes his pipe before the severed heads of the massacred Beys at the Cairo mosque; Ney lies riddled with shot by a dreary wall, while his tall hat has rolled off grotesquely, and the firing party retires with swinging step; the gladiators at the point of death, yet in the vigour of life, shout their last servile salutation to the huge luxurious Emperor sitting in the shade; at the door of the masked ball the duellist dies for a word; and so forth. And not human death only, but human life, he treats with a disrespect more cynical than Swift's. He has, for instance, painted a row of beautiful women for sale in an Oriental slave-market; a merchant is examining the soundness of their teeth. His Phryne does not stand in the simplicity of her times before judges to whom beauty was a solemn religion; she casts up her arms to hide her face with an action which the word *pudeur* alone can express —and *pudeur* is not Greek, but Parisian. Of the expressions of the judges and bystanders in this picture we altogether decline to speak. And such remarks as we have here made on this master's subjects could scarcely be avoided, unless we had confined ourselves to technicalities.

Jean Léon Gérôme was born at Vesoul, Haute-Saône, in 1824. After a course of study in his native place, he went to Paris in 1841 and became the pupil of Paul Delaroche, with whom he travelled to Rome three years later. We need scarcely say that in a country where art owes so much to discipline and tradition the choice of a master is of almost equal importance with the pupil's individuality. The disciple is for a time unmistakably marked with the teacher's sign; he has chosen to be so, and would not exchange the manner which shows him to be a legitimate learner for the wildest of the freaks of originality which gain notoriety so quickly in England. The state of pupilage over, individual character is not slow to assert itself under the French system, but it almost always does so within certain limits—limits which are not observed under the impersonal teaching supplied by Government art-schools. The fact, too, of the comparatively early success achieved by artists brought up in Continental studios is certainly owing to the fact that an immense quantity of time is saved by that single supervision and training—directed to one end and followed in one manner—which a succession of "visitors" cannot supply. M. Gérôme would certainly not have developed so quickly or so completely into one of the most perfect painters of his country had he not been taught by him who was perhaps the greatest artist which that country has ever produced. M. Gérôme's choice of a master had been determined by one of those happy incidents which have saved more than one undeveloped artist from the obscurity which seemed to await them. It is said that the young Gérôme's love of drawing and his success in the local school had been rewarded by his father with the present of a supply of colours from Paris. The child immediately set to work on a copy of one of Décamp's pictures which chanced to have strayed to the remote provincial town; a friend of Delaroche was

struck with the goodness of the young beginner's copy, and resolved that the budding talent should be fostered and trained in Paris, and in the studio of the greatest painter of the time. This, as we have said, was ultimately effected. Even when Delaroche, horrified at the death of one of his young students in a duel which had resulted from a studio quarrel, resolved to have no more pupils, there was no parting between him and the greatest of them all. After the return from Italy, M. Gérôme is said to have assisted his master in designing the celebrated "Passage of the Alps by Charlemagne," now at Versailles. In 1847 appeared the new painter's first picture—"The Cock-Fight," which won the third medal at the Salon; "Anacreon" followed soon, and the "Age of Augustus," purchased by the Government. It was at about this time that a Government commission induced him to enter into competition, in the decoration of the Church of St. Séverin, with the pious painter Hippolyte Flandrin, whose pure enthusiasm had led him to offer his art wholly to the service of religion. Side by side with this artist's dedicated work M. Gérôme's "Last Communion of St. Jerome" appeared wanting in the sentiment necessary for the subject. It was after this comparative failure that he entered upon that course of Oriental life which has had so marked an influence upon his art. In 1863 he was made Professor at the École des Beaux Arts, and among his other honours may be mentioned two second-class medals, one gained in 1848 and the other in 1855, the decoration of the Legion of Honour, obtained in 1855, and the commandership in 1878. Besides these distinctions, he obtained by one of the most noteworthy of all his works the supreme award of the Medal of Honour—not one of the medals of honour granted at each International Exhibition, but a special prize which is not granted every year, nor necessarily for many years, but only from time to time, as occasion may arise, and as an altogether exceptional mark of merit. Strange to say, the picture—"Frederick the Great"—by which M. Gérôme won the Medal of Honour is not to be found in any of the published lists of the artist's works to which we have referred; it has, nevertheless, we believe, been more than once in England. The artist here has shown the great and trivial Emperor flying to his flute at the instant of his return from hunting—his dusty dress, his dusty dogs forgotten in the absorbing passion of fluting; his intentness is expressed with most intelligent humour; the human figure and the tired dogs are drawn with exquisiteness of precision and the grasp of solid power; while the execution throughout is of that perfect kind which is impalpable. It is allowable to prefer a manner which betrays the impulses of the mind by the strokes of the brush; but this is not M. Gérôme's manner; in his own way he is



L'ÉMINENCE GRISE (THE CARDINAL IN GREY).

(*By J. L. Gérôme.*)

THE PRISONER.

(From the Painting by J. L. Gérôme.)

supreme, and never has his execution appeared at such a point of faultlessness as in every passage and detail of the "Frederick." A much less celebrated and a slighter masterpiece of his is the "Santon at the Door of a Mosque"—a wonder of imitative skill and of illuminative effect, and the model of those pictures of Oriental shoes and slippers which have become rather common of late. Among the artist's other works not already alluded to here are "The Wife of Candaules," "The Seventh of December, 1815," "Promenade of the Harem," "L'Éminence Grise" (which may be translated "The Cardinal in Grey"—a scene at the court of the all-powerful Franciscan or grey friar who bore that name—see page 456), "Women Bathing," "A Bashi-Bazouk," "The Bull-Fighter," a Portrait of the tragedian Rachel, "A Lioness meeting a Jaguar" (which was painted for the author and art-critic Théophile Gautier), and a number of Oriental landscapes. "The Prisoner," which we engrave, is one of his best known and most brilliant works. On the lucid water and in the limpid light of the Bosphorus a boat with dark figures goes on its way with a captive upon his back, bound hand and foot. One of his captors mocks him with some shrill Oriental song, to the sound of a lute. These are in oils; in fresco he has executed the "Death of St. Jerome," already referred to, and the "Plague at Marseilles" in the Church of St. Séverin, and other mural paintings in the ancient refectory of St. Martin-des-Champs; in sculpture he has produced "The Gladiators," and "Anacreon, Bacchus, and Love." Though he has done so many things, however, he is distinctively a painter of figures and interiors, his landscapes being of inferior merit.

Contemporary criticism on his work has been various. M. Charles Timbal is of opinion that he has not rested in the limited completeness of his first successes, but has developed with the evolution of artistic feeling and learning in his time. "Those," says this critic, "who have looked with a clairvoyant eye upon his latest works have been able to see without difficulty the enlargement which has for some time shown itself in his manner, in the firmness of his touch at the first stroke, in the new richness of his *pâte*." M. Edmond About, on the other hand, thinks that M. Gérôme has long been less occupied with progress than with success. In our opinion there is little doubt that, even if the great artist has progressed, public taste has moved more quickly; in manner he has probably passed a little out of fashion, but his admirable drawing, his sure modelling, his mastery of relation and tone will assuredly never be out of date.

TAPESTRY PAINTING.

WHAT'S in a name? We should be disposed to answer, a very great deal. "Indolent reviewers," as the Laureate calls them, in search for something to say, need travel no further than the title-page of a book to find food for thought and for discourse. The name of tapestry painting has at least one merit as a title—it provokes curiosity. It suggests the question, What is it? Tapestry is not executed with the brush, nor painting with the needle. What kind of hybrid art can this be? Premising that the name is neither a very accurate nor a very happy one, we propose to give some slight account of this process, which is one of the most recent of artistic novelties, and bids fair to rival china painting as an amusement (if nothing more) for ladies and amateurs.

A piece of ancient tapestry, with its quaint drawing and faint colour, seems always to have about it the odour of the past. It belongs obviously to the days when ruder building made it necessary for those who would indulge in luxury to clothe the walls of their dwellings with rich hangings—the days when great personages carried with them on their travels the comforts they were not likely to find on the road—the days, too, when time was of no account to the worker, who stitched leisurely and lovingly for weeks and months and years, without impatience, in no haste whatever to bring the laborious work to a conclusion. Modern tapestry, beautiful as some of it is, and wonderful as most of it is, seems rather out of

place in an age when the telegraph is already too tedious for us, and we must literally speak to one another across the distance through the telephone. Some of the recent French and Belgian tapestry exhibited at Paris in 1878 made one wonder that so much patient toil and skill and cost should have been devoted to the completion of these pieces of work, several of which must have taken many years to produce, with a result which cannot be said to be wholly satisfactory. The greatest praise of such tapestry—that it is almost as good as the painting from which it was copied —carries with it an implied criticism which strikes at the root of its existence. If, after all, this costly copy is indeed inferior to the original, why be at the pains to make it? Even so long ago as the fifteenth century a feeling of impatience at the endless toil involved in this elaborate needlework began to show itself; and there yet exist hangings of that date which, on nearer approach, prove to be not tapestry at all, but paintings on canvas. Of late years there has been something of a revival of this questionable practice, originally, we believe, in Paris, and with the countenance at least of the late M. Viollet-le-Duc. No doubt the temptation to shirk the labour of tapestry is strong, but the pretence is a pretence none the less, and if the matter had stopped there it would scarcely have been worth while to call attention to it. Messrs. Howell and James, however, seem to have taken advantage of the materials manufactured in the first instance for the purpose of simulating genuine tapestry, and propose to turn it to decorative account without any affectation of needlework.

Certainly the process offers facilities peculiar to itself. Shortly described, it consists in painting with dyes upon a ribbed canvas; and when it is finished it presents very much the appearance of tapestry. The difference between it and ordinary painting on canvas lies partly in the canvas, which is specially made, but chiefly in the pigments, which are truly dyes, having none of the body of oil pigments, but actually penetrating the material. It has much more affinity with water-colour. The pigments are prepared in a liquid state and sold in bottles. Though named after the familiar artists' colours, they correspond with them only approximately, and some little experience is necessary to foresee the chemical action of one upon the other. The design having been lightly sketched or traced on the canvas, one begins, much as in water-colour, by laying on the lighter tints. The colours dry fainter than they appear when first put in, the result being sometimes a delicacy that the painter had scarcely aimed at. Not that they are ill-adapted to richer effects; they may be brought to a velvety depth richness. Whether rich or delicate, the facility with which one colour may be painted *into* another while it is wet is something like a temptation to good colour. But there is a certain amount of accident in the results obtained in this way, and taking this into consideration it may be said that the process lends itself rather to decorative than to pictorial purposes. One can rely upon obtaining beautiful colour, but scarcely natural colour. There are other difficulties in the way of pictorial effects. A certain breadth of treatment seems almost to belong to the art. Though delicacy of colour is so readily obtained, great delicacy of line is almost impossible. The colour has to be rubbed into the canvas with a hog-hair brush, and though a sable may be used for the more delicate pencilling, it is almost too soft for the purpose. The wiser plan is, therefore, to confine oneself to efforts that are more distinctly within the reach of the process.

It is eminently fit for broad, bold landscape work of the scenic kind, for decorative figure-painting, for floral decoration, and arabesque or other flowing ornament; utterly unfit for minute representation of detail, for effects of atmosphere, light and shade, and realistic illusion.

This "tapestry painting," or more properly *textile* painting, is within the reach of all who have any facility in painting, and therefore it is not unnatural that its claims are being pressed on the attention of ladies and amateurs. It is plain, straightforward work, unattended by any serious drawbacks in the way of elaborate preparation, disagreeable pigments, or treacherous after-process; there is nothing in it that the painter cannot accomplish personally; it lends itself especially to decorative work, which, owing to its unpretentiousness, is more within the scope of non-professionals; it affords to these an opportunity of employing themselves pleasantly in doing something that may be of more use in the house than poor pictures.

We believe that the firm already mentioned do not claim the merit of introducing the process to this country, but they certainly have been the means of bringing it under the notice of that large class of amateurs, for the amusement of whose leisure hours they have catered with so much success. They have not only opened show-rooms in Regent Street for the

exhibition of this work, but they have instituted a studio for the instruction of ladies and others; and further, for the benefit of the few who know enough to perceive that they are not gifted with the powers of original invention, they have arranged with competent artists for the production of a variety of designs which they supply to their patrons, together with the materials for painting and full instructions in the art. Some praise is also due to this firm for having discerned the availability of the process apart from its original imitative intention. As a means of producing sham needlework it is beneath consideration, but as a fresh field for experiment in decoration, pleasant, profitable, and not beyond the pretensions of the modest, it appears to us very well worth notice.

ART IN THE NETHERLANDS.—II.

THE GALLERY OF M. LE BARON STEENGRACHT D'OOSTERLAND.

RESUMING our examination of some of the pictures in M. Steengracht's gallery, we note a work which is in strong contrast to the impetuous comedy of the Brouwer we last considered; this is the quiet glimpse of domestic life in Terburg's "Woman Dressing a Girl's Hair." The figures are in half length, the background an interior; a comfortable Dutch housewife is seated with the little girl leaning against her lap, the woman busily absorbed in her occupation; the girl, in profile, looks around and gently presses her fingers together. Any one who has seen the portrait of Terburg by himself, in the Maurits Huis on the other side of the Vijver, will understand that nothing escaped those keen-searching eyes of the self-contained and dignified, yet genial Burgomaster of Deventer. He may have seen this incident in his own house, and, struck with the simple grace of the arrangement, immortalised the composition, to be a model and delight for future generations. And quiet and simple as the subject, so also is the painting; it is the perfection of clear, light, uncompromising representation of nature. The colour seems rather to have been breathed on the canvas than to have been applied with anything material. Examine the texture and quality of the flesh—it is living; the same indefinite lights and evanescent grey tones floating about the retreating parts and shadows that we see in life. Follow the folds and inflexions of the green, fur-trimmed *caraco*, or pelisse, worn by the woman, or the grey frock of the girl—it is pure reality. And while studiously simple, Terburg is never commonplace; on the contrary, no finer observation of character or delicate comedy is to be found in art or literature than he has portrayed. Some one has said that his execution, with that of his contemporaries, is a lost secret. Of entire schools this is certainly true. Take a picture which hangs in a room adjoining that of the "Woman and Girl," one of the most brilliant examples of Meissonier's talent. Instead of the limpid suavity of the Dutch master, we find that in comparison the flesh is of brick and the draperies of metal; and yet with all its forced colour and effect the real strength lies with the elder painter. Art, though often under eclipse, never perishes; and, remembering English work like Frederick Walker's "Landing-place at Marlow" or his "Fishmonger's Shop," we may hope that execution as subtle and observation as fine even as Terburg's may again be seen, and in nineteenth century England. It may be that some future historian will chronicle how the tradition of true art—art as the interpreter of nature—arising in the warm South, passed on to the pile-built cities and polders of Holland, and still onwards to the wave-washed, storm-bound shores of Albion.

With Terburg is generally associated Metsu; here there is to be found his best work, "The Woman Nursing a Sick Child." The same general quality will be found in this example as in the preceding, but not in such rare perfection; indeed, there are many works of the master distinguished by more *finesse* of execution, but none with such tender sentiment, combined with a certain severe, masculine treatment. So unlike is this to the rest of Metsu's pictures that some have even ascribed it to Jan Van der Meer of Delft; nevertheless, it is indubitably by the former master. The composition shows a sick lad reclining in his mother's lap; she, seen to the knees, he at full length, with the legs naked. The mother is tenderly and wistfully regarding her child, watching his fever-stricken face, and hoping against hope. The background is a light wall, on which hang a map and a picture of

the Crucifixion in a black frame. The arrangement of light, shade, and colour is well defined; the woman in a red gown and blue apron, the child in a yellow dress. Again it is interesting to compare the older with contemporary work. This motive has suggested a similar subject, well known by engraving, to a living French artist: here it is a sister of charity who is nursing the child, and it is curious to note how the simple pathos of the original is changed into theatrical sentimentality in the translation.

Pieter de Hooghe has nowhere warmer admirers than in this country, therefore English students will always be attracted by a capital specimen of his style. The picture they will find in this gallery is especially characteristic. In a room in which the light is subdued are two ladies and two cavaliers; one of the ladies is stirring lemonade or negus in a glass, the other is playing on a violin, which rests on the table, while their attendant cavaliers are gallantly paying court to them. Further on, in a corridor, stands a page in dark blue, forcibly relieved against the houses on the further side of a canal; under the lime-trees sprightly little figures promenade. The buildings themselves with their red bricks, vermilion shutters, and Naples-yellow window-sashes, are in a perfect blaze of dazzling sunlight. The eyes wink at the effulgence. If it should happen to be a sunny day, the spectator, before he has left the house two minutes, will come on a precisely similar effect in the streets of the Hague.

ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE.
(*Born* 1610; *Died* 1685.)

If De Hooghe revels in sunshine, Adriaen Van Ostade loves to place his figures in the subdued light of a homely village inn. He shows us the wide fireplace with the comfortable settle in its cosy corner; the smoke-browned rafters, solid as the tables, indicate that the house has seen some generations of customers; on the low-toned walls hang stone-ware jugs, suggesting cool draughts of stout humming ale; the quaint lattices look on to the village streets, or the well-tilled fields, wherein our friends who are now relaxing over a pipe and a

glass have done a rude day's work. The landlady, working in the chimney-corner, listens to the story the man is telling to two others seated by the fire—he, for the sake of emphasis, having risen. Maybe he is relating the perils he escaped or the wonders he saw at Haarlem fair, or how he had heard of a great fight between Van Tromp and the English. Meanwhile four cronies have settled down to a game of cards, and some others to draughts, the careful servant seeing that their jugs are kept filled, and not objecting to a sly joke now and again. Such is the subject of Adriaen's picture here. These rustics are very homely fellows; the scene is of the simplest, yet lit up by the genius of Ostade, and it will be contemplated by the most cultivated with ever-increasing delight.

By Berckheijden is a most interesting little picture, "A Canal at Delft." Across the canal lies a passage boat, filled with market people; an old woman is stepping into the boat; that the journey will pass gaily we know by the presence of the fiddler, who has already begun to tune up. So true to nature is the picture that, saving for the costume, it would serve for a view of Delft at the present day. There has lately been added to South Kensington Museum a small picture ascribed to Berckheijden and entitled "A View of a Dutch Town;" more correctly it should be, of the Town Hall of Haarlem. Unlike the one we have described, which is deep and warm in colour, this is pale and without effect.

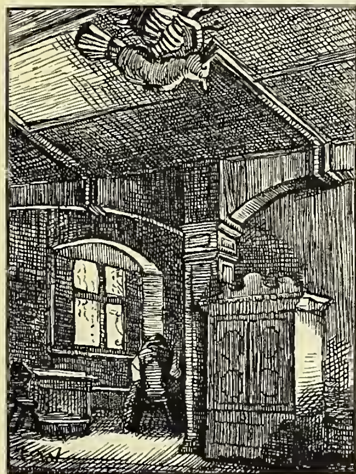
We have thus passed in review some of the pictures in this most important and interesting collection, sufficiently to indicate its character, and with a view to inducing those of our readers who may visit Holland to seek permission to study its treasures. To the lover of art it will afford a delightful hour's enjoyment, but to the student of painting it will be especially valuable as supplementing his studies in the Maurits Huis. Nearly all these Dutch painters had different phases of style and treatment, which they varied with their subjects, as in the instance we have noted in Metzu; others will suggest themselves in the examination of the two galleries. The same system should be adopted at Amsterdam; there the collection of M. Van Six admirably supplements the two public galleries of the Rejks and Van Hoop Museums. It is grievous to have to write that Amsterdam now possesses only one private collection of Dutch masters. A few years since there were two, but the parsimony of the Government or want of patriotism of an individual permitted a selection of masterpieces to be scattered over Europe, which ought at any price to have been secured for the nation. For the information of those unacquainted with Holland, we may mention that, besides the five galleries we have mentioned, there is only one other important for cabinet pictures, that of Rotterdam. There are, of course, in most of the principal cities, museums rich in more ambitious pictures, portraits, etc., of first-rate excellence and great historical interest.

But in visiting the Netherlands, it is Rembrandt and the marvellous series of painters of life and manners in the seventeenth century that will most attract the art-student. Rembrandt stands alone; his profound imagination, his largeness of style, his constant desire to strike out fresh paths in art separate him from his contemporaries, and indeed from any predecessors or successors. He is of boundless value for inspiration, but to the student his *technique* is too impetuous to be of use for study. It is to Terburg and Metzu, Pieter de Hooghe and Jan Van der Meer of Delft, the Ostades, the Van der Veldes, and other masters of the school that he must look for initiation in the manipulation of colours and clear views of art and nature. There he will learn that it is only in the uncompromising study of nature that lasting renown can be acquired. There he will find no straining after effect, but simple truth, sweetness, and sanity; nothing is added to nature, nothing omitted. Among the Continental schools of to-day there are some who seek to attract by only using the crudest and most violent pigments; there are others who ignore colour altogether, depicting their bloodless puppets in an atmosphere and surroundings of monotonous grey, and affecting various other eccentricities of treatment. All these, judged by the standard of the genuine artists of past times, the Florentines, the Venetians, the Dutch, can have but the ephemeral success of a passing fashion; the proof is the rapidity with which one new trick of painting is succeeded by another.

In pointing out the value to English students of the example of the Dutch masters, we would not be supposed to imply they are to be blindly imitated in every particular. Art never reproduces itself. Much as there is common to the English and Dutch character, there are sentiments and aspirations influencing us that were unknown to the brave Hollanders of the seventeenth century. These, if our art is to minister to the delight and consolation of the men and women now living and working, must be taken into consideration; and furthermore, it

is certain that an art which does not express the spirit of its time will find no interest in the eyes of posterity. It was precisely in this point that the strength of the Dutch painters was manifested; they clearly realised their period, they were keenly alive to its strength and failings, its joys and sorrows, its humours and comedy; they were untiring in industry and study; they cultivated their manipulative faculties to their highest extent; and the result is a splendid series of brilliant presentments of life, manners, and nature that has been the charm and enjoyment of all who are able to appreciate genius, humour, and sincerity.

TAUFERS IN THE TYROL.

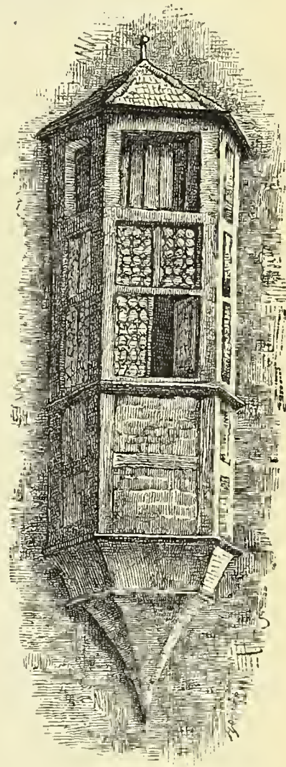


IN THE "SCHLOSS."

CRACK! smack! we hear the whip of the driver of the "Stellwagen," and the cessation of the intolerable rattling caused by the wheels of this delightful equipage over the "petrified kidney" stones of the quiet little street in Bruneck informs us that the aforesaid vehicle has stopped at the "Sun" inn, according to orders, to take up two passengers who are bound on a trip of exploration for Taufers. Having been told that Taufers is "*malerisch*," that an old castle is there, formerly inhabited by giants (so say the peasants), we determine to spy out this promised land for our sketch-books and canvas, and set out on a June morning with the freshness and energy which come specially at 6 a.m. and in Alpine atmosphere at an elevation 3,000 feet above sea-level. After a drive of an hour and a half we reach our destination—the little village of Sand, which lies immediately under the shadow, as it were, of the old castle. This interesting building (see page 464), dating from the twelfth century, occupies a most commanding site on an eminence overtowered on both sides by high and thickly-wooded mountains, and in the background the glaciers and snowy peaks of the Zillerthaler Kamm rise in fairy-like beauty.

But where shall we begin among the many attractions which this neighbourhood offers us? Shall we take a peep along that road under the castle, on the left of which rises the mountain-side, covered with fir-tree forests which cast a gloomy shade over the scene and heighten the weird effect of the rapid, rushing stream which dashes down the valley, forming the right-hand boundary of the road—a road destined in a few months to become the victim of this impetuous, mighty torrent at its side? The occasional peeps one gets through the trees of the distant glaciers add a magic charm to this bit of nature.

Or shall we scale the rugged eminence on the other side of the torrent, which is crowned with that hoary sentinel and hider of so many dark secrets, the "Schloss"? We will scramble up the stony, zigzag path leading to it, a work of twenty minutes, and now we stand breathless at the foot of what was once a drawbridge. The watch-towers stand faithful at their post, but where are the watchers? The arrow-slits for the defenders face us indeed, but we pass unchallenged through the desolate archway, and find ourselves in a long passage between the inner and outer walls of the fortress. We come to another archway, stolid in its granite firmness, and here are traces to be found of a second drawbridge, now done away with; the old oaken doors which still remain in this archway, thickly studded with nails, are a study of colour in themselves. Passing on over the roughly-paved and ascending path, we turn a corner, and through the last archway reach the courtyard, now still and green, but once how busily thronged with the retainers and men of war of the Lords of

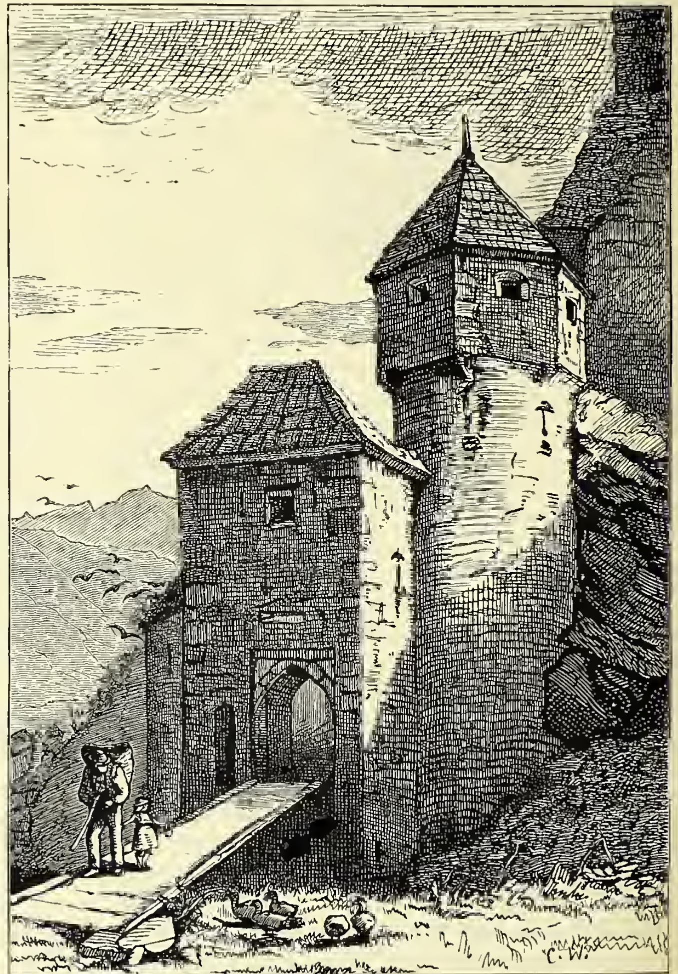


A WINDOW IN TAUFERS.

Taufers! On the right hand as one enters is the oldest building—the house whieh is set apart for the female part of the family; it is far gone in ruin, but its narrow windows, with column and areh, tell of its origin in a time eorresponding to our Norman period. Adjoining this is the one remaining wall of the onee fatal tower known as the "Fallthurm," or Fall Tower, indicating by its name its eonvenient trap-door arrangement in the top storey, through which many an ineonvenient personage made aequaintanee for the last time with the eold steel of the pikes and halberds awaiting him below. On the other side of the eourtyard is the part whieh is still inhabited, truly, but by peasants, who, however, from an artistie point of view, fit better into these odd nooks and eorners than we ehildren of the present do. On the ground-floor is a large panelled room, eoloured a deep, rieh brown tone by the hand of time; quaint windows, with little round panes of glass (see page 463), produee a picturesque light and shade over the whole not otherwise obtainable. Above this is another panelled room, richly carved and ornamented, a little gem of its kind; round half the ehamber, as border, a riddle is earved in old German eharaeters and orthography, hardly intelligible now. Eaeh door is a study, in eolour, form, and ornament, with hinges of eunningly worked iron; the window is aleove-shaped; and a bank runs round the wall. To deseribe everything in detail would be to destroy its charm. The kitehen, the windows with their little eornered seats, the old well in the eourtyard, the little garden on the roek outside the outer wall — in all the artist finds material for his sketeh-book, and rieh suggestions for future work.

ON THE GROUND-FLOOR OF THE "SCHLOSS."

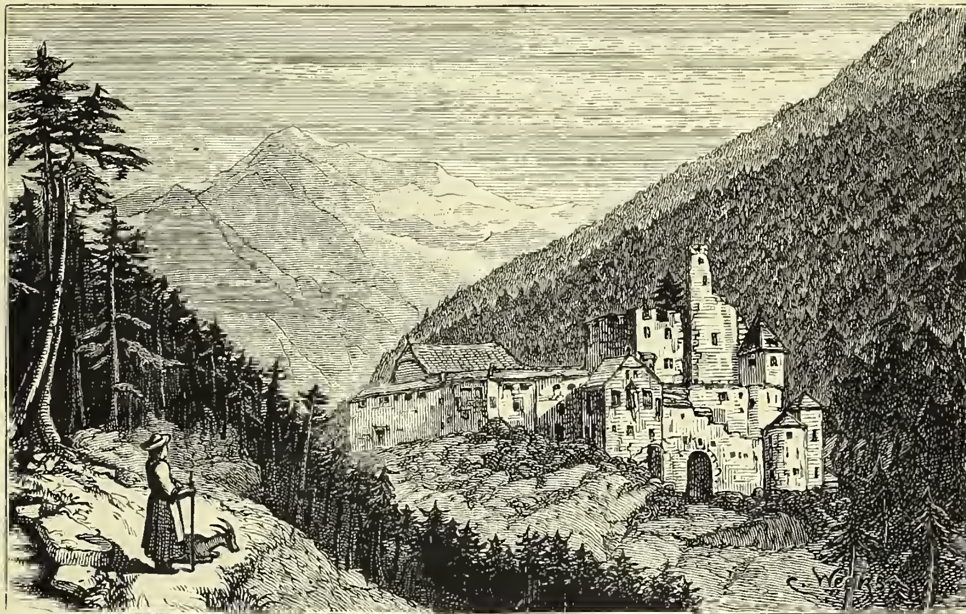
A slight history of the owners of the castle may not be uninteresting or out of plaee. Taufers is first mentioned in the year 1080, but not until the year 1140 does the family seem to have risen to any importanee; but from then, until it died out in 1312, it was one of the most influential in that part of the Tyrol, had built and owned many castles in the vieinity, sueh as Neuhaus, Uttenheim, Eppem, ete., and was eonneeted by ties of marriage with most of the noble families of the eountry. The last of the Taufers was Ulrieh IV., and on his death the Castle of Taufers and part of the estates went to his wife's family, the Counts of Görz and Tyrol. In their hands it remained till 1456, when it eame, partly by inheritanee and partly by purehase, to the Bishoprie of Brixen. After mueh changing of hands it was bought in 1689 by the Count of Ferrari, whose family again sold it, a few years ago, to a Vienna Building Company, to whom now belong the venerable building and the wooded aeres. Truly a prosaie fate! It was in 1485 that the outer entranee and wateh-towers (see



ENTRANCE TO WATCH-TOWER, TAUFERS.

page 464), with part of the outer walls, were added to the castle, much to the enhancement of the general effect.

As I am not a landscape-painter, I have confined my description and sketches to that which had the most interest for me, and which I can say, without exaggeration, is a treasure-trove for *genre* and historical painters, viz., Schloss-Taufers. Not that I am insensible to the voice of nature, which in this picturesque district is varied as the human voice itself, bright sunshine dispelling the hazy mists of morning or tinging the mountain peaks with its parting rays, storm and cloud adding only to the grand effect of gloomy forest, mountain glade, and dashing waterfall. It is worthy of note that there are three beautiful waterfalls within an hour's walk of the village of Sand—the Bojerbach Fall, and the first two Rainthal Falls.

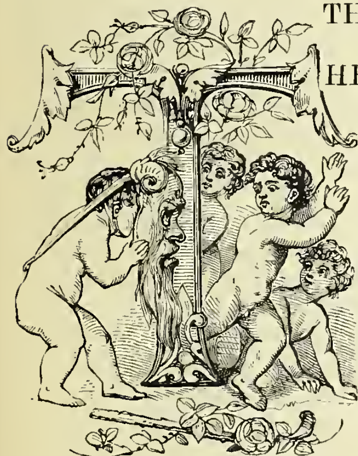


TAUFERS.

I will only add, for the guidance of intending pilgrims to this "artists' haunt," that the nearest railway station is Bruneck, on the Pusterthaler branch line from Franzensfeste. From Bruneck the distance is about an hour and a half's drive. Daily postal communication, and very good inns.

C. WEEKS.

THE GIANTS AT THE GATES.—III.



HE entrance of the Hercules into the world commenced with a baptism, for as it was being drawn on shore at Signa, having been brought so far up the Arno, the block in some manner slipped from the holdings and fell heavily into the river, where its own weight soon buried it in the alluvial mud. Many means were tried to recover it, but in vain; it refused to be rescued. We may well imagine Baccio Bandinelli's state of mind at this stone—which was to have made a great step to fame for him—thus sliding from him, especially as the wits of the day seized the incident as a good subject for their satires. Verses in Italian and Latin were poured forth. One sonnet by Giovanni Negretti was especially admired, in which the poet said that the marble, in its despair at the idea of being chipped by a bungler, had flung itself into the Arno.

But the Pope had given his command that the stone was to be drawn forth, and such a

command must be obeyed. The superintendents cast their eyes about them, and at last begged the aid of Pietro Rosselli, an ingenious builder, who forthwith started for Signa, where he turned the course of the stream, and laid the very banks low. At last, by levers and windlasses, the marble was brought on dry land, and thence, by means of beams placed lengthwise, it was rolled slowly on its toilsome way to Florence.

Whilst it was still on the road, Baccio made the discovery that the design he had shown to the Pope would not fit the dimensions of the marble. This was the more annoying, as the wax model had especially pleased His Holiness, being full of muscular power and life. But the sculptor's genius had expanded beyond the dimensions of his material, and, much mortified, he set to work to make other designs. Alas! a Pegasus with his wings clipped cannot soar. None of the models were equal to the first; they came out one after the other stiff and lifeless. The Pope chose the best among them, and as soon as the block of marble had arrived at the House of Works for the Duomo, and been there raised on end in the courtyard, Bandinelli set to work. He first made a model in clay of equal size, which, however, every one concurred in condemning as greatly inferior in merit to the first small model, and as wanting in animation.

The clay model finished, Baccio began to block out the lower limbs, when lo! before they were even fashioned, the face of the times changed again. Rome was sacked and Florence revolted; the Medici were again driven out; and Baccio, having private quarrels of his own, and fearing for his life in the absence of his patrons, buried his treasures in the garden of his villa, and fled to Lucca, leaving his Hercules barely blocked out in the House of the Works of the Duomo.

The republican government, with whom Michael Angelo went heart and soul, and on whose behalf he became warrior and built fortifications during the siege, could think of no better recognition of his services than to award to him once more the gigantic block which had eluded his grasp twice already. The decree of the Signoria giving it to him is dated August 22, 1528, and concedes the aforesaid block to Michael Angelo Buonarotti, "who should carve out and make therein one or more figures, as shall please the said Michael Angelo, to be placed in the position which this Signoria shall decide." *

He intended to give up the subject of Hercules, and make a Samson with one or two Philistines under his feet.

Public affairs, however, allowed the great master no time for sculpture. The armies of the Prince of Orange and the "Palleschi" allies were crowding the hills around Florence. Michael Angelo threw away the scalpel for more potent weapons, and flung himself into the defence of his beloved San Miniato. No sooner, however, was peace concluded than the Pope, Clement VII., resuming his former authority, bade Michael Angelo finish his works in the chapel of the Medici at San Lorenzo, and, ignoring the pompous decree of the Signoria, set Baccio Bandinelli to work again on the giant.

While he was engaged in this, Baccio had apartments in the Medici Palace, but used the hospitality so badly as to become a spy, writing to Pope Clement of all the doings and sayings of the inmates of the palace. By this behaviour he made an enemy of Duke Alessandro, who threw every impediment in the way of his employment. Baccio, however, having a pope to back him, was not to be defeated by a duke. He betook himself to His Holiness, who came to meet Charles V. at Bologna, and carrying some presents (a relief in bronze and a medal with the Pope's likeness), made such good use of his opportunity, that before he left, His Holiness promised to use his authority with the duke to allow Bandinelli to finish his Hercules.

The triumphant Baccio returned to Florence with 100 gold florins of the Pope's money in his pocket, and a letter intimating to the duke that he must be allowed to complete the giant. The permission could not be refused. He now set to work in earnest, and allowing no hand but his own to touch the figure, he was so industrious that by the year 1534 it was finished.† Even this time his design would not fit, for the foot of Cacus had to be pieced out. The Duke Alessandro, who seemed determined to do as little as he possibly could, let the statue remain unheeded, till Baccio, again appealing to his patron in Rome, Pope Clement, obtained from him a second letter to the duke, asking him to supply the means for erecting the statue in the piazza, as he was desirous the sculptor should proceed to Rome as soon as it was done, to commence two tombs for himself and the late Pope Leo X.

Accordingly the space intended for it was closed in with planks, and the pedestal erected. The pedestal is not very artistic; it only contains an inscription to Pope Clement, and the busts in relief of that Pope and Duke Alessandro.

* Gaye, vol. ii., p. 98.

† Vasari, "Life of Bandinelli."

Cavaliere Settimani, in his "Memorie Fiorentine Inedite," gives the following account of the erection of the giant:—"On May 1st, 1534, Baccio of Michelagnolo, goldsmith, Florentine, having in the Opera del S. Maria del Fiore made a statue of Hercules slaying Cacus, the said statue, standing thus upright and finished in the said House of Works, was drawn in three days, by means of beams and pulleys, into the piazza, and in the said day was seen placed on the corner of the steps of the palace towards the Loggie dei Signori. The block of marble of which the statue was made was one of the finest that ever came into Florence, but on the other hand one of the worse worked, in the judgment of men wise in sculpture."

The two famous architects, Baccio d'Agnolo and Antonio da San Gallo, undertook the care of its removal and placing.

Like the David, too, Hercules was covered with papers of verses, but, alas! instead of eulogiums they were all satires. One said that if Hercules' head were shaved there would not be a cranium large enough to hold his brains, and that his face was as much like a lion or a bull as that of a man. Others compared the torso to a sack of water-melons put on end. Some said the legs were so badly set that one could not tell on which Hercules was standing, and if he were standing on both he ought to be falling down. Others declared that the foot seemed to have a fire under it. Benvenuto Cellini, in the course of a quarrel with Bandinelli at the Medici Palace, coolly quotes all these expressions of public opinion, and when the angry Baccio asks him what fault he can find with his design, Cellini answers that he has not seen it, but that as one who designs well must needs execute well, he imagines that the design is equal to the statue.*

Against these criticisms we may place that of Michael Angelo, who, when a cast of the head of Cacus was sent him, admitted that it was a good artistic work, but said he would like to see the whole statue. And we have also the testimony of Vasari, who, with subtle justice, writes: "Had that artist received from nature an amount of grace and facility equal to the labour and pains which he was ever ready to impose on himself, he would certainly have been entirely perfect in the art of sculpture."†

Even adverse criticism could not discourage Bandinelli from an attempt to reach perfection, for on seeing the giant placed in the full light of day, he even saw defects in it himself, and having it re-enclosed with planks, gave the finishing touches, by bringing out the muscles more forcibly. The Duke Alessandro in person took means to silence the scoffs of the populace, by imprisoning the authors of the worst satires, under the plea that the insult was to himself as the possessor of the statue. On the day in which it was uncovered, Baccio, not daring himself to face public criticism, sent a friend to hear what was said, and, as might be expected, abused him when he brought back such scanty praise.

His patron, Pope Clement, showed himself more appreciative than the sturdy Florentines, for he gave Baccio an estate near his own villa of Pinzerimonte as a present, besides the payment he had agreed. He was besides made a Cavaliere or Knight of the Order of S. Jacopo. So he departed to Bologna to continue a colossal statue of Prince Doria, for which he had already received half payment, and Hercules was left to stand for centuries, unmoved by public opinion.

The Neptune on the great fountain was the third colossal statue erected on the piazza, and Bandinelli would fain have been its maker, but so many famous artists were in Florence that it was decided to offer the block in competition. Six sculptors, Bandinelli, Benvenuto Cellini, Bartolommeo Ammanati, Giovanni da Bologna, Vincenzo Danti, and a son of Moschino da Pisa, were the competitors. The real contest, however, was between Cellini and Ammanati, who had studios enclosed for them in the Loggia dei Lanzi; and to Cellini's chagrin his rival was declared victor. Ammanati applied himself earnestly to the work, and on March 1st, 1563, the Lion which had stood for centuries on the Ringhiera, at the corner of the Palazzo Vecchio, was removed to the centre, and the base of the fountain was begun. The work was not finished till 1571. The gigantic figure of Neptune, familiarly called by the Florentines "*Il Biancone*," rises to the height of ten braccia; he stands on his car, drawn by four sea-horses of different coloured marbles; three Tritons are at his feet. The basin is octagonal, and is adorned with bronze figures of marine deities and satyrs, very finely modelled. The water was brought from the fount of Ginevra, a mile from Florence. The statue of Neptune has been severely criticised, but some blame is due to Bandinelli, who had been sent to the quarry by the Grand Duke, and had cut down the marble to make it more easy of carriage, but so carelessly as to cramp any subsequent design.

LEADER SCOTT.

* "Vita di Benvenuto Cellini," Lib. ii., No. 70.

† Vasari, vol. iv., p. 258.

THEIR ONLY HARVEST.

(From the Picture by Colin Hunter, purchased in 1879 from the Chantrey Fund by the Council of the Royal Academy.)

"THEIR ONLY HARVEST."

PROMINENT in the strong school of Scotch landscape, and peculiar as being a painter of sea, rather than of moor and mountain, like the greater number of his contemporary compatriots, Mr. Colin Hunter produces every year work which is truer, fresher, and more vivid than what he has done before. "Their Only Harvest" unites uncommon beauties of colour, composition, and light; its group of figures is in rare harmony of line and form with the shapes of sky and ocean; the waves have a vitality of movement, and in their colours reflect at different angles the different passages of the sky in a manner which shows intimate and faithful study from nature. The seaweed in the boat is rich with tawny brown tones. These few words are needful in order to remind the reader of the complete beauties of a picture which, besides being fine in colour, has yet other qualities, which make of it so good an engraving. The nature is grave and strong in sentiment, while the humanity contributes also an element of masculine pathos, without overstraining, or any weakening effort at emotionalism. The health of the sea-breezes is keen in the whole work.

INDIAN METAL-WORK.—III.

THERE can be but little surprise felt at the fact that a people who can work so well in steel, copper, brass, and other common metals should particularly excel in the manufacture and ornamentation of articles in gold and silver—materials which are far more susceptible of elaborate decoration than are the baser metals.

In former times the most highly skilled workmen in the precious metals were employed in the decoration of arms, armour, and accoutrements. Now they for the most part turn their attention to the manufacture of articles for ornament or for household use; though there are still to be seen many specimens of beautifully decorated shields and accoutrements, such as chased, embossed, and enamelled gold and silver hilts for swords and daggers, and mounts for belts, scabbards, shields, and matchlocks. Among articles for household or decorative use perhaps those which deserve first mention are the productions of Kashmír. They consist of cups, salvers, claret-jugs, water and scent bottles, tea-services, etc., of most elegant forms, and richly chased all over; the material being sometimes ruddy gold, sometimes burnished silver with a frosted ground, but most frequently parcel-gilt silver.

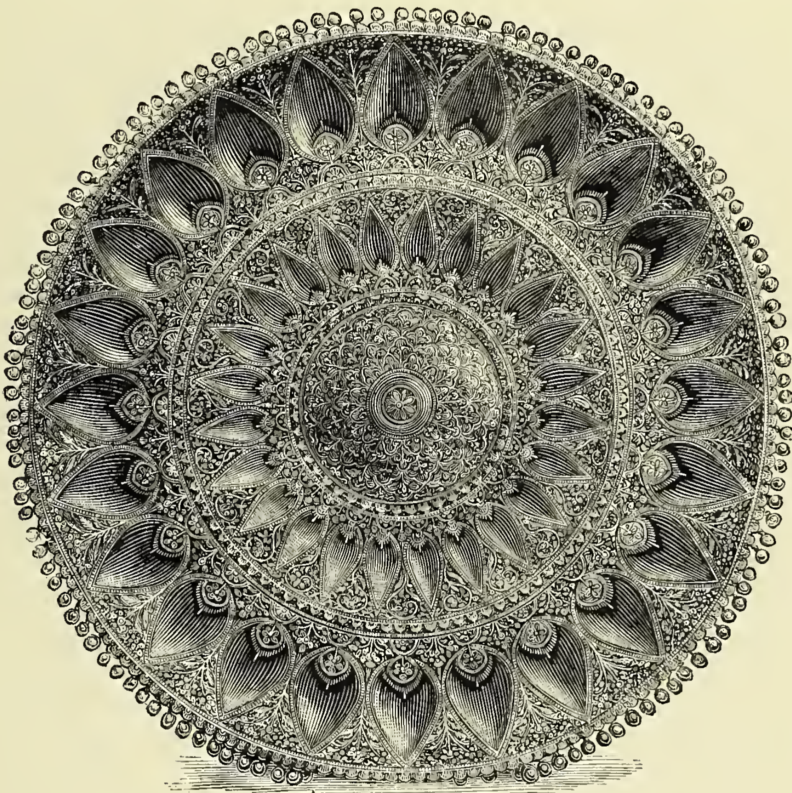


Fig. 1.—GOLD DISH. (*From Mysore.*)

In this latter case the vessels are made of the required form in silver, and the surfaee is gilt all over; the pattern to be used (generally either one of the so-ealled "shawl patterns," or some eonventionalised combination of flowers and foliage) is then traeed out, and the ground-work cut away by means of a hammer and small ehisels and punehes. The design thus stands out in relief, a traeery of burnished gold, while the silver ground-work is generally frosted. Fig. 4 is a speeimen of a silver-gilt jug treated in this way.

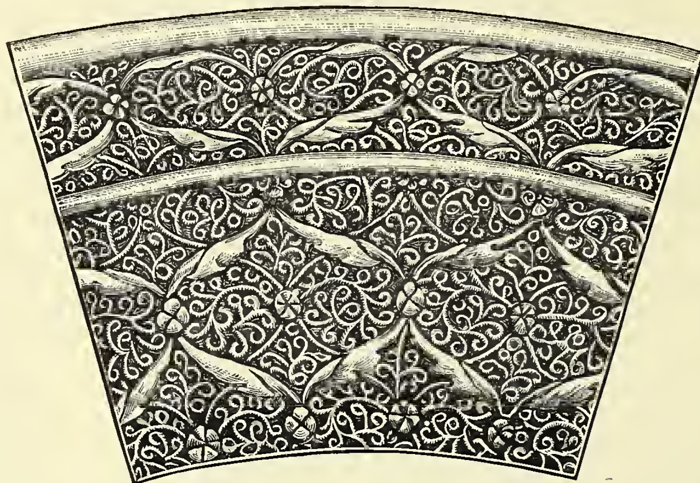


Fig. 2.—DETAIL OF ORNAMENT IN FIG. 3.

Among the presents brought home by the Prince of Wales were a great many examples of this work. Many of them were remarkable for the eleganee of their forms; but, speaking generally, there was a lack of finish in the work, and in this respect—perhaps beeause pressure was put on the workmen to complete a large amount of work in a short time—it fell short of that previously contributed to some of the exhibitions.

Wares of a similar deseription are also produeed at Lucknow and in Tonk, but both of these plaees turn out work deeidedly inferior in general effeet to that from Kashmír. The ehasing is not so deep, nor are the designs so good; and when gilding is used on the silver it is used but sparingly, generally in the form of one or two gilt borders surrounding the objeet, the remainder being of bright silver on a dull or frosted ground.

Fig. 3.—PIERCED SILVER BOWL AND TRAY. (*From Ahmadábád.*)

A very aneient adaptation of gold and silver to the purposes of deeoration—viz., the embossing of plates of gold, silver, or silver gilt with patterns whieh have been previously engraved in dies of brass or very hard wood—is still earried on in some parts of India, as in Jodhpur and Jáipur, where it is used for eovering state ehairs, elephant howdahs, and other objeets. Examples of this work may be seen in the India Museum, where there is a throne, whieh formerly belonged to Runjeet Singh, entirely overlaid with plates of beaten gold, and also an arm-chair overlaid with plates of engraved and enamelled silver.

The silver throne presented by the people of Madura to the Prinee of Wales was made in a similar way, of wood eovered with plates of silver; and the state howdah used by him in Jáipur was, with the exeeption of the eanopy, entirely covered with plates of embossed silver and silver gilt.

Probably the silver ehairs mentioned by Mareo Polo as being used by the eommanders-in-chief of 100,000 men under Kublai Kaan (Yule's "Mareo Polo," vol. i., p. 313) were really wooden ehairs eovered in this way with plates of silver, and the walls and eeiling of the palaee of Cambaluc (the modern Pekin) deseribed by the same traveller (*ib.*, vol. i., p. 325) as being eovered with gold and silver may have been deeorated in the same way. To go baek to a still earlier date, we read in Exodus xxv. that the Ark of the Covenant and the Table of Shewbread were made of wood overlaid with plates of gold; and we are told (1 Kings vi.) that in the building of King Solomon's temple the woodwork was in some eases first carved and then eovered with plates of beaten gold. Such plates must have been slighter in substanee than those used for the embossed work, but were eertainly eonsiderably more substantial than our modern gold and silver leaf.

The State of Bhúj, in the Kuteh distriet, is celebrated for embossed or *repoussé* silver-work of a particularly exeellent description. It is applied mainly to the deeoration of bowls, salvers, water-vessels, cups, and tea-serviees of European pattern, whieh are first made of sheets of plain silver and then filled with a eomposition of gum dammar. The pattern is then traeed on the surfaee, and, by hammering with properly

shaped punches all those parts which are intended to form the groundwork, the dammar is forced into the other portions, thus bringing out the pattern in strong relief. When completed, the composition is melted out by heat, and the raised pattern is burnished. The subjects used for this style of decoration are almost invariably arrangements of flowers and foliage, but sometimes animals are introduced with a very happy effect, appearing as though they were looking out of a jungle of flowers. Work of a similar description is also done in gold in the same town, and it is then generally applied to the tips and mountings of scabbards for swords and daggers, and occasionally to penholders, thimbles, and such-like small articles of European forms.

The gold and silver work known as "Swami," for which Trichinopoli is famous, is another form of *repoussé* work which is applied largely to jewellery, handles of knives, forks, spoons, paper-knives, and other articles for European use. The designs differ from those of the Kutch work, consisting nearly always of mythological subjects. Among the Prince of Wales's presents was a massive silver tea-service of this work, but it was ruined by the introduction of the Royal arms and the Prince of Wales's plume in the midst of the mythological subjects on the salvers. In Burmah are made bowls, boxes, and other articles of gold and silver ornamented with embossed medallions bearing some mythological figure, or one of the signs of the Zodiac, the remainder of the surface being filled with scroll-work or some other design.

The towns of Ahmadábád and Dehli used to be famous for very beautiful pierced silver and silver-gilt work. A very fine example (supposed to be about 200 years old), in the form of a large bowl and salver, was exhibited by Sir Seymour Fitzgerald in the London Exhibition of 1871. No description of the process of manufacture has been received, but the piercings and the solid metal left are so nearly equal in proportion as to give the effect of coarse filigree (Figs. 2 and 3 show this specimen.) From Travancore there was sent to the Vienna Exhibition a specimen of pierced silver-work in the form of a vase of the lotus form, having near the base and at the neck a row of gilt shells, the two rows being connected by a perfect network of tracery which formed the sides of the vessel. But the workmanship in this example was of a different class to that previously described, for the ornaments had all the characteristics of *repoussé* work, which had apparently been carried to such an extent as to entirely cut away the groundwork, thus leaving an open-work pattern. Of this class also is an octagonal box, with domed lid of silver, embossed and perforated with conventional scroll-work, which was sent from Mirzapúr to the Exhibition of 1851, and is illustrated in Captain H. H. Cole's "Catalogue of the Objects of Indian Art in the South Kensington Museum."

There is another very beautiful specimen of perforated silver now in the India Museum at South Kensington, but originally sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1867 from Karnāl, in the Panjáb. It is an oblong box on four feet, the tracery patterns being backed with crimson and green foils, thus carrying out the same idea of throwing up the pattern as was alluded to in describing the perforated brass caskets made at the same place. In his catalogue above mentioned, Captain Cole says of this box:—"At the first glance the designs which pierce the lid and side appear to be purely of a geometrical pattern, but on closer examination delicate foliage will reveal itself, and the skill with which it is worked into the circles and squares of the general outline is most ingenious and admirable."

In the Paris Exhibition of 1878 Colonel Earle exhibited two large bowls of embossed and perforated silver from Burmah, as well as some very fine examples of the niello-work for which Burmah is also noted. This work is executed both in gold and silver, and is used for ornamenting boxes, cups, bowls, and salvers. The designs are engraved in the same manner as are those on the Moradábád imitation niello, and the depressions are then filled up with a dull black composition resembling enamel, and the whole surface is afterwards burnished. The India Museum contains a few beautiful specimens of this work.

In Cuttack, Dacca, and Travancore beautiful objects in silver filigree are produced. This work is of the same nature as that which is made in Malta, Genoa, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and is used mainly for the manufacture of articles of jewellery, but also to a considerable extent for card-baskets, bouquet-holders, card-cases, and other objects intended for sale to Europeans. We are told that the work is executed—at any rate at Cuttack—for the most part (under proper supervision) by mere boys, whose nimble fingers and keener eye-sight are supposed to enable them to bring out and put together the minute patterns with more distinctness than their elders can. Added to this, their labour has the advantage of comparative cheapness.

The art of enamelling is practised in several parts of India, but the enamels of Jáipur are

celebrated above all others both for neatness of workmanship and perfection of design, as well as for the depth and purity of their colours, which vie in brilliancy with the ruby, the emerald, and the sapphire. It is customary to ornament the backs of all the best jewellery with enamelled designs, generally on an opaque white ground. It thus frequently happens that the back of a necklace or bracelet is, to European eyes, far more beautiful than the front, which may be merely a mass of glittering fragments of uncut stones. Enamelling is also used for the purpose of decorating various ornamental articles, as cups, salvers, scent-vases, and the hilts and scabbard-mounts of swords and daggers. In the Indian Department of the London Exhibition of 1871, the Countess of Mayo exhibited one of the most beautiful specimens of this work that have ever come to Europe. It consists of a cup with cover and saucer, all of gold, and entirely covered with most exquisite designs in enamel, the set being completed by a spoon with enamelled handle, the bowl consisting of a single large hollowed-out emerald. To the same exhibition the Maharaja of Jáipur sent an elephant-goad with steel point and hook, but with the entire handle cased with gold, and covered with an elaborate series of representations of hunting-scenes, with borders of flowers enamelled in the purest and most vivid colours. This specimen may now be seen in the India Museum.

Fig. 4.—CHASED PARCEL-GILT JUG. (*From Kashmír.*)

Among the presents recently brought home from India by the Prince of Wales were some beautiful specimens of Jáipur enamelling, such as scent-vases, a salver, a snuff-box, swords, and horse-trappings, and most of these were further enriched with jewels. But the most elegant specimen in the collection was a small "kalamdan," or pen-and-ink case, made in the shape of a state barge belonging to the Maharaja of Benares, with the raised stern made in the form of the head and breast of a peacock. The whole was of gold, and every minute detail of the boat was complete and, even to the peacock's plumage, richly marked out or ornamented with enamel.

The workmen who produce these beautiful articles are all in the employ of the Maharaja of Jáipur, through whom alone the best specimens can be procured. They religiously guard the secrets of their craft, and hand them down from father to son. It is not, therefore, known what some of the colouring ingredients are which they add to the vitreous base of all their enamels, though the general process employed has been frequently described. It is sufficient for our present purpose to state that most Indian enamels belong to one of two classes, the first consisting of *repoussé* work, which is painted over with enamel, and the second, or

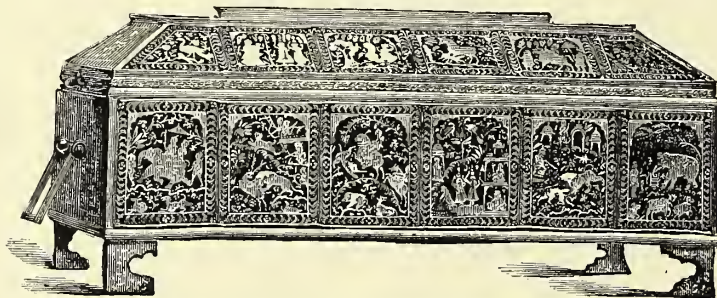


Fig. 5.—GOLD CASKET, WITH PURTABGHUR ENAMEL.
(*Sent by Her Majesty the Queen to the India Museum.*)

better class, being what is known in Europe as *champlevé*. In this class of work the pattern is traced out on the article to be ornamented, and such portions as are to be enamelled are then cut away to a sufficient depth to allow of their being filled up with enamel paste. When this has been done, the article is placed in a furnace for the purpose of fusing the enamel. Frequently some design is engraved or stamped in the sunken portions, and this design, when the article is completed, shows through the translucent enamel.

The best Jáipur enamelling is stated to be always on perfectly pure gold, and is said never to become detached from the metal, though that on the alloyed gold or silver used in other parts of India not unfrequently cracks and chips off.

Enamelling somewhat resembling, though inferior to, that of Jáipur is done at Benares, and at Múltán and Dehli. The Múltán work was formerly held in high esteem. In Kashmír the silver and gold wares, of which Fig. 4 is an example, are frequently still further decorated by having some portions of the groundwork painted in enamel, giving the general effect of a chased gold or silver vessel picked out with delicate shades of paint. Fig. 6 shows an instance of this. The colours used are generally turquoise-blue, pale sea-green, and a dull purplish-red.

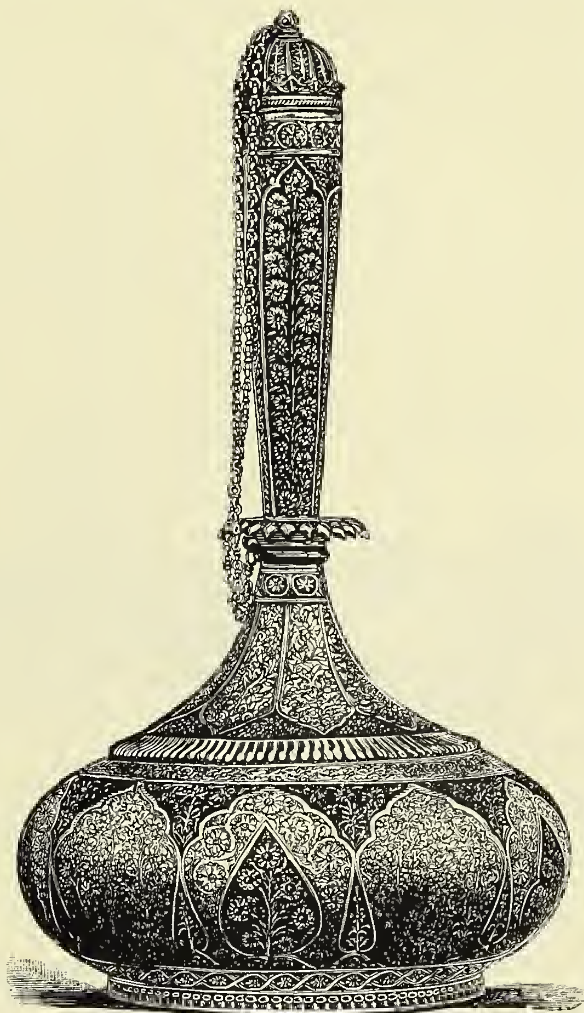


Fig. 6.—ENAMELLED SILVER SARAI.
(*From the Panjáb.*)

The enamels from Sind and Kangra are of the class of *repoussé* work painted with enamel colours. The patterns are bolder and worked out with less minuteness of detail than is the case in the Kashmír work. The colours also are different, being almost invariably dark translucent blue and green. In the Kangra work the dull purplish-red is sometimes sparingly introduced. At Aurangábád, in the Dekan, gold and silver wares are produced which show one of the simplest applications of enamel to decorative purposes. They are merely ornamented with a series of bright red and green dots or splashes of enamel, which, when seen at a distance, almost produce the effect of uncut precious stones; but this effect is at once dispelled on a closer acquaintance, as the enamel is applied very sparingly, and only like a transparent paint.

The last kind of enamel to be mentioned differs entirely from all the preceding varieties. It is made in the town of Purtabghur, in Rájputáná, and is invariably in the form of small plaques, which are enclosed and backed by plates of thin gold or silver, and are used mainly for jewellery; but Her Majesty the Queen possesses a fine casket of the work, which she has lent to the India Museum, and which is illustrated by Fig. 5, and more fully in Dr. Birdwood's recently published handbook to the Indian collection at South Kensington. The basis of these plaques is an emerald-green translucent substance, which has been stated by some to be glass, but which appears from an analysis which has been made of certain fragments to be really an enamel. On this green ground are placed figures and designs in thin and delicately engraved gold, which are affixed while the enamel is still soft and hot. The designs used are almost invariably either hunting scenes or mythological figures. At Ratlam, in Central India, a somewhat similar though inferior work is produced, with a deep blue instead of a green enamel.

It has not been possible, in the brief space of these articles, to thoroughly illustrate and

describe every form of ornamental metal-work which is manufactured in India. Of the large groups of jewellery and arms and armour no description has been attempted, but an endeavour has been made to point out some of the principal types which are capable of being utilised in England as objects of ornament. Those who desire further information on the subject cannot do better than refer to Dr. Birdwood's exhaustive description of the arts and manufactures of India contained in the handbook above referred to.

J. R. Royle.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—VI.

Mr. R. W. MACBETH is an artist who now almost entirely confines himself to the calm and pleasant galleries of Sir Coutts Lindsay. His "Expectation"—a girl seated alone under a tree—is chiefly remarkable for the splendid dash of colour in the evening sky behind the figure, while "A Flood in the Fens" conveys a fine impression of light, atmosphere, and movement. In his figures Mr. Macbeth has always manifested a decided trace of Frederick Walker's influence, but it is shown far less imitatively this year than before. The people whom he has painted huddled together on a tongue of dry land, with the animals which they have no small difficulty in keeping in order, are all excellent and original in character and action. No less charming and artistic is the same painter's "Landing Sardines at Low Tide," of which we give a sketch. Mr. Alfred Parsons's Grosvenor landscapes are all masterly and most exquisitely fresh and refined. This young artist may consider himself indemnified by his prominent and favourable places in Bond Street for the scant justice done to his work in Piccadilly. Mr. Otto Weber's painting is, as usual, cold and careful; while among young artists Mr. Collier, Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson, and Mrs. Murch show good promise and performance. What shall be said of the pictures of Mr. Spencer Stanhope, Mr. Strudwick, Mr. Armstrong, Mrs. Stillman, Miss Pickering, and the other followers in Mr. Burne-Jones's footsteps? They are too distinctive of the Grosvenor Gallery to be passed over without mention; besides, the implied contempt of silence would be neither kind nor just. They unquestionably show, in some instances, qualities which are hardly to be found elsewhere; poetry may be sickly, effeminate, imitative, and in a manner insincere without ceasing to be indefinably poetical; we may prefer, and probably we are right in preferring, prose, but that does not affect the matter. It may surprise us that grown men should care for a school of art in which girls play all the parts, engrossing the human interest, and also enacting such rôles of young men, Venuses, and archangels as may come within the scope of the painter's subject; but the fact undoubtedly

LANDING SARDINES AT LOW TIDE.

(By R. W. Macbeth.)

remains that such feminine art is interesting to many minds; men are to be found reading those novels—so important a feature of the fictional literature of the day—in which the feminine interest of love and flirtation is unrelieved by any of those incidents belonging more exclusively to the broader masculine life and temper. "Les races se féminisent," said Buffon. A considerable distinction must, nevertheless, be made between those artists whose emotional poetry charms and touches the imaginative art-lover into forgetfulness of their many technical weaknesses, and those who have nothing to separate them from the most popular and Philistine painters at the Royal Academy, except their affectation. In a word, the slightest touch of genius explains and excuses much, but we are not unfrequently called upon in these days to excuse bad drawing and untaught composition for the sake of mysticism in which there is no poetry, eccentricity in which there is no originality, and effort in which there is no impulse. Let us do justice to the full, nevertheless, and acknowledge in Mr. Strudwick a certain power of wistful expression, so undisguisedly caught from Mr. Burne-Jones, but always effectual in its appeal to imaginative emotion. "Marsyas and Apollo" is illustrated by some commonplace lines from a popular poet of the day. The young shepherd who has dared to enter into competition with the god of music (and who was punished by being flayed alive—a fact upon which the poet and the painter have shed rose-water) stands in the usual girlish attitude with vague and rapturous eyes, listening to the conquering song of Apollo, who, surrounded by the muses, has just ended his strain. The landscape is painted in the manner of the early Venetians—a manner which has become a commonplace of the latest art. It would be sad, indeed, if the original and real thing could also ever become a commonplace to us through these inveterate imitations; but we have no fear that this will ever be the case.

A SPRING FANTASY.

(*By W. J. Hennessy.*)

Among M. Bastien Lepage's Grosvenor Gallery pictures we have not yet noticed his exceedingly clever portraits, "M. Klotz," "Mme. Klotz," and the portraits of the painter's parents and grandfather. The latter are painted in the open air with an uncommon fidelity of tone — the pervading diffused daylight with its opaque effect and all its hundred subtle variations of the flesh-tints being rendered with that studiousness of nature, the results of which cannot be imitated or replaced. M. Lepage is not an attractive portrait-painter; chance or choice has led him generally to represent subjects which are, to say the least, undistinguished, and his manner of rendering them is absolutely without charm of feeling or of execution; his very truthfulness apparently prevents him from aiming at any arbitrary effectiveness, or dash, or elegance of brush-work, and he apparently aims with a single intention at imitating what he sees, effacing himself and his own manner, but invariably exhibiting a very subtle intelligence in the reproduction of character. The portrait of the painter's grandfather, for instance—a picture which we recollect to have seen at the gallery of M. Dechamps some years ago—is both in "reading" and in execution *bourgeois*, commonplace, and simple to an extreme degree; nevertheless only keen cleverness could grasp the commonplace in its very life and nature as has been done here. M. Legros is master of a certain effectiveness in the portraits—painted in one hour or at a sitting—which he exhibits year by year at the Grosvenor; their sureness of drawing is now and then more apparent than real, though as achievements of rapidity they are certainly surprising. The finished portraits of Professor Huxley and of Mr. Browning are by no means happy as likenesses. Mr. Cecil Lawson pro-

duces every season some suggestive and complete impressionary landscape work of a high quality, generally on a small scale; but he is also represented every year by immense panoramic canvases, full of tormented detail and containing no feature on which the eye can rest in peace or pleasure. His large works of this year are more than ever an aggregate of small pieces without the swift dominant thought or impression which makes landscape at once artistic and poetical. Among the details of one of these—"The Voice of the Cuckoo"—are two stiff yet accidental-looking little girls—portraits, as the catalogue tells us; and the artist further explains, through the medium of Mr. Blackburn's excellent "Grosvenor Notes," that he has intended to make the picture "as much a portrait of a silver birch, meadow-sweet, and dandelions, as of the children and distant landscape." The aim is an intelligible one, and it is always a pleasure to find that an artist *has* an aim; but Mr. Cecil Lawson has the fault of his age—he is revolutionary. It would have been more prudent to follow in the steps of the great masters of portrait and landscape, for "The Voice of the Cuckoo" cannot be pronounced a successful experiment; the children and the meadow-sweet contend for the first claim on the spectator's attention, and the want of unity, subordination, and design throughout the canvas is almost irritating. The figures, besides, share in the great literalness and the insistent prose of the rest of the work. In "The August Moon"—a picture painted at Blackdown, Haslemere, the place of the Poet Laureate's summer residence—the moon itself is too exaggeratedly large; we do not require that the size should be absolutely correct according to relative measurement, for the eye requires a somewhat heroic treatment of all the celestial luminaries, but when fact is thus legitimately set aside, an artist's instinct should tell him where to stop. The painter of "The Morning After" is certainly capable of far straighter, sincerer, and more impulsive work than he has shown us this year.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.
(*By G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.*)

Mr. Alma-Tadema's three little Grosvenor subjects must rank among the most brilliant which he has ever painted. More beautiful colour he has certainly given us before, but never intenser light. "A Question"—antique Roman boy and maid, the one lying, the other seated on a white marble bench in full sunshine—is a triumph of technical skill. How so much whiteness, unaccentuated with shadow—for the shade is full of reflected light—should produce an effect so luminous, is a wonder which the initiated artist will feel more than the layman; but this shining little work is in a measure marred by the violet tint which has crept into the sky. "A Garden God" shows a woman dancing before the statue of some Greek divinity—a subject which seems hardly pleasant to those

who know anything of "garden gods." The most beautiful of the three little pictures, however, is the "Pastoral," which glows, shines, and gleams with exquisite light and colour. A Roman peasant is guiding his draught-oxen through the rich grass; a temple stands beyond, while poppies, redder than rubies, grow in the transparent shades. Of Mr. Millais' powerful portrait of Mrs. Caird we have said too little; in conception and execution it is one of the most striking of his later works; he has painted the head, which is in its own nature full of quiet force, with a touch of lightness and mastery, and with an evident delight in the peculiar character of the impressive eyes, the brows under the thick clustering fair hair, and the excessively thin and narrow form; every detail, every indication and suggestion is interesting. But this is not the word which can be applied to Mr. J. D. Linton's important costume-picture, "Victorious;" full of good qualities of drawing, colour, and relation, it fails to attract. The artist intends this to be the fourth of a series to illustrate the life of a soldier

A PAINTER'S IDEAL.

(By Carlo Perugini. From the "Graphic" Gallery, by permission of the Proprietors of the "Graphic.")

in the sixteenth century; here the hero enters the presence of his king and queen, with heralds, trumpeters, and pages at his back; a group seated on the steps of the throne is infelicitous in composition, the lines of the lower figure continuing those of the upper one, to the confusion of their respective legs.

Mr. W. J. Hennessy's "Spring Fantasy" (sketched on page 475) is one of those graceful combinations of feminine beauty, quaint costume, vases, and flowers in which the picture-loving world is taking more and more delight. Of Mr. Boughton's "Omnia Vincit Amor" we spoke in a former number; its peculiar charm of colour must be added to our sketch by the imagination of the reader who has this artist's tints by heart. Having already most emphatically joined our word of enthusiastic praise to the chorus which has greeted Mr. Frank Holl's portrait-work this year, we have special pleasure in engraving (page 471) a drawing which gives some idea of the *pose* and masses at least of his noble picture of Mr. H. J. Bushby. The painting here is somewhat quieter, but not a jot less vigorous, than that of the same artist's contemporary Academy portraits.

There is on the whole less discrimination and exclusiveness shown in the Grosvenor collection of water-colours than in that of the Royal Academy—paradoxical as this might seem to those who look upon gallery No. 7 at Burlington House as a place of little interest. The inimitable talent of Mr. Richard Doyle, however, which the visitor always knows where to seek out and enjoy, would make amends at the Grosvenor for less satisfactory work from other hands. He seems to have entirely abandoned all the realms of human fact and fiction for the sake of devoting his exquisite inventive imagination to fairyland. "The Battle of the Elves and Frogs" is one of his most elaborate designs, containing indeed an exuberance of ingenuity which shows how much pleasure the artist has taken in his whimsical work. The battle, he informs us, is supposed to have taken place "in prehistoric times, or it might have been added to the fifteen decisive battles of the world, making sixteen." Mr. Doyle has disposed his armies in a manner quite scientific, and keenly comic are the incidents—such as that of a "frog of distinction lying on his back while his limbs are put in chains," the bandaging of a wounded frog by an elf-surgeon, and the hasty drill of the reserves of elves at their extreme left. Nor could anything be better than the two hostile kings who sit watching the fray, with anxiety depicted on their countenances. Mr. Doyle's fun is of the most childlike character, but few of a larger growth will find themselves able to resist it. A word must also be said of the water-colours of Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford; her work is rich and striking in colour, and only needs more power in the matter of drawing. Among the sculptures several amateurs have shown evidences of unusual activity and promise; and more practised hands, such as those of Miss Henrietta Montalba, who has produced a "Romola" and a "Tito Melema," have done their best this year, while another lady—Miss Alice Chaplin—has produced a capital little group of dog and kitten, of which we publish a sketch. "The spirit of inquiry" which wrinkles up the thoughtful brows of the honest dog has been studied from the life; so has the defensive and suspicious action of the kitten.

Among the Royal Academy water-colours two works by a very fine artist might surely have claimed the distinction of the line among a little crowd of drawings, of most of which the quality may be said to vary from mediocrity to very fair merit. We are aware that the Royal Academy disclaims very justly the character of an international exhibition; it is distinctively national, and it would be an injustice to our native artists if its character should ever alter in that respect; nevertheless when foreign work which is offered to and accepted by the judges of Burlington House is supremely beautiful and noble, neither the artists nor the public of England would be inclined to regret an impulse of admiration which gave to such work a place of honour. Mr. Vicenzo Cabianca's water-colours, "The Dawn of Day at Venice" and "Sunshine Among the Ruins, Gulf of Spezia," are magnificent drawings, of a power very rare in this branch of art; in the former an immense arch of a Venetian bridge, extremely dark in tone, spans the view, and in the vista beneath the chilly fresh colours of daybreak are beginning to detach themselves—the darks and lights, the stones, water, and landing-place being touched with that masterly quality of execution which is as strong as it is poetical. The gleams of sunshine in the drawing of the ruins have a grave yet brilliant significance, the atmosphere of both works being altogether cool and serious, yet full of emphasis. Mr. Pownoll Williams's "Dying Rose" is another drawing of exceptional merit and beauty; the artist has painted a delicate tea-rose, the petals and leaves of which have just begun to relax and fail, as it lies with its clear colour upon some tawny olive-

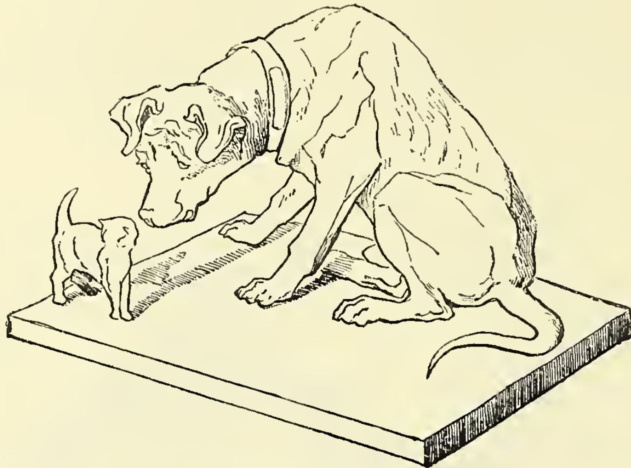
tinted plush, all being exquisitely refined in hue and in execution. In Mr. Carl Haag's "Interior of a Copt House in Cairo" are some charming harmonies in gentle browns and greys, while Mr. J. Edward Goodall has imagined a pretty passage of last century life in "From Phyllis;" a youth in the finished, courtly, and gallant dress of the time sits intent upon the rose and the *poulet* which Phyllis has sent him, but we would suggest to the artist that the pipe this young gentleman is smoking is decidedly out of character. The figure is excellently well drawn. Every one who has seen a sunset among the Alps knows the ghastly pallor which shortly before dark transforms for a time the beauty of the mountains into positive repellent ugliness. Such an effect—painful in nature—is hardly a right subject for art; Mr. James W. Smith, however, has rendered it with very fair success and fidelity in his "Breithorn and Gorner Glacier at Dusk." Very beautiful, on the other hand, both in subject and in treatment, is the study of wild growth against an October mist—Mr. J. C. Wasserman's "Autumn Beauties;" the light is admirable, the suggestion of a fresh morning full of gossamers and dew is perfect, and the effect broad yet accentuated. No less attentive to nature has Mr. Walter F. Stocks been in "Taking up Pilchards, near the Lizard, Cornwall," in which the artist has essayed to give the colours that are seen to tinge the clouds near a full moon. These colours are, we believe, prismatic, but red always appears to be the most prominent—perhaps as being the most easily seen against the green-blue sky, its complementary—whereas Mr. Stocks has shown little red. His drawing is a very good one. No English artist makes so near an approach to the fine Dutch quality in its best time as Mme. Bisschop, whose group of Netherlandish people is brilliantly yet temperately painted, with great completeness and decision of manner; a woman in the close head-dress (a finely painted piece of white) and thick dark garments of her nation stands winding a picturesque clock, to the delight of her children. It is, we must confess, almost with dismay that the critic comes, after more than twenty years of reiteration, upon the inevitable Elaine dead in her barge. The Laureate, who completely won the gentle public heart by his idyll, has much to answer for, but assuredly no Elaine has ever been uglier than she who appears in Mr. Herbert Bone's design. Space will only permit us to mention in addition Mr. William P. Burton's grave and effective "Juniper Valley."

H. J. BUSHBY, ESQ.
(By Frank Holl, A.R.A.)

Mr. Perugini's "Beauty," which we engrave this month from the "Graphic" series, is a round-cheeked and fresh-looking damsel, who may be taken as the exact opposite of the thin, small-eyed type which has been popular of late with a certain school. An expression of intelligent sincerity is not least among the chief charms of this healthful face. The picture is painted with great knowledge and ability.

Although limited to black-and-white, the summer exhibition at the Dudley Gallery is never without variety. Etching and sepia washes, charcoal studies and pen-and-ink drawings, chalk sketches and line-engravings—such methods of work are as unlike each other as fresco and oil, water-colour and pastel. They require different moods in the artist, different ways of looking at nature, different acceptations of the laws and liberties of interpretative art. A black-and-white exhibition, indeed, offers so much to interest even the entirely non-technical, that we do not wonder at the success which has crowned eight

seasons of these excellent collections; their merit is undeniable, and however doubtful we might feel in giving a stranger a first view of English art at any of the other exhibitions, we should feel a great confidence in the monochrome gallery. Mr. Seymour Haden, whose admirable studies are accomplished in the intervals of an over-busy professional life, has this year, as usual, produced some of the freest and finest work that has had its origin on the hither side of the channel; Mr. Robert Macbeth, Mr. David Law, Mr. Whistler, and Mrs. Merritt (one of the few women who have even attempted the art, and one of the excessively few who have succeeded in it) are among the most noteworthy etchers. M. Léon Lhermitte's charcoal work is grander and simpler than ever. Among the newer recruits to the ranks of art is Mr. Wicliffe Taylor, the only son of the lamented art-critic, whose name has so long been on the committee-list of the gallery.



THE SPIRIT OF INQUIRY.
(*By Miss Alice Chaplin.*)

The Doré Gallery has added to the attractions it has in the eyes of country cousins by two or three of M. Gustave Doré's new works. The principal of these, "Moses before Pharaoh," is a large canvas which finds an appropriate place beside such pictures as the "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," the "Entry into Jerusalem," and the "Martyrs of the Amphitheatre." The admirers of the French artist will find quite as much, if not more, to be enthusiastic about in the new work as in any of the old ones. The character of the cruel and despotic Pharaoh has been well caught, and the attitude of Moses, who is accompanied by Aaron, is full of the dignity of meekness. Two minor works of M. Gustave Doré's have also been added to the gallery, entitled "A Day Dream" and "The Rainbow Landscape." The former is a companion picture to "The Neophyte;" the latter is a scene studied at Loch Carron in Scotland, and both works were exhibited this year at the Salon, from which, we may mention for the encouragement of young and still struggling artists, M. Doré was rejected in the earlier stages of his career.

In conclusion we recur to the Academy paintings in order to refer the reader to our full-page engraving of Mr. E. Blair Leighton's "Death of Copernicus." The subject has interest and pathos, and the workmanship is excellent.

"DON'T CRY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY M. BONNAT.

PICTURES of which the human interest lies in the incidents of childish life among the poor may very easily offend by reason of a sentimental unreality; but Edouard Frère—who, by-the-by, has more honour among us than in his own country—has long since shown us that the tritest subjects of this kind may be dealt with freshly by an artist who goes observantly to nature for his incidents and expressions. M. Bonnat has generally treated far different subjects, but he also feels the charm of rustic childhood, and occasionally leaves loftier ideas for this simple and natural humanity. In "Don't Cry" his little Roman maiden (of a day when Roman women and girls wore the *tovaglia*, the white chemise and thick dark apron which are the very commonest commonplaces of art, though hardly now to be found in life) has the womanly air which every one must have observed as distinctive of Italian children; she looks like the small replica of her large-eyed, grave, and hard-working mother. Her brother, double her age, is of the fairer-haired type of shock-headed Italian youth. M. Rajon's artistic etching is from the original oil-painting by M. Bonnat, which represented the artist at the International Exhibition of Vienna in 1873.